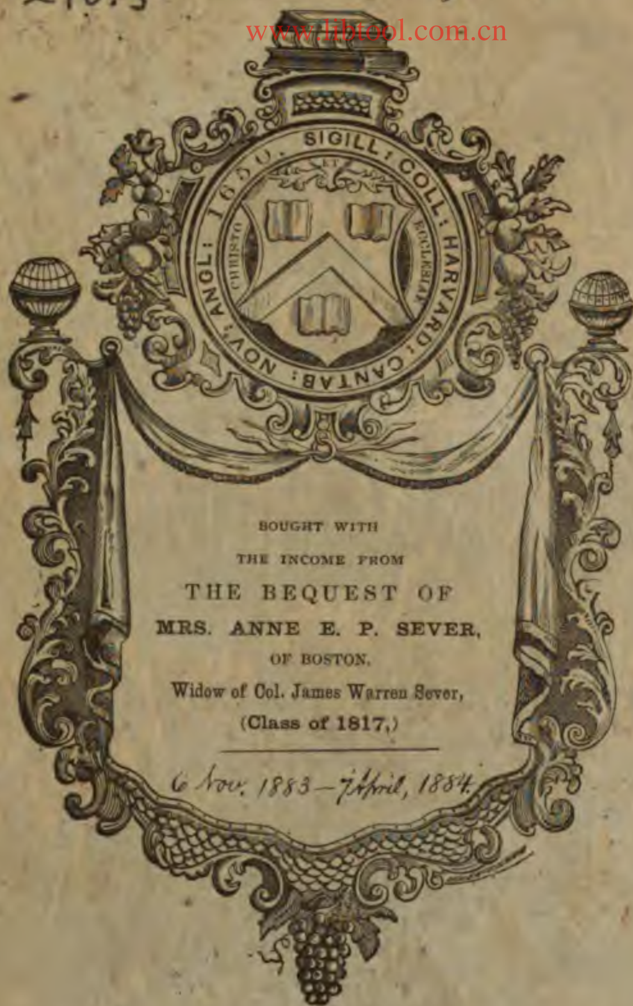
SEVEN DAYS' BOOK.

www.libtool.com.cn

P270.3

Bd. June, 1884

www.libtool.com.cn



BOUGHT WITH
THE INCOME FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
MRS. ANNE E. P. SEVER,
OF BOSTON.
Widow of Col. James Warren Sever,
(Class of 1817.)

6 Nov. 1883—7 April, 1884.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

968/33

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. III.

List of Contributors to Volumes I. II. and III.

www.libtool.com.cn

AUTHOR OF 'CHARLES LOWDER'
AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN'
AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL'
AUTHOR OF 'THE EPIC OF HADES'
A. K. H. B.
ALLEN, GRANT
ANDRÉ, G. G.
ANSTEY, F., Author of 'Vice-versâ'
BALL, ROBERT S.
BECKER, LYDIA E.
BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.
BOYES, JOHN FRED
BURROUGHS, JOHN
COOK, DUTTON
COX, REV. SIR GEORGE W., BART.
DOBSON, AUSTIN
FARRER, J. A.
FREEMAN, EDWARD A., LL.D., D.C.L.
FROUDE, J. A.
GIBSON, JOHN
GOSSE, EDMUND W.
GURNEY, EDMUND
HAMILTON, A. H. A.
HARDY, THOMAS
HARTE, BRET
HAWEIS, REV. H. R.
HERVEY, CHARLES
HILLIER, G. LACY.
HORNE, RICHARD HENGIST
HOWELLS, W. D.
HUNT, VIOLET
INGELOW, JEAN
JEFFERIES, RICHARD, Author of 'The Gamekeeper at Home' &c.
JERSEY, COUNTESS OF
KEBBEL, T. E.
LANG, ANDREW
LAUGHTON, J. K.
LELAND, CHARLES G.
McCARTHY, JUSTIN, M.P.
MACKAIL, J. W.
MARTIN, MISS A. L.
MILLER, W. C.
MILNER, GEORGE
MORRIS, EDWARD E.
MURDOCH, W. L.
MURRAY, D. CHRISTIE
NESBIT, E.
NICHOLS, J. B. B.
OLIPHANT, MRS.
OWEN, RICHARD, C.B., F.R.S.
PARR, MRS., Author of 'Dorothy Fox' &c.
PAYN, JAMES
PEEL, E. LENNOX
PROCTOR, RICHARD A.
PURVES, JAMES
RICHARDSON, B. W., M.D., F.R.S.
ROBINSON, E. KAY
ROSS, MRS.
RUSSELL, W. CLARK
SCOTT, R. H.
SIM, W. A.
SMILES, SAMUEL
STEVENSON, R. L.
STUART, ESMÈ
STURGIS, JULIAN
TAYLOR, U. ASHWORTH
TYNDALL, JOHN, F.R.S.
VACHELL, M. C.
WATSON, ALFRED E. T.
WATKINS, REV. M. G.
WHITEFORD, S. T.
WILSON, ANDREW, F.R.S.E.
WILSON, J. ARBUTHNOT
WOOD, REV. J. G.
WOTHERSPOON, G.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

www.libtool.com.cn

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER 1883 TO APRIL 1884

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1884

All rights reserved

P270.3

www.libtool.com.cn

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

www.libtool.com.cn

INDEX

TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

AGRICULTURE (Virgil and) in Tuscany, 403
A. K. H. B., on Lord Lyndhurst, 391
Allen (Grant) The Ancestry of Birds, 284
Alphabetical Rhymes, 151
André (G. G.) The Ice Harvest on the Hudson River, 410
Anstey (F.) The Decay of the British Ghost, 251
At the Docks, 110, 224

BALL (Robert S.) The Relation of Darwinism to other branches of Science, 93
Ballade of His Own Country, 202
Ballade of an English Home, 495
Becker (Lydia E.) 'Sir Hilary's Prayer,' 109
Birds, The Ancestry of, 284
Boyes (J. F.) In Memoriam Dutton Cook, 179
British Ghost, The Decay of the, 251

CHILDREN (The) of the Mist, 71
Clerke's (The) Tale, 298
Colonus, 402
Contrasts, 283
Cook (Dutton), 179
County Franchise, After the, 362
Cycling, The Development of, 480

DARWINISM (The Relation of) to other branches of Science, 93
Docks, At the, 110, 224
'Donna,' The, 334, 448, 560, 682

EXPERIENCE, A Strange, 504

FISHES, Queer, 521
Fortuna, The Foundering of the, 94
Franchise (County), After the, 362

GHOST (British), The Decay of the, 251
Gibson (John) Queer Fishes, 521
Goethe, 'Manager,' 496
Gurney (Edmund) Alphabetical Rhymes, 151

HAMILTON (A. H. A.) The Modern Nebuchadnezzar, 188
Harte (Bret) Left out on Lone Star Mountain, 259
Haweis (Rev. H. R.) Liszt, 203
Hervey (Charles) Notes of an Old Paris Playgoer, 172
— 'Manager' Goethe, 496
Hillier (G. Lacy) The Development of Cycling, 480
Hudson River, The Ice Harvest on the, 410

ICE Harvest (The) on the Hudson River, 410
Ireland, An Opening for the Unemployed in, 44

JACK'S Courtship, by W. Clark Russell, 1, 113, 225, 337, 449, 561
Jefferies (Richard) The Wiltshire Labourer, 66
— After the County Franchise, 362

KEBBEL (T. E.) A Pilgrimage to Selborne, 644

LABOURER, The Wiltshire, 66
Lang (A.) Ballade of His Own Country, 202
— Ballade of an English Home, 495
Left out on Lone Star Mountain, 259
Leland (Charles G.) An Opening for the Unemployed in Ireland, 44
Liszt, 203
'Lively Fanny,' The, 376
Love at First Sight, 71
Lyndhurst (Lord), 391

MADAM, by Mrs. Oliphant, 304, 418, 532, 653
Martin (Miss A. L.) Contrasts, 283
Miller (W. C.) The Macready Riot in New York, 636
Mist, The Children of the, 71
Mole (The) at Home, 156
'Mrs. Jerningham's Journal' (Author of) Love at First Sight, 71
Murray (D. Christie) The 'Lively Fanny,' 376

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, The Modern, 188
Nesbit (E.) A Strange Experience, 504
New York, The Macready Riot in, 636

OLIPHANT (Mrs.) Madam, 304, 418, 532, 653

PARIS Playgoer (Old), Notes of an, 172
Parson, A Mad, 614

Peel (E. Lennox) The Children of the Mist, 71
Proctor (R. A.) A New Theory of Sun-spots, 587

RHYMES, Alphabetical, 151
Ross (Mrs.) Virgil and Agriculture in Tuscany, 403
Russell (W. Clark) Jack's Courtship, 1, 113, 225, 337, 449, 561

SELBORNE, A Pilgrimage to, 644
Sim (W. A.) Vox Clamantis, 93
'Sir Hilary's Prayer,' 109
Steeple-chasing, 604
Sturgis (Julian) A Mad Parson, 614
Sun-spots, A New Theory of, 587

TUSCANY, Virgil and Agriculture in, 403

UNEMPLOYED in Ireland, An Opening for the, 44

VACHELL (M. C.) The Clerke's Tale, 298
Virgil and Agriculture in Tuscany, 403
Vox Clamantis, 93

WATSON (A. E. T.) Steeple-chasing, 604
Wilson (J. Arbuthnot) The Foundering of the Fortuna, 94
Wiltshire Labourer (The), 66
Wood (Rev. J. G.) The Mole at Home, 156
Wotherspoon (G.) Colonus, 402

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

www.libtool.com.cn

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

www.libtool.com.cn

No. XIII] Contents [NOVEMBER 1883

PAGE

Jack's Courtship: a Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck. Chapters I.–IV. 1
By W. CLARK RUSSELL

An Opening for the Unemployed in Ireland . 44
By CHARLES G. LELAND

The Wiltshire Labourer 52
By RICHARD JEFFERIES

Love at First Sight 66
By the AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL'

The Children of the Mist 71
By E. LENNOX PEEL

The Relation of Darwinism to other Branches of Science 76
By ROBERT S. BALL, Astronomer-Royal of Ireland

Vox Clamantis 93
By W. A. SIM

The Foundering of the 'Fortuna' 94
By J. ARBUTHNOT WILSON

'Sir Hilary's Prayer' 109
By MISS LYDIA E. BECKER

At the Docks: an Appeal 110

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

THE SEEMING MYSTERY OF CHOLERA AND FEVER.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE OFFICE OF THE LIVER IS TO CLEANSE THE BLOOD, as a scavenger might sweep the streets; when the liver is not working properly a quantity of effete (or waste) matter is left floating in the blood; under these circumstances, should the poison germ of Cholera or Fever be absorbed, then the disease results; on the contrary, anyone whose liver and other organs are in a normal or healthy condition may be subjected to precisely the same condition as to the contagious influences and yet escape Cholera and Fever. This, I consider, explains satisfactorily the seeming mystery that persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the Development of Cholera or Fever, who, in fact, live in the midst of it, escape unscathed. Cholera and Fever may be compared to a weed (and a very ugly one too), but even weeds will not grow on solid flagstones; and what I contend for is this, that a person may be subjected to the influence of the specific poison—that is, the germ of Cholera or Fever—and not contract the disease. Why? Because his secretions were in a thoroughly normal condition, and consequently the poison could not take root, any more than a weed could do on a flagstone; and, on the other hand, a person may have the soil (that is, disordered secretions, &c.) very favourable for the disease, and still he escapes. Why? Because the soil was prepared, but there was no seed. Hence the importance and great value of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which, under all circumstances, keeps the secretions normal; if only as a preventive against and sure remedy for poisoned blood, biliousness, sick headache, &c., no one ought to be without it.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

REMOVES POISONOUS MATTER caused by impure or vitiated air, errors of eating or drinking, &c., by natural means. No one is safe without having at hand some efficient means of warding off BLOOD POISONS. After a very patient and careful observation, extending over many years, of the effects of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, I have not the least hesitation in stating that, if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a single travelling trunk or portmanteau would be without it.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—'We have for the last four years used your FRUIT SALT during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of Fruit Salt had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or tramping through swampy districts, we have used the Fruit Salt two and three times a day. The Fruit Salt acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go in the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs. Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883.—J. C. ENO, Esq., London.'

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—'After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your FRUIT SALT, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford.'

'**HOW TO AVOID THE DEBILITATING EFFECTS OF TRAVELLING.**'—'I travel by rail between twenty and thirty thousand miles each year, and in my opinion there is no mode of travelling so debilitating to the human system as that. For a long time I suffered from nervousness, sluggish liver, indigestion, flatulence, and most of the ailments common to those who travel a great deal. After trying many and all more or less worthless remedies, I was induced to try your Fruit Salt, and since doing so (nine months ago) I may indeed say I am a new man, and now I never consider my portmanteau packed unless there is a bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT in it. I think it right to recommend it in every way—hence this letter; for I am sure it needs but to be tried, and no traveller would think of being without so great a friend in all cases of need. I enclose my card, and am faithfully yours, TRUTH. The Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine, Callander, N.B., 27th June, 1883.'

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—'A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of *abominable imitations* are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—ADAMS.

DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE.

CAUTION.—*Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.*

Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

NOV 6 1883

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

November 1883.

www.libtool.com.cn

Jack's Courtship:

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CHAPTER I.

A SHORT PREFACE.

SHIPMATE, have you ever seen such a sight as a dog chasing his tail on a hearthrug or in the sun, in pursuit of a comfortable posture? Just in that manner have I rotated over this story. Over and over again in my mind have I been turning it, trying to find out how it ought to be told. It is as queer a yarn in my opinion as any man ever had to relate; and an artist, I have no doubt, would make a first-rate job of it. But I, who had all that I learnt at school washed out of me at sea, where the Latin grammar, the Greek alphabet and the like, were jettisoned to make way for a very different sort of intellectual cargo—I say, how should I be expected to know anything about art?

After many mental revolutions I have arrived at this determination—to make a kind of log of it, and to spin the whole yarn as though a company of sailors were sitting round me, pipes in hand, and I was talking to them. The story will go to windward better in that form than in any other; and as a log-book is the last sort of volume you would look into for elevated writing, and as the mariner's lingo has never been famous for polish and sweetness, so my choice comforts me with the reflection that it will save me the pains of reading through the poets for elegant ideas, and wading through the dictionary for fine words.

My name is Jack Seymour, and in such-and-such a year I was five-and-twenty years old. Were yarns of this kind embellished with cuts I might save myself a troublesome spell of description by handing the printers a portrait of myself as I was in those days. Five feet ten inches my height was, and though I had knocked off the sea, after seven and a half years of it, in eighteen hundred and something odd, old ocean had left such an impress on me that I looked as much a sailor after three years of shore-going life as ever I did in the jumper of an apprentice, riding down a topgallant stay, or in the blue serge or pilot-cloth of a second mate, stumping the weather-side of the quarter-deck.

It takes a sailor a long time to straighten his spine and get quit of the bold sheer that earns him the name of shell-back. That is not all. Lobscouse eats into the system; salt-horse works out of the pores and contributes to that complexion of mahogany which is often mistakenly attributed to rum and weather; and I have been shipmates with a man who grew white-haired at thirty on soup and bully.

Why will mammas let their little boys go to sea? It is not only that it is the hardest life in the world; when once you are a sailor you are always a sailor, and the calling sticks to you as the rings and bracelets do which are pricked upon your wrists and fingers; so that should you ever happen to fall in love with a girl who does not much care about sailors, but who likes soldiers, and could like you were you a soldier, you are forced in spite of yourself to go on looking like a sailor, though you may have quitted the sea for years, and would enlist to-morrow if the beauty commanded you to do so.

I ceased to be a nautical man when my father died. I was then second mate of the vessel in which I took my last voyage, with a chief mate's certificate, and had little doubt of obtaining a chief mate's berth next time. But on my arrival in London from China, after a voyage that had carried me round the world twice, I learnt that my poor father was dead, and had left me all he had, barring his furniture, which he had willed to some relative who lived in the north of England, though I had never heard of her before, and do not even now know in what manner she was connected with my father.

He died a comparatively poor man, owing to his living up to his earnings as a solicitor; and all that I stepped into was two hundred and fifty pounds a year—or thereabouts; between ourselves, I may say it was a few pounds short of that figure. But it was an estate to me who was absolutely alone in the world, being an

only child, and my mother having died many years before this story starts. At all events, I reckoned the income—the capital was well invested—large enough to justify me in heaving my profession overboard and setting up for myself as a gentleman ashore.

www.libtool.com.cn

Accordingly I hired a furnished bedroom and sitting-room in the West End of London, paid a small subscription, and became a member of a little club, which brought me acquainted with a number of very good fellows, so that I had companions enough. And for a year or two this sort of life suited me very well. It was an immense escape from the old servitude of the sea; I was my own master, could do what I pleased, go where I liked, was responsible to no man; and I was never tired of thinking of my liberty and enjoying it.

But I am bound to say that, as time crept on, I began to consider that I had no business to be loafing about the West End of London. There was enough money, perhaps, in two hundred and fifty pounds a year—to give the income a square sound—to enable me to take life on the condition of dining for three-and-sixpence, of cheapening the obligation of smoking by a judicious admixture of pipes with cigars, of attending a play or an opera when a ticket for it was given me, and even going to a dance, at long intervals, at some houses which were very hospitably open to me.

But when two years of this easy, idle life had passed, reflections would steal in. I began to think my income small, and that I should find it smaller as I grew older; for though a youngster possessed of two hundred and fifty pounds a year may be thought pretty well off, an old or middle-aged man cuts but a poor figure on that sum. No thoughts of marriage had ever entered my head; not only because I liked being lord of myself, which I certainly found no great heritage of woe (possibly because I never underwent the labour of putting my hair in curl-papers), but because I had never met with any girl I could fall in love with.

And here let me say that I cannot recall this period of my life without a disposition to drop on my knees and give thanks for my salvation from the fate that too often befalls idle young men on small incomes in London and other parts. For I protest that nothing stood between me and a dark destiny in the shape of a ballet-girl or a barmaid, but a tolerable stock of good sense and a natural aversion from anything vulgar or commonplace in woman. What hand was there to save me had I chosen to lounge about bars and suck the nob of my stick in dreary intimate confab with the curls, and rouge, and wadding of the restaurant or the public-house?

I don't mean to say that barmaids and ballet-girls, and the like, do not make good wives. I have no doubt they try their best; but what can they do with their vulgarity? How are they to deal with a certain letter which *will* recur in conversation like a circumstance over which they have no control? I am thankful for being saved from marrying a lady of this pattern, because I can conceive of no domestic condition more truly frightful than that of having a wife of which one is ashamed, whose conversation in company causes all hands acute suffering, and who is one of the reasons why one's friends pity and despise one. I once sat near a knight, who was also a member of Parliament, at a table full of ladies and gentlemen. The knight's wife sat over against us; she had a kind face, but was a most illiterate woman, yet had been a good match for the knight when he developed from an errand-boy into a porter. He had made his fortune, had educated himself, was a great man and a fine man, with a strong voice and an imposing bow; he was an Irishman, and spoke of 'me colleague the mimber for Ballywhack;' and opposite sat his wife, on whom he had to keep scowling to remind her that she was there on the condition that she did not spake. Who would be in such a position as that Irish knight was? Fancy having to dragoon a wife, not for her morals, but lest she should open her mouth and say 'ouse for house, and so forth! Hence, when I think of my life in London after I gave up the sea down to the time when this yarn properly opens, when I consider the several opportunities afforded me of giving my name to a fifth-rate actress, a music hall singer, a stout, pale and golden beauty who drew beer behind a luncheon-bar, and two or three others whose vocations I cannot just now recollect, I declare I am ready to prostrate myself with gratitude over my escape.

Well, I will say no more about this, and belay any further reference to my growing sensitiveness on the subject of idleness, and the enlarging conviction that if ever I was to end as a man qualified to enjoy life without perpetually overhauling his purse to see if there were a few shillings in it to spare, I must turn to and discover some method of getting money whilst I was young and my health and spirits good. Enough for the purpose of these loggings if I say that in the summer of the year 18— I found myself at Clifton, near Bristol, the guest of an uncle, of whose existence I had indeed heard, though I had never before set eyes on him, and my meeting with whom was so odd and unexpected that I am bound to tell you the story of it.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER II.

MY UNCLE SEYMOUR.

www.libtool.com.cn

I WAS standing at the window of my lodgings, near Regent Street, smoking a cigar and watching the people pass. It was a very hot day; not a dog trotted by but had half a fathom of tongue hanging from its jaws; and the heat gave an edge to the peculiar smell of flue and ancient cookery that haunts the atmosphere of every London lodging-house. In short, it was just a day to set a man dreaming of the country, of shady nooks under cool trees crowded with twinkling leaves, bees making a homelike music in the sunshine beyond, and a smell of wildflowers around; or better still, of the sea-shore, the lip, lipping, and fountain-like seething of the tide on the brown sand, a mild breeze, warm as a woman's breath, blowing across the azure water with enough of strength in it to keep the pools among the rocks trembling.

Nothing could be pleasanter than such thoughts, and whilst I stood turning them over and resolving in a mechanical sort of way to up keeleg and make a stretch for the coast—no matter where —there comes a cab along the street, stops under my window, and presently a servant bundles into the room to tell me that a gentleman wishes to see Mr. Seymour.

He was close behind the girl, and before I could ask his name she stepped aside and he walked in. He looked at me very hard, and said, 'Is your name John Sutherland Seymour?'

I bowed.

'Son of Thomas Sutherland Seymour, solicitor of ——,' naming the address.

I bowed again, wondering who he was and what his business could be. He was about fifty-five years old—perhaps more—had a strong, reddish beard, heavy eyebrows, and small merry blue eyes. He had spoken my name with a slight Yankee drawl in his voice, but his appearance was that of an Australian—to my fancy, at least; perhaps because when I was in Australia I had seen men go dressed as he was, in blue check shirt and collar, blue serge trowsers, white waistcoat, cloth coat, square-toed boots, and a large, soft, flapping wideawake.

'John Sutherland Seymour—probably Jack Seymour?' he repeated; and I said 'Yes, sir; Jack Seymour, that's my name.'

'Seymour is my name, too,' said he. 'Can't you guess who I am?'

I stared, trying to think.

'Have I been all my life carrying the family nose about to no purpose?' he cried. 'What is the use of the genuine Roman run, the Seymour rise; what sailors would call the kink amidships if it fails to convict me as a relation?' And so saying he struck an attitude in profile with his forefinger against his nose.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Is it possible that you are my uncle, Charles Seymour?' I exclaimed.

'More than possible if you are Tom Seymour's son?' he answered; and coming up to me he grasped me by the hand, nearly shook my arm off, and then, pitching his hat and stick on to a sofa, plumped himself into a chair.

I welcomed him with as much heartiness as surprise would let me put into my manner, endeavouring meanwhile to recollect what I had heard about him from my father; how in his youth he had been packed off to sea as a scapegrace; how he had run away from his ship in some China port, and was heard of five years later as doing pretty well in New York; how, very much later yet, news of him reached my father from Canada through a gentleman who reported that he was making money fast. He had never written, and had been as dead to his family as if he had fallen overboard and gone to the bottom on his first voyage.

After a long and very narrow inspection of me, he said, 'You are not like your dad, Jack!'

'No,' said I, amused to hear him call me Jack.

'D'ye see any family likeness in me?' he asked.

'More than enough to swear by,' I answered.

He ran his eye over the room, turning his head about so as to command a round view, and coming back to me asked if I was married.

'No,' said I laughing, for there is something in this question that will make a single man laugh.

'I might guess so. There are no female hints here, and that pipe,' says he, nodding towards the mantelpiece, 'carries, I calculate, at least six smokes too much in the bowl of it ever to be in the family line. Where does your father live?'

'He is dead,' I replied.

'Dead!' he exclaimed. 'Dead, d'ye say?' he bent his eyes on the ground and tapped with his foot. 'How long has he been dead?'

I told him. He continued looking at the floor with a very grieved and disappointed expression in his face, and then, returning to his first manner, said, 'I hope he died pretty well off?'

'Why, yes,' said I. 'Pretty well off, but not better than pretty well.'

'Is your mother living?'

'No.'

'So you're alone?'

www.libtool.com.cn

I nodded. He took another look round the room, and said, 'You have all that my brother Tom left, I presume?'

'Pretty nearly all,' I answered, tickled by his Yankee curiosity, though he asked his questions with so much good nature and sympathy in his voice and manner that it was impossible to resent them.

'What might that be, sir?'

'A trifle short of two hundred and fifty pounds a year.'

'Ah!' he exclaimed, pulling a chair to him, and resting one leg upon it. 'Time was when I always reckoned Tom would beat me. He had ten times my brains and fifty times my ballast. He would be going to windward with his spars erect and his spanker-boom amidships when I was on my beam ends, points off my course, and sagging like a billy-boy to leeward. You'll excuse my nautical similes, nephew. They are not always intelligible, but I am fond of going to the ocean for my ideas.'

'Head as you please in that way,' said I, laughing. 'You'll find me close in your wake.'

'Oh, then you understand something about the sea, do ye?' says he.

'As much as seven and a half years of sailorising could teach me.'

'Damme!' he burst out, 'if I didn't think so right away off when I first looked at you. But you're not at sea now—you're no longer a sailor, are you?'

'No. I gave up that life when my father died. What man worth five pounds a week would keep at sea as a sailor?'

'Ay, abuse it! abuse it, my lad,' he shouted. 'I'm your man to follow every syllable with breathless enjoyment. Oh for the privilege of spread-eagling the rogues who write books about the nautical life, and make it appear a pleasant calling. Have they dwelt with the sailor in his forecastle? have they ever spent two hours in passing a lee-earing, as flexible as a bar of iron, in a gale of wind full of ice and the water washing as high as the lee coamings of the main-hatch? can they show figure-heads mutilated like ours by weather that ranges from the roasting calm of the equator to the hissing snow-whirls and shrieking hurricanes of the Horn?'

He pulled a handful of cigars out of his side pocket, put one into his mouth, and handed the others to me.

'Mind,' he continued, flourishing his cigar, lowering his voice, knitting his shaggy brows and speaking with tragic solemnity, 'I do not mean that the wonderful, ay, Jack, the thrilling magic of the ocean that drew me as a boy ——'

'I always understood you were sent there,' I interrupted.

——'to its moaning, storm-laden heart,' he continued, slightly cocking his right eye at me, but taking no further notice of my remark, 'has vanished from my sympathy and love. Davy forbid! Man! I never hear the sullen thunder of breakers upon the shore, I never look forth upon the mighty grey or violet or silvery blue shadow that leans its sweeping line against the haze of the distant heaven, I never watch the majestic procession of its towering combers rolling into snow as they run roaring after one another in the wake of the rushing and living storm, without a leaping up of the spirit—an intoxicating sense of being about six years old—a feeling, I will say, of triumphant gladness, as though in the mere presence and voice of the glorious ocean there was something to deepen and sweeten life at its inmost sources, and to purify and ennoble the spiritual part of me and of you and of every other living human creature whose forehead does not slope into idiocy, with inspirations which come very near to being revelations.'

He watched me with an amused face, as if he should say, 'Come, my young relative, did you think I could only talk slang through my nose? What d'ye say to this as a sample of my parts?'

'How long have you been in England?' I asked, hardly knowing what to make of this singular and certainly striking compound that was sitting and smoking before me, and calling itself my uncle.

'Near upon eighteen months.'

'And when do you return?'

'Return!—where?'

'Where you come from,' said I.

'When I die,' he answered. 'I'm here for the remainder of my natural life, and let me hope that your British customs will let it keep natural. Yes, siree, I'm here to fix. I have a house at Clifton, near Bristol, close to the Gorge—d'ye know the Gorge?—something to save one many a journey out of this shallow little kingdom, as I never look down into it without reckoning myself abroad in a nation of real scenery. In my house, Jack, you'll find an aunt

and two cousins, who'll be heartily glad to make the acquaintance of so fine and manly a beauty as you, and who'll like you none the worse for knowing what the smell of tar resembles.'

I thanked him.

'When can you come?'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Will next Monday do?' said I.

'To-day will do better. There is a fast train at six. We can meet at Paddington and travel together. How long d'ye need to pack up your silver buckles and pomatum?'

Now, that day would have suited me as well any other. I had nothing to do, and was eager to get out of the sickening, sweltering atmosphere of London. But my dignity was worth something too. It would not do to jump too eagerly into the arms of this uncle and his family. Let them talk of me a little, thought I, before I heave in view, that I may get some kind of importance out of their curiosity. So I said I should not be able to leave London before Monday, on which my uncle answered, 'All right. Suit yourself. We'll look out for you on Monday,' and gave me his address on a card.

I inquired how he had managed to find out where I lived.

'I'll tell you,' said he; and he began a long story of how some months ago he took a directory and hunted through it for my father's address; how he noticed that there were three Thomas Seymours (without the Sutherland), on whom he called, but found none of them the man he wanted; how he worked his way down through older directories until he came across Thomas Sutherland Seymour, solicitor, such and such a street.

'This,' said he, 'I reckoned to be my brother; but when I called at the office the clerks there treated me as if I had come to make fools of them. They knew nothing of Thomas Sutherland Seymour. To cut this yarn short, time passed, and I came to the conclusion that if my brother was alive it was not the will of heaven that I should find him. My wife said, "It serves you right. You never wrote to him, and now that you are anxious to see a family face again, fate steps in, takes a hitch over a belaying pin with the hauling part of your wishes, and stops the tackle from travelling." Those,' continued he, after a little pause, during which time he had slyly watched the face of astonishment I had put on on hearing that I had an aunt who could talk in that fashion, 'were not exactly her words, but that is no doubt what she meant. Well, yesterday I came up from Bristol, and in the railway carriage met a young man, and got into talk with him. One thing led to another. I spoke of my brother, of the bigness

of the world when you want to discover a man and its littleness when you don't want a man to discover you. "What's your brother's name?" asked the young gentleman. I told him. "What was he?" said he. "A solicitor," says I. "Well," said he, "I know a young fellow named John Sutherland Seymour, and think I have heard him say his father was a lawyer. I don't know his private address, but he belongs to a club I am member of, and if you care to call I have no doubt the porter will be able to tell you where he lives." That's how I found you out, sir.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Stranger things have happened than that,' said I, 'and yet it is extraordinary enough that you should have met with a man able to cast off the hauling part of your wishes, and so prove himself stronger than fate.'

'Similes of that kind recall your old life, hey, Jack? Is that why you drag up the words again and fondle 'em?' He came to the window for air, and said, 'Are you in business? do you do anything? are you getting money in any fashion?'

'No,' I replied; 'I am an idle man, and I'm trying to find out whether I ought to be ashamed of being idle. I'm afraid the sea has unfitted me for business. I am in hope of cultivating some promptings in that direction, though upon my honour I doubt if I have a single quality that would be of the least use to me in any shore-going capacity.'

'That's very likely,' said my uncle. 'But what do you want with business? Haven't you enough to live on?'

'Why, perhaps I have. But don't you see,' said I, slightly warmed by observing that he had not helped me in the smallest degree in my apology for doing nothing and being nothing, 'that I want to excuse myself for my idleness, which should satisfy you that I do not think idleness good?'

'What made you give up the sea?' he asked, laughing behind his beard.

'Didn't I explain, sir? I said it was having an income left me. Nor was that all. You have been to sea and know what the life is. Who would be a slave? Yet I was when at sea, as all sailors are, running here and there to other people's orders, pulling and hauling, furling, reefing, and greasing, choked with doughboys and hishee-hashee, snatching at sleep and catching a wink as a man on a yard-arm might try to grasp a booby, and managing to come off with a feather out of the fowl's tail.'

'Ay,' cried my uncle, grinning extravagantly, 'and let us hear what shape the slush-pot has, and how the head-pump is rigged, and how a man feels who is one of a short-handed crew when all

hands are called! Oh, the happiness of passing a week with the galley-fire washed out, nothing but frost and sleet and wind on deck, and water and darkness and streaming togs below, weevils in the bread-barge, rats in the mess-kids, and the scuttle-butt smelling as sweet as the Thames off the Isle of Dogs; a temperance ship where all the lush is aft; a shoddy ship whose owners fall distracted and tear their hair and gnash their teeth every time the old sieve is reported still afloat and in league with the underwriters!'

www.libtool.com.cn

Then, looking at me very gravely, 'Pray, young man,' says he, 'where did you get your gab from? Not from my brother Tom?'

'I must have got it from you,' I replied; 'it is evidently in the family.'

'Well,' says he, 'all that I can say is, a young fellow who can talk as you do ought to find life larger than the West End of London. How do you pass your days?'

'I knock about,' I answered, laughing heartily, for there was something so funny in his manner that it was like talking to a comedian.

'Why don't you get married? If I were your age and had all the world before me, I'd view marriage as an industry, and start in business as a husband. Make no mistake, Jack. There are some decent pickings to be found in that calling.' He saved me from replying by pulling out his watch and exclaiming, 'I have an appointment at four. I'm sorry you can't manage to meet me at Paddington. But we shall see you on Monday?'

'Without fail, sir, all being well.'

He laid hold of my hand, and viewing me earnestly said, with a singular kindness and gravity of voice and manner, 'Jack, I'm glad to have found you—glad to have met my brother's laddie. Old memories rise whilst I talk and see you standing up in front of me, a big man. Think of Tom having been dead three years! It makes me feel as if a century had passed since I was a boy. I ought to have written to him—I ought to have made myself heard of—there's much I should have done. But see here, Jack. God's peace be with him! d'ye know it was he who would chime in with your grandfather against me; tell the old man that the sea was the only fit place for such a rapscallion as I—for such a skylarking son of a gun who was always kissing the servant girls, running into debt with landlords, and coming home with dancing eyes and light heels at one o'clock in the morning? He was right and the old man was right; but I'll tell you a big truth,

Jack. It's possible for folks to be right and to be wrong too. Man alive! I was not a rascal, but a loose human arrangement with the makings of a fellow-creature in me; an unravelled rope whose strands wanted twisting up and whose end wanted *whipping*; and when I came to be a man, got a bit of money, married and passed into what ye might call a municipal entity—a thing interested in rates, drainage, and fellow-townsmen—the bile would rise in my gorge when I thought of Thomas and home, and I never could bring myself to hold out my hand in a letter. It was a traditional prejudice, but I left it t'other side the water when I sailed with the wife and the girls for the old country. Another day you shall tell me where my brother rests. Meanwhile, God bless ye, and—and don't fail us on Monday next.'

www.libtool.com.cn

So saying he pulled on his wideawake, grasped his stick and scuttled out of the room, trotting downstairs so nimbly as to defy my efforts to pass him in order to be first with the hall door.

CHAPTER III.

I GO TO CLIFTON.

THIS conversation with my uncle took place before my story properly opens, and if I were an artist, perhaps I should leave it out for that reason; but apart from its being as good as a joke, and showing besides how it happened that I went on a visit to Clifton, it enables me to tell you in a pleasing manner a good deal about myself, and likewise it explains who my uncle was, and why he was a stranger to me.

You may talk as you please about the beauty of foreign parts. I've seen some grand shows in that way in my time, as what sailor has not? But had I never viewed anything finer than Clifton—that part of it, I mean, which they call the Gorge—I should still be able to boast of having beheld as lovely a bit of nature as any part of the world has to offer. What fixes it in my memory was the sunset. I had tumbled into an open fly—quite a genteel turn-out—along with my portmanteau, and when we had climbed a steep hill and had got on top of it and rolled along some distance, I stood up and saw a sky full of the magnificence of a score of glorious colours, against which the heavy foliage and green heights which tower above the valley, in whose heart the silver Avon (at flood-tide, mind you) winds like a stream of mercury, stood out dark, massive, dense, the gold of the sky trembling

among the fibrine fringe of the wooded acclivities; and layers or folds of emerald, sapphire, rose, scarlet like incandescent iron, sunbright effulgence like that of molten steel in a retort swept by the hurricane of a steam-crested blast, stretching their most beautiful lengths along until their extremities faded in the black vapour of a huge cloud, from whose sooty, stooping belly green sparks of lightning were crackling and glittering, whilst the thunder moaned like the voice of a lion heard roaring in pain in some distant resonant forest.

The house abreast of which the driver hove his horse to was a small mansion with about an acre of ground in front of it full of flowers, high trees, a fountain, and so forth. A man-servant in a black suit and white necktie opened the door, and I marched in, but was scarcely entered when my uncle, rushing along, received me with a shout of welcome, and dragged me, travel-stained as I was, into a large and exceedingly elegant drawing-room.

There were four ladies there, one middle-aged, the others young, one of these a caller, as I supposed, with a small, fat, very old dog, sleek as a rat, at her feet. This tottering creature bared its teeth as we entered, and delivered a few strange wheezy notes, on which the young lady cried 'Down, you silly dog! hush, you foolish old Flora!' and in the midst of this my uncle introduced me.

The middle-aged lady was my aunt, a tall woman, still handsome, with plenty of black hair, dark eyes, a fine figure, and wearing what women call 'a train,' so long that the end of it remained at her chair after she had risen and advanced some paces to meet and welcome me. Two of the others were my cousins, both of them plump, fair girls, not pretty, but with very kind faces and pleasant smiles. I liked their manners amazingly—I mean I heartily relished the way in which they received me; no affectation, no hanging back, no smirking, and yet there was a pretty modesty in their air, too.

But the third young lady! My uncle on introducing me to her had called her Miss Hawke, and I learnt what her Christian name was by one of my cousins saying, 'Don't mind her, Florence dear,' when her dog barked, and she rebuked the infirm old beast. Florence Hawke, then, was her name, and when you get deeper into this book, which you are bound to do, for a stranger yarn you never read in your life, you'll understand why I have it so pat and am able to write it down without scratching the back of my head and looking aloft for the words.

How am I to describe her? Mates, on the honour of a gentle-

man who would not tell a lie to gratify the conceit of the finest woman living, I swear that in my opinion Florence Hawke was the sweetest little creature at that or any other time to be found in this country. And why do I call her little? Faith, she was not so little either. When we stood side by side the top of her sunny aromatic head was on a level with my ear. But little, somehow, is the adjective that will come shoving into my thoughts when I speak of her, because, perhaps, of the winning simplicity of her manner, the childlike earnestness of her, her pretty delightful ways, which had a certain charming babyishness about them.

I say, how am I to describe her? If all the colours the very royallest academician now living knows how to mix would fail—as don't I know they would?—to give you the exquisite delicate bloom on her cheeks, the velvet, pearly whiteness of her ears, throat, forehead, the rich brown and gold of her plentiful, beautiful hair, the sweet clear carving of her nostrils and brow, the dark yet luminous gray of her large eyes, oh! not to mention the *soul* in them, the flashing spirit of intelligence, the magic play of emotion, what am I to do with ink? What am I to make of such perfections when I have no better brush in my hand than a pen to paint them with? And yet, though it is more than twenty years ago, I see her as she turned to bow and smile, when my uncle introduced me, as plainly now as I did then—the very pretty hat, the long black feather tenderly coiling over the back of her hair towards her neck as if to kiss it, the plaid dress—no, not plaid, check I mean, small black and white bars crossing, the material silk, would it be?—fitting her like the glove upon her hand, and expressing without emphasising (as every good dress-maker knows how) just the type of figure a man's eye loves to dwell on; a really beautiful shape with a perfectly proportioned waist, not one of those hiatuses in the meaning of the female body which bequeaths all the sense that ought to be amidships to the hips. Yes, I see her now as I saw her then, and yet I cannot describe her. A great pity, for on my word of honour she was the sweetest woman living, and ought to be handled by an artist instead of a shell-back still smelling of the pitch-kettle.

Well, the talk, of course, would be mere commonplace at this start. My aunt expressed her joy at her husband having found me out; she was delighted to see me; did I know Clifton? she was sure I should be charmed with the scenery, and so on. And then my uncle burst forth: 'Come, Jack, let me show you your room. We dine at eight, which is an hour later than usual,' and we went upstairs.

If my visit were going to make any lengthened portion of this story, I should be tempted to write a page or two about this house in which I found my uncle and his family living, for nothing completer and better in its way have I ever seen. I admired everything as I went upstairs, my uncle showing the road with a delighted face—the fine stone staircase, the conservatories, the decorations, and the like—until we came to a large bedroom lighted by a number of candles, as handsome a room as a king's guest could expect, and, in this country, perhaps a better than he would get, with an open window looking on to the front grounds, which lay dark in the shadow of the twilight, a hundred sweet scents floating up out of them on the dew-laden folds of air that stirred softly. The stars were dropping into their places, a faint haze of crimson lingered in the west, and now and again the sky was tinged with the delicate violet glare of lightning; and pretty amid the stillness was the tinkling music played by the fountain.

www.libtool.com.cn

'After London,' said I, 'this is indeed delightful!'

'Well, my boy, you are heartily welcome—most heartily welcome,' exclaimed my uncle, clapping me on the shoulder. 'Don't trouble to dress for dinner; we're very homely—at least *I* am, and hate any kind of fuss.'

He then went away, and shortly afterwards I followed him to the drawing-room, where I found all the family but my cousin Amelia, Miss Hawke, as I supposed, having left. I took a seat near my aunt, and was about to tell her how surprised I had been by her husband's visit, when something under my chair touched my leg. I hopped up, and on looking perceived that it was Miss Hawke's old terrier.

'What did you think, Jack—that it was a rat?' cried my uncle, laughing at the manner in which I had whipped on to my feet.

'Isn't it Miss Hawke's dog?' said I.

'Yes,' replied my aunt; 'we have induced her to stay and dine with us.'

'Not the dog, but Miss Hawke, Jack,' said my uncle.

'Don't you think her very pretty, Mr. Seymour?' said my Cousin Sophie.

'Mr. Seymour!' shouted my uncle; 'whoever heard a girl call her cousin mister before? My dear Sophie, yonder young fellow is your Cousin Jack; pray call him so, and make him feel that he is with relatives.'

'Ay, please do,' said I.

She blushed and laughed and said, 'Very well, I will call you Jack.'

'Yes, Sophie,' I replied, plumping out her name, 'I do think Miss Hawke very pretty—wonderfully pretty.'

'You're right, nephew,' said my uncle; 'in all my travels I never came across anything sweeter—the object of my earliest affections alone excepted,' giving his wife a bow.

www.libtool.com.cn

'She's an Australian,' said my aunt.

'Indeed!' I exclaimed, though why I should have said 'Indeed!' in a tone of surprise I really do not know, for is not Australia as rich in pretty women as any other country or continent—allowing for numbers?

'Yes,' said my aunt; 'she was born in Australia. Her father made his money out there, and we believe he is a very rich man. He lives in a fine house a short walk from here.'

'I made his acquaintance in a journey to London,' said my uncle. 'His Christian name is Alphonso, and I have heard Florence talk of one Damaris Hawke, an aunt who lives in Australia. What d'ye think, Jack, of Alphonso and Damaris as a pair of names for a small tea party? He's a pompous old chap—between you and me, a bit of a prig—with strong aristocratic leanings; man, you should see his crest! Yet, in spite of my democratic wide-awake and the republican cut of my jib,' said he, looking down at his clothes, which were of the same pattern as those he had worn when he called upon me, 'he was pleased to exchange cards, and on his return from town called with his daughter.'

'What I like most in Florence Hawke,' said Sophie, 'is her unaffectedness. She is very pretty, she will no doubt be very rich, but she is quite unspoiled, and as artless and simple as a little girl.'

'She will of course have many admirers,' said I.

'She might have, you may take your affidavit,' answered my uncle, 'but her father's a taut hand, my girls say, and nobody dare go near. What's the name of the youngster, Sophia, old Hawke is tacking to fetch?'

'Reginald Morecombe,' replied my aunt. 'His father is a baronet, and Mr. Reginald will get the title. There's something I do not much like in views of that kind in parents. I have only met Mr. Morecombe once, but once was enough to discover that he is a very simpering young man, rather conceited, very much given to boasting about what he and Mr. Hawke call blood, and

quite capable, no doubt, of believing that he would be doing this beautiful girl much honour by taking her papa's money in exchange for his name.'

'Self-made Australians are generally fond of titles,' said Sophie. www.libtool.com.cn

'We're all fond of titles,' said I. 'I for one should be well pleased to be a lord; not because I value the rank, but because I value the world's valuation of it.'

'In my opinion,' observed my aunt, 'the very worst man a girl can have for a husband is a fool.'

'Quite right,' said my uncle; 'a woman can never get lower than that.'

'But Florence has to marry Mr. Morecombe first, mamma,' said Sophie.

At this point of a conversation that was both interesting and instructive Miss Hawke and Amelia came in. Amelia was stouter, let me say fatter, than Sophie; she had three chins and a bust as plump as the bows of a galliot. I doubt if Miss Hawke could have chosen a better contrast for her own delightful shape, and as they entered and crossed the room side by side, I not only found my eyes rivetted to the beautiful face of this young Australian lady, and my head rotating after her, as you may see a little metal duck in a basin of water follow a magnet, but I was surprised by a queer fluttering sensation under my waistcoat; a feeling as if my heart had got out of gear and were rolling about on a ground-swell of emotion.

However, no time was allowed me to consider what this might mean. Scarcely had the young ladies entered when the manservant was seen standing in the door, exclaiming that dinner was ready. We trooped into the dining-room, my aunt on my arm and Miss Hawke on my uncle's, and took our seats. Here was another fine apartment, with large portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour facing each other, and the soft light of wax candles and sperm oil to dine by. Miss Hawke sat opposite me, just clear of the flowers in the centre of the table, so that I had her full in sight throughout the dinner. I will not say that she looked more bewitching without her hat; let her go dressed as she chose she would have been fascinating—upon my word, even my uncle's wide-awake would have become her! But if she did not look more bewitching, she was not less so now that her hair was exposed, with its dainty little parting on the left side vanishing amid a soft mass of clustering fluffy silken locks on her white forehead, and coils of thick plaits

crowning her, and a rose—a small newly-blown rose—glimmering like a jewel among those most lovely folds.

For the first time that ever I can remember I felt nervous in the presence of a lady—yes, this girl sitting opposite to me, and bringing from time to time the whole broadside of her beauty and intelligence to bear by letting her eyes rest on me with a kind of inquiry in them, as if she were quietly taking stock of the young sailorified chap fronting her, and wondering if he was really a nautical man, and if not, what business he had in seeming one; I say, that at the start Miss Florence Hawke made me feel as shy as a schoolboy at an evening party. Positively, at one moment I was so nervous that I did not dare lift a glass of wine for fear of spilling it over what a tailor would call my continuations.

www.libtool.com.cn

Fortunately for me, however, my uncle talked incessantly, so that what with having to listen to him, and what with having to attend to what the servants put before them, the others were too busy to notice my manner. At all events, I thought so, and that helped me greatly in working myself on to a level keel again.

All the conversation at the going off was about my father, about my uncle's discovery of me, and so forth.

'How nice it must be, Mr. Seymour, to meet with relations unexpectedly!' said Miss Hawke to me.

'Yes,' I stammered, 'very nice indeed—at least, I mean, it depends.' And here, seeing that I bade fair to make an ass of myself, I laid hold of my nerves and said, 'When I say depends, I should explain, Miss Hawke, that relations unexpectedly met are not always nice. As an instance, imagine a man addressing a room full of electors; he wants the voters to believe him not only a Tory but a well-connected man. In the midst of his speech a noise is heard, and a woman, disguised in liquor, with a bonnet on her back, shoves through the door, saying, "I have a right to be here; he is my brother!"'

This produced a laugh, and reminded my uncle of an anecdote, the telling of which took the conversation off the course it had been steering, for which I was grateful, as I was nervous and apt on such a topic as relations to be *gauche*, and even offensive, without meaning it. My aunt now asked me questions about myself—how long had I been at sea? what induced me to abandon it? what parts of the world I had sailed into? My answers were listened to with great attention; indeed, my two cousins took a most flattering interest in me, and by a kind of sisterly sympathy of smile and look—I do not know how else to describe a manner that was immediately and pleasantly sensible to me—made me

feel, long before we had finished dinner, that I had known them since they were children.

I saw Miss Hawke round her lovely eyes when I talked of the sea, and mentioned having been to Sydney, New South Wales.

'What did you think of the bay?' she asked. 'Is it not lovely? I was born in Sydney; but it is not because that town is my native place that I consider its bay must be the beautifulest scene in the world.'

'It *is* beautiful,' I exclaimed warmly, excited into enthusiasm by her advocacy. Had she praised the kangaroo for its graceful movements, I should have sworn that the capers of a Taglioni or a Vestris were not a patch upon the poetical motions of that animal. 'Do you know it, uncle?'

'Well,' answered he, 'it is very fine, but it don't come up to Rio.'

'Oh, yes, it does,' said I. 'Miss Hawke, be quite easy; Sydney Bay tops the whole world's scenery for beauty.'

My uncle laughed, and so did my aunt, and I saw my cousins exchange a faint smile, all which made me suppose that something more was to be seen in my manner than I had any idea was visible or even existing. I cast my eyes down and revolved a wine-glass on the table, whilst my uncle asked Miss Hawke if she liked sailors.

Miss Hawke. Very much indeed.

My Uncle. That's brave. Whenever I recall my old profession I love to believe that the ladies like sailors.

Sophie. Sailors are so unconventional; I always think them the best society in the world, for that reason. There is no nonsense, no hunting about for compliments and neat sayings. What they feel they say. And then their conversation is full of colour, for they are always travelling and seeing something new. I *like* sailors. (With emphasis.)

Amelia. So do I.

Myself. I wish I were still at sea; I should be able to bow to all this.

My Uncle. I saw, nephew, what d'ye think of Sophie's idea of Jack's talk being full of colour? (Here he tipped me a wink.) Is it full of colour when the scuttle is thumped in a gale of wind to the roar of 'All hands! Tumble up, my lively hearties! Don't wait to shave!'

Miss Hawke (laughing). I have heard that cry of 'All hands!' What a pity there is no short cut to Australia! Cape Horn is very dreadful! Coming to England this time we nearly ran into an iceberg in a snow-storm.

My Aunt (clasping her hands). Just think if you had run into it!

Myself. How often have you made the voyage, Miss Hawke?

Miss Hawke. Twice.

Myself. Are you likely to return to Australia?

Miss Hawke. I think not. I cannot say. Papa will certainly never return to stop there. He prefers England.

My Uncle. And you?

Miss Hawke. I like Clifton; but I wish we could get the Australian climate here. It is always either too hot or too cold.

Myself. Do not you prefer London to the country?

Miss Hawke. No; and papa hates London.

My Uncle. And so do I. Life is too stiff in London. Here, if I wear a wide-awake nobody takes any notice; in London people stare as if I were a patriot. And look, Miss Florence, how easily and pleasantly one forms acquaintances and makes friends in the country. We have not been here very long and already we know many persons, and one delightful lady (bowing to her), who kindly takes us as we are, dispenses with all the formalities which would hedge her about in London, and make her charming society a luxury to be obtained only at long intervals.

My Aunt (speaking doubtfully). I should not very much care to live in London. The society that is worth having is very difficult to get.

My Uncle. And when got, not worth having.

Miss Hawke. Papa likes ceremony, but I don't. I enjoy unexpected things: an impromptu carpet-dance, dining out as I am now. When you are asked to anything, you anticipate the pleasure of it, and that is why set affairs are often disappointing.

My Uncle. *We* are unconventional enough. I never could endure any fuss. My wife and I have had to rough it in a country where people who suffer from corns have no business to live; for boots over there are heavy, and folks are given to shoving and stamping. My daughters are like their parents; they take short views and simple ones. Sophie—Amelia—your health, my loves. May you marry men of sense and live for yourselves instead of for your neighbours. (He smiled affectionately at them over a glass of claret.) When do you expect your father back, Miss Florence?

Miss Hawke. To-morrow.

My Aunt. Will he bring Emily with him?

Miss Hawke. Yes; and Mr. Morecombe.

My cousins exchanged looks, and the merest shadow of a

smile flitted over Miss Hawke's sweet mouth as she stole a glance at Sophie. Evidently this Mr. Morecombe was a not wholly unfamiliar topic amongst these three young ladies.

'Don't you feel dull alone in your big house?' asked my uncle.

'No,' she answered; 'I never feel dull. I rather like being alone—sometimes.'

Evidently she has no mother, thought I. By this time my nervousness had worn off, and I could take peeps at her with some degree of confidence. Why did fate place me plump opposite her? I would look from her to the beautiful cluster of flowers in the middle of the table, and from them to her, until the most exquisite of God's works—a lovely woman's face and the shining tints and sweet forms of flowers and foliage—were combined in one impression; so that never after could I think of her without associating her image with the white and violet and purple petals which filled the room with a fragrance that seemed to me as the breath from her delicate lips.

But, you tarpaulin, you! This is *too* fine! This is the mere ecstasy of parish chatter! Was I in love with her *then* that I should write down all this aromatic stuff in *this* place? Alas! What do I know? Put me on my oath and I will say—Yes! I *was* in love; my peace of mind was gone! I had met my fate, and sat beholding it with a thumping heart.

By-and-by the ladies left the room, and a box of cigars was put upon the table. My uncle opened the tall folding windows, through which you could step on to the lawn, and we stood together to get the air, smoking and looking at the night. There was a small moon behind the house, the sky was very black and full of stars, far away in the quarter we faced there was a faint play of sheet lightning, scarcely more vivid than the silvery flash of the meteors which broke out from the dark air under the stars and sailed away in a line of spangles; a delicious country silence reigned around, broken only by the distant quick throbbing and rumbling noise of a locomotive dragging a train of carriages, and by the cool plashing of a fountain and by the rich notes of a nightingale piping hard by.

'Can't you understand why I prefer this sort of thing to London?' exclaimed my uncle, speaking through his nose, with the Yankee drawl I had noticed in him when we first met.

'Of course I do,' I replied; 'I would not exchange this for London if I had it.'

'Pompous as old Hawke is, he's not an ass,' continued my uncle. 'He sticks to Clifton, which proves that he has intellect.

He lives in a finer house than this, though he has not the same extent of ground. We'll go and dine with him some of these nights. He's hospitable enough, but a damned old prig. He wants to get a title into his family and get it he will, though he has to drag it in by the head and ears, and perhaps half murder the poor girl he calls upon to help him.'

'I heard Miss Hawke say that young Mr. Morecombe was coming to-morrow with the old fellow,' said I. 'How long has this been going on?'

'What d'ye mean? How long has young Morecombe been on the *tappy*, as Johnny Crapaud says?'

'Ay.'

'Two or three months, I reckon.'

'Has he proposed?'

'Lord love ye, how do I know? but I should say not. This is fine tobacco, Jack. Real cigars, I call these.'

'Yes,' said I; 'they are very fine indeed. What was Mr. Hawke?'

'Well, I believe he made his money as a squatter. He is quiet about his beginning; possibly he's ashamed of having got money by working for it. I reckon he squatted. There's squatting in his soul; it may be traced in his walk, and followed, as the poets say, in his smile.'

'Have you met his friend, Mr. Morecombe?' said I, trying to make believe that I asked these questions merely for the sake of talking, and that I would just as soon speak of consols, or take his views on the molasses market.

'Once; I dined with him at Hawke's. A puppy, sir; a poor creature with a parting down the middle of its hair and a glass in its eye, and immense stiff stick-up shirt collars. Hawke will not get his daughter to have him, he may be cocksure of that. She is destined for a man, not for a monkey. How social she is! This evening Sophie, who was among the flowers, saw her pass and called her in. And then she stays and dines without requiring any further pressing than a plain "Will you?" That's the sort of friendliness I like in man or woman. And my eye, nephew! What a face, hey? If I were only a quarter of a century younger—if I were only a single man!'

He made several motions with his arms, that by dumbshow he might express the ecstasy his imagination flung him into, then smelt to his cigar and said that he defied any importer in the country to beat that brand.

I felt that he was just one of those men whom a young fellow

could bare his soul to; and nothing prevented me from telling him how desperately impressed I was by Miss Florence Hawke but the consideration that he had daughters of his own. He presently gave me a chance of expressing my admiration of my cousins by speaking of his wife.

www.libtool.com.cn

'How d'ye like her, Jack?'

'I cannot tell you how much. She is all kindness; and is she not a very clever woman?'

'Well, if a man wears a diamond on his finger there is no reason why he should talk about it as if he were a jeweller,' said he. 'Sophia is my wife: and that fact belays all I should like to say about her. But one thing I'll assert—a realler woman doesn't walk the surface of this globe. There may be women as real, but nothing realler. There are no half-laughs and pursers' grins about *her*. She's straight up and down, both ends of her bolted and clinched in the cast-iron of solid principles. Yes, siree, your aunt's a woman: a Canadian, sir—the daughter of a colony whose females are clippers of the first quality, handsome in make, swift in action, staunch in build, faithful to the hand that steers 'em. And though it's not for me to call your attention to such matters—more particularly as they are perfectly obvious—yet let me suggest that, considering her age, you have probably met younger women, reckoned handsome in their way, without her figure, her taste in dress, and her complexion. Eh?'

I fully agreed and said, 'And your daughters? Have you no word for them? I declare I have never seen kinder faces nor been charmed by gentler and more winning manners.'

'Ay, they are very well, they are very well,' he exclaimed in a soft voice. 'They are good girls. They have sound hearts. I thank God for that. A parent has no right to expect more.'

And whilst we finished our cigars he told me of his early struggles, what a noble helpmate he had in his wife, to whom he had been married five-and-twenty years, and then talked of my father, and asked questions about my mother, who she was, what relatives I had on her side, and so forth. But it was now time to pitch the end of our cigars away and join the ladies, who we found in chairs round the tall open windows, listening to the faint strains of a distant band of music audible on this side of the house only.

'What's that they are blowing?' inquired my uncle.

'It sounds like "God Save the Queen,"' said Sophie.

'Has Australia a national song?' asked my aunt.

'Why, of course—"God Save the Queen," mamma,' said Amelia.

'No, excuse me,' said I; 'the Australian anthem is "Cheer up, Sam."'

'What!' cried my uncle; 'd'ye mean "Cheer up, Sam, don't let your spirits go down?" Is my nephew right, Miss Florence?'

'We put "God Save the Queen" first, I believe,' she answered laughing; 'but everybody in Australia is fond of "Cheer up, Sam!"'

This led to my aunt asking Miss Hawke to sing, to which she consented on condition that Amelia sang first. So my cousin went to the piano and piped in a small blithe note about some merry, merry man who broke an unfortunate girl's heart, and yet continued very merry, ri fol de lol! proving what odious rogues merry, merry men are. Then Miss Hawke, after a little hesitation and a timid peep at me with her lovely eyes, took her place and warbled a ballad. I have no recollection of the air; I do not remember that I gathered what the poetry was about; but for all that I considered it the divinest song I had ever heard. Was it some commonplace tune? were the words of the album type—the Letitia Elizabeth Landon and broken heart and dishevelled ringlets school? Very like, very like; but no incomparable Italian artist singing some air of matchless beauty could have overwhelmed me with such emotions as those raised in me by Miss Hawke's simple, pretty voice, the airy, graceful, flower-like pose of her figure, her white hands with a ring or two on them, trembling like blown snow-flakes which glittered with the sparkle of ice-crystals as they moved over the ivory keys, her rich hair taking a ruddy tinge of gold from the soft lamplight, the sweetest of little feet coquetting with the pedals.

I protest, when I think of her I long like Werther to take my flowing locks in both hands and pour out my soul. Dissembling was idle. When more than a man's heart will hold is poured into it, then, like any other vessel—a hook-pot or a washing-tub—it will overflow. I was perfectly sensible that there was a note of something exceedingly like impassioned admiration in the thanks I added to those of the others for her song; but I could not help it. Amelia looked at me, Sophie at her mother, and her mother fanned herself. Miss Hawke said, 'You are too kind, Mr. Seymour, to praise me so warmly; my voice is a very poor one;' whilst my uncle observed, 'I don't know; it looks to me as if Jack had a cultivated taste;' on which I gave a wild laugh.

Miss Hawke then somewhat bashfully asked if *I* would sing. (What! before ladies, thought I. Never!) I told her that my

knowledge of music did not enable me to reach to anything higher than a windlass chorus.

'Then give us one of the old chanteys,' exclaimed my uncle. '"Haul the Bowline," or "Whiskey, Johnny," or "Run, let the Bulljine run." Why, the mere sound of those old songs takes me back forty years, and I seem to be standing in the lee scuppers up to my neck, or holding on with my eyelids as I try to roll up the foreroyal single-handed.'

However, I declined to sing, and they gave up pressing me. Tea was brought in, and we sat with cups and saucers in our hands talking a variety of small beer, until Miss Hawke, pulling a watch of the size of a sixpence from her waistband, said that it was getting late—she must go home; whereupon my uncle said he would walk with her to her house, and half turned to me in a manner that made me hope he was going to ask me to join him; but instead he observed, 'I shan't be above twenty minutes, Jack. Don't go to bed; we'll have a cigar when I return.' Of course I endeavoured to look satisfied and happy, though I would cheerfully have given up smoking for a month for the privilege of helping him to see Miss Hawke home.

Well, presently she came down dressed, looking lovely in the lamplight in her bewitching hat, and said good-night to us, and I saw my uncle lurking in the hall with his wideawake on, and wished him at Jericho for leaving me behind. She left the room, but came back in a moment crying out in her melodious way, 'Oh, I have forgotten Flora! Where's my ducky Flora?'

My uncle whistled, my aunt made a noise like a hen, and my cousins peered about. I looked under the sofa, and found the old creature snugged up into a ball and snoring like a young negro.

'Here's Flora,' said I, dropping on one knee, meaning to haul the animal out and gallantly place her in her mistress's arms; but the moment I touched the aged beast, that was evidently very deaf, she staggered on to her legs with her tail on end like an ensign staff on a ship's stern, snapped at my hand, and went reeling under the sofa into the room, backing away, and making a most horrible faint barking noise.

'Don't be afraid, Mr. Seymour,' said Miss Hawke; 'she's the sweetest, most harmless, the dearest old thing—aren't you, Flora?' and she took the quivering, grinning, terrified, deaf, asthmatical old brute to her heart, and put her lips to the worn-out skin of the creature's head and fondled it. She then went away for good, giving us all a beautiful smile as she quitted the

room, and I sat down with my aunt and cousins to chat with them until my uncle returned.

---

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER IV.

SOME SACRED MUSIC.

I WENT to bed at half-past eleven that night. My aunt, in the most affectionate manner, hoped I would sleep well; my cousins bade me good-night with the kindness of sisters; my uncle accompanied me to my bedroom in order to see that I was properly cared for, and parted from me with every manifestation of cordial pleasure at my presence, begging me to feel completely at home, to do as I pleased, to ask for whatever I wanted, to enjoy myself thoroughly, and to stay as long as ever I chose.

Could mortal uncle say more to a nephew? And what a delightful, fragrant, breezy bedroom was mine! And yet, though I was in bed by twelve, the lights out, not a sound to disturb me outside save it were now and again a moan of night-wind to rustle the flowers under the window and shake their sweetness into the dark, star-laden air, I did not close my eyes in sleep till four o'clock.

No Chancery litigant whose three years' suit is in all probability to end next day; no young actor whose first appearance in London is fixed for the following night; no distracted tradesman with several heavy bills, renewed *ad nauseam*, falling due next morning, could have plunged and rolled upon his mattress more wearily and sleeplessly than I. To say that I was so much in love with Florence Hawke as to be unable to close my eyes through thinking of her would be to say a little too much. If ever a man fell in love at first sight, I did; I'll not deny it. I thought Miss Hawke a beautiful creature, with the manner of a queen and the sweetness of an angel; and I was in love with her, though a few hours before I had never heard of her; I had not the least idea that there was such a person in the world. But I am not going to pretend that I was such an emotional, impressionable, sentimental swab that I could be robbed of my sleep right away out of hand by the first pretty woman I had ever seen, whom I felt I could marry and live happily with ever after.

And yet she was responsible for my sleeplessness, too, for I lay thinking of her until I thought myself into broad wakefulness, though I had gone tired to bed, as a man who may be hungry at

his usual hour for dining finds his appetite gone if the dinner be long delayed. Being of a somewhat imaginative mind, I pictured her as forced by her father into accepting Mr. Morecombe, and I thought of myself as going to the rescue and attacking old Hawke and withering him up with a thousand penetrating and scathing sarcasms, and my humour actually carried me into the imagination of horsewhipping young Morecombe for being rude to me. What wit visits one in bed where it is of no use! What conflicts one has there with one's enemies in the silence of night, and how victorious one always is!

www.libtool.com.cn

However, I fell asleep at last, and when I was called by a servant was thankful to find that the night was gone and my job of kicking the bed-clothes about done for the time being. There must be something very noxious and nauseous in the London air to make the breezes of the country or the seaside the delights they are to Cockney nostrils. Spite of my night of broken rest, I felt a stone lighter in weight as I moved about the room dressing myself. The atmosphere was delicious: a warm, aromatic tide that hummed pleasantly through the window, and was full of the chanting of bees, radiant with the tossing and blown flight of butterflies, and there was a sound of the throbbing life of Bristol city pulsing in it.

I found my relations in the breakfast-room: not one of those gloomy subterranean chambers so called which you find in London houses, and which are occupied by the blackbeetles when the family are away, but a handsome, cheerful apartment made green and cool by the shadows of some trees which stood close against that side of the house. I was warmly greeted, and answered the kind inquiries as to the night I had passed by saying that when I fell asleep I slept like a top, which was true enough.

'I'll tell you,' said my uncle, 'how you may kill the time here. There is a fast mare in the stable at your disposal whenever you have a mind for a canter. Can you ride?'

'Yes, if there's pommel enough to hold on by.'

'Then there is a snug phaeton in which you can drive yourself and your aunt and your cousins round the country—I don't mean Great Britain, but the neighbourhood. There is the club at Bristol. I have put your name down, and you can use it whilst you are here. You have the sea within easy reach. Wales is not far off, and you can fetch any of the Channel ports whenever you like by steamer from Bristol. I don't know whether we shall be able to manufacture any dances for you—we have not been here long enough to be able to fill a room—but dinners I think

we can promise; and what further programme can we make out, Sophia?'

'Nothing further is wanted,' said I. 'It is already most hospitably abundant.'

Presently my aunt said something about Florence Hawke, and asked Amelia at what hour that day Mr. Hawke was expected.

www.libtool.com.cn

'At five or six this afternoon,' was the reply. 'There's an anthem I much want to hear to be sung at service this morning in the Cathedral, and I arranged yesterday with Florence to go. We shall walk there, and her carriage will fetch us.'

'Will you take me?' said I. 'Nothing delights me so much as sacred music.'

'By all means come,' answered my kind cousin.

'Miss Hawke, I hope, won't think me intrusive?' said I.

'Why should she?' exclaimed the hearty, good-natured Sophie.

'Intrusive! You mean complimentary,' observed my uncle. 'D'ye suppose, man, she'll reckon you go for the love of music?'

The downrightness of this somewhat abashed me. 'But I should like to hear the music,' said I; 'and is not the Cathedral worth seeing?'

'Never was in it,' he answered.

'I am thinking,' said my aunt, addressing her husband, and then looking at her daughters as if seeking for encouragement to deliver what was in her mind, 'that Mr. Hawke might—I mean that as we cannot pretend to be ignorant of his views respecting——'

'What, my love? What do you want to say?' asked my uncle.

'Why,' she continued, 'he might not perhaps like Florence to—he might not thank us for introducing——' she could not go on, perhaps not liking to be too plain, and yet not knowing how to convey her meaning otherwise than plainly. But we all guessed what she meant, and my uncle said—

'Let old Mr. Hawke hang himself. What is it to us? If he objects to his daughter meeting young men, let him lock her up. I really cannot confine Jack to his bedroom because, being at large, he is likely to annoy Mr. Hawke by being polite to his daughter when he meets her, and by offering to accompany her and his cousin—his cousin, my dear—to hear a performance of sacred music.'

'I shouldn't be too sensitive about Mr. Hawke's feelings, mamma, if I were you,' said Sophie. 'Why shouldn't Cousin Jack know Florence, and walk with her and Amelia? I am sure he is worth a thousand Mr. Morecombes.'

'Say twenty thousand, Sophie,' I exclaimed, feeling that I could hug the dear girl for her goodness and loyalty.

'I am a father myself,' said my uncle, lying back in his chair and taking a complacent look round the table, 'and I should be very sorry to do anything calculated to bother a man in his wishes concerning his children. But I am not going to trouble myself on matters I *can't* help. I should be sorry to call upon Mr. Hawke and tell him that in my opinion he is a *prig*, for subordinating his daughter's happiness in the future to a twopenny anxiety to drag some poor creature of a man into the family, whose one recommendation is that when his father dies be will be a baronet. I would not tell him that, I say. But d'ye suppose I'm not going to have my brother's son to stop with me, that I am going to shut my door against my own sex, because Miss Florence visits here, and old Hawke would be angry if she should go and give her heart to one of my guests instead of reserving it—or the shell of it, for it 'll be but a hollow thing she presents if she's forced to hand it over to the wrong man—instead of reserving it, I say, for the coxcomb her father wants her to have?'

'Well, I am sure I never thought my remarks would have led to all this,' said my aunt ruefully. 'Nobody could have a greater contempt for Mr. Hawke's notions of marriage than I. All that I meant to say was that we, as acquaintances and neighbours of his—I mean, that as Florence very often comes to see us——' here she broke down again.

I felt it time to speak.

'Why this anxiety, aunt? am I going to pounce upon the young lady and carry her off? is it the dove that usually bolts with the hawk? I admit that she is a lovely girl. There would be nothing very astonishing in any guest or male friend of yours falling in love with her; but if he flattered himself on *winning* her I should either consider him demented or insufferably conceited. But as you object to my——'

'No, no!' she interrupted, 'I don't object—indeed not, Mr. Jack. I only—what I mean is—indeed, if you don't accompany her and Amelia you'll make me feel quite uncomfortable.'

This ended it, my uncle rounding it off with a burst of laughter.

I can be as fastidious in my views as my betters, and I yield to no man in respecting the right sort of parental opinions on the duties and behaviour of young ladies; and when therefore I look back, I am unable to find the least possible impropriety in my volunteering to escort two girls to service at a Cathedral to

hear a particular anthem sung. Yet suppose I had not been strictly within, and well within, the bounds of decorum, I should still have begged my cousin to take me to the service and risked the chance of being thought improper. My uncle was right; it was not the sacred music, it was not the Cathedral that drew me.
www.libtool.com.cn
I wanted to be in Miss Florence's company again; I wanted to enjoy the delight of being near her, of being able to see her beautiful face and hear her sweet voice.

So, shortly after breakfast, Amelia and I left the house for Clifton Lodge (let Mr. Hawke's residence have that name), I handsomely equipped with a gay flower that loyal and tender-hearted Sophie had pinned upon my coat whilst I waited in the hall for Amelia, and my cousin in bright colours which she topped with a green parasol that gave her warm fat face a kind of copper-like splendour. Our road took us from the valley of the Avon, and when you are out of sight of that fairy-like ravine, the noble heights of rocks, the shining river that winds at bottom, and the wonders of vegetation whose rich summer hues make the whole place like a piece of tropical scenery, Clifton does not offer many points for a man to posture over in description. I own I was not greatly disturbed by the sight of dust and villas. My thoughts were considerably ahead of me—along with Miss Florence Hawke: and I believe, had the Alps been shifted by an earthquake and brought alongside I should not have taken much notice of them.

We arrived at the house, and a very handsome building it was: square, detached, with a sort of tower upon it, and stone figures of angels or graces or muses at the corners. It was as big again as my uncle's; but whether I was prejudiced by what I had heard of old Hawke, or whether the house was really suggestive, as I found it, it seemed to me, for all its conservatories, its rich window drapery, its steps, pillars, and the rest of it, a cold, formal, precise-looking home. It had a look of opulent genteelness, and if I had been asked to design a house for a rich man who was without blood, and anxious to procure some, Clifton Lodge is the sort of residence I should have given him.

There was a short carriage drive to the door: we marched along with powdered boots, and pulled the bell. A fellow in grand livery opened the door and conducted us to the drawing-room, quite too sumptuously furnished for my taste, much as I value the fine and the beautiful: full of gilt and marble, with a hand-painted ceiling—in short, pretty nearly as overpowering as one of Lord Bute's rooms in Cardiff Castle, which I had the honour to inspect when I visited that part.

'Mighty splendid!' said I to Amelia, looking about me and missing something—I don't know what—which had it been there would have prevented me from finding it so hard and cold. 'And this is Miss Hawke's home?'

'Is it not very magnificent?' whispered my cousin. 'Mr. Hawke must have brought a lot of Australian gold with him to Clifton, for everything seems gold here. Aren't you surprised now to think how unaffected and childlike Florence is? One would suppose that a girl living in such splendour would think herself too good for anybody but lords and ladies.'

www.hptool.com.cn

'Well,' said I, 'if I lived here I don't know that I should be able to walk. The earth would be too low for my boots. Surely her father ought to have a soul above the son of a baronet!' said I, glaring at a lady in a cloud blowing a trumpet amid a grummet of flowers upon the ceiling.

'The son will be the eighth baronet when he gets it,' said she. 'And I believe the Morecombes are connected in various ways with about twenty titled families.'

A plague upon him and his connections, thought I: and as this benediction upon him rolled up out of my soul Miss Hawke came in dressed for the walk. She looked surprised to see me, and slightly blushed. I presume, when the footman gave our name she supposed I was my uncle. But the look was all the expression her surprise found, and it was replaced by a smile, so uncommonly like one of pleasure, that as it passed over her face my heart struck a loud whop in my bosom.

She gave me her little gloved hand to shake, said she was very glad to see me, and asked if I was going to the Cathedral with them.

'Yes, if I may,' said I. 'When Amelia spoke of the anthem, I begged leave to hear it too. I hope I am not intrusive. Nobody asked me. I am here by my own invitation.'

'Why shouldn't you come?' said she smiling, but looking shyly. 'The choir is a good one. If you like sacred music you will enjoy the singing.'

As we left the house I asked if the Cathedral was far.

'Almost far enough for a drive if you are a bad walker,' she answered.

'We shall drive back,' said Amelia. 'The way is nearly all down-hill. Not that I very much care to use a carriage when I go to church, even on week-days. I dislike seeing people roll up to a church door as if they expected the vicar, and his curates, and the pew-opener, and the sexton to come out and stand in a row and

bow to them. It is excusable, perhaps, on a week-day, or when people are old or have the gout.'

'Yes, at church we are all equals,' said I, 'and ought to arrive on foot, the nobleman and the chimney-sweep, the footman and the baronet.'

www.libtool.com.cn

I brought in the word *baronet* for the sake of putting a little malicious emphasis upon it; but Miss Florence took no notice. What an adorable profile was hers to turn to as I walked by her side! There was not an atom of stiffness in her talk. Had we been auld acquaintance she could not have addressed me more freely and pleasantly. She laughed at my little jokes (little they were), asked me about the sea, wondered how I could have had the heart to give up the life and liberty of the ocean, and spoke of the sailor's calling as the manliest in the world.

'What!' cried Amelia, 'more manly than the soldier's?'

'Certainly,' she answered; 'they cannot be mentioned in the same breath. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Seymour?'

'Agree with you, Miss Hawke! indeed I do, from the bottom of my heart!' I answered, and I barely saved myself from adding that had she argued in favour of the soldier's life I should have agreed with her with all my soul, just the same.

It was a very short walk to me. When Amelia said 'The Cathedral, Jack, is in College Green there, just round the corner,' I exclaimed, 'I thought you said, Miss Hawke, that it was almost far enough for a drive? Were it five times further it would not be too far for me.'

Very hot it was, being a cloudless morning, and many a fathom we measured without meeting with the relief of an inch of shade; but though corpulence is not popularly supposed to revel in the dog-days, my fat and amiable cousin declared she enjoyed the heat, and walked as if perspiration had been prescribed; whilst the only effect produced on Miss Florence by the exercise and the temperature was a slight deepening of the delicate peach-like tint on her cheeks. As I swung along at her side, listening to her pretty voice and looking at her charming face, it seemed difficult to realise that yesterday at that hour, aye, and for some hours later, she had no existence so far as I was concerned. Indeed, I seemed to have known her an age—a notion produced probably by my thoughts having been full of her from the moment I clapped eyes on her.

I should like to be able to write in praise of Bristol Cathedral. The mere circumstance of Florence Hawke living in the neighbourhood ought to have made living poetry and beauty not only

of the old pile, but of every brick and chimney-pot in the city. But there is a nakedness and a most unlovely grimness about the Cathedral that renders admiration very difficult. Outside, the structure has the look of a fortress, and inside it is as naked as a stable. The pews or benches are crowded together at one end, where there is a trifling show of ecclesiastical furniture; and to reach those seats you have to navigate a small Atlantic Ocean of stone floor with pillars on either side; and the sterility of the cold and stony scene is emphasised, rather than relieved, by here and there—as widely scattered as currants in a sailor's dumpling—a memorial of brass or marble. In most cathedrals there is something to look at. What is shown may often be a sham. Still, a small stock of faith will enable you to gaze with interest, as for instance at the Black Prince's armour at Canterbury, which, for all one knows, may have been manufactured at Birmingham, whence a great number of ancient relics are, I believe, annually exported. But Bristol Cathedral offers you nothing. Historic memories no doubt it has; but there is nothing to touch, to hang over, to muse upon in the form of a tomb, an old banner, a stain on the flags where some holy man gave up the ghost.

www.libtool.com.cn

And yet one church Bristol has that atones for the unfurnished Cathedral. I mean St. Mary Redcliffe. It is an architectural dream, most beautiful and tender. Why are not all churches equally lovely? Were they so, I am sure we should all be more religious. Ladies, St. Mary Redcliffe is a church to get married in. Why, even a wedding for money—ay, even the nuptials of a foolish old rich woman with a sneaking rapacious young man—would take an idyllic character in St. Mary Redcliffe. But I say, Bristolians, where got you that effigy of poor little Chatterton? Could anything be more foolish? I'm a Dutchman if it isn't like a memorial to a tomtit. Think of a structure resembling a shrine surmounted by a caricature in little of a Lord Mayor of the last century! Was Chatterton a genius? 'Pon my word, I never could understand his ancient lingo; but if he had no more talent than I have, who could not make a rhyme though ten pounds of pure Virginia were offered me for a couplet, may I be hanged if I would have consented to the erection of such a scarecrow had I hailed from old Sebastian Cabot's port.

Well, Miss Hawke and my cousin and I entered the Cathedral and joined the worshippers (few enough, but business is business, and this wasn't Sunday) and heard the anthem. A fine piece of rumbling music it was, and well sung. The memory of it would inspire me to attempt some elegant writing had I heard it in any

other interior, say Durham, or Winchester (wherein I have knelt as a bairn), or Gloucester, butt he nakedness of the building ran amuck with emotion. The dim, rich, holy light, the ghostly tatters of ancient banners hovering like petrified bats in the gloom of a dark roof that has reverberated the orisons of generations, the stone warriors on their backs with their mailed hands crossed upon their pale bosoms and their noses gone to join their souls, the satyr-like effigies which glower like the nightmares of mad Chinamen from darksome corners—such and a score of other sacerdotal wonders which no man who has heaved at a capstan and sat astride a yard-arm can be expected to remember, were wanting as adjuncts to that rolling and growling and swelling anthem in Bristol Cathedral.

www.libtool.com.cn

And yet the grand melodies, the sweet and silver tenor notes, the tremulous thunder of the solemn organ echo in my soul to this hour, as a sacred setting of that poem of womanhood who sat on my right hand in a posture of devotion listening to the heavenly strains. Aye, depend upon it that any girl who wants to enrich and make large and splendid a young man's idea of her cannot do better than carry him off to hear an anthem sung in a cathedral. The ball-room bequeaths the memory of white shoulders, sparkling eyes, waltzing measures, and so forth; the dinner-table pretty much the same thing, sometimes including the waltzing measures; the parlour experience is homely, and sentiment gets mixed up with darning, hemming, and such matters. But to sit by the side of a lovely girl in a cathedral and hear an anthem sung is to enjoy a singular elevation of emotion. She becomes a part of the sacred entertainment. She humanises the music and the music spiritualises her. This may be rather German as a piece of subtlety, but none the less is it true. I can tell you this: I understood that anthem all the better for looking at Florence Hawke; yes, and I found her sweetness the sweeter and her womanly beauty the womanlier for watching her and thinking of her, to the tune that rolled out of the organ's melodious heart with a deep-throated reverberation that sometimes set the seat we were on quivering.

Service being over we came away, and outside found Alphonso Hawke's carriage—a regal turn-out, quite in keeping with the gilt and velvet and marble of Clifton Lodge. There was a device on the panels that looked uncommonly like a lord's, and might have passed for something of the kind to a person not nicely acquainted with odds and ends of that sort.

'Is it too hot for a drive, dear, before we go home?' asked Miss Hawke, addressing Amelia, of course, for I was not dear yet.

'No; if it is not too hot to walk it is not too hot to drive,' answered Amelia. 'Would you like a drive, Jack?'

'Very much,' said I. So we got into the carriage, Miss Hawke gave some directions to the footman, and off we went, honoured by the notice of everybody we encountered. Indeed, I never before observed people stare so hard at a carriage as the Bristolians we met did at ours. The reason lay in the men's livery, I think. It was as gaudy as an alderman's, a blaze of crimson and gold, and they had white hair and shining stockings. We talked of the anthem, and Miss Hawke asked me what I thought of the Cathedral. I gave her my opinion, and she agreed with me.

'It is the only disappointment I have,' said she. 'We Australians are always dreaming of the antiquities of England; and when papa told me we were going to live near a cathedral, I pictured a place like Westminster Abbey, full of wonderful tombs, glorious windows, beautiful monuments, and sanctified spots railed off and hidden in twilight. However, it is better than no cathedral at all.'

This was about the most sensible thing that was said during the drive; all the rest of the conversation was made up of the idle chatter which three persons—who are no company—will bestow on one another. The young ladies spoke of persons who were strangers to me: of Mrs. Jones' last dance; of Mrs. Robinson's projected garden-party; of Miss Chirrup learning singing with the idea of going on the stage. I had as much to say, too, as either of them, tried to be funny and made them laugh, anyhow. I took no notice of the course the coachman was steering; whether he was heading north or south I could not say. It was enough for me that I was sitting opposite Florence Hawke, that my knee touched the sacred hem—let me call it hem—of her exquisitely-fitting dress, that I was breathing the atmosphere that her lovely presence made fragrant. I say that was enough for me. What did it matter how old red-and-gold on the box pulled the reins? All that I desired was that he should not be in a hurry to carry us home. The drive was largely meant for me, I knew, and so now and again I would admire the scenery and ask whose house that was, and pretend to be interested in the landscape. But I have no recollection of the view. Nearly all that I can remember is Florence, her shining winning eyes, the light upon her hair, the delicate tint upon her face cast by the crimson parasol in her hand, her unaffected laughter, and, best of all, shipmate, the real pleasure she seemed to find in my company, as if there was something in my talk that brightened up her spirits.

And why not? She loved Sydney, and I knew the place well. She liked sailors, and I had been one and was still one at heart. She had made long voyages, and could understand me only as a girl might who had rounded the Horn twice, and knew what a four months' passage is. Might she not, then, have found a kind of salt-water flavour about me that would come as a novelty to her now and awaken pleasant thoughts?

By-and-by we came to a road that had two branches, one leading to Clifton Lodge and the other to my uncle's house; and here Amelia asked Miss Hawke to accompany us home to lunch.

'I hoped you and Mr. Seymour would have lunched with *me*,' said Miss Florence.

'As you please, dear,' said Amelia, with the good-natured indifference to things which I have often taken notice of in fat people.

'Home,' warbled the sweet girl to the resplendent creature on the box; and presently we arrived at Clifton Lodge.

The old Arabian romancers were fond of bringing young men of various social standing and princesses together, and making the princesses overwhelm the young men with favours and sweetmeats, until the young men, bewildered by so much kindness and so much beauty, came at last to wonder whether they stood on their heels or their heads. As I followed the girls into Clifton Lodge I must say my feelings very much resembled those of the Arabian young men. I had met a young princess, and by a combination of events over which I had had no control, though I could not have marshalled them to greater advantage to myself had I had the ordering of them, I was privileged to be in her company, and enjoy her conversation and society so continuously as to make the chances by which that spell of bliss came about quite singular to remember.

Take the circumstances in their order: first, her papa was away; then there was the meeting her on the previous night and her stopping to dinner; then there was the arrangement with Amelia to hear the anthem, my stepping in and asking leave to go too, the walk to the Cathedral, the sitting through the service, the drive, and now the invitation to lunch. It was all perfectly correct. I question if the most acidulated old lady living, bless her! could find an excuse for a scowl in any point of this narrative of my meeting and acquaintance with Florence Hawke, so far. But nevertheless, this girl and I were so much together at the first start that I say there was something singular in it.

She took my cousin upstairs, and I was left alone in the draw-

ing-room, where, after casting my eyes round the spacious apartment and surveying the costly ornaments, the resplendent chairs and the various other objects with much wonder and without the least pleasure, I opened an album bound in silver and ivory, with Alphonso Hawke's crest (his *crest* !)—a kind of shield with something that looked like a goose perched on top of it, its wings extended and its bill cocked up as though it were asking forgiveness for its absurd posture—and looked at the photographs. Here I found correct portraits of her gracious Majesty, likewise the late Prince Consort and the Heir Apparent in Highland costume; also several persons of quality; and among these august and noble people there were scattered likenesses of the Hawke family and the most genteel of their friends. But the book was very thinly furnished. It was a show-volume meant for visitors. The likenesses of Hawke's relations and early acquaintances and antipodean friends were, I suppose, kept in a separate book intended for the use of the family and the domestics only.

But in looking over this album I came across a lovely profile likeness of Miss Florence. It was a Paris photograph; the shadowing and light very fine, the pose perfect in grace and refinement. She was seated bending over a book, her hand to her forehead, and tresses of her hair delicately fringing her finger-tips. As I sat entranced the ladies entered. I was so full of the subject that I immediately exclaimed, 'What an exquisite portrait this is, Miss Hawke!'

They both came up to look. When Miss Florence saw that it was her likeness she slightly smiled, her colour deepened.

'It is considered good,' said she.

'It is perfect,' said I, rapturously. 'Have you one, Amelia?'

'One of my own?' asked Amelia.

'One of these?' said I, and I pointed to the lovely portrait.

'No, Jack,' answered Amelia.

'I only had a dozen,' said Miss Florence, 'and this, I believe, is the last of them. If you would like to have it, Amelia, you are very welcome to it, dear.'

'May I extract it at once?' said I; and without waiting for permission I withdrew it tremblingly but with extraordinary care, and said, 'I will put it in my pocket and keep it for you, Amelia,' and so saying I pocketed it.

All this was more significant than talking. Amelia giggled, and did not know how to look nor what to say. Miss Florence, on the other hand, threw a veil of charming transparent tact over the little interlude, by coming close to the table and saying, whilst

she pointed to the portraits, 'That is my father, Mr. Seymour; and that is my poor mother,' and as I stooped to peer at Mr. Alphonso Hawke's features a footman announced luncheon.

Cold chicken and tongue, cutlets and claret and champagne and salad—of such was the modest repast composed, and I could not but think that the splendidly-dressed flunkey who waited upon us was ashamed of the poverty of the meal. The table in its abridged form wanted at least five-and-twenty people to fill it, and I should think that seventy or eighty guests could very comfortably have dined in the great room that formed the ground floor of the largest wing of the house. The walls were crowded with pictures, whether good or bad I do not know, and the furniture was of very magnificently carved oak, the back of the sideboard being pretty nearly as tall as the room, and enriched with all sorts of cuttings.

Thought I, however old Hawke has earned his money, plenty of it he must have; and when I looked at the lovable, beautiful creature who sat at the head of the table, and whose figure was thrown into sweet relief by the handsome livery of the fellow who hung in the wake of her chair, and reflected upon the fortune she was pretty sure to step into—for so far as I had learnt there was but another child—and considered the crowds of handsome young men and high-born young men—men, who, if they had not the capacity of going forward were capable of going back to any extent, who would be only too happy to mingle their blood with old Hawke's for the privilege of possessing his lovely daughter and his Australian sovereigns—I say that when I looked at her and thought thus, my heart sank, a gloom fell upon my spirits, and I felt disposed to curse the chance that had brought me acquainted with my uncle, and led to my visit to Clifton.

By-and-by the footman went out of the room. I was fumbling over a peach when Amelia said—quite sequentially, for the conversation led up to the remark—'Florence, dear, are you glad or sorry that Mr. Morecombe is coming?'

'Now, you know, Amelia, that I don't care a snap of the finger either one way or the other,' answered Miss Hawke laughing.

'Is Mr. Morecombe a connection of yours, Miss Hawke?' said I, looking and talking innocently.

'Tell my cousin he would like to be, Florence,' exclaimed Amelia chuckling, and squeezing grapes into her mouth and looking at me with a kind of leer, as if she wished me to know she approved of my pretended ignorance.

'No, he is no connection,' answered Miss Hawke very quietly.

'He is a son of Sir Reginald Morecombe, a person my father has a high regard for. He is coming here on a visit—Mr. Seymour, will you please give me a peach?

What was the meaning of the smile that flitted over her face? Could she read in me that I was half mad to ask her if there was the faintest chance in the world of her complying with her papa's desire? Well, I must have been an ass to suppose that she could interpret my thoughts like that. Yet my mind was so full at that moment that I could not but suspect she had caught a glimpse of a portion of what was whirling and simmering in it.

'What is young Mr. Morecombe?' said I. 'An army man?'

'He is nothing,' said Miss Hawke.

'Very much nothing at all,' observed Amelia.

I waited breathless, thinking that Miss Hawke would speak in his favour.

'I am afraid he is rather a fool,' said she; whereupon I laughed at the top of my voice.

'Why were fools invented?' I exclaimed, as lively as a sparrow on a sudden. 'To mitigate any spirit of discontent that might sometimes visit monkeys? Or as standards for measuring the intellect of ladies?'

'Why do you say that?' cried Amelia. 'Are women only fit for fools?'

'No, no!' said I. 'The women who are above fools can't be measured by them. I am speaking of women who allow fools to make love to them and who end in marrying fools.'

'A girl may marry a fool and not know he is a fool until she finds him her husband,' said Miss Hawke.

I wouldn't have contradicted her to save my life; but for all that I didn't agree with her. A man, it is true, may prove a bigger fool after marriage to his wife than he seemed before, because his wife has had the chance of looking deeper into him; but if he was ever a fool at all, he was a fool before his marriage, and the woman knew it.

'I should not object very much to stupid men,' said Amelia, 'if they were foolishly amiable and not generally conceited. I don't profess to know much about Mr. Morecombe, but so far as I have gone, what annoys me most in him is this: when he puts his glass into his eye and looks around, there can be no question that he thinks himself a person of consequence, and that he embellishes life. *He!* Oh, my dear! whenever I meet with what papa calls a swell, I always wonder how many feet high it would

be necessary to mount into the air to look down and not be able to see the noble creature.'

'How terribly democratic they are in America, Mr. Seymour!' exclaimed Miss Hawke, laughing. 'In Australia, you know, we reverence pedigree.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Yes, the Australians are a loyal people; they believe in lords and sing "God Save the Queen,"' said I. 'And, don't you see, Amelia, that your notion of going into the air and losing sight of the swell hits the man of genius too. Would little Thomas Moore have been visible three miles down?'

'Not his body, but the best part of him would,' said Miss Hawke, 'for Amelia could take the "Irish Melodies" into the air with her.'

I should have praised this as a neat turn in anybody; but coming from Miss Florence it sounded to me incomparably fine. I was delighted, and said it was worthy of Hook. (Why Hook? I must have meant Hood.)

'Pray, Miss Hawke,' said I, 'where is Flora?'

'Flora? Oh, poor dear old Flora, I am sorry to say, is not well. The housekeeper is nursing her downstairs. But you are not sorry, *are* you? You think her vicious. Even had she been well I should not have introduced her. And yet she cannot bite. She has no teeth.'

'You should order a false set for her,' says Amelia with a sober face.

'I love poor old Flora,' continued Miss Hawke, in her tender voice. [Observe! It was delightful to hear her say 'I love.' Her lips were made to form the words, her face to look the thought expressed!] 'She was my mother's pet, and has been mine ever since mamma died. It will grieve me when poor Flora goes; and I simply hate the coachman for telling me this morning that he's afraid she will not last much longer.'

'Don't let the coachman distress you,' said I softly. 'I have a poor opinion of coachmen as a body. They know very little. Let them stick to horses and leave dogs alone.'

'Jack, it is time to go,' said Amelia, looking at the clock. 'Why, Florence, your papa and Mr. Morecombe will be arriving at six o'clock and finding us still at lunch.' And up she jumped.

Miss Hawke begged her not to be in a hurry: it was only half-past two. For my part I should have been willing to go on stopping until I had been turned out; but I could not stay without Amelia, and Amelia declared she must go. So my cousin went to put on her hat, and when that job—which kept me waiting

twenty minutes—was performed, we bade Miss Hawke farewell, and passed out of the house with all the state that could be conferred upon us by a footman holding open the door, a butler bowing, and another fellow in livery in the distance looking on.

'I have thoroughly enjoyed my morning,' said I, as we walked in the direction of my uncle's house.

'I am very glad to hear it,' replied Amelia. 'We want you to enjoy yourself whilst you are with us. And I hope you will not be in a hurry to go.'

'You are all delightfully kind and good. This sort of life, I fear, will unfit me for lodgings in London. I am afraid it will make me want to get married, Amelia.'

'Well,' says she, laughing, 'you ought not to find much trouble when you do make up your mind. You are very impressionable —you will not be hard to please, will you?'

'Why do you say that? Here am I twenty-five years old, and I have never been in love yet.'

'That may be,' said she; 'but you are in love now, aren't you?'

I coloured, hesitated, and then exclaimed: 'Yes, I think I am—I am pretty sure I am. How lovely she is! how gentle! how kind! who could help loving her?'

'That is what I mean by your being impressionable,' said Amelia, laughing pleasantly. 'You arrived here last evening; it is now about three o'clock, and in that time you have fallen in love.'

'Well, don't make a joke of it, Amelia. If it isn't permissible to fall in love with a girl like Florence Hawke almost as fast as one can look at her, why should nature allow the emotion to exist? Eh, I think that's a puzzler, isn't it?' and I heard myself laughing harshly.

'I am not making a joke of it, Jack,' answered Amelia. 'I believe if I were a man I should fall in love with Florence myself. I don't mean to say that she is so *wondrously* beautiful as the gentlemen profess to find her; but she has a sweet character, and if I were a man that is what I should like best in a wife.'

'Yes, and that is exactly what I like best in Florence' (what a horrible hypocrite I was!). And then a cloud gathering upon my brow, 'I wish,' I mumbled moodily, 'I had never seen her. I shall have her on the brain, and no good can come of it. Her father has got hold of the tiller and will steer her as he wants, and the very sweetness of character you speak of is just an assurance that she will answer her helm. Besides, what chance should

I stand, in any case?' And with my stick I let fly at the twigs of the hedge past which we were walking.

'I think she is disposed to like you, do you know, Jack?' said Amelia.

'What put that into your head?'

www.libtool.com.cn

'We were talking of you in the bedroom, and she said she enjoyed your frank manners. It was like going a voyage to sit with you, she said.'

'Ah!'

'She also observed that the difference between a young man like Mr. Morecombe and a young man like you was the difference between the hot atmosphere of an evening party and the bright breeze of the sea-shore. No,' she continued, 'I'm wrong. It was I who said that. But she agreed with me so thoroughly that it was just the same as if she had said it.'

'What else did she say?'

'Why,' she answered, trying to remember, 'I think she then changed the subject by speaking of her dog.'

'May I smoke a cigar?' I asked. She gave me permission. 'Can you explain,' I asked, 'how it is that Mr. Alphonso Hawke, if he is so very anxious to marry his daughter, both daughters I presume, to blood, should be living here instead of in London, where his means should enable him to get the class of man he wants about him?'

'You say both daughters; but Emily Hawke is never likely to marry,' answered Amelia. 'The poor thing is little better than an invalid. She suffers from a weak or curved spine, and her chest is affected. Periodically she visits some fashionable doctor in London, and that is why, I believe, she is away with her father now. I am sure I cannot tell why Mr. Hawke does not live in London. Perhaps he is not so very sure of being able to get the society he likes. This place agrees with him and Emily, he told papa. Besides, if Mr. Morecombe comes up to his idea of an eligible young man, then, as he has got him, and as one is enough—for we are not *Mormons* at Clifton, Jack—he may think it would only be a waste of money to live in London for the sake of getting others.'

'What do you mean by *got him*, Amelia?' I rattled out. 'You don't mean to say that his marriage with Miss Florence is settled?'

'I believe it is in Mr. Hawke's mind, and no doubt in young Morecombe's. But not in Florence's; she is not likely to accept a man she can ridicule.'

'That's no guarantee!' I muttered. 'But gracious mercy! if it is only a question of blood with Mr. Hawke, cannot he get higher than young Morecombe?'

'Yes, but he is evidently satisfied with the blood of the Morecombes.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'I wish I could spill it! I wish some one would shed it!' I exclaimed. 'If the father attacks his daughter on one side and the representative of the blood of the Morecombes attacks her on the other, she must yield: she is doomed; her amiability will be her fatality. She will be crushed under the ruins of her own good nature.'

'Is it not a little early for you to begin to tear your hair, Jack?' said Amelia, laughing heartily. 'You really cannot have made up your mind upon the state of your heart *yet*. Wait a little.'

'Whatever may be the state of my heart, Amelia,' said I, 'I have bared it to you, and you will respect the solemn secret you have beheld in it.'

'Oh, certainly!'

'You will not breathe a word of this conversation to your papa or mamma?'

'Not a syllable. There is nothing to breathe.' And as she said this, with difficulty preserving her gravity, we entered the grounds of my uncle's house.

(*To be continued.*)

www.libtool.com.cn

An Opening for the Unemployed in Ireland.

IT is possible that the mere suggestion of industrial art affording an opening for the unemployed in Ireland will cause a smile to many who should give it serious consideration, and who possibly anticipate something funny to follow at Irish expense. There is, however, nothing amusing in the subject, but much that is sadly strange, when we consider that, as it involves a very practical possibility for establishing prosperity in a greatly impoverished country, it has not long since received greater attention.

It may be premised that there is no occasion in this connection to discuss the political troubles of Ireland. But much may be written on the fact that there are constant complaints of idleness or inertness in the country among a people who are not lazier than any others. When the Irish emigrant is settled in America he works very hard; considering his past, far more than could have been expected. This is unquestionable. He would do the same at home under the same conditions. And since the same conditions do not exist, the question is, Cannot others be created for him?

The other conditions are manifestly the development of agriculture and manufactures. Owing to the political condition of the country or to cognate causes, capital does not seek Ireland in such amount as to advance very materially these great sources of a nation's wealth. Since the great supplies fail, let us see if there are no small ones.

Ireland being but a small country, it is the more probable that minor industries and minor arts zealously pursued would flourish in it to great advantage. But the minor industries at the present day mean arts, and demand peculiar qualifications. Italy and Switzerland and the East, especially Japan, would be in a worse condition than Ireland now is were it not for 'the leaven of art' which still exists among them. The Irishman, unfortunately, is regarded at the present day as about the last person on earth to

be concerned with any arts beyond those of hod-carrying, distilling, and, in America, of small political scheming. And yet the Irishman has a high capacity for art, and I trust to be able to prove it.

I do not believe that any member of the great Aryan family of nations ever lost a single power which it once possessed. There are as good fish in that sea as ever came out of it. It was a clever race in prehistoric times, and no one can say that the stream was ever less broad than it is now. It had men who were almost Shakespeares, and who were quite as much as Bopps and Grimms, before it had writing. If there ever were people of whom it may be said, 'What man has done, man may do,' it is the Aryans. Now, if I can prove that there ever was a time when the Irish were pre-eminently an art-loving and an artistic people, I shall beg leave to assume that, arguing by the strongest analogy, they may again become so. It is only within a very few years that one could venture on this statement. Until very recently the world was not well enough educated to understand it.

We are only just coming into an age when decoration is allowed to be an art at all. To the connoisseur or dilletante of the last generation, nurtured in the Renaissance and Greek statue-life, the wondrous 'Book of Kells,' that great triumph of a pure illuminated manuscript, seemed only eccentric barbarism and industrious idleness. And I have yet to hear or read anywhere, what I earnestly believe, that the so-called Later Celtic or purely Irish decoration is, take it altogether, the most elegant and ingenious style of decoration which the world has ever seen. But I will speak of this more fully anon.

When Roman art had died and was not yet fully revived in the Romanesque, there sprung up in an obscure corner of Europe that which eventually gave tone to, and determined more than any other cause whatever, the decorative art of the Middle Ages. When I say the decorative art of this period, I say, in a word, all its art. For there never was a phase of art which was so decorative. It compared to the Classic or the Greek as a forest of every kind of tree bound with a million vines and coloured with millions of flowers, compares with a group of columns or a single grove of palms. Now, the soul of all this fanciful tracery and wild ornament was derived from the illuminations of the manuscripts. This art preceded the wonderfully florid architecture in which it reappeared. And this art was Irish. It was purely and entirely Irish. It was in its very beginning also Celtic or British.

This was while it was limited to the *bascaudæ*, or baskets, woven in curious wise and coloured with many hues, which were sent from Britain even to Rome. And it was, as I think with a contributor to 'Archæologia,' that in these baskets existed the origin of the Irish and Runic knot-work. It was common to Ireland and to Scandinavia; but as Ireland by far excelled in it, I give it to her as her own. In the darkest days of the dark ages there was a bright fire of intellect in Ireland. It manifested itself not only in the purest piety, in theology, and poetry, in legend and lay, but in a new art. From this fire went bright sparks, which kindled fresher fire all over Europe. Irish monks carried to the court of Charlemagne the new style of illuminating manuscripts. There it combined with the heavy Romanesque, which was as yet almost Roman. From this union sprang the Gothic, but all that was most original and remarkable in it was Irish. Those who would verify what I have said, and see examples of it, may consult the 'Palæographia Pieta,' of Westwood, who was, I believe, one of the first to make known the wonderful influence which Ireland exerted in art. Architecture also flourished at the same time in Ireland to a degree which is even now known to but few. I hazard the statement, which I believe will yet be verified, that before the advent of Norman architecture there were more and better stone edifices in Ireland than were ever erected by the Saxons. The Irish architectural ornament of this age was wild and strange. It was in truth barbarous, but it was vigorous and very original. It abounded in deeply mysterious symbols borrowed from some early faith or cult of which we at present know really almost nothing. In it the serpent plays a strange part, hinting Oriental origin. When the Norman style came, it assumed something of the wild and mystical character of that which preceded it. This is specially to be noticed at Cashel. The Round Towers, and especially the early stone crosses of Ireland, are wonderful. The extravagant theories and fancies of such antiquaries as O'Brien and Vallancey have cast discredit on the claims of Irish art to great antiquity. They claimed too much. On the other hand Petrie lays too little stress on what may or must have been the prototypes of these towers, and many other remains of Irish art. I have endeavoured to study the subject very impartially, and my opinion is that the peculiar ornamental art of Northern Europe had its origin in Ireland, and that it was based on a very early cultus which is as yet enveloped in mystery. It is certain that it was very vigorous and very ancient. We can trace it back

www.libtool.com.cn

to the sculptured stones of prehistoric times. We see the peculiar ornaments of a really savage era gradually developing into beauty until we find them in church doors, crosses, illuminated manuscripts, and finally in the so-called Later Celtic bronze-work which also exists in silver and gold ornaments.

www.libtool.com.cn

To the impartial student of decorative art, the Later Celtic metal-work is almost miraculous. At first sight it seems to be Gothic. But when carefully examined it has so many and such admirable characteristics that it must in fairness be allowed a place by itself. Its two great differences from the contemporary ornament of Europe, or what came later, lie in this. Gothic art, with all its richness and variety, was given to repetition. Later Celtic is simply of incredible variety. Every design in it indicates that its artists never repeated themselves. They combined intricacy with elegance to a degree which astonishes us. Secondly, they did what I believe cannot be found even in the illimitable inventions of all Gothic and Oriental art combined. They made the pattern and the background alternate. We find in it the ground rising at times to equality in design with the pattern, and then disappearing. In any Gothic design, or even any of Moorish origin, the practised designer can at once detect the construction lines, or the principle on which a pattern is drawn. At the first glance a Later Celtic pattern seems to be quite intelligible. But look into it closely and we find it very difficult of solution. It may seem to consist of a few circles or spirals, with interlacing lines and simple finials. But these blend and change so as to make such a pattern the hardest in the world to copy.

Whatever opinion the world may have as to the æsthetic value of this Irish art, one thing at least is true. The men who made it had the minds which could have mastered anything in merely decorative art. They may have been savages, but, if so, they were savages of wonderful capacity. For they were nothing if they were not original. And their art was manifestly universal or general. It was produced by common artisans. It was of the people. It was most evidently not produced under the greatest advantages of wealth and luxury or patronage.

It might be a matter of curious speculation as to what Ireland and Irish art would have become had the island been remote from foreign influences. It is doubtful whether Romanesque architecture was fully developed; it is certain that Later Celtic was not. Let it be remembered that to have a perfect national art many conditions are requisite. The Jews of old had none. Growing

up as a nation in subjection they began by borrowing, and when free continued to do so. They had inspired prophets, but the inspiration of art was wanting. They built Solomon's temple, but they never produced so original a work as any ordinary Irish brooch. Yet they had the capacity to originate a style. It is perfectly comprehensible why they did not, and why Irish art perished prematurely. At the present day there are among the Jews hundreds of clever artists. The Irishman of the present day is the same in all respects as the Englishman. He distinguishes himself in the army, on the bench, in medicine, or as a merchant. There have been Irish artists of great force. But they have been merged with their English contemporaries. I do not propose to exalt Ireland through these. What I would examine is the capacity of the peasant for industrial art. If he possesses it, and if it can be developed, there exists an important element for the regeneration of Ireland.

www.libtool.com.cn

This capacity was in his ancestors, even to a pre-eminent degree. I believe that at present it 'is not dead, but sleepeth.' No one who has ever seen the lace made by Irish peasant women, can doubt that they have an innate sense of that beauty which should inspire decoration. A generation ago the old art of carving bog-wood was revived in Dublin and its vicinity. It is practised largely by poor and ignorant people; but they execute in it work which is creditable to them, and which effectively proves that they have the capacity of which I speak. In the Industrial Art Schools of Philadelphia, of which I am Director, I have not found the children of Irish parents inferior in any respect to those of Americans. Therefore I believe that we may fairly assume that, if the proper education were given, the Irish could do as well in industrial art as the English. From their past history, and from their volatile, impressionable, and emotional nature I should not wonder, indeed, if the Irish, under the same influences, could become more truly artistic than either English or Americans. Paddy was always a bit of a Bohemian with a touch of the outlaw; it is with such that the Kingdom of Art is rather thickly populated.

One reason why little has been said or written relative to Irish art-capacity, is that the majority of the European and American world understand by art nothing but pictures, and perhaps statues; and in this, Ireland, though she has produced her full share of artists, has by their training and development been identified with England.

But *art* does not mean mere painting of pictures of men and

of landscapes. It has an infinitely wider field. At present the artist makes only *representations* of beautiful objects, when in fact he ought to be making the things themselves beautiful.

Beauty should enter into the shaping of every implement and object made by man. www.libtool.com.cn Every child should be trained to a perception of beauty, and to a certain degree of skill in decorative art. When this shall form a branch of education in every school, however small, the Renaissance of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will have begun. And it is now beginning.

In this revival or creation of the practice of the minor arts as a part of the education of every child, Ireland is destined to take no ignoble part. I do not and cannot believe that the blood being the same with that of the men who a thousand years ago taught decorative art to all Europe, and gave it its very life even in the court of Charlemagne, the Irish of the present day cannot do what they did of old. Not of their race, I have an *intense* faith in the existence in it of certain very great qualities which are not dead, but sleeping. It is a fact worth noting that the hands of the Irish of the present day are said to preserve characteristics peculiar to those who excel in artistic pursuits. There is a strange and obscure legend that the rudiments of decorative art were first brought to Ireland by seven monks from Egypt. However this may be, it reminds us that for five thousand years or more the Egyptians did not change or lose in the least in their art-culture. Are not the Irish of to-day all that they were a thousand years ago?

Ireland is poor—very poor—and any kind of generally disseminated industries, so that they were barely remunerative, would be a blessing to her. The minor arts which I would introduce to all schools and households are, I admit, not among the great and staple branches of industry. They are not like agriculture, or the manufacture of clothing. But they are far from being so trifling as many have assumed when arguing with me in favour of doing nothing and of making no effort, for it is characteristic of many people, and especially of English people, to talk idly while they work hard. It is a fact that in all cities—and it goes broad and wide inland, wherever man dwells—that sixty per cent. of all good houses and what is in them, represents ornament. Perhaps, after all, no one industry, however prosaic or 'staple,' represents more capital than is actually employed by art—'that dreadful art' as Mrs. Merdle called it. But when one thinks that in this world there are many more millions of artisans than all

the population of Ireland, there is no extravagance in fully believing that at least those who in Ireland are not well supported by more substantial industry can be so by easy decorative manufactures.

There are questions which I meet at every turn: Who is to buy this decorative art-work? Who wants it? Where is the money to come from? From all that I have read of political economy, I have learned that in every community where there is a great variety of industries, and where everybody is busy, exchanges are effected, money being the medium for such exchanges. When there is an over-production or a surfeit, the market is glutted, hard times ensue, and this is a hundred times more likely to result from production by machinery than where goods are hand-made. Now, all true art-work is hand-made—for it is a misnomer, or rather a vulgar error, to call anything machine-made 'artistic,' however *beautiful* it may be. Fashion, guided by good taste, is very rapidly rejecting the machine-made save for articles of mere comfort. In this fact there is greater hope for the poor than in all the charities of all Europe and America.

There is a very rapidly-growing demand for the products of such decorative-art industries as the Irish are capable of producing. Let them at least be tried in what they once excelled. It will be no very expensive or difficult matter to introduce simple outline decorative design to schools, and with it easy embroidery, panel-carving, modelling for colour and glaze, and similar arts. If Irish children can execute such work in America, they can do it at home. Let it, at all events, be tried. The wood-carvers of the Tyrol and South Germany and Switzerland send their work by tons even to South America; in Russia and the East whole villages do well in leather-work; Ireland is nearer to good markets than these. Art is not only long but very varied, and if the beginning could be made I doubt not that it would lead to happy results.

I was present at the Industrial Exhibition of Irish Arts and Manufactures in Dublin, in 1871, and examined it very carefully. It was very creditable indeed, but the impression which it made was that of the work of people who had very great but undeveloped capacity for art. 'Under a cloud,' or 'handicapped,' would express the prevailing sense of drawbacks which were everywhere apparent. Now, there is really no reason why the drawbacks should not be removed. Individual effort can introduce industrial art to schools and homes, and it is a very easy thing to teach an average Irish child not only rudimentary outline design but several of the minor

arts. Now, can any one doubt that a young person who has actually mastered several minor arts, such as modelling, carving, and inlaying, would be able to earn a living by them, or, what is of much more importance, be qualified to learn some more practical trade, without much trouble? This would not, it is true, be a solution of all the troubles which weigh on Ireland, but it would go far to relieve poverty.

www.libtool.com.cn

Ireland is ready for industrial reform, and the experiment might be begun at once. It would not cost large grants of money; it could be initiated in village schools and private circles, and taken up by individuals at little cost, and the teaching might be made to pay as it went.

CHARLES G. LELAND,
Director of the Public Industrial Art School in Philadelphia.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Wiltshire Labourer.

TEN years have passed away, and the Wiltshire labourers have only moved in two things—education and discontent. I had the pleasure then of pointing out in 'Fraser' that there were causes at work promising a considerable advance in the labourers' condition. I regret to say now that the advance, which in a measure did take place, has been checkmated by other circumstances, and there they remain much as I left them, except in book-learning and mental restlessness. They possess certain permanent improvements—unexhausted improvements, in agricultural language—but these, in some way or other, do not seem now so valuable as they looked. Ten years since important steps were being taken for the material benefit of the labouring class. Landowners had awakened to the advantage of attaching the peasantry to the soil, and were spending large sums of money building cottages. Everywhere cottages were put up on sanitary principles, so that to-day few farms on great estates are without homes for the men. This substantial improvement remains, and cannot fade away. Much building, too, was progressing about the farmsteads; the cattle-sheds were undergoing renovation, and this to some degree concerned the labourer, who now began to do more of his work under cover. The efforts of every writer and speaker in the country had not been without effect, and allotments, or large gardens, were added to most cottage homes. The movement, however, was slow, and promised more than it performed, so that there are still cottages which have not shared in it. But, on the whole, an advance in this respect did occur, and the aggregate acreage of gardens and allotments must be very considerably larger now than formerly. These are solid considerations to quote on the favourable side. I have been thinking to see if I could find anything else. I cannot call to mind anything tangible, but there is certainly more liberty, an air of freedom and independence—something more of the 'do as I please' feeling exhibited. Then the sum ends. At that time experiments were being tried on an extended scale in the field: such as draining, the enlarge-

ment of fields by removing hedges, the formation of private roads, the buildings already mentioned, and new systems of agriculture, so that there was a general stir and bustle which meant not only better wages but wages for more persons. The latter is of the utmost importance to the tenant-labourer, by which I mean a man who is settled, because it keeps his sons at home. Common experience all over the world has always shown that three or four or more people can mess together, as in camps, at a cheaper rate than they can live separately. If the father of the family can find work for his boys within a reasonable distance of home, with their united contributions they can furnish a very comfortable table, one to which no one could object to sit down, and then still have a sum over and above, with which to purchase clothes, and even to indulge personal fancies. Such a pleasant state of things requires that work should be plentiful in the neighbourhood. Work at that time was plentiful, and contented and even prosperous homes of this kind could be found. Here is just where the difficulty arises. From a variety of causes the work has subsided. The father of the family—the settled man, the tenant-labourer—keeps on as of yore, but the boys cannot get employment near home. They have to seek it afar, one here, one yonder—all apart, and the wages each separately receives do but just keep them in food among strangers. It is this scarcity of work which in part seems to have counterbalanced the improvements which promised so well. Instead of the progress naturally to be expected, you find the same insolvency, the same wearisome monotony of existence in debt, the same hopeless countenances and conversation.

There has been a contraction of enterprise everywhere, and a consequent diminution of employment. When a factory shuts its doors the fact is patent to all who pass. The hum of machinery is stopped and smoke no longer floats from the chimney; the building itself, large and regular—a sort of emphasised plainness of architecture—cannot be overlooked. It is evident to everyone that work has ceased, and the least reflection shows that hundreds of men, perhaps hundreds of families, are reduced from former comparative prosperity. But when ten thousand acres of land fall out of cultivation the fact is scarcely noticed. There the land is just the same, and perhaps some effort is still made to keep it from becoming altogether foul, so that a glance detects no difference. The village feels it, but the world does not see it. The farmer has left, and the money he paid over as wages once a

www.libtool.com.cn

week is no longer forthcoming. Each man's separate portion of that sum was not much in comparison with the earnings of fortunate artisans, but it was money. Ten, twelve, or as much as fifteen shillings a week made a home; but just sufficient to purchase food and meet other requirements, such as clothes; yet still a home. On the cessation of the twelve shillings where is the labourer to find a substitute for it? Our country is limited in extent, and it has long been settled to its utmost capacity. Under present circumstances there is no room anywhere for more than the existing labouring population. It is questionable if a district could be found where, under these present circumstances, room could be found for ten more farmers' men. Only so many men can live as can be employed; in each district there are only so many farmers; they cannot enlarge their territories; and thus it is that every agricultural parish is full to its utmost. Some places among meadows appear almost empty. No one is at work in the fields as you pass; there are cattle swishing their tails in the shadow of the elms, but not a single visible person; acres upon acres of grass, and no human being. Towards the latter part of the afternoon, if the visitor has patience to wait, there will be a sound of shouting, which the cattle understand, and begin in their slow way to obey by moving in its direction. Milking time has come, and one or two men come out to fetch in the cows. That over, for the rest of the evening and till milking time in the morning the meadows will be vacant. Naturally it would be supposed that there is room here for a great number of people. Whole crowds might migrate into these grassy fields, put up shanties, and set to work. But set to work at what? That is just the difficulty; whole crowds could come here and find plenty of room to walk about—and starve! Cattle require but few to look after them; milch cattle need most, but grazing beasts practically no one, for one can look after so many. Upon inquiry it would be found that this empty parish is really quite full. Very likely there are empty cottages, and yet it is quite full. A cottage is of no use unless the occupier can obtain regular weekly wages. The farmers are already paying as many as they can find work for, and not one extra hand is wanted; except, of course, in the press of hay-harvest, but no one can settle on one month's work out of twelve. When ten or fifteen thousand acres of land fall out of cultivation, and farmers leave, what is to become of the labouring families they kept? What has become of them?

It is useless blinking the fact that what a man wants in our time is good wages, constant wages, and a chance of increasing wages. Labouring men more and more think simply of work and wages. They do not want kindness—they want coin. In this they are not altogether influenced by self-interest; they are driven rather than go of their own movement. The world pushes hard on their heels, and they must go on like the rest. A man cannot drift up into a corner of some green lane, and stay in his cottage out of the tide of life, as was once the case. The tide comes to him. He must find money somehow; the parish will not keep him on out-relief if he has no work; the rate-collector calls at his door; his children must go to school decently clad with pennies in each little hand. He must have wages. You may give him a better cottage, you may give him a large allotment, you may treat him as an equal, and all is of no avail. Circumstance—the push of the world—forces him to ask you for wages. The farmer replies that he has only work for just so many and no more. The land is full of people. Men reply in effect, 'We cannot stay if a chance offers us to receive wages from any railway, factory, or enterprise; if wages are offered to us in the United States, there we must go.' If they heard that in a town fifty miles distant twenty shillings could be had for labour, how many of the hale men do you suppose would stay in the village? Off they would rush to receive the twenty shillings per week, and the farmers might have the land to themselves if they liked. Eighteen shillings to a pound a week would draw off every man from agriculture, and leave every village empty. If a vast industrial combination announced regular wages of that amount for all who came, there would not be a man left in the fields out of the two millions or more who now till them.

A plan to get more wages out of the land would indeed be a wonderful success. As previously explained, it is not so much the amount paid to one individual as the paying of many individuals that is so much to be desired. Depression in agriculture has not materially diminished the sum given to a particular labourer, but it has most materially diminished the sum distributed among the numbers. One of the remarkable features of agricultural difficulties is, indeed, that the quotation of wages is nominally the same as in past years of plenty. But then not nearly so many receive them. The father of the family gets his weekly money the same now as ten years since. At that date his sons found work at home. At the present date they have to move on. Some farmer is likely to exclaim, 'How can this be, when I cannot get

enough men when I want them?' Exactly so, but the question is not when you want *them*, but when they want you. You cannot employ them, as of old, all the year round, therefore they migrate, or move to and fro, and at harvest time may be the other side of the county.www.libtool.com.cn

The general aspect of country life was changing fast enough before the depression came. Since then it has continued to alter at an increasing rate—a rate accelerated by education; for I think education increases the struggle for more wages. As a man grows in social stature so he feels the want of little things which it is impossible to enumerate, but which in the aggregate represent a considerable sum. Knowledge adds to a man's social stature, and he immediately becomes desirous of innumerable trifles which, in ancient days, would have been deemed luxuries, but which now seem very commonplace. He wants somewhat more fashionable clothes, and I use the word fashion in association with the ploughman purposely, for he and his children do follow the fashion now in as far as they can, once a week at least. He wants a newspaper—only a penny a week, but a penny is a penny. He thinks of an excursion like the artisan in towns. He wants his boots to shine as workmen's boots shine in towns, and must buy blacking. Very likely you laugh at the fancy of shoe-blacking having anything to do with the farm labourer and agriculture. But I can assure you it means a good deal. He is no longer satisfied with the grease his forefathers applied to their boots; he wants them to shine and reflect. For that he must, too, have lighter boots, not the heavy, old, clod-hopping watertights made in the village. If he retains these for week-days he likes a shiny pair for Sundays. Here is the cost, then, of an additional pair of shoes; this is one of the many trifles the want of which accompanies civilisation. Once now and then he writes a letter, and must have pen, ink, and paper; only a pennyworth, but then a penny is a coin when the income is twelve or fourteen shillings a week. He likes a change of hats—a felt at least for Sunday. He is not happy till he has a watch. Many more such little wants will occur to anyone who will think about them, and they are the necessary attendants upon an increase of social stature. To obtain them the young man must have money—coins, shillings, and pence. His thoughts, therefore, are bent on wages; he must get wages somewhere, not merely to live, for bread, but for these social necessaries. That he can live at home with his family, that in time he may get a cottage of his

own, that cottages are better now, large gardens given, that the labourer is more independent—all these and twenty other considerations—all these are nothing to him, because they are not to be depended on. Wages paid weekly are his aim, and thus it is that education increases the value of a weekly stipend, and increases the struggle for it by sending so many more into the ranks of competitors. I cannot see myself why, in the course of a little time, we may not see the sons of ploughmen competing for clerkships, situations in offices of various kinds, the numerous employments not of a manual character. So good is the education they receive, that, if only their personal manners happen to be pleasant, they have as fair a chance of getting such work as others.

www.libtool.com.cn

Ceaseless effort to obtain wages causes a drifting about of the agricultural population. The hamlets and villages, though they seem so thinly inhabited, are really full, and every extra man and youth, finding themselves unable to get the weekly stipend at home, travel away. Some go but a little distance, some across the width of the country, a few emigrate, though not so many as would be expected. Some float up and down continually, coming home to their native parish for a few weeks, and then leaving it again. A restlessness permeates the ranks; few but those with families will hire for the year. They would rather do anything than that. Family men must do so because they require cottages, and four out of six cottages belong to the landowners and are part and parcel of the farms. The activity in cottage building, to which reference has been made, as prevailing ten or twelve years since, was solely on the part of the landowners. There were no independent builders; I mean the cottages were not built by the labouring class. They are let by farmers to those labourers who engage for the year, and if they quit this employment they quit their houses. Hence it is that even the labourers who have families are not settled men in the full sense, but are liable to be ordered on if they do not give satisfaction, or if cause of quarrel arises. The only settled men—the only fixed population in villages and hamlets at the present day—is that small proportion who possess cottages of their own. This proportion varies, of conrse, but it is always small. Of old times, when it was the custom for men to stay all their lives in one district, and to work for one farmer quite as much for payment in kind as for the actual wages, this made little difference. Very few men once settled in regular employment moved again; they and their families

remained for many years as stationary as if the cottage was their property, and frequently their sons succeeded to the place and work. Now in these days the custom of long service has rapidly disappeared. There are many reasons, the most potent, perhaps, the altered tone of the entire country. It boots little to inquire into the causes. The fact is, then, that no men, not even with families, will endure what once they did. If the conditions are arbitrary, or they consider they are not well used, or they hear of better terms elsewhere, they will risk it and go. So, too, farmers are more given to changing their men than was once the case, and no longer retain the hereditary faces about them. The result is that the fixed population may be said to decline every year. The total population is probably the same, but half of it is nomad. It is nomad for two reasons—because it has no home, and because it must find wages.

Farmers can only pay so much in wages and no more; they are at the present moment really giving higher wages than previously, though nominally the same in amount. The wages are higher judged in relation to the price of wheat; that is, to their profits. If coal falls in price, the wages of coal-miners are reduced. Now, wheat has fallen heavily in price, but the wages of the labourer remain the same, so that he is, individually, when he has employment, receiving a larger sum. Probably if farming accounts were strictly balanced, and farming like any other business, that sum would be found to be more than the business would bear. No trace of oppression in wages can be found. The farmer gets allowances from his landlord, and he allows something to his labourers, and so the whole system is kept up by mutual understanding. Except under a very important rise in wheat, or a favourable change in the condition of agriculture altogether, it is not possible for the farmers to add another sixpence either to the sum paid to the individual or to the sum paid in the aggregate to the village.

Therefore, as education increases—and it increases rapidly—as the push of the world reaches the hamlet; as the labouring class increase in social stature, and twenty new wants are found; as they come to look forth upon matters in a very different manner to their stolid forefathers; it is evident that some important problems will arise in the country. The question will have to be asked: Is it better for this population to be practically nomad or settled? How is livelihood—*i.e.* wages—to be found for it? Can anything be substituted for wages? Or must we devise a

gigantic system of emigration, and in a twelvemonth (if the people took it up) have every farmer crying out that he was ruined, he could never get his harvest in. I do not think myself that the people could be induced to go under any temptation. They like England in despite of their troubles. If the farmer could by any happy means find out some new plant to cultivate, and so obtain a better profit and be able to give wages to more hands, the nomad population would settle itself somehow, if in mud huts. No chance of that is in sight at present. So we are forced round to the consideration of a substitute for wages.

www.libtool.com.cn

Now, ten or twelve years since, when much activity prevailed in all things agricultural, it was proposed to fix the labouring population to the soil by building better cottages, giving them large gardens and allotments, and various other privileges. This was done; and in 'Fraser' I did not forget to credit the good intent of those who did it. Yet now we see, ten years afterwards, that instead of fixing the population, the population becomes more wandering. Why is this? Why have not these cottages and allotments produced their expected effect? There seems but one answer—that it is the lack of fixity of tenure. All these cottages and allotments have only been held on sufferance, on good behaviour, and hence they have failed. For even for material profit in the independent nineteenth century men do not care to be held on their good behaviour. A contract must be free and equal on both sides to be respected. To illustrate the case, suppose that some large banking institution in London gave out as a law that all the employés must live in villas belonging to the bank, say at Norwood. There they could have very good villas, and gardens attached, and on payment even paddocks, and there they could dwell so long as they remained in the office. But the instant any cause of disagreement arose they must quit not only the office but their homes. What an outcry would be raised against bank managers' tyranny were such a custom to be introduced! The extreme hardship of having to leave the house on which so much trouble had been expended, the garden carefully kept up and planted, the paddock; to leave the neighbourhood where friends had been found, and which suited the constitution and where the family were healthy. Fancy the stir there would be, and the public meetings to denounce the harsh interference with liberty! Yet, with the exception that the clerk might have 300*l*. a year and the labourer 12*s*. or 14*s*. a week, the cases would be exactly parallel. The labourer has no fixity of tenure. He

does not particularly care to lay himself out to do his best in the field or for his master, because he is aware that service is no inheritance, and at any moment circumstances may arise which may lead to his eviction. For it is really eviction, though unaccompanied by the suffering associated with the word—I was going to write 'abroad' for in Ireland. So that all the sanitary cottages erected at such expense, and all the large gardens and the allotments offered, have failed to produce a contented and settled working population. Most people are familiar by this time with the demand of the tenant farmers for some exalted kind of compensation which in effect is equivalent to tenant right, *i.e.* to fixity of tenure. Without this, we have all been pretty well informed by now, it is impossible for farmers to flourish, since they cannot expend capital unless they feel certain of getting it back again. This is precisely the case with the labourer. His labour is his capital, and he cannot expend it in one district unless he is assured of his cottage and garden, that is, of his homestead and farm. You cannot have a fixed population unless it has a home, and the labouring population is practically homeless. There appears no possibility of any real amelioration of their condition until they possess settled places of abode. Till then they must move to and fro, and increase in restlessness and discontent. Till then they must live in debt, from hand to mouth, and without hope of growth in material comfort. A race for ever trembling on the verge of the workhouse cannot progress and lay up for itself any saving against old age. Such a race is feeble and lacks cohesion, and does not afford that backbone an agricultural population should afford to the country at large. At the last, it is to the countryman, to the ploughman, and 'the farmer's boy,' that a land in difficulty looks for help. They are the last line of defence—the reserve, the rampart of the nation. Our last line at present is all unsettled and broken up, and has lost its firm and solid front. Without homes, how can its ranks ever become firm and solid again?

An agricultural labourer entering on a cottage and garden with his family, we will suppose, is informed that so long as he pays his rent he will not be disturbed. He then sets to work in his off hours to cultivate his garden and his allotment; he plants fruit trees; he trains a creeper over his porch. His boys and girls have a home whenever out of service, and when they are at home they can assist in cultivating their father's little property. The family has a home and a centre, and there it will remain for

www.1fbtoof.com.cn

generations. Such is certainly the case wherever a labourer has a cottage of his own. The family inherit it for generations; it would not be difficult to find cases in which occupation has endured for a hundred years. There is no danger now of the younger members of the family staying too much at home. The pressure of circumstances is too strong, as already explained; all the tendencies of the time are such as would force them from home in search of wages. There is no going back, they must push forwards.

The cottage-tenure, like the farm-tenure, must come from the landlord, of course. All movements must fall on the landlord unless they are made imperial questions. It is always the landowner who has to bear the burden in the end. As the cottages belong to the landowners, fixity or certainty of tenure is like taking their rights from them. But not more so than in the case of the exalted compensation called tenant-right. Indeed, I think I shall show that the change would be quite trifling beside measures which deal with whole properties at once, of five, ten, or twenty thousand acres, as the case may be. For, in the first place, let note be taken of a most important circumstance—which is that at the present time these cottages let on sufferance do not bring in one shilling to the landlord. They are not the least profit to him. He does not receive the nominal rent, and if he did, of what value would be so insignificant a sum, the whole of which for a year would not pay a tenth part of the losses sustained by the failure of one tenant farmer. As a fact, then, the cottages are of no money value to the landowner. A change, therefore, in the mode of tenure could not affect the owner like a change in the tenure of a great farm, say at a rental of 1,500*l*. Not having received any profit from the previous tenure of cottages, he suffers no loss if the tenure be varied. The advantage the landowner is supposed to enjoy from the possession of cottages scattered about his farms is that the tenants thereby secure men to do their work. This advantage would be much better secured by a resident and settled population. Take away the conventional veil with which the truth is usually flimsily hidden, and the fact is that the only objection to a certain degree of fixity in cottage tenure is that it would remove from the farmer the arbitrary power he now possesses of eviction. What loss there would be in this way it is not easy to see, since, as explained, the men must have wages, and can only get them from farmers, to whom therefore they must resort. But then the man knows the power to give such notice is there, and it does not agree with the feelings of the

nineteenth century. No loss whatever would accrue either to landowner or tenant from a fixed population. A farmer may say, 'But suppose the man who has my cottage will not work for me?' To this I reply, that if the district is so short of cottages that it is possible for a farmer to be short of hands, the sooner pressure is applied in some way, and others built, the better for landowner, tenant, and labourer. If there is sufficient habitation for the number of men necessary for cultivating the land, there will be no difficulty because one particular labourer will not work for one particular farmer. That labourer must then do one of two things, he must starve or work for some other farmer, where his services would dispossess another labourer, who would immediately take the vacant place. The system of employing men on sufferance, and keeping them, however mildly, under the thumb, is a system totally at variance with the tenets of our time. It is a most expensive system and ruinous to true self-respect, insomuch as it tends to teach the labourer's children that the only way they can show the independence of their thought is by impertinent language. How much better for a labourer to be perfectly free—how much better for an employer to have a man to work for him quite outside any suspicion of sufferance, or of being under his thumb! I should not like men under my thumb; I should like to pay them for their work, and there let the contract end, as it ends in all other businesses. As more wages cannot be paid, the next best thing, perhaps the absolutely necessary thing, is a fixed home.

I think it would pay any landowner to let all the cottages upon his property to the labourers themselves direct, exactly as farms are let, giving them security of tenure so long as rent was forthcoming, with each cottage to add a large garden, or allotment, up to, say, two acres, at an agricultural and not an accommodation rent. Most gardens and allotments are let as a favour at a rent about three times, and in some cases even six times, the agricultural rent of the same soil in adjoining fields. Cottagers do not look upon such tenancies—held, too, on sufferance—as a favour or kindness, and feel no gratitude nor any attachment to those who permit them to dig and delve at thrice the charge the farmer pays. Add to these cottages gardens, not necessarily adjoining them but as near as circumstances allow, up to two acres at a purely agricultural rental. If, in addition, facilities were to be given for the gradual purchase of the freehold by the labourer on the same terms as are now frequently held out by building

societies, it would be still better. I think it would turn out for the advantage of landowner, tenant, and the country at large to have a settled agricultural population.

The limit of two acres I mention, not that there is any especial virtue in that extent of land, but because I do not think the labourer would profit by having more, since he must then spend his whole time cultivating his plot. Experience has proved over and over again that for a man in England to live by spade-husbandry on four or five acres of land is the most miserable existence possible. He can but just scrape a living, he is always failing, his children are in rags, and debt ultimately consumes him. He is of no good either to himself or to others or to the country. For in our country agriculture, whether by plough or spade, is confined to three things, to grass, corn, or cattle, and there is no plant like the vine by which a small proprietor may prosper. Wet seasons come, and see—even the broad acres cultivated at such an expense of money produce nothing, and the farmer comes to the verge of ruin. But this verge of ruin to the small proprietor who sees his four acres of crops destroyed means simple extinction. So that the amount of land to be of advantage is that amount which the cottager can cultivate without giving his entire time to it; so that, in fact, he may also earn wages.

To landowner and farmer the value of a fixed population like this, fixed and independent, and looking only for payment for what was actually done, and not for eleemosynary earnings, would be, I think, very great. There would be a constant supply of first-class labour available all the year round. A supply of labour on an estate is like water-power in America—indispensable. But if you have no resident supply you face two evils, you must pay extra to keep men there when you have no real work for them to do, or you must offer fancy wages in harvest. Now, I think a resident population would do the same work if not at less wages at the time of the work, yet for less money, taking the year through.

I should be in hopes that such a plan would soon breed a race of men of the sturdiest order, the true and natural countrymen; men standing upright in the face of all, without one particle of servility; paying their rates, and paying their rents; absolutely civil and pleasant-mannered, because, being really independent, they would need no impudence of tongue to assert what they did not feel; men giving a full day's work for a full day's wages (which is now seldom seen); men demanding to be paid in full for full

work, but refusing favours and petty assistance to be recouped hereafter; able to give their children a fixed home to come back to; able even to push them in life if they wish to leave employment on the land; men with the franchise, voting under the protection of the ballot, and voting first and foremost for the demolition of the infernal poor-law and workhouse system.

The men are there. This is no imaginary class to be created, they are there, and they only require homes to become the finest body in the world, a rampart to the nation, a support not only to agriculture but to every industry that needs the help of labour. For physique they have ever been noted, and if it is not valued at home it is estimated at its true value in the colonies. From Australia, America, all countries desiring sinews and strength, come earnest persuasions to these men to emigrate. They are desired above all others as the very foundation of stability. It is only at home that the agricultural labourer is despised. If ever there were grounds for that contempt in his illiterate condition they have disappeared. I have always maintained that intelligence exists outside education, that men who can neither read nor write often possess good natural parts. The labourer at large possesses such parts, but until quite lately he has had no opportunity of displaying them. Of recent years he or his children have had an opportunity of displaying their natural ability, since education was brought within reach of them all. Their natural power has at once shown itself, and all the young men and young women are now solidly educated. The reproach of being illiterate can no longer be hurled at them. They never were illiterate mentally; they are now no more illiterate in the partial sense of book-knowledge. A young agricultural labourer to-day can speak almost as well as the son of a gentleman. There is, of course, a little of the country accent remaining, and some few technical words are in use; why should they not be? Do not gentlemen on the Exchange use technical terms? I cannot see myself that 'contango' is any better English, or 'backwardation' more indicative of intelligence, than the terms used in the field. The labourer of to-day reads, and thinks about what he reads. The young, being educated, have brought education to their parents, the old have caught the new tone from the young. It is acknowledged that the farm labourer is the most peaceful of all men, the least given to agitation for agitation's sake. Permit him to live and he is satisfied. He has no class ill-feeling, either against farmer or landowner, and he resists all attempts to intro-

duce ill-feeling. He maintains a steady and manly attitude, calm, and considering, without a trace of hasty revolutionary sentiments. I say that such a race of men are not to be despised; I say that they are the very foundation of a nation's stability; I say that in common justice they deserve settled homes; and further, that as a matter of sound policy they should be provided with them.

www.libtool.com.cn

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

www.libtool.com.cn

Love at First Sight.

ONCE upon a summer day
In the pleasant German-land,
Earth and I, serenely gay,
Smiling comrades hand in hand,

On a Kursaal's step I stood
With no eager thoughts at strife,
In a lotus-eating mood,
Passively accepting life.

As she came the earth was full
Of a radiance divine;
As she went the earth was dull
And the sun forgot to shine.

As she came my heart beat high,
Singing an unwonted strain;
As she went the pulses sigh
Slowly, slowly back again.

Of the many shams of earth
Chiefest folly and disgrace
Hold I love, that owes its birth
To a trick of form and face.

Love, forsooth! a mere pretence
Boys or fools may touch with ease
But *I know* the man of sense
Only loves by slow degrees.

Knowing this, I follow her
  In the safety of my sense
(Strange so slight a thing can stir
  With a pleasure so immense);

www.libtool.com.cn

Follow through the shining grove
  (For the very trees are bright),
With a little laugh at love
  And a shiver of delight;

Follow through the sparkling morn
  Where the rosy blossoms lie,
With a wonder and a scorn
  For the men who pass her by.

Like a little silent breeze
  Glides she through the empty space:
Sweet it is how steps like these
  Dignify the meanest place;

Sweet, tho' all the world condemn,
  Bearing censure for their sake,
If I only follow them
  With no hope to overtake.

And the flowers turn away
  In an envy of her grace;
And the butterflies delay,
  Quite enchanted with her face.

Airily she trips along
  Till the very birds confer
And the woods break into song
  With a glory, all for her.

Follow, follow, following,
Through the shadow and the gleam—
Lo! the sprite has taken wing,
Vanish'd like a lovely dream!

www.libtool.com.cn

* * * * *

Vanish'd from my startled eyes!
Did the jealous flowers slay?
Did the loving butterflies
Bear her on their wings away?

Heavens of unshatter'd blue,
Perfect earth, I round me see:
Am I not content with you?
Are you not enough for me?

Then a bird upon a bough
Fix'd me with his shining eye,
And his song—I know not how—
Pierc'd my heart—I know not why.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

The earth is alight
With a glittering dew,
That falls from high heaven
For me and for you.
I sit by a nest
That I built in a tree,
And I know that the light is
For you and for me.

The sky is afar
And the earth is anear,
And each hath a secert
That neither may hear.

I am but a bird,
  I do nothing but sing;
And I know that the light is
  A wonderful thing.

www.libtool.com.cn

Why beateth my heart?
  Why soundeth my song?
The zenith is fading,
  The distance is long.
Life is within me
  Unsought and unknown,
But the blue distant heaven
  Is only my own.

I am but a bird,
  I do nothing but sing;
I wait through the winter
  For beautiful spring.
And earth at my feet
  Through the glittering dew
Is joyfully waiting,
  Dear heaven, for you!

Music floating from a tree,
  Forming into shapely words,
Hath a meaning unto me
  That perchance is not the bird's.

That perchance is not?—or is?
  Whence hath the perception come?
For to-day a voice is his
  That but yesterday was dumb

Or to-day a heaven-light
  Strikes my heart with rapture keen
Sharply bringing into sight
  All that any bird can mean.

Whence the joy that fills my breast,
  Passionate and innocent?
And the yearning and the rest?
  And the senseless sweet content?

www.libtool.com.cn

Woods are wrapp'd in lustrous green,
  Skies have caught a wonder-bliss.
Bird, I know not what you mean;
  Wherefore sing to me like this?

Is my heart subdued at length,
  Vanquish'd without sign or word—
I, in manhood's matchless strength,
  At the mercy of a bird?

Day is long and night is long;
  As the bloom upon a peach,
As the flitting of a song,
  Twilight fades away in each.

Childhood is eternal spring,
  Age refills the heart anew;
Youth is such a little thing,
  But a link between the two.

Past is vast and Future vast,
  And the Present is so small;
Will the Present never last?
  Is transition all in all?

The Has-been above us towers,
  The Will-be has all things in it,
But the Is alone is ours,
  And the Is is but a minute.

AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

The Children of the Mist.

www.libtool.com.cn

MIST is a much worse enemy to the deerstalker on the East Coast, in the neighbourhood of Lochnagar, Glen Muick, and Caenlochan, than towards the Atlantic seaboard. Granted that for a month without ceasing the rain may pour down among the Western hills, yet the weather, though undeniably dark and depressing, is as often as not quite clear. But on the high fastnesses of Clova and Lochnagar the mist will lie for ten days or even a fortnight without ever lifting, chill, clammy, and productive of despair. The higher tops are wrapped in one sullen and impenetrable gloom, but it is not till the sportsman, undaunted alike by experience and by the voice of reason, has gone up the hillface into the regions of seafog and mist, that he can realise once more how hopelessly dense the atmosphere has become.

I have a pleasing recollection of one October day in Glen Cally, how we were completely deceived by the comparative lightness of the lower slopes on the forest. We had a visitor with us, a novice at the forest craft, and as eager for blood as a half-starved ferret. Well, of course we wanted to show him the fun, if there was any to be had; so we drove off in the trap to Charlie's shieling, about four miles up the glen, in the face of one of the most unpromising mornings that it has ever been my lot to be out in. A still small rain was falling, so small as to be all but invisible; but, close and continuous, it soon found its way down our collars and trickled erelong over our manly bosoms. But, though we certainly could not see one vestige of the more commanding hills on either hand as we drove along, yet we flattered ourselves that the mist was gradually rising up the mountain-side, and that when we were once on the tops it would have cleared off sufficiently for a very fair view over our ground. The wish, I fear, was father to that thought, and, looking back at the day's work, I now could desire that the thought had had some more substantial progenitor.

As we clambered over the palings into the enclosure that surrounded the Stalker's cottage, Charlie himself came out with a most lugubrious but at the same time conciliatory expression. He felt that he had to deal with two young madmen who could

venture out in such weather; for his own sake, therefore, he evidently thought it best to humour us, so far as his powers went, lest, disappointed of our thirst for blood elsewhere, Daunt and I should make a savage attack upon him, and he accordingly came forward, apologetically rubbing his hands, from which the wet simply poured off, and groaning out: 'Losh me! it's just waur than useless the day whativer. It will never be your will to go up the glen to-day. Ye'll just put the deer away and never see them in the mist.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Charlie, my man,' said I, with all the grave dignity that my damp appearance would permit me to assume, 'I have the greatest regard for you personally and for your health. But if we are not moving up the Cally Burn in something less than two minutes, I fear there will be trouble.'

Awed by this lordly demeanour, Charlie wasted no more time in speeches, but dragged out the deer-saddle, which we soon hoisted up on to the pony, reluctant though it was to leave the paddock grass, and then we started at first along the burn, but soon leaving it to strike up the slopes of the Hill of Badeney, which on ordinary days gave us our first vantage-ground for spying. But as we climbed higher up the hillsides the mist lay ever more thickly around us till we couldn't see a knoll more than forty yards away. We lay still for an hour and a half at the top in the murky atmosphere and drizzling rain till we were chilled to the bone; for we were lying on an exposed face, and the sough of the wild autumn wind played dolefully about our ears, and every now and then athwart the breeze came a wail like that of a lost spirit. It was an awful day.

I had attempted at the first to keep up heart in the party by telling of halcyon days in September, when, after a clear night of frost that had just blackened the potato tops in the fields beside the Isla, the sun had risen in all its splendour over the glen; when far away we could dimly discern the towering peaks of Ben-y-Gloe himself in a mild and misty haze; and how, too, at the close of a glorious day, we had successfully stalked and slain a fine ten-pointer upon the Caenlochan marches against the fence, the westering sun throwing him out into grand relief against the sky. But such reminiscences seemed but to heighten our present discomfort; the contrast between the wet and peaty teller and his tale was all too glaring, and after a while we lapsed into moody silence.

The situation was getting past a joke, and our circulations had stiffened into utter numbness, when we decided to change our

tactics and wait no longer. The word was passed: 'Best foot foremost, and downhill again we go, till at any rate we can obtain some pretence of a spy round.' Glad to be moving again. Charlie, with a serene look as of resignation to great evils, pocketed his damp ineffectual pipe, and led the way at a great pace down the slopes, till we got below the pall of mist and could take a spy in the direction of the White Craig beyond the burn. Though hope is said to spring eternal in the human breast, I was pretty well disgusted with my folly in letting Daunt begin forest work on such a day, and after a very cursory glance round with my own glass, I shut it up and began talking as Charlie spied. But after a minute or two I became conscious that the latter's telescope, instead of roving from point to point, was suspiciously stationary upon his knee, and I cried out, 'What is it now, Charlie? Have you spotted a hillfox or an eagle again, as you did last week, and made me think it was deer that you had in view?'

'Aweel no, sir,' was the leisurely response in a tone that apparently evinced the most complete unconcern; 'it's no that exactly the day. I'm seeing deer at the foot of the White Craig. Tak' the glass yoursel' and have a squint at them. There's deer worth stalking amang yon herd.'

Listlessness and languor fled at the first sound of the Stalker's measured words, and I seized the glass from him with sudden recovery of spirits. Far away beneath us across the burn I saw the herd, and as I steadied the glass and strained my eyes I soon made out three fine stags among the deer, their necks now swollen with roaring and their forms gaunt and black with rolling amid the peat-hags, as in 'October month' they delight to do. Dangerously near the mist as our deer were, it did not at present envelope them; and seeing deer at all on such an abominable day gave the old hands fresh courage for the chase, and roused the dormant bloodthirstiness of our novice to fever-heat.

And away we tore down the rest of the slope, nor did we halt till we reached the burn, which was in summer but a tiny stream, but now, swollen with the rains of autumn, ran down red and turbid in full spate. A little caution in our footing, however, soon put us on the further side with no more adventure than a wetting to our knees, which in our condition then we hardly felt. We went at more sober speed up the opposite face; but the wind was fair, and the distance reasonable, so that three-quarters of an hour later we were peering cautiously over the last knoll that hid us from view of the White Craig; but the 'Children of the Mist'

were no longer where we had last seen them, and the clouds of white vapour filled the upper air and veiled the higher slopes.

An anxious half-hour followed, lest we had put the deer away by some mischance, without noticing their abrupt departure. But at last there came for a few moments a kindly break in the mist, when the whole atmosphere seemed for a while to lighten, and the mist itself dissolved, as if by magic, into a myriad vaporous wreaths that chased each other across the heathery slopes in an infinite diversity of form; and ever and anon the Hill of the White Craig stood out clear to view for an instant, only again to be concealed as the ghostly mist-forms hurried by.

www.libtool.com.cn

Then an angry bellow rang out with a startling suddenness through the chill grey air, and a fine stag stepped down from the higher curtain of mist into the more open air in angry pursuit of one of his weaker brethren, but soon desisted in deference to the nimbler heels of the young and despicable offender. One by one the whole herd came before our often interrupted view. They were feeding slowly up the slopes towards the mist, and for a while we only saw the rearguard of the herd, some half-dozen of the smaller stags, which kept by themselves for the most part, though now and then they ran in upon the hinds, only to be repulsed by the majestic if short-lived onslaught of one of our three big friends who guarded their joint harem most vigilantly.

One only course was open to us as matters now stood, and that was to follow in upon them as speedily as our legs would take us, before the mist again practically annihilated the deer. And in taking that course we should have to trust to luck rather than to judgment for the avoidance of detection on our way. Charlie, among whose faults indecision cannot be reckoned, started out from the knoll at once, with the rifles well forward and half out of their cases, and, our star being still in the ascendant, we got over some awkward ground without the keen-sighted and ever suspicious hinds noticing that some unwelcome callers were putting in an unlooked-for appearance. A few moments later, and we were but two hundred yards behind the smaller stags, who were just then much agitated and dancing merrily about the hinds. Amid torrents of rain we then dropped into a peat-drain that put us fifty yards further on the way that we would go, and utterly failed to make us any dirtier than we were before. Three pairs of keen and restless eyes then glowered over the heathery tussocks above the drain, and the owner of one of the aforesaid pairs became instantly aware of a grand eleven-pointer, if not a 'Royal,' standing

out alone and barely 150 yards away. He was with infinite care and tenderness endeavouring to aid his rifle in a strategical movement to the front, so as to rest upon a mightily convenient bit of granite, when a cold breath of wind swept across our faces, and the mist came down like a sheet! Not a deer was to be seen.

www.1btool.com.cn

'We're done!' ejaculated that poor-spirited Charlie; 'we may just gae hame at once.'

'Come on,' I hissed, 'come on; run in upon them under cover of the mist, and see if we can't get our shot yet.'

And we rose hastily to our feet, leapt from out the sheltering peat-drain, and made off with all speed that we could muster to the spot where last we had seen the deer. I felt a heavy touch on my shoulder, and 'Down, mon, down! there's the deer before us noo,' mutters Charlie hoarsely, not a moment too soon, as three or four moving forms are 'dimly to be descried' immediately in front of us.

'It's no manner of use,' he whispers, 'poking about for stags; just take that nearest one, him with his head up noo and looking this way, though it may be naething but a hind.'

The rifle comes hurriedly forward to my shoulder. There is an almost inaudible click as the hammer is raised, nothing to alarm the now motionless form barely twenty yards away, yet nearly invisible in this uncanny weather. Both my elbows rest beautifully in the heather, and I never took a fairer aim. As the first finger closes softly upon the yielding trigger, and the hammer falls, a rough hand knocks the barrels upwards, and the bullet screams far up into the air *en route* for Lochnagar, as Charlie, nearly beside himself with rage and the knowledge that he will never hear the last of this adventure, bawls out, 'Dom the whole thing—it's *sheep!*'

E. LENNOX PEEL.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Relation of Darwinism to other Branches of Science.

IT was in the year 1831 that a naval expedition sailed from Devonport. That expedition consisted of a single vessel, Her Majesty's ship *Beagle*, a ten-gun brig under the command of Captain Fitzroy, R.N. The *Beagle* was a stout old wooden ship, destined on this occasion for a most pacific enterprise. Her duty was to survey parts of the coast of South America and some islands in the Pacific, and to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world. Five years later the *Beagle* returned from this cruise, and thus brought to a close one of the most remarkable voyages that can be found in the annals of the British navy. Now, why was the cruise of the *Beagle* of such unparalleled importance? There have been many other surveying expeditions quite as successful. No doubt the memorable voyage of the *Challenger* accomplished much more surveying than the voyage of the *Beagle*. But we are gradually learning that even such achievements as those of the *Challenger* must sink into insignificance when compared with the voyage of the *Beagle*. I would rather liken the voyage of the *Beagle* to the immortal voyage of Columbus. In each case a new world was discovered.

When the voyage of the *Beagle* was planned, the captain expressed a wish that some scientific observer should join the expedition. A young naturalist, eager to see the glories of the tropics, volunteered his services and was accepted. He sailed in the ship. For the whole five years he diligently sought every opportunity to gain a knowledge of nature. He pondered on that knowledge when he came home. He added to it by further observation and matured it by careful thought. After many years of labour and of thought the naturalist of the *Beagle* produced a book. The name of the book was the 'Origin of Species,' the name of the author was Charles Darwin.

The 'Origin of Species' appeared when I was a student in

[1] A Lecture delivered at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, on November 20, 1882.

college, and I can recall at this day the intense delight with which I read it. I was an instantaneous convert to the new doctrines, and I have felt their influence so much during all my subsequent life that I have ventured to choose this subject as the one on which to address you this evening. And here let me hasten to anticipate an objection. It is in the domain of natural history that the great achievements of Darwin have been wrought. It might be urged that the discussion of such a subject lay within the province of biologists or of geologists, but could hardly be considered a legitimate enterprise for those whose studies led them in other directions. But this is a view from which I dissent. I cannot admit the 'Origin of Species' to be the exclusive property of biologists. In a more capacious view of the subject it will be seen that the great doctrine of Evolution is of the very loftiest significance, and soars far above the distinction between one science and another to which we are accustomed.

It is interesting to note the wondrous change that is taking place, I might almost say that has taken place, in the popular estimate of the Darwinian theory. It has been well said that a new theory has often to run through three different phases. In the first place, every one exclaims that the theory is not true; then it is urged that the theory is contrary to religion; and, lastly, that everybody knew it long ago. The great doctrine of natural selection promulgated by Darwin has run through these courses. At its first publication it was received with an outburst of incredulity among the unthinking part of the community. Every one recollects the denunciations it received and the ridicule which the new doctrine had to encounter. But the theory of Darwin has survived that stage. It has also survived the attacks of those who denounce the theory as contrary to religion. The truth inherent in the principles of Darwin has quietly brushed aside such opposition, and now we hear but little of it. The funeral of Darwin at Westminster Abbey must be regarded as marking a momentous epoch in the history of thought. That the great doctrine would some day be accepted was a necessary truth, but I do not think that any one who recollects the publication of the 'Origin of Species' could then have anticipated the enormous change in educated opinion which the next quarter of a century was to disclose. Still less likely would it have seemed that the whole nation would have so far acknowledged Darwin that with one accord they demanded that his remains should be interred in the national mausoleum.

Darwin has worked out one of the most splendid details in the history of the universe. His methods and his theory have intimate connections with other branches of science, and some of these it is our object to consider in this discourse. In particular I propose to sketch the position which the Darwinian theory occupies with reference to a celebrated branch of astronomical speculation.

The sun is hot and the sun is pouring forth heat. Now heat, we know, is capable of measurement; quantities of heat can be measured as accurately as tons of coal. The daily outflow of heat from the sun is as measurable a quantity as the daily outflow of gas from the gas-works. The total amount of heat which the sun pours forth cannot, it is true, be very accurately estimated by our present knowledge. All that we are here concerned to know is that it is of the most stupendous magnitude. Even the daily consumption of the sun's heat by the earth is enormous; but that is only a minute fraction, less, indeed, than the 2,000-millionth part of the total torrent which pours from the sun. Sir John Herschel gave an elegant illustration of the splendid extravagance of the sun's daily expenditure. Suppose, he said, that a cylindrical glacier of ice, 45 miles in diameter, were to be incessantly darted into the sun with the velocity of light, about 180,000 miles in a second, the entire of this ice would be continuously liquefied by the daily radiation of heat.

It is a momentous question to inquire what replenishes the heat of the sun, or whether the sun's heat is ever replenished at all. Mark the significant consequence which is at issue. If the sun be not replenished, then its heat must gradually wane. Various sources of replenishment have been suggested. It would be leaving my present subject too far on one side to attempt to discuss this subject in any detail, but I must briefly indicate the resolutions that have been proposed. Every one is acquainted with the pleasing phenomenon of shooting stars which dash into our air with a train of light and sparks. Every shooting star is thus a source of heat: the heat is produced by the friction of the air against the rapidly moving body. The shooting stars fall into the earth's atmosphere by thousands and by millions. It is believed that they fall into the sun in vastly greater numbers. They must rain in on the sun with a profusion corresponding to his vast surface, and with a velocity corresponding to his intense power of attraction. Each shooting star develops vastly more heat at its plunge into the sun than it would have done had it fallen upon the earth. The heat derived from

all the shooting stars which fall upon the earth is utterly insignificant, but it may be that the heat from the torrent of shooting stars which rain in upon the sun is not insignificant. It may reach very large proportions. Some have, indeed, supposed that the influx of heat to the sun from the perennial showers of shooting stars is adequate to compensate for the loss of heat which the sun sustains by his incessant radiation. I do not believe that this view can be even approximately correct. No one will deny that the descent of meteors contributes *some* heat to the sun; but what we do deny is, that the quantity of heat thus acquired is at all comparable with the colossal daily expenditure. The whole question is to a great extent merely one of calculation. It can be shown that a certain quantity of meteors would suffice, but that quantity is enormously great. If the sun swallowed up every century a mighty host of meteors so numerous and so heavy that their collective mass was equal to that of our entire earth, then the view I am attempting to confute would be maintained. But a little consideration will show that the existence of so mighty a quantity of meteoric matter as this would require lies far beyond all reasonable probability. It should be remembered that the sun could only absorb each year a very small fraction of the total number of meteors that are roaming through the system. If, therefore, the meteors were as abundant as this supposition would require, the whole solar system would teem with them to an incredible extent. It therefore seems certain that the heat of the sun cannot be entirely sustained by the influx of meteoric matter.

If the sun were merely like a vast incandescent mass of stone or of metal, it would cool at the rate of 5° or 10° a year. A few thousand years would reduce it to such a degree that it would no longer be the source of light and of heat, which it certainly has been for thousands of years. At first sight it would seem as if the result at which we have arrived is paradoxical, but this is not really the case. I cannot now attempt to go fully into the matter. It may be sufficient to state generally that the sun is really parting with its heat, but that the rate at which heat is lost is affected by a special and very remarkable property. As the sun loses heat it contracts, and in the act of contraction heat is developed. The heat thus developed ekes out the sun's resources, so that the losses due to radiation are partly compensated. The result of the whole inquiry can be very easily stated, and it embraces a truth of which it is difficult to overestimate the

importance. The sun possesses a certain quantity of heat or of energy, and that energy is being gradually wasted in the depths of space. It would not perhaps be true to say that the sun is at present actually falling in temperature. If the sun be actually gaseous, it may strangely enough be getting hotter instead of colder, so long as it remains gaseous; but, however we look at the question, there is one statement which admits of no doubtful interpretation—as the heat is radiated away, so the particles which form the sun's mass are drawn more and more closely together. The total mass of the sun—its weight as placed in a scale—cannot decrease, but the bulk which the sun occupies must decrease and is at this moment decreasing, and, so far as we know, will continue to decrease until the sun is one hard mass of matter benumbed with the cold of space.

It is true that the process of shrinking is very slow; it is so slow that we cannot measure with our telescopes the decrease in the sun's bulk, but we can calculate what the alteration in the sun's bulk must be in order to supply the daily radiation of heat. The change is but very small when we consider the present size of the sun. At the present moment the sun has a diameter of 860,000 miles. Each year this diameter decreases by about 220 feet; this decrease is always taking place; the process is never reversed; it is not periodic like so many other phenomena of nature; in time the result must become of overwhelming importance. The sun's career as a source of light and heat is ultimately doomed to extinction. It has been calculated that the sun cannot radiate enough heat to maintain life on the earth for a period of 10,000,000 years more.

I must not linger any longer on this subject, which would indeed require not one, but several lectures for adequate treatment. In particular I am obliged to pass by without discussion the remarkable theory lately put forward by Sir C. W. Siemens in the hope of retrieving the sun's reputation as a spendthrift. Coming from an authority of such justly-deserved repute, this theory has naturally attracted a great deal of attention. It is incumbent on me to mention it here, because, if this theory should be ultimately found to be true, the views previously entertained as to the dissipation of the sun's energy would require the most profound modification. I have given this theory the attention which anything coming from an author of such eminence must merit, but it has failed to convince me, and I still remain of the opinion usually held before its publication.

One hundred years ago the diameter of the sun was four miles greater than it is at present. One thousand years ago the diameter of the sun was forty miles greater than it is at present. Ten thousand years ago the diameter of the sun was 400 miles greater than it is now. The advent of man upon the earth took place no doubt a long time ago, but in the history of the earth the advent of man is a comparatively recent phenomenon. Yet it seems certain that when man first trod our planet, the diameter of the sun must have been many hundreds, perhaps many thousands, of miles greater than it is at present. We must not, however, overestimate the significance of this statement. The diameter of the sun is at present 860,000 miles, so that a diminution of 10,000 miles would be little more than the hundredth part of its diameter. If the diameter of the sun were to shrink to-morrow to the extent of 10,000 miles, the change would not be appreciable to common observation, though even a much smaller change would not elude delicate astronomical measurement. The world on which the primitive man trod was certainly illuminated by a larger sun than that which now shines upon us. It does not necessarily follow that the climates must have been much hotter then than now. The question of warmth depends upon other matters as well as sunbeams, so that we must be cautious in any inferences drawn in this way, nor are any such inferences needed for our present purpose.

But we must not stop in our retrospect at the epoch even of primeval man. We must go back earlier and earlier through the long ages of the geologists, and back again still further to the earliest epochs, when life first began to dawn on the earth. Still we find no reason to suppose that the law of the sun's decreasing heat is not still maintained, and thus, as far as our present knowledge goes, we are bound to suppose that the sun must have been larger and larger the further our retrospect extends. I do not say that the rate at which the sun changes its diameter was then the same as the four miles per century which is an approximation to its present rate. It is sufficient for our purpose that the sun is larger and larger the further we peer back into the remote abyss of the past. There was a time when the sun must have been twice as large as it is at present; it must once have been three times as large; it must once have been ten times as large. How long ago that was, no one can venture to say. It would be rash to attempt any estimate; but we cannot stop at the stage when the sun was even ten times as large as it is at present;

www.libtool.com.cn

the arguments we have used will still apply with equal, if not greater, force. And, looking back earlier still, there was a time when the sun was once swollen to such an extent that the mighty orbit of Neptune itself would be merely a girdle around the stupendous globe. At that time the sun must have been a gaseous mass of almost inconceivable tenuity. We are not to suppose that the earth and the other planets were solid bodies deeply buried in the vast bulk of the sun. It seems evident that the planets were gaseous masses in those ancient days and undistinguishable from the sun, which gave them birth.

www.libtool.com.cn

We are now able to make an attempt to trace the history of the solar system, and to indicate the share which Darwin has had in the solution of the noble problem. We do not inquire how the original nebula came into being; our history must commence with the actual existence of this nebula. There is, let it be confessed, a great deal of obscurity still clinging to the subject. Though we may be sure that the great nebula once existed, we cannot with much confidence trace out the method by which the planets were actually formed. It seems to be generally thought that the nebula must have been originally endowed with a certain rotation. This may be regarded as certain; indeed, it would be infinitely improbable that the nebula should not have had some rotation. As the nebula began to radiate heat, so it must have begun to contract; and as it began to contract, it began to rotate more rapidly. This is only the consequence of a well-known dynamical principle. But as the nebula spins more and more rapidly, the cohesion of its parts is lessened by centrifugal force. The moment at length arrives when the centrifugal force detaches a fragment of the nebula. The process of condensation still continues both in the fragment and in the central mass; the fragment changes from the gaseous state to the liquid, perhaps even from the liquid to the solid, and thus becomes a planet. Still the central mass condenses, and spins more and more rapidly, until a rupture again takes place and a second planet is produced. Again, and still again, the same process is repeated, until at length we recognise the central mass as our great and glorious sun, diminished by incessant contraction, though still vast and brilliantly hot. One of the lesser fragments which he cast off has consolidated into our earth, while other fragments, greater and smaller, have formed the rest of the host of planets. There are many features in the planets which seem to corroborate this view of their origin. They all revolve around the sun in the same

direction; they all revolve on their own axes in the same direction, that direction being also coincident with the sun's rotation on its axis. Most astronomers are agreed that the history of the solar system has been something of the kind that I have ventured to describe. Astronomers were thus the first evolutionists; they had sketched out a majestic scheme of evolution for the whole solar system, and now they are rejoiced to find that the great Doctrine of Evolution has received an extension to the whole domain of organic life by the splendid genius of Darwin.

www.libtool.com.cn

At its first separation from the shrinking central nebula, our earth was probably a mass of glowing gas, of incredibly greater volume than it is at present. Gradually the earth parted with its heat by radiation, and commenced to shrink also. The temperature was so high, that iron and other still more refractory substances were actually in a state of vapour, but, as the temperature fell, these substances could not remain in the gaseous form; they condensed first into liquids, these liquids coalesced into a vast central mass, and still that mass went on cooling until its surface, passing through the various stages of incandescence, sank at length to a temperature comparatively cool. Still the earth was swathed with a deep and dense mantle of air, charged with an enormous load of watery vapour; but, as the temperature of the surface gradually decreased, at length the watery vapours were condensed and descended to form the oceans with which our earth is so largely covered. At this point the functions of the astronomer are at an end; he has traced in outline the manufacture of the earth from the primeval nebula; he has accounted for its revolution round the sun, for its rotation on its axis; he has accounted for the shape of the earth and for its internal heat. His work being done, he now hands over the continuance of the history to the biologist.

The lifeless earth is the canvas on which has been drawn the noblest picture which modern science has produced. It is Darwin who has drawn this picture. He has shown that the evolution of the lifeless earth from the nebula is but the prelude to an organic evolution of still greater interest and complexity. He has taken up the history of the earth at the point where the astronomer left it, and he has made discoveries which have influenced thought and opinion more than any other discoveries which have been made for centuries. We here encounter a very celebrated difficulty. The theory of Darwin requires life to begin with, but how did that life originate? I need hardly remind you of

the celebrated controversy which has taken place on this subject. It has been contended that life can never be produced except from life; but just as stoutly has the opposite view been maintained. Can it be possible that the wondrous and complex phenomena known as life are purely material? Can a particle of matter which consists only of a definite number of atoms of definite chemical composition manifest any of those characters which characterise life? Take as an extreme instance the brain of an ant, which is not larger than a quarter of a good-sized pin's head. It would require a volume to describe what we know of the powers of ants. Huber showed this long ago, and Sir John Lubbock has lately reminded us of it, while adding further discoveries of his own. I here quote Darwin's vivid description; but it is only right to add that many different species of ants are referred to, though included under the common designation: 'Ants certainly communicate information to each other, and several unite for the same work, or for games of play. They recognise their fellow-ants after months of absence, and feel sympathy for each other. They build great edifices, keep them clean, close the door in the evening, and post sentries. They make roads as well as tunnels under rivers, and temporary bridges over them by clinging together. They collect food for the community, and when an object too large for entrance is brought to the nest, they enlarge the door, and afterwards build it up again. They store up seeds of which they prevent the germination, and which if damp are brought to the surface to dry. They keep aphides and other insects as milch cows. They go out to battle in regular bands, and freely sacrifice their lives for the common weal. They emigrate according to a peculiar plan. They capture slaves. They move the eggs of their aphides, as well as their own eggs and cocoons, into warm parts of the nest, in order that they may be quickly hatched.'[1]

Well may Darwin speak of the brain of an ant as one of the most wondrous particles of matter in the world. We are apt to think that it is impossible for so minute a piece of matter to possess the necessary complexity required for the discharge of such elaborate functions. The microscope will no doubt show some details in the ant's brain, but these fall hopelessly short of revealing the refinement which the ant's brain must really have. The microscope is not adequate to show us the texture of matter. It has been one of the great discoveries of modern times to enable us to form some numerical estimate of the exquisite delicacy of

[1] Darwin, *Descent of Man*, p. 147.

the fabric which we know as inert matter. Water, or air, or iron may be divided and subdivided, but the process cannot be carried on indefinitely. There is a well-defined limit. We are even able to make some approximation to the number of molecules in a given mass of matter. Sir W. Thomson has estimated that the number of atoms in a cubic inch of air is to be expressed by the number 3, followed by no fewer than twenty ciphers. The brain of the ant doubtless contains more atoms than an equal volume of air; but even if we suppose them to be the same, and if we take the size of an ant's brain to be a little globe one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, we are able to form some estimate of the number of atoms it must contain. The number is to be expressed by writing down 6, and following it by eleven ciphers. We can imagine these atoms grouped in so many various ways that even the complexity of the ant's brain may be intelligible when we have so many units to deal with. An illustration will perhaps make the argument clearer. Take a million and a half of little black marks, put them in a certain order, and we have a wondrous result—Darwin's 'Descent of Man.' This book merely consists of about a million and a half letters, placed one after the other in a certain order. Whatever be the complexity of the ant's brain, it is still hard to believe that it could not be fully described in 400,000 volumes, each as large as Darwin's work. Yet the number of molecules in the ant's brain is at least 400,000 times as great as the number of letters in the memorable volume in question.

It would seem that by merely studying the behaviour of an infusion of hay or a tincture of turnips in a test tube, we do not rise to the full magnificence of the problem as to whether life can have originated on the globe from the particles of inorganic matter.

Unusual, indeed, must be the circumstances which will have brought about such a combination of atoms as to form the first organic being. But great events are always unusual. Because we cannot repeatedly make an organised being from inert matter in our test tubes, are we to say that such an event can never once have occurred with the infinite opportunities of nature? We have in nature the most varied conditions of temperature, of pressure, and of chemical composition. Every corner of the earth and of the ocean has been the laboratory in which these experiments have been carried on. It is not necessary to suppose that such an event as the formation of an organised being shall have occurred often. If in the whole course of millions of years past it has once happened, either on the

land or in the depths of the ocean, that a group of atoms, few or many, have been so segregated as to have the power of assimilating outside material, and the power of producing other groups more or less similar to themselves, then we have no more demands to make on the 'Theory of Spontaneous Generation.' The more we study the actual nature of matter the less improbable will it seem that organic beings should have so originated. One of the most obvious contrasts between organic and inorganic bodies seems to be the power of motion often inherent in the organised body, which is not possessed by the inorganic body; but this is really a superficial view of the question. Take any mass of inorganic matter, a drop of water or a grain of sand. Each of these bodies is composed of a certain number of ultimate atoms. We have no hope that we shall ever have a microscope sufficiently powerful to detect these atoms; but we nevertheless know that they exist, and we know several of their properties. We know, for instance, that even in solid bodies these particles are not at rest, that they are in rapid and ceaseless motion, even though the body may be as rigid as a diamond. In ultimate analysis we see that the atoms of inorganic matter seem to have that mobility which is frequently noticed as a characteristic of vital action. A mere rearrangement of the movements of the atoms of a grain of sand could confer on the grain of sand some of the attributes of an organised body.

The method Darwin adopted is of the most captivating simplicity. It is doubtless well known to many here, and I shall glance at it but very briefly. When the history of Science in our century comes to be written, the interest will culminate in the supreme discovery of Natural Selection.

There are so many modifying circumstances to be taken into account that it is not often easy to trace the actual course of natural selection; but the leading idea is so simple that, once it is properly stated, I do not see how any reasonable person can refuse his assent. There is a well-known proverb, 'as like as two peas,' and at a superficial glance two peas are no doubt very like each other. They are like in their size, shape, and colour; they are like in their internal structure; but, when we look closely into the subject, no two peas are exactly alike. Take any two peas from a sack, and after a brief examination you will detect innumerable points of difference. Weighed in a careful balance, they have not the same actual weight; gauged with a pair of callipers, they have not the same size; and these differences extend to every minute part of the structure. One pea will have more nourish-

ment stored up for the benefit of the future plant. Another will be better able to resist hurtful influences. That two peas should be so absolutely identical in every feature as to be indistinguishable is an impossibility, or, as a mathematician would say, the chances are infinitely against such an occurrence; and when the chances are such we may for all practical purposes consider them as non-existent. If we find that two peas are never really alike, neither shall we find that two organisms of any kind are really alike when attention is directed to minute points of distinction. A shepherd will laugh to scorn the idea that any two of his flock are so like that they could be mistaken. Even his dog knows better than that. A poultry fancier will see in his pets conspicuous marks of difference which are barely apparent to the unskilled eye. I need not multiply illustrations, which will occur to everybody; the innumerable variety of roses and of geraniums, of apples and of other fruits, will show how universal is the law of variety among all the productions of the organic world.

The great doctrine of natural selection is founded upon this susceptibility to variation. Suppose that you wished to improve the peas in your garden, it is quite possible to do so in a few years in the following manner: Take 100 peas, sow them and preserve the seed. You will have some thousands of seeds, but no two peas will be exactly alike; pick out the hundred heaviest seeds and sow them again next season. You will have a crop of thousands, from which you are again to pick out the heaviest hundred. As this process is repeated year by year you will find that within certain limits the peas are gradually increased in size from one generation to another, and thus it is that improved varieties can be artificially established. The success of this process depends merely upon taking judicious advantage of the variability inherent in the organic world. This we may call an artificial selection as opposed to the natural selection.

What we have here described as being produced artificially in the pea is going on everywhere on the grandest scale in nature. Take an illustration this time from animal life; and I choose, as one of the most widely known instances, some incidents in the history of the common herring, which exists in such countless myriads in our oceans. Those who frequent the sea are well acquainted with certain features in the life of the herring. The herring is a fish deservedly prized for food, but it is not only mankind that are fond of devouring the herring; a similar taste is widely spread among the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea.

The herring has no defence from innumerable enemies but his agility and his caution. Around the shoal swarm troops of porpoises, while pollock and various other predatory fish follow the shoal wherever they go and devour the herrings in countless myriads. The female herring lays a stupendous quantity of eggs. It is perfectly certain that only a very minute fraction of these eggs ever reach maturity. If only one per cent. of the eggs grew to full size and reproduced more herrings, the herring population of the sea must increase manifold every year. This cannot always, or indeed often, be the case, and we are thus compelled to believe that out of every million herring eggs only a small fraction usually come to maturity. To those who have ever observed the herring this appalling mortality will not seem strange. To begin with, when the herring eggs are laid the flat fishes congregate and feast on the eggs to such an extent that fishermen repair to these spots and catch the flat fish in scores with their stomachs filled with the eggs of the herring. No doubt there are many other enemies at this stage, so that vast multitudes of the herring eggs never become hatched at all; even those that are hatched have indeed an anxious time of it. Around our coast we see in the autumn shoals of the tiny herrings pursued and devoured by hosts of young codfish and mackerel. Sometimes the fish surround the shoal completely, and the miserable prey cluster together near the top of the water in a vain hope of safety; but, alas! here the enemies from the air attack them. Sea-gulls crowd to the spot, gannets swallow the young herrings in mouthfuls, the rolling of porpoises adds more life to the scene, and once a shoal has been thus imprisoned between air and water, the slaughter is truly prodigious. The voracity of enemies is not the only danger to which young herrings are exposed; often they are left on the beach by the falling tide, and may be seen lying in hundreds along the sea margin. I purposely leave out of account all mere human enemies. The efforts of man in catching herrings are quite insignificant in comparison with their more numerous and incessantly voracious destroyers. Indeed Professor Huxley states that the codfish caught in our seas each season would, if they had not been caught, have eaten as many herrings during the next season as those which have actually fallen to the nets of the fisherman. The survivors of this fearful massacre are naturally objects of very great interest. How is it that they have been spared when so many myriads of their brothers and sisters have been annihilated. No doubt their safety is partly due to the chapter of accidents. They happen to be

out of the way when the mackerel made a fatal rush. The sea-gull had eaten so many that when it came to their turn he positively could not eat any more. They got into the middle of the shoal afterwards and escaped the fish that preyed on its margin. But, making every allowance for the benefit of the accidents, I think we must credit the surviving herrings themselves with some share in their success. The few that have survived were certainly not the most stupid. They must have had quick sight, they must have had nimble fins, they must have had vigilance and activity. They must have been skilful in procuring food as well as alert in avoiding danger. They had no maternal solicitude to watch over them. Every little herring had to forage for himself, and to hide from or elude his enemies as well as he could; he had no kind warning that the tide was falling and that he would be left high and dry if he did not keep away from the edge. I think we must admit that the few herrings that survive out of a million eggs are above the average in whatever qualities constitute excellence in a herring. I will not say that they must be actually the very best, but I think we must admit that they were among the best.

What we have here attempted to illustrate takes place in the whole realm of organised life. The organic beings, animal and vegetable, tend to increase faster than the food or the presence of enemies will permit. Many must therefore perish. No two of these organisms are exactly identical. There will be trifling differences (sometimes, indeed, the differences are by no means trifling). It thus happens that in the struggle for life one individual will have a slight advantage over another. It therefore may be anticipated that the more favoured individuals will be those which survive; their peculiarities will be more or less inherited by their descendants. Thus the variations which are useful to the animal will in successive generations be gradually added to, and in course of time the widest changes in organisation can thus arise.

It may at first seem hard to realise that so trifling a change as that between one generation and the next can ever by repetition amount up to so great a change as that between one species of animal and another; still less can we imagine at first how animals so widely distinct as, for instance, a bird and a fish, can have originated by natural selection from some common ancestor. The whole question is chiefly one of time, complicated, it must be admitted, by many details; but it is easy to show how minute differences between one generation and the next, all tending in

one direction, speedily reach to an appreciable amount. Let me give an illustration. I know some tender mothers who like to have their darlings photographed every year in order to preserve a permanent record of their development. No doubt the mother would have no difficulty in distinguishing between the photographs of her child at two years old or at three, or even between those of her boy at thirteen and at fourteen. But suppose that, instead of having the child photographed only once a year, he were to be photographed every week from birth until he was full grown. This is not at all an impracticable suggestion; there would be little more than a thousand photographs altogether. An album could easily be made which would hold them all. Of course the prudent mother would mark the dates on the back; but suppose this was not done, and the whole thousand photographs got into confusion, would it be possible to arrange them all in order again? Certainly no outsider could do it; he could sort them in a general way, so as to have the babies at one end, and the young men at the other, and the boys in the middle. But could he put the whole thousand in regular order from one end to the other? He could not. I doubt very much whether even the mother herself could do it without numerous faults. Now, if this be granted, the great difficulty in believing natural selection to be the origin of species will be lessened. Great as is the difference between a newborn infant and a man of twenty, the one passes into the other by such imperceptible gradations that the boy of this Monday is hardly distinguishable from the boy of last Monday or of next Monday. We thus see that if we divide the growth of an individual man into one thousand stages the passage from one stage to the next is almost imperceptible. In the same way, if we subdivide the growth of a species into a thousand parts or a million parts, we shall have gradations quite comparable with those we meet with in the ordinary variation from one generation to the next.

Nor is it hard to see how the process of natural selection has gradually produced diverging branches from the parent stem. The variations which occur may be of use to the organism in various ways. Among the progeny of a single pair there may be two individuals, A and B, which are specially favoured; but they may be favoured in different ways. A may have some increased facility in catching his prey; B, by his peculiar colour, of greater activity, may have superior power of eluding his enemies. The descendants of A will gradually from one gene-

www.libtool.com.cn

ration to the next strengthen and reinforce the special feature which characterised A. The descendants of B will grow more and more adapted for eluding their enemies. The influence of natural selection is in both cases promoting the survival of the fittest, but each generation will see the cousins more and more widely separated. In no case indeed would the process be so simple as that here described—a multitude of circumstances will occur to complicate it; but enough has been said to show that in the great principle of natural selection we have a means of producing animals and plants which in the course of time will differ widely from other organisms from the same progenitors.

No one has ever seen a new species developed by natural selection; but this is because no one has ever lived long enough for that purpose. The circumstantial evidence in favour of natural selection is indeed so strong that no unprejudiced person can refuse to accept it. That evidence has of late years been poured out with a profusion which could hardly have been anticipated at the time when the 'Origin of Species' was published. Entombed within solid rocks we find fossil remains of the former inhabitants of our earth. There lies in these rocks a record of vast extent and of the most supreme interest, but that record is to a great extent screened from our view. Here and there fossils have been brought to light; but the greater part of the earth has never been examined, and we have as yet only the veriest fragments of the geological record before us. But these fragments of the record are of the most intense importance; they show us several of the links which connect one class of animals with another in the way the Darwinian theory suggests; and they encourage us to hope that, when the geological record shall have been fully explored, we shall have glimpses of a majestic panorama of the salient points in the history of life on our globe.

Mathematicians are long accustomed to the use of what is known as the infinitesimal calculus. It is indeed chiefly the infinitesimal calculus which has raised the science of mathematics to its present position, and which has given to that science a potent grasp over some of the inmost recesses of nature. Suppose, for instance, to take one of the most profound problems, we proceed to investigate on mathematical principles the movement of one of the planets. The sun, in the first place, attracts the planet, and in virtue of that attraction the planet would move in a certain path which could be determined with comparative ease. But the actual problem is by no means so simple. The planet is acted on by

other planets; its orbit is thus deflected slightly from the simple form it would otherwise have; and while the orbit preserves a general resemblance to the ellipse, it is in reality a path of the utmost complexity. But still the mathematician can follow the planet; he can point out with accuracy where the planet was at any ancient date; he can show where it will be at any future date. It is the infinitesimal calculus, the invention of Newton and Leibnitz, which enables this to be done. By this most subtle and exquisite contrivance we attack the problem in detail. It is comparatively easy to find out the direction in which the planet is moving at any instant, as well as its velocity. This will enable us to ascertain where it will be in the next moment of time. We are then in the same condition as before, and we can repeat the operation and carry on this process as long as we like, and thus discover where the planet will be at any future date. The success of the process consists in attacking the question in detail. Is there not in this a striking analogy to the great principle of Darwin? In each case great effects are produced by the constant addition of innumerable small tendencies, all in the same direction. As the infinitesimal calculus of Newton has led us to a wonderful knowledge of the physical laws which regulate the universe, so the infinitesimal calculus of Darwin has afforded the solution of the profound problem presented by organic life.

It must have been with a glimpse of prophetic insight that Cuvier exclaimed, 'Shall not natural history some day have its Newton?' At the very time these words were uttered the Newton of natural history had been born, and his immortal work has just been closed.

ROBERT S. BALL.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

Vox Clamantis.

WHAT secret saddens through the wind to-night,
Dying on every weary drift of rain,
And wrestling into utterance again
Among the aspens touched with elfin light,
Or blown to sudden silver by the flight
Of gusts that grieve and wander by? What pain
Compels these homeless voices to complain
Across the darkness over wold and height?
Surely some dumb thing yearns within the sound,
Its monotone some baffled message fills:
Hark! Now it hushes down among the hills,
Now sweeps lamenting towards the lower ground,
Where, on the marish-pools that shine around,
The climbing moon her phantom lustre spills.

W. A. SIM.

The Foundering of the 'Fortuna.'

www.dbooks.com.cn

I.

I AM going to spin you the yarn of the foundering of the 'Fortuna' exactly as an old lake captain on a Huron steamer once span it for me by Great Manitoulin Island. It is a strange and a weird story; and if I can't give you the dialect in which he told it, you must forgive an English tongue its native accent for the sake of the curious Yankee tale that underlies it.

Captain Montague Beresford Pierpoint was hardly the sort of man you would have expected to find behind the counter of a small shanty bank at Aylmer's Pike, Colorado. There was an engaging English frankness, an obvious honesty and refinement of manner about him, which suited very oddly with the rough habits and rougher western speech of the mining population in whose midst he lived. And yet, Captain Pierpoint had succeeded in gaining the confidence and respect of those strange outcasts of civilisation by some indescribable charm of address and some invisible talisman of quiet good-fellowship, which caused him to be more universally believed in than any other man whatsoever at Aylmer's Pike. Indeed, to say so much is rather to underrate the uniqueness of his position; for it might, perhaps, be truer to say that Captain Pierpoint was the only man in the place in whom anyone believed at all in any way. He was an honest-spoken, quiet, unobtrusive sort of man, who walked about fearlessly without a revolver, and never gambled either in mining shares or at poker; so that, to the simple-minded, unsophisticated rogues and vagabonds of Aylmer's Pike, he seemed the very incarnation of incorruptible commercial honour. They would have trusted all their earnings and winnings without hesitation to Captain Pierpoint's bare word; and when they did so, they knew that Captain Pierpoint always had the money forthcoming, on demand, without a moment's delay or a single prevarication.

Captain Pierpoint walked very straight and erect, as becomes a man of conspicuous uprightness; and there was a certain tinge of military bearing in his manner which seemed at first sight sufficiently to justify his popular title. But he himself made no

false pretences upon that head; he freely acknowledged that he had acquired the position of captain, not in her Britannic Majesty's Guards, as the gossip of Aylmer's Pike sometimes asserted, but in the course of his earlier professional engagements as skipper of a Lake Superior grain-vessel. Though he hinted at times that he was by no means distantly connected with the three distinguished families whose names he bore, he did not attempt to exalt his rank or birth unduly, admitting that he was only a Canadian sailor by trade, thrown by a series of singular circumstances into the position of a Colorado banker. The one thing he really understood, he would tell his mining friends, was the grain-trade on the upper lakes; for finance he had but a single recommendation, and that was that if people trusted him he could never deceive them.

www.libtool.com.cn

If any man had set up a bank at Aylmer's Pike with an iron strong-room, a lot of electric bells, and an obtrusive display of fire-arms and weapons, it is tolerably certain that that bank would have been promptly robbed and gutted within its first week of existence by open violence. Five or six of the boys would have banded themselves together into a body of housebreakers, and would have shot down the banker and burst into his strong-room, without thought of the electric bells or other feeble resources of civilisation to that end appointed. But when a quiet, unobtrusive, brave man, like Captain Montague Pierpoint, settled himself in a shanty in their midst, and won their confidence by his straightforward honesty, scarcely a miner in the lot would ever have dreamt of attempting to rob him. Captain Pierpoint had not come to Aylmer's Pike at first with any settled idea of making himself the financier of the rough little community; he intended to dig on his own account, and the rôle of banker was only slowly thrust upon him by the unanimous voice of the whole diggings. He had begun by lending men money out of his own pocket—men who were unlucky in their claims, men who had lost everything at monte, men who had come penniless to the Pike, and expected to find silver growing freely and openly on the surface. He had lent to them in a friendly way, without interest, and had been forced to accept a small present, in addition to the sum advanced, when the tide began to turn, and luck at last led the penniless ones to a remunerative placer or pocket. Gradually the diggers got into the habit of regarding this as Captain Pierpoint's natural function, and Captain Pierpoint, being himself but an indifferent digger, acquiesced so readily that at last, yielding to

the persuasion of his clients, he put up a wooden counter, and painted over his rough door the magnificent notice, 'Aylmer's Pike Bank: Montague Pierpoint, Manager.' He got a large iron safe from Carson City, and in that safe, which stood by his own bedside, all the silver and other securities of the whole village were duly deposited. 'Any one of the boys could easily shoot me and open that safe any night,' Captain Pierpoint used to say pleasantly; 'but if he did, by George! he'd have to reckon afterwards with every man on the Pike; and I should be sorry to stand in his shoes—that I would, any time.' Indeed, the entire Pike looked upon Captain Pierpoint's safe as 'Our Bank;' and, united in a single front by that simple social contract, they agreed to respect the safe as a sacred object, protected by the collective guarantee of three hundred mutually suspicious revolver-bearing outcasts.

www.libtool.com.cn

However, even at Aylmer's Pike, there were degrees and stages of comparative unscrupulousness. Two men, new-comers to the Pike, by name Hiram Coffin and Pete Morris, at last wickedly and feloniously conspired together to rob Captain Pierpoint's bank. Their plan was simplicity itself. They would go at midnight, very quietly, to the Captain's house, cut his throat as he slept, rob the precious safe, and ride off straight for the east, thus getting a clear night's start of any possible pursuer. It was an easy enough thing to do; and they were really surprised in their own minds that nobody else had ever been cute enough to seize upon such an obvious and excellent path to wealth and security.

The day before the night the two burglars had fixed upon for their enterprise, Captain Pierpoint himself appeared to be in unusual spirits. Pete Morris called in at the bank during the course of the morning, to reconnoitre the premises, under pretence of paying in a few dollars' worth of silver, and he found the Captain very lively indeed. When Pete handed him the silver across the counter, the Captain weighed it with a smile, gave a receipt for the amount—he always gave receipts as a matter of form—and actually invited Pete into the little back room, which was at once kitchen, bedroom, and parlour, to have a drink. Then, before Pete's very eyes, he opened the safe, bursting with papers, and placed the silver in a bag on a shelf by itself, sticking the key into his waistcoat pocket. 'He is delivering himself up into our hands,' thought Pete to himself, as the Captain poured out two glasses of old Bourbon, and handed one to the miner opposite.

'Here's success to all our enterprises!' cried the Captain gaily. 'Here's success, pard!' Pete answered, with a sinister look, which even the Captain could not help noting in a sidelong fashion.

That night, about two o'clock, when all Aylmer's Pike was quietly dreaming its own sordid, drunken dreams, two sober men rose up from their cabin and stole out softly to the wooden bank house. Two horses were ready saddled with Mexican saddle-bags, and tied to a tree outside the digging, and in half an hour Pete and Hiram hoped to find themselves in full possession of all Captain Pierpoint's securities, and well on their road towards the nearest station of the Pacific Railway. They groped along to the door of the bank shanty, and began fumbling with their wire picks at the rough lock. After a moment's exploration of the wards, Pete Morris drew back in surprise.

'Pard,' he murmured in a low whisper, 'here's suthin' rather extraordinary; this 'ere lock's not fastened.'

They turned the handle gently, and found that the door opened without an effort. Both men looked at one another in the dim light incredulously. Was there ever such a simple, trustful fool as that fellow Pierpoint! He actually slept in the bank shanty with his outer door unfastened!

The two robbers passed through the outer room and into the little back bedroom-parlour. Hiram held the dark lantern, and turned it full on to the bed. To their immense astonishment they found it empty.

Their first impulse was to suppose that the Captain had somehow anticipated their coming, and had gone out to rouse the boys. For a moment they almost contemplated running away, without the money. But a second glance reassured them; the bed had not been slept in. The Captain was a man of very regular habits. He made his bed in civilised fashion every morning after breakfast, and he retired every evening at a little after eleven. Where he could be stopping so late they couldn't imagine. But they hadn't come there to make a study of the Captain's personal habits, and, as he was away, the best thing they could do was to open the safe immediately, before he came back. They weren't particular about murder, Pete and Hiram; still, if you *could* do your robbery without bloodshed, it was certainly all the better to do it so.

Hiram held the lantern, carefully shaded by his hand, towards the door of the safe. Pete looked cautiously at the lock, and began pushing it about with his wire pick; he had hoped to get

the key out of Captain Pierpoint's pocket, but as that easy scheme was so unexpectedly foiled, he trusted to his skill in picking to force the lock open. Once more a fresh surprise awaited him. The door opened almost of its own accord! Pete looked at Hiram, and Hiram looked at Pete. There was no mistaking the strange fact that met their gaze—the safe was empty!

'What on airth do you suppose is the meaning of this, Pete?' Hiram whispered hoarsely. But Pete did not whisper; the whole truth flashed upon him in a moment, and he answered aloud, with a string of oaths, 'The Cap'n has gone and made tracks hisself for Madison Depôt. And he's taken every red cent in the safe along with him, too! the mean, low, dirty scoundrel! He's taken even my silver that he give me a receipt for this very morning!'

Hiram stared at Pete in blank amazement. That such base treachery could exist on earth almost surpassed his powers of comprehension; he could understand that a man should rob and murder, simply and naturally, as he was prepared to do, out of pure, guileless depravity of heart, but that a man should plan and plot for a couple of years to impose upon the simplicity of a dishonest community by a consistent show of respectability, with the ultimate object of stealing its whole wealth at one fell swoop, was scarcely within the limits of his narrow intelligence. He stared blankly at the empty safe, and whispered once more to Pete in a timid undertone, 'Perhaps he's got wind of this, and took off the plate to somebody else's hut. If the boys was to come and catch us here, it 'ud be derned awkward for you an' me, Pete.' But Pete answered gruffly and loudly, 'Never you mind about the plate, pard. The Cap'n's gone, and the plate's gone with him; and what we've got to do now is to rouse the boys and ride after him like greased lightnin'. The mean swindler, to go and swindle me out of the silver that I've been and dug out of that there claim yonder with my own pick!' For the sense of personal injustice to oneself rises perennially in the human breast, however depraved, and the man who would murder another without a scruple is always genuinely aghast with just indignation when he finds the counsel for the prosecution pressing a point against him with what seems to him unfair persistency.

Pete flung his lock-pick out among the agave scrub that faced the bank shanty and ran out wildly into the midst of the dusty white road that led down the row of huts which the people of Aylmer's Pike euphemistically described as the Main Street. There he raised such an unearthly whoop as roused the sleepers in the

nearest huts to turn over in their beds and listen in wonder, with a vague idea that 'the Injuns' were coming down on a scalping-trail upon the diggings. Next, he hurried down the street, beating heavily with his fist on every frame door, and kicking hard at the log walls of the successive shanties. In a few minutes the whole Pike was out and alive. Unwholesome-looking men, in unwashed flannel shirts and loose trousers, mostly barefooted in their haste, came forth to inquire, with an unnecessary wealth of expletives, what the something was stirring. Pete, breathless and wrathful in the midst, livid with rage and disappointment, could only shriek aloud, 'Cap'n Pierpoint has cleared out of camp, and taken all the plate with him!' There was at first an incredulous shouting and crying; then a general stampede towards the bank shanty; and, finally, as the truth became apparent to everybody, a deep and angry howl for vengeance on the traitor. In one moment Captain Pierpoint's smooth-faced villany dawned as clear as day to all Aylmer's Pike; and the whole chorus of gamblers, rascals, and blacklegs stood awe-struck with horror and indignation at the more plausible rogue who had succeeded in swindling even them. The clean-washed, white-shirted, fair-spoken villain! they would have his blood for this, if the United States Marshal had every mother's son of them strung up in a row for it after the pesky business was once fairly over.

Nobody inquired how Pete and Hiram came by the news. Nobody asked how they had happened to notice that the shanty was empty and the safe rifled. All they thought of was how to catch and punish the public robber. He must have made for the nearest depôt, Madison Clearing, on the Union Pacific Line, and he would take the first cars east for St. Louis—that was certain. Every horse in the Pike was promptly requisitioned by the fastest riders, and a rough cavalcade, revolvers in hand, made down the gulch and across the plain, full tilt to Madison. But when, in the garish blaze of early morning, they reached the white wooden depôt in the valley and asked the ticket-clerk whether a man answering to their description had gone on by the east mail at 4.30, the ticket-clerk swore, in reply, that not a soul had left the depôt by any train either way that blessed night. Pete Morris proposed to hold a revolver to his head and force him to confess. But even that strong measure failed to induce a satisfactory retractation. By way of general precaution, two of the boys went on by the day train to St. Louis, but neither of them could hear anything of Captain Pierpoint. Indeed, as a matter of fact, the late manager

and present appropriator of the Aylmer's Pike Bank had simply turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, towards the further station at Cheyenne Gap, and had gone westward to San Francisco, intending to make his way back to New York *viâ* Panama and the Isthmus Railway.

When the boys really understood that they had been completely duped, they swore vengeance in solemn fashion, and they picked out two of themselves to carry out the oath in a regular assembly. Each contributed of his substance what he was able; and Pete and Hiram, being more stirred with righteous wrath than all the rest put together, were unanimously deputed to follow the Captain's tracks to San Francisco, and to have his life wherever and whenever they might chance to find him. Pete and Hiram accepted the task thrust upon them, *con amore*, and went forth zealously to hunt up the doomed life of Captain Montague Beresford Pierpoint.

II.

SOCIETY in Sarnia admitted that Captain Pierpoint was really quite an acquisition. An English gentleman by birth, well educated, and of pleasant manners, he had made a little money out west by mining, it was understood, and had now retired to the City of Sarnia, in the Province of Ontario and Dominion of Canada, to increase it by a quiet bit of speculative grain trading. He had been in the grain trade already, and people on the lake remembered him well; for Captain Pierpoint, in his honest, straightforward fashion, disdained the vulgar trickiness of an alias, and bore throughout the string of names which he had originally received from his godfathers and godmothers at his baptism. A thorough good fellow Captain Pierpoint had been at Aylmer's Pike; a perfect gentleman he was at Sarnia. As a matter of fact, indeed, the Captain was decently well-born, the son of an English country clergyman, educated at a respectable grammar school, and capable of being all things to all men in whatever station of life it might please Providence to place him. Society at Sarnia had no prejudice against the grain trade; if it had, the prejudice would have been distinctly self-regarding, for everybody in the little town did something in grain; and if Captain Pierpoint chose sometimes to navigate his own vessels, that was a fad which struck nobody as out of the way in an easy-going, money-getting, Canadian city.

Somehow or other, everything seemed to go wrong with Captain Pierpoint's cargoes. He was always losing a scow laden

with best fall wheat from Chicago for Buffalo; or running a lumber vessel ashore on the shoals of Lake Erie; or getting a four-master jammed in the ice packs on the St. Clair river: and though the insurance companies continually declared that Captain Pierpoint had got the better of them, the Captain himself was wont to complain that no insurance could ever possibly cover the losses he sustained by the carelessness of his subordinates or the constant perversity of wind and waters. He was obliged to take his own ships down, he would have it, because nobody else could take them safely for him; and though he met with quite as many accidents himself as many of his deputies did, he continued to convey his grain in person, hoping, as he said, that luck would turn some day, and that a good speculation would finally enable him honourably to retrieve his shattered fortunes.

www.libtool.com.cn

However this might be, it happened curiously enough that, in spite of all his losses, Captain Pierpoint seemed to grow richer and richer, visibly to the naked eye, with each reverse of his trading efforts. He took a handsome house, set up a carriage and pair, and made love to the prettiest and sweetest girl in all Sarnia. The prettiest and sweetest girl was not proof against Captain Pierpoint's suave tongue and handsome house; and she married him in very good faith, honestly believing in him, as a good woman will in a scoundrel, and clinging to him fervently with all her heart and soul. No happier and more loving pair in all Sarnia than Captain and Mrs. Pierpoint.

Some months after the marriage, Captain Pierpoint arranged to take down a scow or flat-bottomed boat, laden with grain, from Milwaukee for the Erie Canal. He took up the scow himself, and before he started for the voyage, it was a curious fact that he went in person down into the hold, bored eight large holes right through the bottom, and filled each up, as he drew out the auger, with a caulked plug made exactly to fit it, and hammered firmly into place with a wooden mallet. There was a ring in each plug, by which it could be pulled out again without much difficulty; and the whole eight were all placed along the gangway of the hold, where no cargo would lie on top of them. The scow's name was the 'Fortuna:' 'sit faustum omen et felix,' murmured Captain Pierpoint to himself; for among his other accomplishments he had not wholly neglected nor entirely forgotten the classical languages.

It took only two men and the skipper to navigate the scow; for lake craft towed by steam propellers are always very lightly

manned: and when Captain Pierpoint reached Milwaukee, where he was to take in cargo, he dismissed the two sailors who had come with him from Sarnia, and engaged two fresh hands at the harbour. Rough, miner-looking men they were, with very little of the sailor about them; but Captain Pierpoint's sharp eye soon told him they were the right sort of men for his purpose, and he engaged them on the spot, without a moment's hesitation. Pete and Hiram had had some difficulty in tracking him, for they never thought he would return to the lakes, but they had tracked him at last, and were ready now to take their revenge.

They had disguised themselves as well as they were able, and in their clumsy knavery they thought they had completely deceived the Captain. But almost from the moment the Captain saw them, he knew who they were, and he took his measures accordingly. 'Stupid louts,' he said to himself, with the fine contempt of an educated scoundrel for the unsophisticated natural ruffian: 'here's a fine chance of killing two birds with one stone!' And when the Captain said the word 'killing,' he said it in his own mind with a delicate sinister emphasis which meant business.

The scow was duly loaded, and with a heavy cargo of grain aboard, she proceeded to make her way slowly, by the aid of a tug, out of Milwaukee Harbour.

As soon as she was once clear of the wharf, and while the busy shipping of the great port still surrounded them on every side, Captain Pierpoint calmly drew his revolver, and took his stand beside the hatches. 'Pete and Hiram,' he said quietly to his two assistants, 'I want to have a little serious talk with you two before we go any further.'

If he had fired upon them outright instead of merely calling them by their own names, the two common conspirators could not have started more unfeignedly, or looked more unspeakably cowed, than they did at that moment. Their first impulse was to draw their own revolvers in return; but they saw in a second that the Captain was beforehand with them, and that they had better not try to shoot him before the very eyes of all Milwaukee.

'Now, boys,' the Captain went on steadily, with his finger on the trigger and his eye fixed straight on the men's faces, 'we three quite understand one another. I took your savings for reasons of my own; and you have shipped here to-day to murder me on the voyage. But I recognised you before I engaged you: and I have left word at Milwaukee that if anything happens to

me on this journey, you two have a grudge against me, and must be hanged for it. I've taken care that if this scow comes into any port along the lakes without me aboard, you two are to be promptly arrested.' (This was false, of course; but to Captain Pierpoint a small matter like that was a mere trifle.) 'And I've shipped myself along with you, just to show you I'm not afraid of you. But if either of you disobeys my orders in anything for one minute, I shoot at once, and no jury in Canada or the States will touch a hair of my head for doing it. I'm a respectable ship-owner and grain merchant, you're a pair of disreputable skulking miners, pretending to be sailors, and you've shipped aboard here on purpose to murder and rob me. If *you* shoot *me*, it's murder: if *I* shoot *you*, it's justifiable homicide. Now, boys, do you understand that?'

Pete looked at Hiram and was beginning to speak, when the Captain interrupted him in the calm tone of one having authority. 'Look here, Pete,' he said, drawing a chalk line amidships across the deck: 'you stand this side of that line, and you stand there, Hiram. Now, mind, if either of you chooses to step across that line or to confer with the other, I shoot you, whether it's here before all the eyes of Milwaukee, or alone in the middle of Huron. You must each take your own counsel, and do as you like for yourselves. But I've got a little plan of my own on, and if you choose willingly to help me in it, your fortune's made. Look at the thing squarely, boys, what's the use of your killing me? Sooner or later you'll get hung for it, and it's a very unpleasant thing, I can assure you, hanging.' As the Captain spoke, he placed his unoccupied hand loosely on his throat, and pressed it gently backward. Pete and Hiram shuddered a little as he did so. 'Well, what's the good of ending your lives that way, eh? But I'm doing a little speculative business on these lakes, where I want just such a couple of men as you two—men that'll do as they're told in a matter of business, and ask no squeamish questions. If you care to help me in this business, you can stop and make your fortunes; if you don't, you can go back to Milwaukee with the tug.'

'You speak fair enough,' said Pete, dubitatively; 'but you know, Cap'n, you ain't a man to be trusted. I owe you one already for stealing my silver.'

'Very little silver,' the Captain answered, with a wave of the hand and a graceful smile. 'Bonds, United States bonds and greenbacks most of it, converted beforehand for easier conveyance

by horseback. These, however, are business details which needn't stand in the way between you and me, partner. I always was straightforward in all my dealings, and I'll come to the point at once, so that you can know whether you'll help me or not. This scow's plugged at bottom. My intention is, first, to part the rope that ties us to the tug; next, to transfer the cargo by night to a small shanty I've got on Manitoulin Island; and then to pull the plugs and sink the scow on Manitoulin rocks. That way I get insurance for the cargo and scow, and carry on the grain in the slack season. If you consent to help me unload, and sink the ship, you shall have half profits between you; if you don't, you can go back to Milwaukee like a couple of fools, and I'll put into port again to get a couple of pluckier fellows. Answer each for yourselves. Hiram, will you go with me?'

'How shall I know you'll keep your promise?' asked Hiram.

'For the best of all possible reasons,' replied the Captain, jauntily; 'because, if I don't, you can inform upon me to the insurance people.'

In Hiram Coffin's sordid soul there was a moment's turning over of the chances; and then greed prevailed over revenge, and he said, grudgingly—

'Well, Cap'n, I'll go with you.'

The Captain smiled the smile of calm self-approbation, and turned half round to Pete.

'And you?' he asked.

'If Hiram goes, I go too,' Pete answered, half hoping that some chance might occur for conferring with his neighbour on the road, and following out their original conspiracy. But Captain Pierpoint had been too much for him: he had followed the excellent rule 'divide et impera,' and he remained clearly master of the situation.

As soon as they were well outside Milwaukee Harbour, the tug dragged them into the open lake, all unconscious of the strange scene that had passed on the deck so close to it; and the oddly mated crew made its way, practically alone, down the busy waters of Lake Michigan.

Captain Pierpoint certainly didn't spend a comfortable time during his voyage down the lake, or through the Straits of Mackinaw. To say the truth, he could hardly sleep at all, and he was very fagged and weary when they arrived at Manitoulin Island. But Pete and Hiram, though they had many chances of talking together, could not see their way to kill him in safety;

and Hiram at least, in his own mind, had come to the conclusion that it was better to make a little money than to risk one's neck for a foolish revenge. So in the dead of night, on the second day out, when a rough wind had risen from the north, and a fog had come over them, the Captain quietly began to cut away at the rope that tied them to the tug. He cut the rope all round, leaving a sound core in the centre; and when the next gust of wind came, the rope strained and parted quite naturally, so that the people on the tug never suspected the genuineness of the transaction. They looked about in the fog and storm for the scow, but of course they couldn't find her, for Captain Pierpoint, who knew his ground well, had driven her straight ashore before the wind and beached her on a small shelving cove on Manitoulin Island. There they found five men waiting for them, who helped unload the cargo with startling rapidity, for it was all arranged in sacks, not in bulk, and a high slide fixed on the gangway enabled them to slip it quickly down into an underground granary excavated below the level of the beach. After unloading, they made their way down before the breeze towards the jagged rocks of Manitoulin.

It was eleven o'clock on a stormy moonlight night when the 'Fortuna' arrived off the jutting point of the great island. A 'black squall,' as they call it on the lakes, was blowing down from the Sault Ste. Marie. The scow drove about aimlessly, under very little canvas, and the boat was ready to be lowered, 'in case,' the Captain said humorously, 'of any accident.' Close to the end of the point the Captain ordered Pete and Hiram down into the hold. He had shown them beforehand the way to draw the plugs, and had explained that the water would rise very slowly, and they would have plenty of time to get up the companion-ladder long before there was a foot deep of water in the hold. At the last moment Pete hung back a little. The Captain took him quietly by the shoulders, and, without an oath (an omission which told eloquently on Pete) thrust him down the ladder, and told him in his calmest manner to do his duty. Hiram held the light in his hand, and both went down together into the black abyss. There was no time to be lost; they were well off the point, and in another moment the wreck would have lost all show of reasonable probability.

As the two miners went down into the hold, Captain Pierpoint drew quietly from his pocket a large hammer and a packet of five-inch nails. They were good stout nails, and would resist a

considerable pressure. He looked carefully down into the hold, and saw the two men draw the first plug. One after another he watched them till the fourth was drawn, and then he turned away, and took one of the nails firmly between his thumb and forefinger.

www.libtool.com.cn

Next week everybody at Sarnia was grieved to hear that another of Captain Pierpoint's vessels had gone down off Manitoulin Point in that dreadful black squall on Thursday evening. Both the sailors on board had been drowned, but the Captain himself had managed to make good his escape in the jolly boat. He would be a heavy loser, it was understood, on the value of the cargo, for insurance never covers the loss of grain. Still, it was a fortunate thing that such a delightful man as the Captain had not perished in the foundering of the 'Fortuna.'

III.

SOMEHOW, after that wreck, Captain Pierpoint never cared for the water again. His nerves were shattered, he said, and he couldn't stand danger as he used to do when he was younger and stronger. So he went on the lake no more, and confined his attention more strictly to the 'futures' business. He was a thriving and prosperous person, in spite of his losses; and the underwriters had begun to look a little askance at his insurances even before this late foundering case. Some whispered ominously in underwriting circles that they had their doubts about the 'Fortuna.'

One summer, a few years later, the water on Lake Huron sank lower than it had ever been known to sink before. It was a very dry season in the back country, and the rivers brought down very diminished streams into the great basins. Foot by foot, the level of the lake fell slowly, till many of the wharves were left high and dry, and the vessels could only come alongside in very few deep places. Captain Pierpoint had suffered much from sleeplessness, combined with Canadian ague, for some years past, but this particular summer his mind was very evidently much troubled. For some unaccountable reason, he watched the falling of the river with the intensest anxiety, and after it had passed a certain point, his interest in the question became painfully keen. Though the fever and the ague gained upon him from day to day, and his doctor counselled perfect quiet, he was perpetually consulting charts, and making measurements of the configuration which the coast had now reached, especially at the upper end of

Lake Huron. At last, his mind seemed almost to give way, and weak and feverish as he was, he insisted, the first time for many seasons, that he must take a trip upon the water. Remonstrance was quite useless; he would go on the lake again, he said, if it killed him. So he hired one of the little steam pleasure yachts which are always to let in numbers at Detroit, and started with his wife and her brother, a young surgeon, for a month's cruise into Lake Superior.

www.libtool.com.cn

As the yacht neared Manitoulin Island, Captain Pierpoint insisted upon being brought up on deck in a chair—he was too ill to stand—and swept all the coast with his binocular. Close to the point, a flat-topped object lay mouldering in the sun, half out of water, on the shoals by the bank. 'What is it, Ernest?' asked the Captain, trembling, of his brother-in-law.

'A wreck, I should say,' the brother-in-law answered, carelessly. 'By Jove, now I look at it with the glass, I can read the name, "Fortuna, Sarnia."'

Captain Pierpoint seized the glass with a shaking hand, and read the name on the stern, himself, in a dazed fashion. 'Take me down stairs,' he said feebly, 'and let me die quietly; and for heaven's sake, Ernest, never let *her* know about it all.'

They took him down stairs into the little cabin, and gave him quinine; but he called for brandy. They let him have it, and he drank a glassful. Then he lay down, and the shivering seized him; and with his wife's hand in his, he died that night in raving delirium, about eleven. A black squall was blowing down from the Sault Ste. Marie; and they lay at anchor out in the lake, tossing and pitching, opposite the green mouldering hull of the 'Fortuna.'

They took him back and buried him at Sarnia; and all the world went to attend his funeral, as of a man who died justly respected for his wealth and other socially admired qualities. But the brother-in-law knew there was a mystery somewhere in the wreck of the 'Fortuna;' and as soon as the funeral was over, he went back with the yacht, and took its skipper with him to examine the stranded vessel. When they came to look at the bottom, they found eight holes in it. Six of them were wide open; one was still plugged, and the remaining one had the plug pulled half out, inward, as if the persons who were pulling it had abandoned the attempt for fear of the rising water. That was bad enough, and they did not wonder that Captain Pierpoint had shrunk in horror from the revealing of the secret of the 'Fortuna.'

But when they scrambled on the deck, they discovered another fact which gave a more terrible meaning to the dead man's tragedy. The covering of the hatchway by the companion ladder was battened down, and nailed from the side with five-inch nails. The skipper loosened the rusty iron with his knife, and after a while they lifted the lid off, and descended carefully into the empty hold below. As they suspected, there was no damaged grain in it; but at the foot of the companion ladder, left behind by the retreating water, two half-cleaned skeletons in sailor clothes lay huddled together loosely on the floor. That was all that remained of Pete and Hiram. Evidently the Captain had nailed the hatch down on top of them, and left them there terror-stricken to drown as the water rushed in and rose around them.

www.libtool.com.cn

For a while the skipper and the brother-in-law kept the dead man's secret; but they did not try to destroy or conceal the proofs of his guilt, and in time others visited the wreck, till, bit by bit, the horrible story leaked out in its entirety. Nowadays, as you pass the Great Manitoulin Island, every sailor on the lake route is ready to tell you this strange and ghastly yarn of the foundering of the 'Fortuna.'

J. Arbuthnot Wilson.

www.libtool.com.cn

'*Sir Hilary's Prayer.*'

To the Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Having observed in one of your early issues an article suggesting a different answer to the celebrated enigma 'Sir Hilary' from that usually accepted—*i.e.* 'Good-night'—I wrote, in order to set the doubt at rest, to the Princess Mele Barese, *née* Praed, of Naples, a daughter of the poet Winthrop Mackworth Praed, believing that she would be able to speak with full knowledge on the subject.

Her reply to my inquiry is as follows:—

'As to my dear father's charade "Sir Hilary," there is not the smallest question that the answer is "Good-night"—an unsatisfactory answer, as he himself felt, but that that was the word in his mind when he wrote the charade there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.'

If you think this assurance would interest your readers you are at liberty to make any use you please of this communication.

Yours, &c.

LYDIA E. BECKER.

August 3, 1883.

www.libtool.com.cn

At the Docks: an appeal.

IN the August number of this Magazine an article was published under the above title, giving an account of the useful work that was being carried on by a benevolent and self-sacrificing body of Sisters of Charity in supplying good, wholesome food to the dock labourers at reasonable prices. The writer of the article showed what an inestimable boon is conferred on these poor fellows by the work of these ladies, and expressed a hope that it might be extended in the coming winter. So much interest has been aroused in the matter by this article that the Editor has commissioned the sisters to make the necessary arrangements for starting another truck similar to the 'Don' on November 1. A sufficient sum of money has been guaranteed to start the concern, and the Editor appeals with confidence to the subscribers to this Magazine for sufficient funds to carry it on permanently. The new truck will be christened the 'Donna.' All subscriptions will be acknowledged, and all moneys received accounted for, in the Magazine. The smallest sums will be thankfully received, and should be sent to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,
39, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.

The following extract from the article above referred to describes the portion of the whole work which the 'Donna' will be devoted to supplementing:—

'Our work is not over when the labourers have been supplied with food; there are others who have a still greater claim on our compassion—the unhired who crowd around the dock gates in hopes of a job. What a sight that is! Should a happy wind blow some stray ship into port, so that a fresh gang of men are wanted, the 'calling foreman' makes his appearance—that is, his head and arms are visible. He does not trust himself among the surging, struggling mass of men who rush forward, but keeps behind a high spiked door leading into St. Katharine's Docks, and from this stronghold makes his selection, giving tickets which entitle the receivers to a shilling's worth or so of hard labour.

The saddest sight of the whole day is the desperate struggle and scramble

which takes place the moment it appears probable that there is a little employment to be had. A hundred or more sometimes rush to each hiring-place, although they know that only six or eight will be hired. What pushing and scrambling there is for the first place! What leaping into the air, climbing upon shoulders, waving of hands, and passionate entreaties to be 'taken on'! All are shouting out something. One urges that he is an old 'hand,' and used to the ways of the place; another that he has not yet got inside the dock, and ought to have a turn. Many claim acquaintance with the foreman, and address him affectionately by name. Some force a smile to gain his attention, but most faces are upturned with a piteous expression of hopelessness and failure. And as so often happens in this world so it is now—the weakest goes to the wall.

Are these poor men, anxious to work, to be left uncared for in their hunger and cold? The answer was partly made by the captain of a sailing vessel, who collected among his crew enough to buy and fit up a convenient hand-truck named after his ship, the 'Don.' The police found standing-ground for it on Tower Hill, close by the spot where numbers of out-of-work men take up their quarters. The sisters undertook to cook the food at their restaurant, which was to supply a hot and sustaining meal at a nominal price, and they devised a nourishing soup and pudding, either of which could be dispensed in large and liberal portions for the sum of one halfpenny.

Who was to sell? was the next question. There were hundreds eager to secure the post, but only on condition that a sister accompanied them. 'We ain't going alone among that low, wild lot, not we,' they said. 'Why, what 'count 'ud they make o' the like of us? Likely as not they'll git mad at the sight of the grub, and steal the food and smash the crocks. But we'll be glad enough of the job if one of the sisters 'ull go too.'

And so every day a sister and her helpers accompany the 'Don' to the foot of Tower Hill. The corner allotted to them is both damp and draughty, and the poor fellows whom they wished to serve seemed unable at first to believe that persons could be found willing to stand there by the hour, in wet and frost, and snow, and biting winds. The 'Don' made its first appearance in summer, and when autumn came daily did the men express their hope that the friendly cart would not desert them at the worst pinch. 'Will you be here in the winter, ma'am?' said one man. 'That's when we'll want you most.' There was a chorus in answer from three or four. 'Yes, in coorse she will! No more starvation now on Tower Hill! will be our cry.' But others were heard to say despairingly, 'No, she'll never do it. It'll be that keen and bitter, standing with the truck, that she'll be forced to give in, and then whatever will become of us *we* don't know.'

It is needless to say that all through last winter the 'Don' was to be found at its post, and still makes its daily journey to Tower Hill. Its popularity is largely owing to the fact that the sisters 'make up ha'porths;' and great surprise was at first shown at the ladles-full of soup and liberal helps of pudding which could be bought for one halfpenny. Indeed, on the first wholly unexpected appearance of the truck it was looked on with some suspicion. Of what use was it to the ragged, hungry men who had no money to buy food? But the halfpenny system has changed their views; torn pockets are searched, and many stray pence, which formerly were spent at the public-house, are now invested in good food.

After a few days there was quite a rush to the spot when the little cart appeared, and the poor unhired showed that they were determined to keep it to

themselves. One day a respectable working man about to buy his dinner at the 'Don' was warned off instantly. 'Now you be off. This here truck's for us pore unemployed, and not for the likes of you, as can afford to buy a good dinner.' Their bitter disappointment is almost tragic when occasionally supplies have fallen short of the demand. 'Oh, sister,' they say, 'do bring more another day! We can't go without our dinner to-morrow as well. It'll never do if you won't bring us enough.'

On one such occasion a poor fellow was heard thus consoling himself: 'Well, I had a good dinner last week, and that did me for several days. The ALMIGHTY *was* good to make us men such a good bit of machinery that we can go without grub for days together. Now, a hoss, yer see, soon drops down if it's kept short of food.' Another philosopher perforce observed that it was wonderful how long a man could keep himself alive if he drank plenty of cold water. The men will sometimes treat those who cannot produce even a halfpenny to a basin of soup, and share their portion of food with a penniless lad. It is no uncommon occurrence for poor men in the neighbourhood to stop the little bare-footed children who linger about the soup truck, and after a whispered inquiry as to whether they are hungry to give them a halfpenny, with directions what to ask for when they present themselves as customers. One boy asked if a farthing's worth of pudding could be bought, and another without even this smallest coin watched all day by the 'Don' in hopes of coming in for scraps, thinking himself richly rewarded by receiving the turnings-out of the soup cans.

It is already becoming difficult to meet the demand for food, brought hot and well cooked within reach of the hungry. Yet it is hoped that another truck may be started on a neighbouring living-ground. 'There,' we are told by the promoter of the plan, 'may be found the same haggard faces and lantern jaws, the same attenuated frames, the same desperate struggle for bare existence, the same patient, unmurmuring endurance, and, to sum up all, the same need for the interposition of gentle pity. One short winter's day spent at the foot of Tower Hill would go far, we feel sure, to persuade anyone of the cruel need that at present exists for such a work of necessity and mercy as the "Don" represents.' There would be no fear of the supplies running short either this or any succeeding winter if but a few from the West End could witness the daily scene round that food truck.

It need hardly be said that the food supplied to the unhired cannot be sold at remunerative prices, as it is in the workmen's restaurants under the same management. But the latter are the cooking quarters from which all is sent out, with an economy which could not otherwise be attained.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

Original & Only Genuine. CHLORODYNE

COUGHS,
COLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.

www.libtool.com.cn

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. — Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne *must be false.*

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

IS THE
GREAT SPECIFIC FOR
CHOLERA, DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA.

The GENERAL BOARD of HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient.
Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME of DIARRHŒA."

From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Medical Hall, Simla.—*January* 5, 1880.
To J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

DEAR SIR,—We embrace this opportunity of congratulating you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself, not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, & judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & CO., *Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.*

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in
NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER,
TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of
EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC,
PALPITATION,
HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.
The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS.
N.B.—EVERY BOTTLE OF GENUINE CHLORODYNE BEARS on the GOVERNMENT STAMP the NAME of the INVENTOR,

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.
SOLD IN BOTTLES, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., & 4s. 6d., by all Chemists.
SOLE MANUFACTURER,
J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W.C.

FOR A HUNDRED EXCELLENT AND PALATABLE

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Write to Messrs. GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS, enclosing a penny stamp for postage, when you will be presented with a valuable book of 100 pages, bound in cloth and fully illustrated, called

'GOOD THINGS,'

MADE, SAID, AND DONE, FOR EVERY HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

'The book embraces a wide field of usefulness.'—BRITISH WORKMAN.

'Can scarcely fail to prove of service.'—THE ROCK.

PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

Fry's Cocoa Extract

GUARANTEED PURE

'Strictly pure, easily assimilated.'—W. W. STODDART, F.I.C., F.C.S., *City and County Analyst, Bristol.*

'Pure Cocoa, a portion of oil extracted.'—CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., *Analyst for Dublin.*

VIEW OF MANUFACTORY, BRISTOL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA

Prepared with the celebrated Cocoa of Caracas combined with other choice descriptions.

'A most delicious and valuable article.' STANDARD.

SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS Awarded to the Firm.

'Our country's industries are our country's greatness.' *The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

VICTORIA ALL-WOOL CASHMERES & MERINOS.

THESE HOME MANUFACTURED ALL-WOOL CASHMERES AND MERINOS

Have been Awarded the Silver Medal by foreign jurors in a foreign country. (Amsterdam Exhibition, 1883.) This should convince all Ladies that these Cashmeres and Merinos are equal to foreign manufactured goods. Send for Patterns, which will be SENT FREE. NO INTERMEDIATE PROFITS.

Address, BRITISH DRESS CO., BRADFORD.

FOR COUGHS. FOR COLDS.

HOGE'S HOREHOUND HONEY

FOR SORE THROATS. FOR SORE LUNGS.

'I consider your Horehound Honey the most wonderful remedy I have ever tried, possessing properties which are nothing short of marvellous for cure of sore throat and coughs. 'MARIE ROZE.'

'Your Honey is delicious.—Yours truly, 'ELLEN TERRY.'

Relief Guaranteed. Put up in 1s. 1½d. Bottles.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining it in your neighbourhood, Messrs. W. M. HOGE & CO., 64 King William Street, London, E.C., will post a Bottle to any address upon receipt of price.

Highest Awards at International Exhibitions.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS,

For SALE, or HIRE, and on the 3 YEARS' SYSTEM.

PRICES FROM 35 TO 350 GUINEAS.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE.

Every Piano Guaranteed for Five Years.

Sold by all the Principal Musicsellers.

18, 20, & 22 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W., AND THE Brinsmead Works,' Kentish Town, N.W.

BEETHAM'S GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER FOR THE SKIN

RENDERS THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE.

ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, CHILBLAINS, &c.

And Preserves the Skin from all the ill effects of Frost, Cold Winds, Hard Water, &c.

It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced, and no lady should be without it for autumn and winter use. After visiting the ball-room or other heated apartment it will be found delightfully refreshing and invigorating.

For the NURSERY it is INVALUABLE as, being perfectly Harmless, it may be used to the tenderest Infant. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers.

www.libtool.com.cn

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

No. XIV] Contents [December 1883

	PAGE
Jack's Courtship: a Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck. Chapters V.–VII. By W. Clark Russell	113
Alphabetical Rhymes By Edmund Gurney	151
The Mole at Home By the Rev. J. G. Wood	156
Notes of an Old Paris Playgoer By Charles Hervey	172
In Memoriam—Dutton Cook By John Fred Boyes	179
The Modern Nebuchadnezzar By A. H. A. Hamilton	188
Ballade of His Own Country By A. Lang	202
Liszt By the Rev. H. R. Haweis	203
At the Docks: an Appeal	224

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

PRICE SIXPENCE

SAD BUT TRUE.

THE HISTORY OF MANKIND CONVINCES US

that disasters are in reality stepping stones for higher progress. To prevent disastrous diseases from poisoned blood use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. No one can have a simpler and more efficient remedy. By its use the poison is thrown off, and the blood restored to its healthy condition by natural means. I used my FRUIT SALT freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO.

www.libtool.com.cn

FROM ENGLAND TO THE HOT SPRINGS IN ICELAND.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.—'Having come out here on business and pleasure several days ago, and having had a very severe and protracted passage from England, whereby the whole of us were prostrated by sea-sickness in its most severe form, and after being here a few days we set out to visit the Hot Springs, and on our return hence the reaction of the sea-sickness, combined with the change of living, began to tell upon us. We were troubled with flatulency, biliousness, nausea, and a giddiness which rendered us rather miserable, and one of our party being provided with pills we took several, but without any result. Strolling through the small town one of us happened accidentally to see a bottle of "Eno's Fruit Salt" in the window of a store, and we immediately went and purchased it. We can assure you that this seemed an unexpected blessing, for we knew its good qualities well enough to know that we had a medicine which at least we could rely upon for setting us up again. We have had two doses before breakfast yesterday and to-day, and the effect is really wonderful. All traces of headache, biliousness, &c., have passed away, and we are in first-class spirits, and able to appreciate and see with pleasure the wonderful vagaries of nature in this district. We can unhesitatingly recommend your preparation to all who may be similarly afflicted, and trust that it may meet with a still wider sale as its good and excellent qualities fully entitle it.—TRUTH. Reykjavik, Iceland, Oct. 19th, 1883.—Mr. ENO, London.'

CAIRO—EGYPT.

CAIRO.—'Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have, on three separate occasions, been attacked by fever, from which, on the first occasion, I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed, in a remarkably short space of time, by the use of your valuable FRUIT SALT, to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—CORPORAL, 19th Hussars. Cairo, May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO.'

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

A GENTLEMAN states:—'In cases of bilious headaches, followed by severe attacks of fever, ENO'S FRUIT SALT has acted like a charm, when all other treatment failed. The day is not far distant when the neglect of its use in all fevers and diseases resulting from poisoned blood will be considered criminal.' See 'Stomach and its Trials,' 10th edition, post free, 14 stamps. 'I am very much pleased with your FRUIT SALT. I have fully proved its great efficacy by its having entirely cured me of indigestion.—T. WOOD, Jun., Tudor Road, Canterbury.'

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.—'We, the undersigned, have for the last four years used your FRUIT SALT during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with Fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of FRUIT SALT had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, the undersigned have used the FRUIT SALT two and three times a day in the following manner and proportions. At daybreak two teaspoonfuls mixed with the juice of a raw lime, and a little sugar, in a tumbler of water, shortly afterwards a light meal of tea or coffee, bread and fruit; about mid-day one small spoonful with raw lime-juice and water, and before retiring for the night, another teaspoonful in water. The FRUIT SALT used as aforesaid acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. The undersigned have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and their firm belief in its efficacy. We never go in the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.'

'Yours truly, COMMANDER A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.

'E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent, Siamese Government Telegraphs.

'J. C. ENO, Esq., London.' 'Bangkok, Siam, May 1883.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—'A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—*Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.*

Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

DEC 5 1883
www.libtool.com.cn

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1883.

Jack's Courtship:

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CHAPTER V.

MR. ALPHONSO HAWKE.

IT is a mistake to ask a woman not to breathe a syllable. She cannot be trusted, least of all with another person's love-secret. She can keep her own, but not yours or mine. And indeed very often she cannot keep her own. I remember a young gentleman telling me that, having fallen in love with a girl, he proposed to her in a very neat letter that had cost him nearly a quire of expensive paper. She answered by return, declining his offer, hoping he would forgive her, and that they would continue friends. She had destroyed his letter, she said; and as she did not mean to breathe a syllable of what had passed between them, she hoped he would be silent too. Meanwhile he was to be sure to come to their dance next so and so. Well, his heart having been declined, it suited him very well to be silent; and nothing but his faith in her promise of secresy, coupled with his anxiety to gaze on her once more, could have furnished him with sufficient fortitude to present himself at the dance given by the young lady's mamma. The behaviour of the numerous family satisfied him that nobody knew he had proposed to the girl, and he danced in a collected and easy posture of mind. But what was the truth? He ultimately won the girl's love, and when they were married she said, 'Of course, Montague, I showed your letter to papa and mamma, and my brothers and sisters, and poor Aunt Jane—you

remember dear Aunt Jane?—for was it to be supposed, Montague, that I could hide such a *serious* thing as an offer of marriage from my family?'

Amelia served me in that way. She went and told Sophie that I had confessed, 'Yes, my dear, *confessed*—only think!' to being deeply in love with Florence Hawke. Sophie gave the news to her mother, who handed it on to my uncle. No doubt they all pledged one another to secresy. But my uncle could not hold his tongue; and on the evening of the day on which I had lunched with Miss Hawke, the ladies having retired to rest, and he and I being alone, sitting in the open window and smoking cigars, he spoke as follows:—

'So, my boy' (and this was the delicate way he approached the subject), 'they tell me you are head over ears in love with Florence Hawke.'

'Who are they?' I observed.

'All your relations,' he answered. 'But why d'ye want to keep it a secret? And yet I don't know. You're right to be sly if you're sincere; for if Hawke twigs your sentiment, stand by! But I say, Jack, how on earth can you be in love with a girl you have only met once or twice, and have only heard of during the last twenty-four hours?'

'I'm sure I can't tell you,' said I.

'Why, it took me eight months to make up my mind to offer for your aunt—a handsomer woman *then* than Florence is now, make no mistake about that, sir. A proper female; a lady in heart and a woman in beauty, young man.'

'That she is still,' said I.

'Yes, every inch of her. Eight months, I say, it took me to resolve; and here are *you* ripe in less than twenty-four hours for the parson to operate on. But this is the age of locomotives—the sixty-mile-an-hour epoch; and a correct portrait of the period should represent it as pelting before a hurricane, holding its gray hair on with both hands.'

'I think you forge ahead a trifle too fast,' said I. 'I greatly admire Miss Hawke, and so do you.' He nodded. 'But when you speak of my being desperately in love you're giving a character to my admiration that I really can't say it yet possesses.'

'Well, my lad,' said he, 'I don't know what's in your mind, nor does it matter. But I'll tell you this: you'll be a lucky fellow if you win her. I should say she was good for ten thousand pounds, if a penny, with more to come. Moreover, she's a lady, which is a fine thing for one's friends, and a beauty, which is a fine thing for oneself. Any help I can give you, Jack, you may command. Your aunt may hang a bit in the wind, as she's got to work the sense of duty to her neighbour off her mind; but your cousins are at your service, and with a pair of clever girls to do

your love-errands you should be able to out-weather old Nick himself, were he Florence's papa.'

Though I could talk as offhandedly as he, I was not without a stock of native modesty; and we were now upon a subject which sentiment had to a certain extent consecrated, and which I felt ought to be approached hat in hand, so that I did not much care to humour my uncle's irreverent commercial and half-jeering allusions to it. I therefore without much trouble drew him away from the subject, and was presently splitting my sides over some capital Yankee stories he related; though when I went to my bedroom I hung for a long half-hour over Miss Florence's photograph, and when in bed lay so great a while full of thought, that the sparrows were twittering on the trees when I fell asleep. Was I to get no rest at Clifton?

Next morning I took my cousins for a drive in the phaeton, and when we were fairly under way I said to Amelia:—

'Do you remember promising not to breathe a syllable?'

'Of what?' asked she.

'Of our talk yesterday when we returned from Clifton Lodge.'

'Yes; and I kept my word. Sophie asked questions, particularly if you were not in love with Florence, and I said yes, you were.'

'And why shouldn't we know?' exclaimed good-natured Sophie. 'We are naturally interested in you and in Florence too.'

I had to thank her for this, which of course put an end to my reproaches.

'By-the-by, Jack,' said Amelia, 'I forgot to ask you for Florence's portrait, which you very kindly put into your pocket to keep for me.'

'I'll go on keeping it for you,' I replied. 'You may trust me; it will be quite safe.'

Both the girls laughed, and Amelia said:—

'I did not tell you, Sophie, that when Jack was admiring Florence's portrait she turned to me and asked me if I would like it. Do you think she was sure it would find its way through me to Jack or through Jack to me? Upon my word, she is a deep little thing.'

'Is she a flirt?' I asked, not much relishing my cousin's applause of her.

'If she were should I tell you?' answered Amelia laughing loudly. 'No, no; there is such a thing as *esprit de corps* among women: we may sneer at one another among ourselves, but right-minded females never expose the sex's infirmities to the common enemy.'

'Besides, Jack,' says Sophie, 'no girl is supposed to know whether another is a flirt or not. It is for men to make the discovery.'

Well, to be sure all this was very twopenny talk—the chatter of three young relations driving along a road in a phaeton; but it pleased and amused me. I found that these girls enjoyed conversing on the subject of love, and that they were quite disposed to encourage me to make a fool of myself over Miss Hawke. There are women who like to set people quarrelling with one another, and there are women who like to set people making love to one another. My cousins were of this order, and their papa perhaps knew their peculiarity when he spoke of them as a couple of clever girls, willing to run on any errands I might want to put them to.

www.libtool.com.cn

And, upon my word, if I were a girl I should think that the next best fun to having a sweetheart is to act as factotum to a pair of lovers; to enjoy the confidence of both; to patch up damaged feelings; to convey letters, and see the comedy, as I may say, from the wings instead of from the front. But it is a woman's business, and to perform her part to her own and the satisfaction of others, she not only requires plenty of leisure, but she must be emotional if not hysterical, and exceedingly amiable; nor, perhaps, can she be held absolutely qualified for the arduous post unless she is able to show that she has been in love herself, and knows what blighted feelings are.

We returned home at half-past twelve, and as I drove up to the door I saw my uncle walking under the trees with a tall man wearing a beard, his upper lip shaved.

'It's Mr. Hawke!' said Amelia; and when the girls alighted they went up to him and shook hands. I followed when the groom was near enough to catch the reins I flung to him, and my uncle introduced me. Mr. Hawke made a very stately bow. This was evidently the first he had heard of me; and when he regained his ramrod erectness he scrutinised me with as keen a pair of eyes as were ever levelled at a youth. He was a tolerably good-looking man, tall and well dressed. He was certainly very different from the burly colonial I had somehow pictured him. He carried a very grave expression of face, and the skirts of his coat being long and his beard hiding the furniture of his neck, he might have been mistaken for a clergyman. A pair of gold eye-glasses dangled upon his ample surface of waistcoat, a large diamond flashed upon one hand that was ungloved, and in the other hand was a stout cane adorned with a heavy gold knob. I noticed that he spoke slowly, with a degree of deliberation that was both tiresome and disturbing, as it suggested not only a solicitude as to his choice of words, but misgivings as to his capacity of delivering them when selected.

Sophie asked after his daughter Emily.

'Thank you, Miss Seymour, she is as well as we have a right to expect. Sir Timothy Tomson thinks that no change of air is

at present necessary. The journey home fatigued her—aw—poor thing, but a night's rest has, I am happy to say, restored her.' And then addressing me, 'What do you think of Clifton, sir? Is this your first—aw—your first visit?'

'It is,' I replied. 'I only arrived the night before last; but what I have seen delights me.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'And mind you, Mr. Hawke,' says my uncle, 'my nephew Jack's opinion is not to be despised, for he has visited Sydney Harbour.'

'Oh, you know Sydney?—indeed!' exclaimed the old fellow, as if my knowing Sydney rather disconcerted him. 'Pray how do you know Sydney?'

'As a sailor, sir.'

'Oh, as a sailor! Yes, just so. You will not—aw—have much acquaintance with it. My recollection is that sailors are only allowed to go ashore—I believe—aw—that is the expression—to go ashore at night, as they have to work all day.'

'Quite right,' said I; 'I see that you know something about the nautical calling.'

'Not much, not much, indeed,' he replied, never relaxing his distressing gravity, and speaking as if on the whole any knowledge of the nautical calling was calculated to lead to social prejudice: 'having lived in Australia I have—aw—had necessarily to cross the ocean to reach England, and have had opportunities of inspecting well—aw—perhaps not of inspecting—of witnessing——'

'In short,' cut in my uncle unceremoniously, 'you have seen enough of Jack's life to know something about it?'

'Aw—yes,' replied Mr. Hawke, giving a little scowl round to let us understand that he had been at no loss for words. 'You didn't, perhaps,' continued he, addressing me, 'know Sir Wilkinson Smith at Sydney?'

'No,' said I.

'Nor his chawming lady? Who, by the way, Mr. Seymour,' speaking to my uncle, 'turns out to be a connection of Lord Wear, my friend Sir Reginald Morecombe's cousin.'

'We should call that a coincidence in Canada,' said my uncle giving me a look. 'By the way, Mr. Hawke, have you brought Mr. Morecombe along with you to Clifton?'

Mr. Hawke answered yes, and that he and Florence were out riding, a piece of news that caused Sophie to steal a peep at me, whilst it excited in the depths of my soul an evil wish that the fellow would break his neck before he got home.

We stood all five of us conversing for some time under the trees. It did not take me long to discover that Mr. Alphonso Hawke was a pompous old bore, with an early training and history of which he was ashamed, and to the veneering of which he was devoting his declining years. I was struck by his way of

speaking, the cautious manner in which he groped along with his tongue, saying aw, and ah, merely to enable him to pause and make sure, and the fine airs he put on (which he may have seen and admired in Sir Wilkinson Smith and his chawming lady, a connection of the Morecombes) when he addressed my cousins. His want of ease was the most harassing part of him. He was indeed one of those men to whom you long to say, 'For goodness sake try *not* to be genteel, and pray cease to act as a person of breeding. Drop an h, sir, for the comfort of your friends, now and then. Kindly be vulgar and natural.'

www.libtool.com.cn

At last he went away, declining my uncle's invitation to stop to lunch with a large and portly wave of the hand, and a smile that exposed what I suspected then and know now to have been a splendid set of false teeth. He gave the ladies an immense bow as he quitted them, and I watched with an emotion, almost of awe, the solemnity of his tread and the full-blown dignity of his consequential carriage as he walked by my uncle's side to the gate.

'Well, Jack,' said my uncle returning, and looking at me with a grin, 'what d'ye think of your future father-in-law?'

'Hush, papa! for gracious goodness sake,' cried Amelia in a terrified voice, casting her eyes in the direction in which old Hawke had disappeared.

'Tut, tut,' said my uncle, 'he's out of hearing, silly.'

'He fits the character you gave him to a hair,' said I; 'he is a prig.'

'Ay, a prig,' exclaimed my uncle: 'but isn't he a fine specimen of one? isn't he worth knowing *as* a prig? You're not going to meet with such a sample as that every day, my hearty. May I be shivered if the sight of him alone isn't worth a long journey.'

'Really, papa,' said Sophie remonstratively, 'he is our friend, dear. He is Florence's father. If we cannot speak well of him, let us say nothing.'

'True,' said I, 'he is Florence's papa; we must speak well of him.'

'Sophie, my love,' said my uncle with fine gravity, 'let us, as the moralist says, clear our minds of cant. Who would care to have, who would be bothered with acquaintances, if the knowing them were conditional on never saying anything ill-natured behind their backs? Do you think Hawke don't sneer at *me*? Do you suppose that he doesn't ridicule my wideawake, the cut of my boots, my indifference to the aristocracy as lords and ladies—*not*, Jack, as men and women? No, I can respect honest people even when they *are* titled. But though Hawke sneers at me, he asks me to dine with him: and though I laugh at his cheap pretensions, I accept his invitation and return it.'

'It's the way of the world, Sophie,' said I. 'But I own that Mr. Hawke is a bigger disappointment than I expected. How the dickens came his most lovely daughter to be a relative of his?'

'I say, Jack,' cried my uncle rather maliciously, 'did you hear him say that Florence and young Morecombe were out riding? Man, you must keep your weather eye lifting. Don't let this be a stern-chase, for the pretty little craft will have been boarded by the fellow who's already abreast of her before you can come up with her.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Pray don't make my admiration of the girl too significant,' said I, not liking this banter at all. 'If Morecombe boards her, it will be because she allows him to do so. And if I don't overhaul her, it may be because I reckon my spars more valuable than the chase's capture.'

'Don't talk Greek!' exclaimed Sophie, who had listened eagerly. 'What with boarding and overhauling and stern-chasing and such stuff, it is impossible to find out your meaning.'

'There is no meaning to find out,' said I. And here my aunt stood up in the window and called out that lunch was ready.

CHAPTER VI.

A LITTLE DINNER AT CLIFTON LODGE.

SOME days after this we went to dine at Clifton Lodge. My going fell out in this way.

Miss Hawke called one morning to ask the Seymours to dine *en famille* on such and such an evening. I had taken my uncle's little mare for a canter, and when I returned and heard that Miss Hawke had called, I could have pulled a handful of hair out of my head with vexation. It was a week since I had set eyes on her. In vain had I sneaked out when nobody was looking, and hung about the roads which I thought she was bound to pass along, whether riding or driving or walking. To no purpose, I say. And then all on a sudden she calls and I miss her!

However, I smothered my feelings, and asked in a collected voice the reason of her visit. It was Sophie to whom I put this question, and we were alone.

'She called to ask us to dinner.'

'Oh indeed!' said I brightening up. 'What's the date?'

Sophie named it.

'Did she bring any news?' said I. 'Anything fresh going forward at Clifton Lodge?'

'No, she brought no news,' says Sophie.

'Nothing about young Morecombe? She'd tell you, wouldn't she, if he had proposed?'

'She'd tell me, I believe, if she had accepted him,' she

answered, 'but I don't think she will accept him—at least, I hope she won't.'

I plucked at my bit of a moustache—there was not enough of it to de-sailorise my countenance—and said: 'Mr. Hawke is very polite to invite me. When I met him the other day I couldn't help fancying that he eyed me as if I might be a youth that would admire his daughter: and I suppose admiration for her in any other man than Mr. Morecombe would be worse than poison to the old gentleman.'

'To be candid, Jack,' says Sophie, with an air of reluctance in her gentle manner, 'Florence did not include you—I mean she did not mention your name. She asked mamma and papa and Amelia and me.'

'Oh!' said I.

'But it doesn't in the least signify,' continued she. 'It was a pure oversight on her part. Of course you'll go?'

'Go!' said I. 'Go to Jericho, you mean. What! go where I am not asked? Why I'd rather hang myself up by the neck until I was dead, otherwise what mercy should I expect for my soul?'

'Nonsense,' said Sophie. 'You will go.'

Upon my word I was so angry, so disappointed, that I was ungallant enough to wish that my affectionate cousin had been a man, merely to ease my mind by telling her I would see her, &c. Observing my temper and vexation—and I believe this did more to open her kind eyes to the state of my heart than had I sat down and indited volumes about it—she dropped the subject and so did I, so far as words went: but I very well remember carrying it into the grounds, up into a corner, into a summer arbour, where, armed with a large pipe, I turned it over, kicked it, ground it under heel, and, as I actually endeavoured to make myself believe, buried the mutilated thing along with the imbecile sentiment that had kept me feverish and foolish ever since the hour I had first entered my uncle's house.

Of course I was unreasonable. What right had I to expect to be included in the invitation to dine? Who was *I* that she should trouble herself even to remember that such a person existed when I was out of sight? And yet I felt that it would have done me good to have expended myself in an Irish riot, for the sake and pleasure of knocking anybody over the head. Was her nature perfidious? Was all her talk about Mr. Morecombe being a fool and the like fudge? It was; I say, I feared it was, and I ground my heel into the soil of the summer arbour.

Well, in this posture of mind was I sitting, smoking and writhing, when I heard Sophie calling 'Jack! Jack!'

'Halloo!' I grumbled.

'Where are you, Jack?' she cried.

'Here,' said I, and I went out of the arbour that she might see me.

She came running along, red with heat and radiant with pleasure, and flourished a little square of gray paper. I saw the gilt edge of it sparkle, and observed that it bore the creases of a cocked-hat note.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Read that, you foolish mope!' says she; and she put the letter into my hand. It was as fragrant as jessamine; it was adorned with a crest in blue and gold, and the crest embodied a goose with its bill cocked up; the paper was ribbed and thick, delightful to feel—a truly lovable thing to handle. The handwriting was clear and decisive: it might have passed for a man's. Thus ran the missive:—

'Dearest Sophie,—When I arrived home after calling upon you, it *flashed* upon me that I had omitted to ask you to bring your cousin, Mr. Jack Seymour, next Thursday evening. I am sure I cannot account for this foolish and most *unintentional* omission, unless I put it down to my habit of thinking of your family as consisting of four only. I am sorry to say that poor Flora is much *worse*. Yours affectionately, FLORENCE HAWKE.

'P.S.—Do not let your cousin know that I forgot him.'

'There,' said Sophie, as I looked up from the letter, 'you can pin that to her photograph and keep it.'

A dark suspicion entered my mind. Had Sophie written to ask her to invite me? had she requested her to write as if the after-thought were her own? No: it needed but very little reflection to see that there had not been time enough to admit of such a stratagem. It was a genuine letter, and yet I would not appear too well pleased either.

'How do you know that I want to keep it?' said I, dangling the note.

'Then tear it up,' said Sophie, with a laugh of bland defiance.

'That wouldn't be polite,' I replied. 'I never act impulsively,' and so saying I put it in my pocket.

'Of course *now* you will join us?' said Sophie.

'Why should I? don't you relish dignity in a connection? She was not polite to forget me, and there is really a limit to forgiveness,' said I, in a mood that still simmered, though I admit that the fires were drawn.

'Well,' said Sophie, 'you have Florence's invitation: she cannot do more than ask you, although I believe men would like women to go on their knees to them even when they *granted* favours, not to mention *receiving* them; and I am quite sure,

Jack, that you will do the thing that best pleases you,' and she turned to leave me.

Her speech was made painfully sarcastic by her emphasis on the words *granted* and *receiving*, and sarcasm in a fat, affectionate, amiable woman falls on a man's intelligence like a box on the ear falls on the head. I seized her hand.

'Dear Sophie—I'm an ass,' I exclaimed. 'I have allowed my feelings—her omission of my name, do you see—the sort of liking she seemed to show for me—in fact, I ought to have stopped in London.'

My cousin melted like a snowflake on a river, one moment white, though I cannot say that at the next she was gone for ever.

'No, Jack,' said she. 'You wrong yourself. There is nothing wonderful in your liking, even in your loving, Florence Hawke. She likes you—she told Amelia so. Why shouldn't her liking become love? You must not misjudge her. Suppose she purposely omitted your name in her invitation? it might have been from fear of her papa. But look how honest she is! when she gets home she remembers the omission with pain, says, "No! I will defy papa in this matter," and she sits down and writes the letter you have in your pocket. How can you sneer at her?'

'*Sneer!*' I shouted.

'I mean, how can you talk about your dignity? Poor girl! You know she stands alone. She has to cope with her father's wishes, and the attentions of the wretched creature her papa wants her to marry. No, Jack; if I were you I should feel grateful for the spirit that prompted her to write that letter, and I should certainly try to please her by making her understand how deeply you admire her courage—which you can only do by dining at Clifton Lodge on Thursday.'

'Say no more, Sophie,' cried I, abjectly. 'I shall dine, trust me.'

She gave me a kindly nod and went away, rather hurriedly, I thought; perhaps to conceal her mirth, but in that particular period of my life I was a very suspicious man, as what youth is not who believes he is in love? When she was out of sight I drew forth the letter, read it over five or six times, kissed the signature, and perpetrated several extravagances of a like kind. I had it by heart in a very short time, and went on repeating sentence after sentence in the hope of finding a deeper meaning than lay on the surface. The passage that pleased me best was the postscript: 'Do not let your cousin know that I forgot him.' It showed that her dog was not the last thought in her mind when she wrote.

I look back sometimes at myself, ensconced in that summer-house reading Miss Hawke's letter, and putting it to my lips and

acting like a Frenchman in love in a stage play. That particular recollection somehow makes all that followed so queer, so romantic, so wild to me as I view the incidents now, that there are times when I can hardly persuade myself that what I took part in was not a portion of another life, like one of those fancies which sometimes seize one, of having acted or done something or undergone some experience in another sphere of being in which one flourished before one was born. But let me fire away, for at this rate we shall never get out of Clifton and afloat.

www.libtool.com.cn

Thursday evening came, and in all my time I never shaved myself with keener solicitude nor dressed myself with livelier anxiety. Will it be credited that I actually kept the ladies waiting? Think of a young fellow who for years had been accustomed to tumble out of his bunk and bundle on deck a couple of minutes after the cry of 'Eight bells! d'ye hear the news below there, sleepers?' had harshly thundered down the hatchway, who thought himself fortunate if he could get a good wash-down once a week, and who would roll into his clothes without taking thought of his appearance—think of him, I say, debasing his old sea-traditions by a trick of vile coxcombry! Yes, I positively kept my aunt and cousins waiting, so that my uncle was obliged to come to my door and beat upon it, and shout 'Jack! damme man, it's not a dance but a *dinner*, dy'e hear? and it's not polite to be late when you're asked to dine.'

Of course I rushed out and profusely apologised, declaring that my watch was wrong, and so forth; but my uncle would not have that. 'No, no,' says he; 'it isn't your watch that's out; it's another piece of mechanism that's gone wrong,' and he smote himself upon his breast, and winked at me with all his might.

'You look very nice, Mr. Jack,' said my aunt; she always gave me the Mister.

It was the first time they had seen me in tails, and upon my word I think I may say without affectation that the dress-coat, shiny boots, white tie and lavender kid gloves, in which I had anxiously clothed myself, made me a very tolerable figure. My uncle was in black, and wore an open frock coat. He began to inveigh against the waiter's costume, as he styled the dress I had figged myself out in. 'It may please those who like it,' said he; 'but you'll never catch me in a garment that's neither a jacket nor a coat. What? Sir, the tailor who invented that dress had an improper mind. If I am to let the world know what sort of figure I possess, give me tights at once. Let me dance in shorts and a jersey.'

My aunt made faces at him, and tried to change the subject by bidding me take notice of the moon—or what there was of it; did it betoken wet, she wondered? (We were in the carriage, and 'rowling along,' as Pat says; there were five of us, and a

tight fit it was for me between my two cousins.) But my uncle would take no hints. He went on abusing tail-coats until his denunciations were cut short by the carriage stopping at Clifton Lodge.

We were punctual enough: half-past seven. A most lovely evening it was, full of dew and fragrance, with a noble sunset in the west, and fitter for a ramble among the hedges than a guzzling match among hot soups and meats. As I followed my cousins into the hall my heart beat a trifle faster than usual. It was not only that I was to meet the girl that had taken sovereign command of my thoughts; I was going to find her in the company of the fellow her father had chosen for her, and whom, by importunities and the peculiar kind of moral pressure which fond parents know how to exert on their beloved children whilst something they want done remains undone, he would ultimately, no doubt, induce or compel her to marry.

The footman flung open the drawing-room door, and announced us, and in we went. We found Mr. Hawke and his two daughters alone. With winning and delightful grace (of *course*, I always praise her, you say: but she deserved it, I tell you) Miss Florence received us, kissed Sophie and Amelia, but I could not help fancying there was a little timidity in the way in which she shook hands with me. Had Sophie told her that she had shown me her letter, and that I had stored it away along with her picture? Upon my word, it is impossible to tell not only what girls do, but what they don't tell one another.

'Let me introduce you to my sister,' said she, and she led me up to Miss Emily Hawke, whose invalidism was sufficiently defined by her wan face. She would be about seventeen years old, and she had old Hawke's features attenuated by ill health, and refined by the circumstance of her not belonging to old Hawke's sex. My aunt was at her side, full of sympathy and questions. So I went over to Mr. Hawke and my uncle, leaving Miss Florence deep in conversation with my cousins, who I could hear exclaiming 'Oh!' 'Poor thing!' 'How dreadful!' and so forth.

Our host was in full puff, silk waistcoat, velvet collar to his tail-coat, plenty of jewellery, highly-scented, and looking larger and more portly and consequential than I had first found him. He was telling my uncle that Sir Hugo Perch and her ladyship, Sir Hugo's wife—'a connexion of the Battleabbeys, Mr. Seymour—chawming people'—were to have come to dinner, but that in consequence of something or other, they, aw, were obliged at the last moment, &c.

'So we shall be quite "ong famille,"' says he, glancing from my uncle's coat to mine. 'Indeed, rather more so than I had anticipated, for I—aw—I regret to say a most painful, really a most

painful, incident happened this afternoon. You—aw—you remember my daughter Florence's——'

Here he was interrupted by my cousins and Miss Hawke joining us.

'Oh papa!' cried Sophie, 'what do you think? Florence's poor, dear, darling old Flora is dead.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Dead!' ejaculated my uncle, not quite knowing what else to say.

'Worse than dead,' said Amelia. 'Killed, papa!'

'Killed!' cried I; on which methought Mr. Hawke looked at me as much as to say, 'What the deuce is it to *you*, sir?'

'I was about to tell the story,' exclaimed the old gentleman, posing himself in such a way as to make him seem all waistcoat. 'It's a doubly unfortunate circumstance. It deprives my daughter—a little precipitately, but that—aw—that is all; a little before it's time, my love,' continued he with a bland wave of his hand to her, 'of an old and attached friend, and ourselves—aw—of the pleasure of my friend Sir Reginald Morecombe son's company at dinner this evening.'

I pricked up my ears, stealing meanwhile earnest glances at Miss Florence, who looked, I thought, now that I could take a good peep at her, as if she had been crying.

'It happened in this way,' continued Mr. Hawke. 'Flora had followed my daughter upstairs; but—aw—being exceedingly infirm—her age, Florence, could certainly not be less than sixteen years, and—aw—short of breath, she failed, I presume, to reach the landing, and lay down upon one of the steps, to await her mistress's return. Whilst the animal was there Mr. Morecombe came from his—aw, his—bedroom, and, not observing the dawg, stepped upon it, which, I regret to say, caused him to roll down at least half a dozen stairs; but providentially he caught hold of the banister and saved himself from—aw—from serious injury. As it was, he severely sprained his ankle, which necessitated his removal to his bedroom, where he now lies.'

'And in stepping upon Flora he trod what remained of the poor beast's breath out of her, I suppose?' said my uncle, keeping his gravity nobly; for, upon my word, I believe, had I caught the least shadow of a grin upon his face, I should have exploded.

'Yes,' cried Miss Hawke, with the tears standing in her beautiful eyes; 'papa thinks only of Mr. Morecombe. When poor Flora was looked at she was stone dead; and will anybody believe that Mr. Morecombe did not see her, or that he did not tread with all his weight out of spite?' she added, making a little passionate gesture with her hand.

'Is he of a naturally cruel disposition?' asked my uncle of Mr. Hawke, with a little droop in his right eyelid, which I took as meant for me.

'Cruel! certainly not,' exclaimed the old gentleman in his amplest manner and expanding his bosom as he spoke. 'Had he seen the poor dawg he could of course have avoided her. Can you suppose, Florence, that—aw—that he would deliberately sprain his ankle? Yet you are bound, my love, to presume this if you affirm that he acted out of malice. Ree-diculous!'

A footman announced dinner. Mr. Hawke gave his arm to my aunt, and I heard him tell my uncle to take Miss Hawke in; but my uncle, instead of offering his arm to Miss Florence, gave it to Miss Emily, and left her sister to me. He thrust his tongue in his cheek as he glanced at me over his shoulder. Heaven bless him! There never was a finer creature. With Miss Florence on my arm I followed the others, forming the tail of the procession. The table was so plentifully covered with flowers and tall silver candlesticks that Mr. Hawke was, from his position at the head of it, unable to see the order in which we had arrived until we were all seated. But what could he say when he saw me alongside Miss Hawke and my uncle next to Miss Emily? His business was to ask a blessing, which he did with his eyes closed and his hands locked, and when that was over my uncle began to talk to him, whilst one of the flunkeys served out soup at a side table and the others handed it round.

'I am very sorry for your sake,' said I to Miss Florence, 'to hear of the death of poor old Flora. It would have served your father's friend right had he broken his neck—that is, if he stepped on the dog purposely because she happened to be in the road.'

'Flora was my poor mother's pet,' she replied. 'She has been a constant companion of mine for years, and it bitterly grieves me to think that the poor animal should have been killed at the last, and cruelly killed, even admitting that Mr. Morecombe did tread upon her by accident. But we'll say no more about it, Mr. Seymour; I don't want you to think me affected.'

Here Mr. Hawke began to speak about the dog in a loud voice.

'The peculiarity, Mrs. Seymour, of the old animal was—aw—was its capacity of fondness. Some years ago it brought a cat out of the water where the thing was—aw—was drowning. Florence nursed the cat and made it well, and the dawg grew so attached to the cat and the cat to the dawg that they would—aw—I assure you, take walks together. The cat was ultimately lost, I believe—aw—it strayed. Flora greatly missed it, and until age rendered her imbecile she could never hear the noise which cats are in the habit of making at night without considerable agitation, a circumstance that people who—aw—study dawgs might think affecting.'

Considering that I wanted to preserve a solemn face, that Miss Hawke might believe my sympathy with her loss sincere—which

it certainly was—I say that the old fellow's story, or rather the manner and tone in which he delivered it, was as severe a trial as ever befel me. However, it did not take me long to recover; the having Miss Hawke alongside of me soon rendered me desperately serious and sentimental. I knew old Hawke was looking; I had not the least doubt he was extremely annoyed that his daughter should be sitting next a young fellow whose admiration for his lovely companion he could not and would not disguise; but I did not care a brass farthing for his thoughts. It was a magnificent pleasure for me, an immense delight, to be in her company again after the separation of a week, during which I had hung about like a turnpike tramp in the hope of catching sight of her. Besides, could I doubt that she was pleased with me as a companion? She could not help talking of Flora, and heartily did I bless the ghost of the dead brute as a bond of sympathy between its adorable mistress and me; and Flora led her to speak of Australia, and Australia set me gabbling about my sea experiences, and I told her one or two thrilling tales of salt water—of a ship on fire, of a blackman overboard in the Doldrums fighting with a shark, and such things—and either related them so well, or she was so anxious to be interested, that we seemed to forget that the footmen were waiting to remove our plates, that there were others beside ourselves at table, and that old Hawke was watching us from behind the silver candlesticks (though of course we were not supposed to notice anything of that kind), until on looking up once I caught Miss Emily staring at us, and then glance at her papa, a circumstance that made me cautious for about one minute and a half, after which I was deep in stories, questions, conversation again.

You will suppose from this that I did not lack encouragement. In many things I was a conceited young fellow in those days. I believed I was tolerably good-looking; I considered that I was not destitute of intellect; there was not a man living, on or off the stage, whom I should have been afraid to challenge to a dancing match, from a waltz to a hornpipe; I reckoned in such songs as 'Tom Bowling,' 'The Anchor's Weighed,' and 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' I could deliver as honest a note as ever a sailor's lungs could find wind for (though I never would sing before ladies); but I was not such a fop as not to have been able to tell in a moment whether my company was unwelcome to Miss Florence, nor such a blunderhead as not to have straightway hauled off from her under a press of canvas had such a discovery been made by me. If lively interest in my talk, if comparative neglect of the rest of the company, if real earnestness in her manner when earnestness was most acceptable to me, if an occassional sideways peep at me as if the view was rather to her taste—if such things in a girl may be accepted as encouraging symptoms

by the young fellow she is alongside of, then I am strictly within the truth when I say that all this and a good deal more, much too nice and subtle for the pen to determine, composed Miss Hawke's bearing, manners, behaviour, speech to me that evening at her papa's dinner-table. And shall I omit reference to the unspeakable relish afforded this delightful communion by the reflection that young Morecombe was abed upstairs with a sprained ankle—an ankle, I say, sprained, to put the fact squarely, by tumbling over Miss Hawke's sensibilities?

www.libtool.com.cn

'A fig for old Hawke!' I cried to myself; and as the old gentleman's excellent dry champagne mingled with my blood and coursed through my youthful veins, I grew more and more indifferent to the looks of astonishment and annoyance I would catch him throwing at us, and more and more ardent in my behaviour to Miss Hawke; so that I may plainly assert that if I had come to that table up to my neck in love, I had floundered clean out of soundings long before the ladies withdrew.

Well, when they rose at last I nearly pitched over my chair to hold open the door; but not for a small fortune would I have missed doing that same, for as Miss Hawke passed she just raised her eyes to mine with a little smile; it was the briefest glance in the world, yet had it been a prolonged gaze I could not have found more meaning in it. My heart fell to beating as if I had received a fright; and I stood holding on to the door-handle some moments after the last of the ladies had passed out, rendered as I may suppose temporarily incapable of employing my intelligence by the transport of wonder and passion those sweet gray eyes had kindled in me.

I returned to the table and observed my uncle casting glances around as if in search of something to smoke. Old Hawke sat cold and hard in his place; there was no invitation for me to draw my chair close; he mechanically pointed to the decanters and named their contents with an expression of face as if he wished us all at the devil.

'You're not a smoker, I believe, Mr. Hawke?' said my uncle.

'No, I am not,' he replied, 'but I know you are;' and he called to one of his men to put a box of cigars on the table. My uncle and I fired up, as why should we not, since the cigars were there to be smoked? and I do not know that I enjoyed Mr. Hawke's capital tobacco the less because I noticed that he studiously avoided addressing me or even looking at me.

After we had been sitting in this manner about ten minutes, Mr. Hawke begged my uncle's pardon for leaving him for a few moments: he was anxious to see how Mr. Morecombe did; he should be sorry that his friend Sir Reginald Morecombe's son should feel himself neglected.

'Not very polite, Jack, to leave us, even for Sir Reginald Morecombe's son,' said my uncle when Mr. Hawke was gone;

'but squatting is a calling for which one must make large allowances. Have you enjoyed your dinner?'

'Very much,' I replied.

'I am glad to hear that,' says he gravely; 'and whilst it lasts, my lad, I should go on enjoying it up to the hilt; for I calculate it'll be the only blow-out—I don't say the only blow-up—you'll get at Clifton Lodge.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'I am afraid that's pretty plain,' said I.

'You can't blame Hawke,' continued my uncle. 'Why, confound you! you and Florence have been as thick as thieves this evening; never saw such hobnobbing in my life. Have you made her in love with you? You turned the old man into stone; he was like a statue, and could do nothing but look. If he don't cut me and your aunt for this at once, he'll drop us presently. You bet.'

'I hope not,' said I.

'You bet. But d'ye think I shall go into mourning? We'll invite him to dinner by way of revenge next week, and if he accepts I give you leave to shave my head. And, man! wasn't your getting Miss Hawke to take into dinner neatly managed? How was I to know which Miss Hawke he meant?' and he laughed at the top of his voice.

'Aren't you sorry Mr. Morecombe has sprained his ankle?' said I.

'Very,' he replied. 'If I'd have foreseen this disaster I'd have brought a few pockethandkerchiefs with me.'

'Fancy squeezing the life out of the dog! How happy he must feel as he lies forking his leg up and cursing at it!' said I, turning over the fancy and relishing it and garnishing it with my imagination.

'Jack,' exclaimed my uncle, looking at me with one eye half closed, 'd'ye know, if you have a mind to win the girl, I'm disposed to stake a sum of money on your chances. Mind, I don't believe you'd ever get her dad's consent. You'd have to bolt with her; it would have to be the old rope-ladder business, the midnight chaise or express, his worship the registrar early in the morning, the regular Rosa Matilda and Anna Maria kind of thing, against all which I solemnly caution you. But what I'd be willing to wager on is, that with a few more opportunities you'll bring Miss Florence to listen—ay, and to like it—whilst you pour your cheap poetry into her ears. And I hope, young man,' said he, deepening his voice and opening his half-closed eye, and speaking very earnestly indeed, 'that unless you are absolutely sincere in your feelings you'll sheer off from her before you begin to make her think of you.'

'My dear uncle——' I began.

'Hear me out!' cried he. 'She is a sweet woman, and I

must have her approached with immense honesty. I'll allow no flirting. You must not drop the game by-and-by to consider whether it is worth the candle. Oh, yes! I can see what's in your mind. Your admiration for her fills you with astonishment at my language. But you are twenty-five, and at twenty-five the human character is like sand, and the loveliest fabric of sentiment that can be constructed upon it, cemented by dreams, decorated with the sparkling gems of imagination, and radiant with the light that Wordsworth speaks of in his noble ode, may settle and sink out of sight in a few hours like an old collier on the Goodwin Sands.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'My dear uncle——' I began once more.

'There must be no tomfoolery,' he continued. 'Not,' giving me a bow, 'that I doubt you. No, sir; you are my brother Tom's son; you have been a sailor, and I know how to value those two things. But do not go, I say, and make love to Florence Hawke, and get her to fall in love with you; do not go and shove yourself in the way of her papa's wishes, and deprive her of a man who, ass as I think him, might, for all you can tell, turn out a very tolerable husband, unless you are as certain that you can count upon your impassioned sincerity and devotion for the rest of your natural life, as surely as I can count at this moment upon finding gold in my pocket by feeling for it.'

This was rather staggering talk to me. What did he mean? That I wasn't a man of honour? That I was a cockney flirt down at Bristol for a holiday, trying to make a fool of the girl I had fallen in love with and literally adored? I was turning over an answer in my mind when he started off afresh.

'I should speak to you in the same fashion if you had fallen in love with one of your cousins. You are without a father, Jack, and as an uncle I have a right to talk to you. There's nothing in life that disgusts and angers me more than a male flirt: a creature who pretends to fall in love, makes a girl fond of him, and then drops her. There's no halter long enough for such malignant baboons. A woman is always an object to be reverenced. She has emotions we men could not fathom—no, not if all the deep-sea lead-lines in the world were spliced together to sound her with. Her love is not like ours, a thing apart: you know the noble lines written by a scamp? When it is a woman's heart that is to be approached, my cry is, "Hats off and hands off! Show your respect, for you are on holy ground. And prove your honesty, as the Scotchman does before paying money, by pausing to tak' a thocht."'

'Do you imagine I am *flirting* with Miss Hawke?' cried I.

'No, sir; I believe you are head over ears in love with her. Keep so to the end; keep head over ears though the end be fixed when the blast announcing the crack o' doom shall be heard.

Don't go and scramble out after you have hauled *her* in. Jack, don't you know, you miserable sailor man you! that love is too often mere electroplate with men? Wear brings the silver off. With women it is all pure metal right through. Remember that; and in hauling away at your heart in order to get it out of its moorings and offer it to this girl, see that there is nothing of Birmingham and Sheffield in the gift; d'ye take me? For if the coating that makes it look bright and massy is thin, keep it where it is, otherwise ye'll be committing felony, cheating as badly as any rascally tradesman who palms off pinchbeck for gold. Hush!'

www.libtool.com.cn

The door opened and Mr. Hawke stalked in. My uncle immediately inquired after Mr. Morecombe, but I took no heed of the old gentleman's replies. In truth I felt half stunned by the broadside that had been poured into me. And yet it was full of flattery too; it was like telling me that I could win the girl if I chose, but that I was not to attempt to do so without first feeling sure that I was sincere in my desire to win her. My half-smoked cigar hung idly and extinguished between my fingers whilst I looked foolishly from Mr. Hawke to my uncle, pretending that I was interested in their talk, though I did not attend to a single word that was said. Presently our host, addressing me abruptly, but speaking with his dreadful formality and pomp of delivery, exclaimed, 'Will you finish your cigar, Mr. Seymour, or have you—aw—had enough? The ladies, I fear, will be wondering at—aw—our absence?' On this I stood up and followed them to the drawing-room.

The ladies formed a group at one end of the room, though Miss Hawke sat a little apart listening to the others. I went up to her at once, not in the least caring how Mr. Hawke might relish this renewal of my attention to his daughter; for I was now rendered utterly defiant, not only by being deeply in love, but by the perception that Mr. Hawke was never likely to again ask me to his house, and that therefore it would not signify an atom whether I dissembled or not. I asked if she had heard how Mr. Morecombe was; she said no. I told her that her father had been upstairs to see him, and added: 'He is a very lucky young gentleman to be so highly esteemed by your father.' She smiled, but made no observation.

'I am afraid,' said I, taking a squint at the old fellow, who was talking to my aunt, 'I should never be able to reach up to Mr. Morecombe's moral stature in Mr. Hawke's opinion. Is it because my head is not so well shaped as his, or because I have not his honesty?' She watched me with a partly-amused, partly-questioning expression. 'But neither brains nor characters, I am afraid, are of much use in these days. Tell me what is most liked, Miss Hawke? what is most successful? what do *you* value most?'

'Perfect sincerity, Mr. Seymour: the very rarest thing in the world,' she answered.

I was struck by this reply, that patly followed what my uncle had said. One might have sworn she had overheard him.

'When Mr. Hawke was upstairs,' said I, sinking my voice, which forced her to incline her head to listen, and this was her posture when her father turned to look at her, 'my uncle read me a most emphatic lecture on sincerity. He is a sagacious man, careless perhaps of the world's opinion, but with large and correct views of life. He said that a man's love was like a plated teapot: the silver came off through wear; but a woman's love, says he, is genuine metal all through.'

'Though it might not be silver, and, therefore,' says she, laughing quietly, 'not worth so much as the plated teapot.' And then, looking at me earnestly, 'Pray,' said she, 'what had Mr. Seymour's teapot got to do with his lecture to you on sincerity?'

'It was a simile—an image; on the whole clever, I thought,' I replied.

'What caused him to lecture you?' she asked.

'I must not tell,' I said. 'Yes, I will, though; but not to you direct. It shall come to you through Sophie.'

At this point there was a bustle. Mr. Hawke asked Amelia to sing, and she went to the piano, followed by the old gentleman, who stood up still alongside of her, like a parish-constable at a meeting. Had Amelia been Pasta, or Patti, or Tietjens, I must have gone on talking. She warbled and I mumbled. Old Hawke faced round as much as to say, 'Good God! will nothing silence that villain's tongue?' but I took no notice.

'I fear,' said I, 'that this will be the last time I shall ever have the pleasure of sitting in this room with you.'

'Why do you say that?' she exclaimed with a quickness of manner that afforded me pure delight. 'Are you leaving Clifton?'

'No,' said I. 'I mean that I shall never be asked here again.'

The sweet girl tried to look astonished, but it would not do; she knew the truth, and yet my whipping out with it in this fashion filled her with wonder and amusement. Meanwhile Amelia piped at the piano:—

Oh, fond nightingale, bee-utiful nightingale,
Filling with music the moonlighted——

Boom! went the bass, and the word was lost.

'Speak quite frankly, Mr. Seymour; I really do not understand you,' said Miss Florence.

'Yes, you do, you darling,' thought I; 'but you *want* me to be plain, and I'll be so.' 'The case is this,' said I. 'I have been told—the news is not nice—that Mr. Hawke is anxious to possess the young gentleman who accidentally (no doubt) killed our poor

dear Flora, as a son-in-law.' She coloured up, but I was not to be stopped. 'Your father is a keen-sighted man, capable of reading the mind. He has peered into mine, and witnessed there an admiration for you which he is not going to tolerate in a young fellow who is a plain mister, without fortune, and who was bred to the rough and savage calling of the sea. Hence my fears persuade me this is my last visit here.'

www.fibtool.com.cn

That I should have ventured so much but for Mr. Hawke's champagne, which gave fluency to my tongue and such an irrepressible ardency to my thoughts as relieved me of all considerations of taste, good or bad, I will not say; but, having made the speech, I was glad. It was not indeed a declaration of love, but it came near enough to it to make my meaning clear to the gentle heart for whose instruction it was designed. But she would let me say no more; she endeavoured to conceal the warm blush on her cheeks by cleverly manœuvring her fan; but what she concealed from the others she left visible to me, which I dare say she found insupportable, for she left her chair and went to an open window under pretence of drawing the curtains, and there she stood alone until Amelia had done her song, after which she joined my aunt, having by that time regained her composure and natural complexion. Yet let me say here that there was nothing in her manner of leaving me that indicated the least displeasure. Her quitting her chair seemed to me no more than one of those devices into which a maiden will be driven by stress of blushing. I could not mistake.

I went over to Sophie and Miss Emily Hawke, wanting to see what sort of a girl this latter was. I thought she seemed a bit frightened when I sat down near her. She stared at me hard when I spoke, but presently a not unpleasant manner came to my help, and perhaps her own. I was, indeed, anxious that she should not dislike me, whatever opinions her father might hold. I expressed the sorrow with which I had heard of her delicate health, and spoke with plenty of heart in my meaning too, for no man could have looked into that young girl's wan face, and noticed her thin wrists and fingers and the expression of suffering in her eyes, without compassion. Then I talked to her about the lamented Flora, and London, and kindled a light upon her face by praising Sydney and bragging about Australia, as though the world began at Cape Leeuwin and ended at Cape York, until, what with my stories and attempts at jokes, and the easy and plain, if not free, manner that will come to a sailor as a part of his sea-training, I rendered her as amiable as I could desire. This was the only part of my conduct that night that made Mr. Hawke seem willing to unbend his gloomy wooden face when he turned it my way. If there was a soft corner in him I suppose that invalid bairn filled it; and I think he was as much pleased

that I should be amusing the poor delicate creature as that I was no longer conversing in a low voice with Miss Florence with my nose at her ear.

Yet the effort to produce a pleasing impression on Miss Emily was a mighty hard one. She was not overburdened with intellect. I have elsewhere said that she had her papa's face; I could not but feel that she was her papa's child, and would perish in support of his opinions and wishes: and so I was like a needle trying my hardest to turn north and having to contend with the flow of a steady depolarising influence. All the time I was hoping that Miss Florence would be courted by our lively voices and join us; it was this expectation that supported me: and when I found that she would not come, I gave up and sat without talking, looking moodily at her, and, as is the custom of young lovers, turning over all I had spoken, regretting the omission of this, deploring the utterance of that, wondering what would have been the effect had I said the other, dwelling upon her assertion that nothing pleased her so much as sincerity, coupling it with my uncle's lecture at the dinner-table, wondering if there was anything suspicious in my manner that they should both address me on the same subject, and how long it would take young Morecombe's sprained ankle to get well.

www.fbtool.com.cn

The evening was brought to a close by the announcement of the arrival of my uncle's carriage. When it came to my turn to say good-night to Miss Florence, I could not help fancying from the look in her eyes that, had not the others stood around, she would have said something more to me than farewell. I might have been mistaken; but be that as it will, I could not let go her hand without giving it a tender squeeze: and though I admit that it was not returned, I can tell you this, mates, the darling girl did not haul her fingers away from me as if she had been burnt. But there was nothing to whisper, nothing even to be looked, with old Hawke like a policeman looming close alongside. He gave me a finger-nail to shake, bowed ponderously over his waistcoat, but expressed no pleasure at all at having made my acquaintance, nor hinted the least desire to have the honour of seeing me again.

Not very much was said as we drove home: the wheels made too much noise for comfortable talking, nor can it be said that our postures were of the easiest, I as before being squeezed between my cousins, which forced me to give my uncle and aunt opposite the benefit of my knees; so that all I can remember my uncle saying was 'Damme, Jack! you seem all legs to night!' on which Sophie panted into my ear, 'Papa should say all heart.' But the drive only occupied a few minutes, and presently we were in the dining-room at home, grog on the table, my uncle in slippers, and my aunt and cousins lingering for a chat before going to bed. Of course our talk was of the dinner, and if we

were not so kind in our remarks about our host as people usually are of the friends that entertain them, let it be remembered that my uncle thought old Hawke a prig, and that my cousins objected to his ideas on marriage.

'Do you really think Mr. Morecombe sprained his ankle?' asked Sophie generally.

www.libtool.com.cn

'No doubt of it,' replied my aunt. 'Why should he sham?'

'Yes,' says Sophie; 'but having killed poor Flora by treading on her, he might think the best way to prove the thing was accidental was by pretending he had hurt himself.'

'You should suggest that to Miss Hawke,' said I. 'Shamming or not, I wish he had dined with us; I should like to have seen him and heard him talk.'

'A foolish wish, Jack!' cried my uncle. 'Had he been present what chance of flirting would you have had?'

'Don't call it *flirting*,' said I warmly.

'Eh!' cried he, turning to his wife, 'you should have heard me lecture Jack this evening! Whilst Mr. Hawke was upstairs balsaming his young friend's aristocratic tendons, I ——' and he repeated pretty nearly all he had before let fly at me.

'Sophie,' said I, when he was done, 'please take a note of this, will you? I promised Miss Hawke that she should know through you what my uncle said.'

'I am sure Jack doesn't stand in need of such advice,' exclaimed Sophie. 'What *can* you think of him, papa, to talk about silver-plated hearts and stuff of that kind?'

'Stuff d'ye call it?' cried my uncle; 'why it was first-class imagery. If Jack means to make love to Florence, I want him to be in earnest. She knows him through me; I respect, admire, and am very fond of her, and I don't want any tomfoolery.'

'There's no tomfoolery here,' said I. 'And yet—really—this talk of my making love—these references to my being in earnest—are rather—well, let me say ——' and not knowing what to say I stopped, blushed, coughed, and, catching my uncle's eye, laughed.

'I cannot help thinking it is a pity,' said my aunt, fanning herself and looking somewhat anxiously from one to the other of us as she spoke, 'that we should be in any way, even indirectly, the means of interfering, as it might seem, between Mr. Hawke and his domestic views. I mean that it would not matter one jot, and, indeed, no one would be gladder than I, if Mr. Jack should be the instrument of putting young Mr. Morecombe down and of saving Florence from what I have often said I fear will be an unhappy future. For no woman *can* live happily with a fool. But it would have been better, I think, if Jack could have acted independently of us—if he could have fallen in love with Miss Hawke and paid her attention—as he did to-night, and how

annoyed Mr. Hawke looked!—without our having, as it might be, anything to do with it.'

'Well, and what have we to do with it?' exclaimed my uncle. 'We're only responsible for his introduction. We can't help his falling in love.'

'No, I quite see that,' responded my aunt thoughtfully; 'but still I am afraid that Mr. Hawke is annoyed.'

'With us, do you mean, Sophia?' cried my uncle.

'Yes, I think he was. He was cool, I thought.'

'And what then?'

'Well,' said she, 'you see we're neighbours.'

'And what then?'

'Well, I should not like him to think that—I mean, it would seem unfriendly on our part to act as if it gave us pleasure to thwart his wishes.'

'Nonsense!' said my uncle. 'What are we supposed to know about his wishes? Why, confound him, I'm an honester man to his child than he is. Here I see my nephew admiring her, hanging about her, and behaving as a young fellow would who wants to get a girl to love him; and thereupon I give him a lecture upon the subject of women's feelings worth its weight in gold, and dismiss him with this injunction: Be honest, be sincere, or sheer off! But how does the father act? He meets an old man called Sir Reginald Morecombe; he brings this old man's son to his house and in a manner forces him upon his daughter, not because he values her happiness, not because she is a restless creature who had better marry a sucking baronet than her papa's coachman, but because he is eaten up by the parvenu's ambition of improving his social position by importing blood into his family.'

'I agree with every word you say, Charles,' exclaimed my aunt; 'but,' added she inconsequentially, 'I know it will end in Mr. Hawke cutting us.'

'The sun will still shine, mamma,' said Sophie.

'And the flowers grow,' said Amelia.

'Well, if nobody *will* understand me,' cried my aunt, 'there is no use in my going on talking.'

'*I* understand you,' said I, who had listened to this conversation with very mingled emotions, as any man may suppose. 'You consider that I am not acting a proper part in doing anything likely to disturb the friendly feelings which exist between your family and the Hawkes?'

'Twaddle!' rumbled my uncle in his gizzard.

'You consider, perhaps,' I continued, 'that I did not behave very decorously in so bearing myself this evening towards Miss Hawke as to vex her father, and make him seem cool towards you for introducing me.'

'Bosh!' growled my uncle.

'Well,' continued I, not noticing my uncle's interruptions, 'if this is what you think, I must admit that you are right. But what was I to do? Miss Hawke invited me to her papa's house, and I went. I took her into dinner and sat next to her: how was I to behave?'

'Look here, Jack!' shouted my uncle, 'enough of this. Take a cigar, man; take a cigar. Sophia, next week we return this dinner, d'ye hear?'

'Mr. Hawke will not accept,' said my aunt.

'We'll risk it,' exclaimed my uncle. 'But understand—if he don't accept, I shall put his refusal down, not to Jack yonder, but to my wideawake and boots. I shall consider that we're not good enough for him.'

My aunt and Amelia drew themselves up at this. 'I'm sorry your nephew should hear *that*, at all events,' said the former. 'Not good enough for Mr. Hawke? Ree-ally, Charles!'

My uncle seemed to find this stroke of indignation exquisite, for he laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks; and indeed, my aunt's 'Ree-ally, Charles!' was almost as good in its way as old Hawke's 'Ree-diculous!' But, humorous as it might be, for my part I was not in the mood to appreciate the fun of it. I could not but see that if the Hawkes and my relations were to remain friends I must take leave of Clifton, or, at all events, clear out of my uncle's house. I was full of these bothersome fancies when my aunt and cousins bade me good-night. Great-hearted Sophie, noticing the gloom on my brow and wishing to send me to bed happy, whispered as she squeezed my hand, 'You are making Florence very fond of you, Jack; I am *sure* she likes you exceedingly,' and tripped out of the room. Her words were like a dram to a fainting man; yet I still felt very worried as I resumed my chair and lighted another cigar.

'What was that Sophie croaked in your ear just now?' inquired my uncle.

'Nothing of consequence,' I replied.

'The girls don't sympathise with their mother as regards old Hawke, d'ye observe, Jack?' said he; 'they take after me. Not that your aunt likes the man. I know what's in her mind. Mr. Hawke is a neighbour: we have exchanged civilities and hospitality; his girls are pleasant companions for my daughters; and whilst your aunt would be the first to clap you on your back and help your love-making in all ways possible—so heartily does she object to the sort of marriage old Hawke wants to bring about—if you were an outsider, no relation, merely a friend who lived in the town; yet being my nephew and owing your knowledge of the Hawkes to us, she hangs back and is foolish enough to trouble herself over what Hawke may think and the prospect of his cutting us.'

'Uncle,' said I, 'I am in a very uncomfortable position. I feel that under the circumstances I have no right to remain here, and yet I am so deeply obliged to you all for your affectionate kindness that I feel I should be acting with brutal ingratitude if I even hinted that I ought to pack up and be off.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Quite right, the brutallest ingratitude,' said he with twinkling eyes; 'so therefore what d'ye say, as you common sailors observe, to taking a turn with this jawing tackle?'

'But it is only right I should tell you,' continued I, 'that though to save my aunt from any mortification I should deem it my duty to leave your house' (he made a dreadful grimace as I used these words), 'it is not at all probable that I should quit the neighbourhood.'

'What!' cried he. 'Are you so far gone as that?'

'I'll not put it in that way,' said I, speaking very calmly; 'but I'll answer by saying that I am in love with Florence Hawke, and that I could no more dream of returning to London and giving up all chance of seeing her again this side of her marriage with young Morecombe, or any other man her father may induce her to take, than I could of cutting off my nose in the hope of improving my beauty.'

'Well, smite my timbers!' cried he, looking at me wonderingly and talking through his nose, as his custom was when suddenly excited; 'if ever I could believe you were so much in earnest. Confound ye, I believe you'd marry the girl to-morrow.'

'This instant!' I replied warmly.

'But have you reflected?' cried he, running his eye over me. 'Are you *sure* of your own meaning? Is it possible that a man can fall in love safely in the short time you have known Miss Florence?'

'Yes,' said I stoutly, 'quite possible.'

'And you wouldn't leave Clifton now, even if you give *us* up?'

'Assuredly not!' I replied.

'Well, roast me!' cried he, viewing me with a kind of admiration; 'if this don't beat cock-fighting. But how d'ye calculate on getting to windward of the old fellow and young Morecombe?' continued he, talking inquisitively.

'If I can teach her to love me she'll have me, if she's the woman I believe her to be,' I answered.

'Well, hang me, if this don't beat cock-fighting!' he cried again. 'By jingo, Jack, you'll get her—you're bound to win—if *this* is your policy. Why, you have only to make her as much in earnest as you are and the old Hawke 'll have to take wing—he'll have to mizzle. Oppose 'em!' he ejaculated, looking at me, and talking as though he were thinking aloud. 'Why, there's something in the will of two resolved young lovers that makes them fit to conquer all creation—aye, were the globe populated entirely with

Hawkes. Well, may I be smothered this blessed night if I'm not considerably astonished too,' said he, pitching his cigar through the open window and rising. 'Oh for a talking owl, that I might despatch the mouser with news of your ideas to old Hawke, who by this time should be abed, nightcap on, smiling as he dreams of blood!'

www.libtool.com.cn

He laughed so heartily that it took him several minutes to light his candle, and after I had closed my bedroom door I could hear the rumbling of his half-smothered laughter in the passage, as if he waited for the fit to subside before entering his wife's room.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS HAWKE'S INSTRUCTIONS.

My uncle's merriment was not contagious. For my part I never in all my life felt less disposed to laugh than after I had said good-night to him. It was anything but pleasant to reflect that my visit was likely to end in making the Hawkes and my relatives enemies. My uncle might pooh-pooh; my cousins might give me their sympathy; but it was clear that my aunt had strong opinions on the subject of our duty towards our neighbours, and that she found my admiration of Miss Hawke objectionable—at all events, whilst I was her guest. Therefore, as I had not the least notion of quitting the neighbourhood in which Miss Hawke resided, it was for me to consider whether I should risk offending my uncle by quitting his house whilst there was yet time to save a rupture between the two families, or insure a quarrel by remaining.

Now, to offend so large-hearted and kind a creature as my uncle would have been the very hardest obligation that could have been imposed on me. I had paid him and my aunt the poor compliment of falling in love with a friend of the family under their daughters' noses. Yet, instead of resenting this, my uncle had applauded my taste, my cousins had as good as given me to understand that I might count upon them as allies, and if my aunt had played a neutral part, neither helping nor discouraging me, it was, beyond doubt, because she did not want Mr. Hawke to find an excuse for taking offence at the behaviour of a young gentleman who owed his introduction to Clifton Lodge to his uncle and herself. Therefore, bearing the goodness and warm-heartedness of these people in mind, I say it was very hard for me to guess what was the right thing to do.

However, I thought my best plan would be to take Sophie into my confidence and ask her advice; and after breakfast next

morning—during which, by the way, I do not remember that any reference was made to the Hawkes nor their dinner—I followed her into the grounds and begged her to give me ten minutes somewhere out of the heat of the sun, as I had something to say to her.

'What is it, Jack?' says she.

'I am going to open my heart to you,' said I, 'and want your judgment. You remember what was said in the dining-room last night?'

'Very well indeed,' she replied. 'But you should not take great notice of what mamma says. She is a little peculiar in some things—too sensitive, as papa thinks. She owns she does not like Mr. Hawke very much, and yet she seems frightened at the idea of giving him offence.'

'It is her being frightened,' said I, 'that makes my position here embarrassing.'

'But you need not mind her being frightened, I tell you. It is ridiculous. Suppose Mr. Hawke takes it into his head to cut us. Who cares? Florence will remain friendly, depend upon it, and she is the only one of the lot we like.'

'You say "Suppose Mr. Hawke takes it into his head to cut us." Now if he cuts you it will be through me. I do not like the notion: and here I am for you to advise.'

'What upon?'

'Is it not my duty to pack up and leave your house?'

'First of all, Jack, why do you want to leave?' says she.

'That Mr. Hawke may have no excuse to cut you.'

'Really, Jack,' she exclaimed, 'I thought you were a clever boy, but I find you stupid. Do you suppose that any of us values Mr. Hawke's acquaintance sufficiently to induce us to raise a finger to prevent him from cutting us if he wants to do so?'

'Well, Sophie, I am forced to judge to a large extent by what your mother says.'

'Perhaps you want to go?' says she, looking at me.

'Ay, look your hardest: you'll see nothing resembling that wish,' I answered. 'Want to go, do I? Want to leave these flowers and trees, and that hospitable home and the kind hearts in it? No, no. I am very well satisfied. Only I cannot stay—I could not be happy were I to stay—if I felt that my presence distressed your mother as a kind of standing annoyance to Mr. Hawke.'

'Bother Mr. Hawke!' exclaimed the dear girl pouting. 'Why do you talk of *him*? I thought you were going to speak of Florence.'

'So I am. She is involved in all this. It concerns her more than anybody else.'

'How? since you talk so coolly of feeling it your duty to leave Clifton, and of course her?'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Oh, make no mistake, Sophie,' said I, shaking my head and very gravely laughing. 'I don't mean to leave Clifton, and I don't mean to leave her. If I quit that house there it will be only to retire to a lodging in Bristol, or hereabouts. No, no, cousin: I am in love with Florence Hawke, and rest assured I am not the man to leave young Morecombe, or anybody else, a clear field until she, and only she, orders me to sheer off.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Let us sit down, Jack,' said Sophie; 'this is very interesting,' and her face took the expression I have sometimes noticed in a girl when she comes to an exciting part of a novel.

'You whispered last night, Sophie dear,' said I, 'that I might be sure Miss Hawke liked me. Did you say that merely to encourage me, or do you positively know it to be true?'

'I positively know it to be true.'

'How did she convey it? What were her words?' said I, ogling the fat and amiable face alongside of me.

'Why, she said it several times. Last evening, for instance, when she accompanied us upstairs before leaving, I said to her, "Florence, I really believe you have made my cousin Jack in love with you." She laughed and answered, "I believe I have, dear." I said, "Are you glad?" "I don't know," she answered; "I won't say; you repeat everything!" "Indeed I don't," said I. "But although he is my cousin I'm not afraid to say he is worth twelve dozens of Reginald Morecombes." She cried *hush!* and looked at mamma, who was having her cloak fastened by Amelia. "Have you no message for him?" said I. She put her hand over my mouth and told me not to be silly. Is that enough for you, Jack?'

I have often wondered what sort of a face mine was whilst Sophie talked in this strain. To judge from my feelings nothing could have been more imbecile from the ludicrous delight expressed in it.

'Oh, Sophie!' I cried, 'you are a sweet creature to tell me all this. Is not she a darling girl? Leave Clifton! No—though every lodging in Bristol city was full, and there was nothing but an old bathing-machine to sleep in.'

'But what are your ideas?' asked Sophie. 'Mr. Hawke is certainly not likely to encourage you.'

'He may die,' said I. 'I only want Florence to be true.'

Sophie heaved a sigh. All this was in her vein; it was better than a story, for it was real and happening before her; it abounded in living sentiment, and best of all she was having a finger in it.

'You must make her fond of you, and then she'll be true,' said she.

'I will,' I replied, 'but you must give me a hand, Sophie. The time will come when I shall only be able to meet her by stealth, if indeed she ever consents to meet me secretly: and who is there

but you to whom I could trust the messages I should want to send her?'

'But if Mr. Hawke cuts us, and forbids Florence to have anything to do with us, out of fear of you——'

'That's just it!' I cried, fetching my knee a blow. 'There you exactly hit what I'm afraid of: and hence, if not for your aunt's sake, then for my own, ought not I to clear out of this at once, and let old Hawke suppose I have left Clifton?'

She reflected, and then said, 'No; better let things take their chance. There's nothing like honesty, Jack. Hiding is mean. Besides, it's undignified. Are you not good enough to be Mr. Hawke's son-in-law? What is his wealth but a kind of peppermint that disguises a nasty flavour? If you hide and meet Florence secretly, even supposing, as you say, that she consented to appointments of that kind, you would only be humbling yourself in her papa's opinion when he came to hear of you, and lead him to suppose you were ashamed of yourself for *daring* to look so high as his daughter, and therefore skulked, as papa would say.'

'But it must be plain to you, Sophie,' said I, 'that if I am to exhaust old Hawke's patience, I can't go on living in yonder house. There is a limit even to your father and mother's hospitality, and old Hawke may hold out for the next ten years.'

'Don't trouble yourself about him for the present,' responded the sagacious girl. 'Think of Florence.'

'You mean, I must win her love before disturbing myself about her papa?' Sophie nodded. 'Is it to be done, my darling?'

'Now, Jack, if you cannot answer that question, how should I?'

'True, Sophie, true: but what I want to say is, if her house is closed against me, and a coolness springs up between her family and yours, how the dickens am I to see her?'

'Amelia and I must arrange that matter somehow,' said she, knitting her plump brow in deep reflection. 'I don't suppose, even if Mr. Hawke should cut us, that he could *compel* Florence not to speak to us if we met her; and there really ought to be no difficulty in our meeting her, nor in your being with us when we do meet.'

'Oh, you clever girl!' cried I, seizing her hand and squeezing it. 'But didn't your papa say I was safe in your——'

'Why talk of——there's Florence now!' she exclaimed bouncing off the seat, and she ran as hard as she could pelt across the lawn towards the carriage-drive, along which Florence Hawke was quietly walking.

I had a mind to follow, and I should have done so had Miss Hawke shown by her manner that she saw me. They kissed and I expected them to come my way: but instead, they walked towards another part of the grounds after exchanging a few words, and disappeared behind the house. I remained seated, for I supposed

that Sophie would not let her friend go away without bringing her to me or calling to me to join them; and sure enough in about twenty minutes—but not before; and it might have been twenty days for the tediousness of it as a bit of expectancy and waiting—they came slowly along the walk on the right of the house. I stood up and bowed to Miss Hawke, whose surprise on seeing me I accepted as perfectly genuine. A little colour came into her cheeks, but if she felt any embarrassment she showed none. With perfect composure she advanced and shook hands with me, and at once accepted Sophie's invitation to sit a few minutes in the shade before going into the hot sunshine. The feeling that my cousin and I had been deep in talk about her infused a sort of shyness in me. After all, bachelors are much more ingenuous and simple-hearted than is believed. On the other hand, she was as lady-like and sweet and self-possessed as if we had never met before.

'What a very cool and fragrant nook this is, Mr. Seymour!' said she. 'I wish we had such grounds as these.'

'Jack is afraid of his complexion, Florence,' said Sophie. 'That is why he sits under the trees.'

'I left my complexion ashore when I went to sea,' I remarked, 'and when I returned, although I looked for it, I could not find it. How is Mr. Morecombe this morning, Miss Hawke?'

'He is likely to be confined to his room for some days. But why do you ask?—do you hope he is better?'

'Jack is a most bloodthirsty man, Florence,' cried Sophie. 'He said he wished Mr. Morecombe had broken his neck instead of twisting his leg for stepping on poor Flora.'

'I suppose,' said I, 'you will be having the animal buried soon?'

'She was buried this morning,' answered Miss Hawke. 'I shall have a little stone erected over her. *Don't* smile, Mr. Seymour.'

'I am not going to cry, Miss Hawke; but I give you my word I have not the least disposition to smile.'

'A dog,' said Sophie, 'is often the faithfullest friend one has; and if a faithful friend don't deserve a tombstone, I am sure I don't know who does. Florence, will there be any harm in my repeating to Jack what you have told me?'

'Do you mean *now*, dear?' exclaimed Miss Hawke, looking confused.

'If you like,' said Sophie. 'It is all his doing. He will have to hear about it sooner or later.'

'If it is not to be a secret, Miss Hawke, I won't ask you to trust me,' said I, deeply admiring her as she sat looking down, a warm colour in her cheeks, her beautiful eyes half veiled, the gold threads in her hair glancing in the twinkling green shadows cast

by the trees, her faultless shape most excellently expressed by the glove-like fit of her simple morning dress.

'It is no secret,' she replied, rallying and speaking quietly. 'It concerns the friendship between your relatives and my family.'

'The long and short of it,' burst out Sophie with great heat, 'is this: Mr. Hawke has requested Florence to discontinue her visits here. I know she doesn't like me to tell you this before her, but I must either speak or die, for I have never heard of anything more ridiculous and unnecessary.'

'What have you done to annoy Mr. Hawke, Sophie?' said I.

'What have *we* done? You mean what have *you* done?' she cried. 'You have *dared* to admire Florence, and for that our dear friend here' (kissing her) 'is commanded to drop our acquaintance!'

This was a tremendous stroke on Sophie's part. I understood it; I saw its prodigious value to myself, but I confess I was awed by its audacity. That she was distressing Miss Florence to an extremity by whipping out with all this before me I could witness in the blushing face of the girl, whose instincts were apparently helpless, for she evidently did not know whether to go or stay, or how so to behave as to give by her conduct the least possible significance to Sophie's blunt candour. But it was a noble opportunity for me, though cruelly obtained, and trembling as I was and my heart beating wildly, I would not lose it.

'Were ten times worse than this to follow,' said I in a low voice to disguise the shake in it, 'I should still go on admiring you, Miss Hawke. But if I am to be the only impediment to your visits here, Mr. Hawke may at once withdraw his commands, for I will leave my kind relations.'

'I trust you will do nothing of the kind, Mr. Seymour,' exclaimed Miss Hawke, keeping her eyes rooted to the ground. 'I shall obey my father, though I am disobedient now in calling; but it will not be my fault if your relatives do not remain the same warm friends of mine I have always found them.'

Here Sophie shed tears. 'Oh, Florence, you know we all love you! How cruel and silly your papa is!—yes, cruel and silly!—boo! boo!' And, lo! whilst she boo'd Miss Florence pulled out her pockethandkerchief and put it to her eyes. Was there ever a more moving sight? I protest, mates, I was very near turning to and having a bit of a snuffle on my own account.

'It is a most unhappy business,' said I. 'But there is only one remedy: I must go. I cannot remain in a family whose peace of mind I am disturbing, and whose friends I am alienating. I ought never to have come to Clifton. What made my uncle go and find me out? I have brought trouble on him and misery—yes, I will say misery—on myself. And if you wish to know

what I mean, Miss Hawke, I'll explain by saying that it is miserable to feel that I may have no further opportunity of meeting you, of being in your company, of even seeing you.'

Here Sophie bounced up. 'Florence, before you go I want to say a word to Amelia about your visit. Don't leave before I return,' and away she bundled across the lawn.

It was a neatly-contrived stratagem, very transparent, and of course as easily seen through by Miss Hawke as the impassioned young chap alongside of her. Possibly Sophie judged by my speech that I was in a fit condition to make love, and so hauled off at what she reckoned the right moment.

'I hope my cousin's candid tongue has not vexed you, Miss Hawke,' said I. 'You will ascribe her outspokenness to indignation. She loves and admires you, and is angry to think that she may lose you as a friend through no fault of her own.'

'Sophie is not a girl to vex anybody,' she replied. 'Nor will she lose me as a friend.'

'And I?'

'Oh, Mr. Seymour, we must hope to meet each other occasionally in our walks—that is, whilst you remain here,' she said, answering with some confusion; and then, perhaps fancying that I might find more in that answer than she intended, she added, 'Clifton is not a very large place, and people are constantly meeting.'

'I quite understand,' said I, making her a little bow. 'But the sort of meetings you mean promise but a poor look-out for me.'

'But you have threatened to leave, and deprive yourself therefore of even such small consolation as a passing bow might afford you,' said she, laughing and talking more easily, though all this while she never looked at me.

'I did not say I should leave the neighbourhood,' I replied; 'only that house yonder.'

This hove the darling right into the wind's eye again. She was all aback in a breath, blushing, bothered, and yet *liking* it; couldn't I tell that?

'Miss Hawke,' said I, plucking up my heart for a header, and going in, so to speak, with my eyes shut and my hands clenched, 'I'm but a plain young fellow—I don't mean plain in the sense of ugliness: my sea training has knocked all power out of me of capering and smirking and stepping round an emotion like a French dancing-master. I can do no more than speak out, and though I don't feel it is fair that I should be tackling you alone here, calling as you have without expecting to see me' (here she turned her beautiful eyes up to me for the first time as if she would say, Are you quite sure of *that*?), 'yet, as I may not have another chance, I *must* tell you how deeply I admire you—no, no, let me be honest—let me say love you. From the moment I set eyes on you sitting in that drawing-room over there, with your poor

old dog at your feet, you have never been out of my thoughts. It seems but yesterday—ay, you smile—well, the time has been short enough. But then, think how much we have been together, how kind and sweet and gentle you have been to me. That is no compliment, I know—you could not be otherwise. Of course I ought not to talk to you like this. Mr. Hawke would think me a villain were he behind that tree; but then I reckon no man ever yet told a girl he was in love with her but that there was some relative who would rather he should have poisoned himself. You'll go away laughing when you think of me—more amused than angry at my presumption. But I've had my say; you know the truth; and let your father now head you on what course he will, no power on earth can prevent you from remembering that the young sailor fellow, Jack Seymour, whom you met at his uncle's house, was devotedly in love with you, the first girl he ever saw in his life whom he could break his clumsy young heart over.'

www.libtool.com.cn

Mates, what do you say to this as a love-speech? How does it read? I know it's an outburst that staggers me to recall—plenty of it too, mind you, and handsomely rounded like a bit of Parliament jaw. Well I remember it, and that you may not think I've improved it in the writing, let me tell you you have the very words I used. It gave her time to rally, and she stood up, and looking at me bravely, 'Rest assured, Mr. Seymour,' says she, 'that, let my future be what it will, I shall always remember what you have said to me with *pride*,' and my darling was going on, but her colour suddenly failed her, she put out her hand, and said, 'Good-bye.'

'Won't you wait for Sophie?' said I, keeping hold of her hand. 'Don't go without seeing her.'

She smiled faintly and replied, 'Sophie has forgotten us. Besides, though I am not breaking my word to papa, for I *could* not make him the promise he wanted, I am here against his wish, and must go. Good-bye.' And in a moment she was walking quickly to the gate watched by me, who, for love of her, would have cheerfully consented to crawl on my hands and feet after her to her father's house, merely to kiss the imprint of her feet.

Scarcely had she disappeared when Sophie came along. 'Where's Florence?' she asked.

'Gone home,' said I.

My cousin took a long look at me. The agitation that worked in my soul was expressed, small doubt, in my face.

'Did you say anything to drive her away, Jack?' asked she.

'I told her I was in love with her—that's all,' I answered.

'I thought you would—I thought you would!' cried she, looking mighty pleased. 'Indeed, I meant that you should. Why did I leave you alone with her but for that? I had nothing

to speak to Amelia about. Haven't even seen Amelia. What did Florence say?'

'Why,' I answered, 'she said that, let her future be what it would, she would always remember my words with pride.'

'Did she now—really! And what did you say to that?'

'You see, my dear, it was her answer to what I had already said.'

'But what *was* it that you said, Jack? I ought to know. Good gracious, how can I help you if you don't tell me what goes on?'

'Well,' said I, mumbling a trifle, for there is no unpleasanter job a man can be set to than having to recite the stuff he mouths to a girl in an impassioned moment—it's like hearing an old love-letter read out before a crowd; 'I told her that I was devotedly in love with her, and that, let her father do what he pleased, he could never make her forget that Jack Seymour had told her she was the first girl he had ever met in his life whom he could break his clumsy young heart over.'

'Did you say that *really?*' cried Sophie, with a face upon her as if she were witnessing a sentimental comedy when the most exciting part was being acted. 'How very pretty! Florence is sure to have liked *that*. But why "clumsy" young heart? "Young heart" is very well, but why clumsy, Jack?'

'Look here, Sophie,' said I, 'when a man feels as I do and has to speak up, he says what comes into his mouth out of his feelings. I felt I talked clumsily, and that's why I used the word clumsy. Don't criticise, or you'll make me think I could have done better—an unpleasant reflection when it's too late.'

'At all events, you have confessed your feelings to her,' exclaimed Sophie. 'She knows the truth now.'

'Yes, she knows the truth now,' said I; 'and it will be in her mind when young Morecombe's leg gets well enough to enable him to plump down on his knees to her—for I suppose he'll be proposing marriage soon. Did she come here expressly to tell you that her father had forbidden her to call?'

'Yes. She was going to write, but was afraid that she should not be able to make herself fully understood in a letter. Besides, might not she hope to get just another peep at the sailor man she has fascinated?'

'You mean to say, then, that Mr. Hawke has actually forbidden her to visit you?'

'Whilst you are here,' answered Sophie.

'Oh!' said I.

'I'll give you the story as she told it me,' exclaimed Sophie. 'Last night, after we had left, her father inquired if you and she had met before that evening. Florence wanted to know why he asked such a question. "Because," said he, "of the familiarity

of young Mr. Seymour's manner to you." Florence denied that you were familiar, on which Mr. Hawke flew into a rage, asked if his daughter thought him blind, declared she had encouraged you, and ordered her to say whether she and you had met before. Of course she told him the truth; and on her informing him that she had dined with us on the evening of your arrival, that you had accompanied her and Amelia to the Cathedral and taken a drive afterwards, and then lunched at Clifton Lodge, his anger, she admitted, was so great that he could barely speak. "Florence," said he, "I utterly forbid you to call again upon the Seymours, or have any further intercourse with them whilst that young man remains in their house." She said, "Very well, papa; but I must explain why to them, and I certainly will not promise not to speak to Sophie and Amelia if we meet out of doors." What more passed she did not tell me. No doubt he fumed and stamped and went on rating her. Those pompous men who are so anxious about the world's opinion are often mean creatures and tyrants in their own homes, when there are no spectators but their family. She said her first idea was to write; then she resolved to call this morning and tell mamma or me or Amelia that her papa had forbidden her to visit us, and why.'

'That shows how much she likes you all,' said I. 'She is a sweet woman—so tender and sympathetic. I doubt if she would have the heart to pick a flower for fear of causing it pain.'

'I don't know about that, Jack,' said Sophie. 'She is very fond of picking flowers. But, as you say, her calling shows a very great liking for us, for in a measure she has defied her papa by doing so. And then her coming at once proves her anxiety to immediately prevent any chance of our misjudging her. Amelia and I and she have been so much together, that had a couple of days passed without our seeing her we should have wondered.'

'And have called, perhaps, and been affronted by old Hawke or his flunkeys. To save you any risk of that kind might be one of her reasons in coming here in a hurry after her father's kick-up. How does she speak of Alphonso? In bitterness?'

'Oh, no; in sorrow,' replied Sophie. 'She softened the story in every way—I'm sure of that. And all the time there was a kind of apology for herself in her manner, as if it distressed her to present her father in a disagreeable light; though if she were to talk at all about him she must speak the truth.'

'What do you think will be the end, Sophie?' said I. 'Will her father get his way with her as regards young Morecombe?'

'No,' cried she, warmly; 'not in a thousand years. All that he is doing makes her *hate* Mr. Morecombe. Her spirit is not to be shaped by a will—even though it be her father's—that she cannot respect.'

'Just my idea! just my theory of her!' I exclaimed in a rapture.

'Though,' continued Sophie, 'I think this of Florence: her father will never get her to marry a man she does not care about; but I do not think she would ever marry in opposition to her father's wishes. She would never become a wife to please her father only; but she'll die an old maid, I am convinced, rather than defy him in the other direction.'

'There's no use in telling me that,' said I, my spirits dropping in me like mercury before a tempest.

'It's your own fault,' laughed she; 'you *will* ask questions.' And, looking at her watch, she was about to leave me, saying something about expecting a dressmaker.

'Before you go, dear,' said I, 'just tell me, will you, how much of what has happened this morning do you intend to repeat to your family?'

'All that I know,' she answered, 'which of course excludes your piece of love-making.'

'I am going into Bristol for a stroll,' said I. 'Please tell your mamma I shall not return to lunch. I want to have a look at the city docks—the corporation quays, don't you call 'em?'

'Don't go near the water, Jack,' said she; 'there's a suicidal look in your face.'

'No fear,' said I. 'I'm not born to be drowned, as I found out when I fell overboard once from a lower yardarm. Sophie, have I thanked you for the interest you are taking in my—in my —what shall I call it?—in that sentimental business which your father's invitation to Clifton has plumped me into? If I have not, accept now my heartfelt gratitude. I am in earnest, Sophie. As surely as that sky yonder is blue—is it, by the way?' said I, taking a squint aloft to make sure; 'yes, a noble, deep-sea, South Pacific blue—so surely do I intend to try my dead best—all that I know—to win Florence's love and possess her as a wife. But I look to you and Amelia—and to you chiefly—to help me.'

'I'll help you, Jack.'

'The odds against me are immense.'

'Yes, they are; but it is the odds which make the fun and the interest.'

'Ay, to others,' I grumbled, as she made off after taking another peep at her watch.

Well, she was a dear girl. I sometimes think I ought to have made a sweetheart of Sophie Seymour. How kind she was to listen to me and encourage me! She was a young lady who had never had a lover, and had passed through life without obtaining any further attention from men than plain civilities. When, instead of sneering at two young people whose friends are one too many for them, instead of viewing their transports with a jaundiced eye, wondering that people can make themselves ridiculous, and siding with the relatives of the spoonies—when, I say,

instead of doing all this, a girl, destitute as Sophie was of tender experiences, turns to and lays hold of the rope the lovers are hauling upon, and pulls with them with all her might, singing out cheerily as she drags, and urging them to keep up their spirits and never dream of letting go, then, mates, she deserves a pair of wings and a crown on her head. She is of the right sort, a real blessing. And do you know I have more than once thought that if the male of the two people she helps were to drop the lady he is in tow of, and tackle the woman who is lending them both a hand, he would now and again do better than if he held on to his original choice.

(*To be continued.*)

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

Alphabetical Rhymes.

THE BATTLE OF CULTURE AND PHILISTINISM.

ALL Armageddon's armaments arise!
Baal's bold backers bluster blasphemies:
'Come, courage, comrades!' Culture's champions cry,
'Day dawns, Delusion's dark'ning dogmas die!'
Ennobling efforts eager eyes enflame:
Forward! for freedom fight, forgetting fame![1]
'Gainst gracious Genius goes Goliath grim;
His hulking height half helps half hampers him:
Incarnate Ignorance intensifies
Jeers, jangling jargon, jaundiced jealousies.
Kneel, knaves! kneel, knock-kneed kindred! kneeling know,
Liberty's lesson learnt lays liars low![2]
Meanwhile must martyrs, mock'd, maltreated, maim'd,
No noisy number, noted not nor named,
Oppose Opinion's odds. One overhears
Prigs prove Philosophy's pick'd pioneers
Queer quibbling quacks, quixotically quaint,
Rashly renouncing rational restraint!
Sad scornful smiles such senseless slander stirs:
Ten thousand thanks to Truth's true trumpeters,
Unmoved, unwavering, unabash'd, unbow'd,
Valorous Virtue's vanguard victory-vow'd,
With whom we walking, winning we what won
Xenophanes, Xenarchus, Xenophon,
Yield years yet young, yea, yearnings youthfullest,
Zenonian zealotry, Zenobian zest![3]

[1] Cf. 'Die That ist alles, nichts der Ruhm.'—Goethe.

[2] v.l. Knaves, Knowledge kindles kindness! kneeling know,
Learning's large liberal light lays liars low!

[3] v.l. Yield youth, years, yearnings, (yea, yield yours, yearn ye!)
Zenobian zest, Zenonian zealotry!

A STUDENT'S NIGHTMARE.

Array'd before confused delirious eyes,
Fantastically garbled histories,
Inextricably jumbled, killing light,
My nightmare's order permeated quite,
Rewakening savage tones unlovable,
'Victory!' 'Whoa, Xerxes!' 'Yield, Zerubbabel!'

www.libtool.com.cn

THE VEGETARIAN TO THE SPORTSMAN.

'Automata' by cartloads die!
Excessive fleshly gluttony
Has Instinct's juster kindlier lesson miss'd.
No odious pretexts! Question, rogue,
Such trumpery's unquestion'd vogue.
What! Xenophon[1] yclept zoophilist!

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Apparently believers can't deny
Establish'd faith gets half in jeopardy:
Kindhearted latitudinarians make
Nearsighted orthodoxy plainly quake:
Religion seems—thus undogmatic—vaster;
Witness Xenophanes, yea, Zoroaster!

TWO RIVERS.

Admirably big crags,
Dark'ning everlasting falls,
Gape huge in jagged knotted line
Mid noise of panting quivering Rhine:
Slow trail under verdant walls
Xanthus' yellow zigzags.

[1] For this sportsman's love of horses and dogs, and indifference to the sufferings of other animals, see his *De Re Equestri* and *Cynegeticus, passim.*

HELLENIC v. HEBRAIC HYMNODY.

www.libtool.com.cn

Alcman bless'd convivial days;
  Earth's false gods hymn'd Ion[1]:—
  Judah's kingly lion
Missionary notes of praise
  Quote, (Rebecca's scion,)
Tootling unctuous virelays,
  While Xavier's yelling 'Zion!'

NAUGHTY JANIE.

Anger, baseness, craft, disdain,
  Every fault {God hates / girls have} is Janie's:
Kind language moves not—only pain
Quite rightly serves—these uppish vain
  Worthless Xanthippes, yawning zanies.

A BALLET IN 'ORPHÉE AUX ENFERS.'

Ah, Bacchic concourse disarray'd,
  Escaped from Grecian Hebrus
In jaunty kirtles, loosely made!
Need our pedantic quakerish rigour
Suppress this unencumber'd vigour?
  Would Xenophon yoke zebras?

ORIENTAL LUXURY.

Are brilliant court-delights e'er fairly guess'd,
  How idly jesting kings
Lived, mere nonentities, on pleasure's quest,
  Renouncing serious things,
Until vice withered Xerxes' younger zest?

[1] Cf. Eurip. Ion, 124. A substitution of the title 'Versatility of the Jewish Genius' would enable this rhyme to begin:—

Airy *badinage* conveys,
Dazzling empty Fashion's gaze,
  Humorous 'Ixion.'

ON THE RUINS OF THE 'GOLDEN HOUSE.'

Admired, bedeck'd—contemn'd, decay'd,
Exhibit Folly's *Golden Home*
In jeering keen lampoons:—'Must Nero
O'ershadow patient queenly Rome?
Sum the upshot! valued, weigh'd,
Xanadu[1] yields—zero!'

A SPANISH LANDSCAPE.

Acres bounteous crops displaying,
Early fragrance, grazing heifers!
Isabel's joy-kindled look,
Mother Nature's own pourtraying,
Quick reflection sweetly took:
Undulating vales waylaying
Xérès' yielding zephyrs!

UNSAVOURY AND MORE.

Analytical bold chymist
Dares encounter fortune grimmest;
Herbs in jars kept labell'd mixes,
Numbers odorific pyxes:
Questionably, rumly stink
These urns veneer'd with xanthine, yttrium, zinc.

AFTER THE HUNT.

A bugle calls down every forest-gap;
Hunters in jovial knots loll, maunder, nap;
Our pack quite ravenous soon tears, unpress'd,
Venison with Xenophontic yelping zest.

[1] Cf. Coleridge's poem, beginning
'In Xanadu did Kubla-Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,' &c.

THE SHAKERS.

All Bedlam's curiosities display'd!
Examples from gesticulating Helots
Inebriate, just King Lycurgus made:
Now other poor queer reelers (sorry trade)
Unhallow'd vie with Xavier's yearning zealots!

www.libtool.com.cn

A MORAL FOR MAIDENS.

Ah, beauty's cruellest device,
Eyes frozen, glancing human ice!
Joan, kind loved maid, ne'er over-proudly queeneth,
Remembering, she, that ugly vice
Wasted Xanthippe's youthful zenith.

COMPREHENSIVENESS v. SCHISM.

As broad Catholicism's dying,
Exasperated feuds grow hot.
Imprimis, Johnny Knox's lot
Meander nonconforming off.
Predestination, quotha? Rot!
Sectarian theories unifying,
Virtue with Ximenes yokes Zinzendorf!

STARLIGHT AMONG THE RUINS OF SUSA.

Above, below—compare! Derision
Excite frail Glory's habitations
In jackals' keeping left! Mad nations,
O'erweening princes! quickly rack
Swallows the unsubstantial vision:—
Wanes, Xerxes, yonder zodiac?

EDMUND GURNEY.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Mole at Home.

EVERY subject is many-sided, and its aspect alters together with the point of view from which it is contemplated.

Especially is this the case with systematic zoology, as those know to their cost who have analysed the innumerable systems which have been employed in the classification of animal life. Putting aside, however, all reference to the ever-raging battle of the systems, we will, for the purpose of this present treatise, abandon system altogether, and take our standpoint on LOCOMOTION.

Restricting ourselves to the mammals, we find that a vast majority of them walk on four legs.

Man—a single species, by the way—walks on his two hind feet, requiring the fore limbs to be modified into arms and hands, instead of acting as legs and feet. Some mammalia, of which the whale is the type, are inhabitants of the ocean, and their structure is modified in order to suit their mode of life.

Even in proportion to their enormous dimensions, they possess tremendous muscular power. But scarcely any of it goes to the limbs. Hind legs there are none, and the fore limbs are exceedingly feeble, and can only be used like the fins of the fishes. So, in these creatures, the muscular power is chiefly concentrated in the tail.

Now, if we search for a mammal which is in every respect the opposite of the whale, we find it in the bats.

In all these animals the muscular power is concentrated in the front portion of the body, so as to enable the elongated fingers and their connecting web to enact the part of wings. The hind legs exist, but are of exceedingly feeble type.

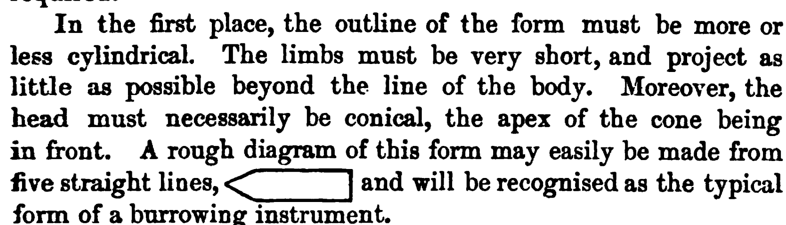
Now we will look at the other end of the body.

In the true whales there are not only no hind limbs, but there is not even a pelvis for their attachment. There are, however, some mammals, like the jerboas of Northern Africa, and the kangaroos of Australia, which have almost the whole muscular

power concentrated in the hind legs, the front paws being used like hands for picking up food and conveying it to the mouth.

Then we have the monkey tribes, whose hinder feet are modified into clasping organs; and the sloths, which merely hitch their hooked claws over the bough and hang suspended from it with their backs downwards.

Yet, in all these widely different forms there is but one type, and the variety is produced, not by the addition or substitution of new structures, but by the modification of structures which already existed. So, when we have to imagine the case of a carnivorous mammal which is obliged to find its food by burrowing into the ground, we must expect that corresponding modifications will be required.

In the first place, the outline of the form must be more or less cylindrical. The limbs must be very short, and project as little as possible beyond the line of the body. Moreover, the head must necessarily be conical, the apex of the cone being in front. A rough diagram of this form may easily be made from five straight lines,  and will be recognised as the typical form of a burrowing instrument.

The modern rifle bullet is formed on this model. Tie a stick to it, and we have at once the sky-rocket, which is another air-burrowing implement. Furnish it with fins and a tail, and there is the fish, that burrows in the water. Or cut a screw on the pointed end and there is the gimlet, which burrows into wood. Or give it four very short legs, and we then have the outline of the animal which is the subject of this paper.

In all animals the structure is subservient to the purpose of obtaining food. The instinct coincides with the structure, so that we never see a mole trying to fly in the air, a bat trying to dig a burrow in the ground, or a whale attempting to walk on land.

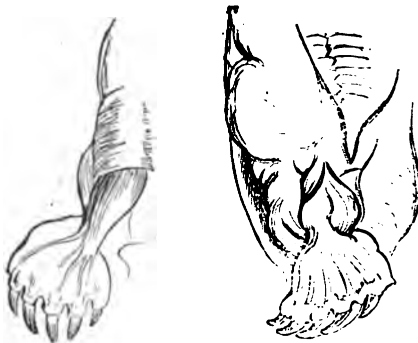
Now let us look at some details of mole structure.

Even on glancing at the outward form, the eye is at once struck with an abnormal arrangement of the limbs. There is nothing remarkable about the hind legs, but the front pair of limbs look as if they had been stuck on the animal the wrong way forwards, and started from the wrong spot.

There is scarcely any arm, and the broad, shovel-shaped paws look as if they issued directly from the shoulder. They are directed rather upwards than downwards, and are turned round so that the palms are directed backwards and outwards. A fair idea

of this arrangement may be obtained by placing the backs of the hands together, the thumb being downwards, and then separating the hands.

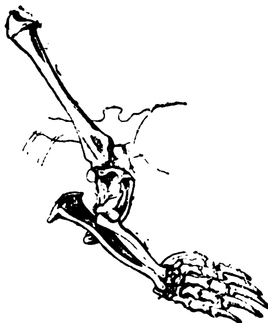
The terminal joints of the hands are furnished with claws of gigantic proportionate size and strength. Even on feeling the fore limbs through the skin, there is something to engage attention. On the top of the shoulders and close to the spine are two hard projections, for which it is not easy to account. Then, the muscles of the arm are so large and hard that they feel as if they were wooden knobs, inserted under the skin, and plentifully lubricated, so that they slip about under the pressure of the finger.



Muscles of Fore Legs.

On removing the skin, the first glimpse is seen of the curious modification of structure that distinguishes the animal.

The powerful flexor muscles, clothed in glistening tendons, enwrap the whole front of the body, from the front of the breast to the apex of the shoulder, and are so enormously developed that deep spaces are left between them.



Arm and Hand.

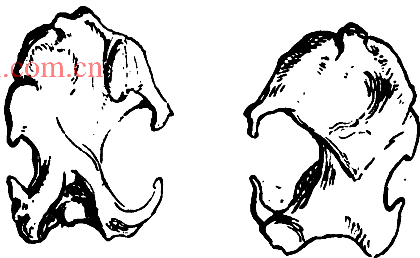
Anything more unique than the bony structure of the mole's fore limbs, and thorax generally, can hardly be imagined.

Beginning with the scapula, or shoulder-blade, we find it quite unlike that bone as it exists in almost all other mammals. Instead of being broad and flat, it is elongated, attenuated, and yet boldly ridged, so as to attain great strength, and at the same time to afford attachment to the powerful muscles which move the upper arm.

Next comes the humerus, or upper arm-bone, itself. This is even less like the usual type than is the scapula. In the

whale the central portion of the humerus is dispensed with, merely the two ends being left for the purpose of articulation with the bones above and below it. There is, however, no very great alteration in the shape.

www.libtool.com.cn


Humerus.

But in the mole, not only is the humerus shortened, but it is flattened, as if stamped while soft, is scooped here and there as if with a gouge, and gives out variously shaped projections in the most unexpected and bewildering way. So bizarre, indeed, is its shape, that if it were shown for the first time to an anatomist who only knew the human skeleton, I very much doubt whether he would not take it to be an abnormal scapula.

Suppose that we now remove the muscles, so as to exhibit the bones of the arm. Firstly, we shall find that the scapulæ, or shoulder-blades, are very narrow and elongated, their tips projecting far above the spine. These tips are the mysterious projections which have been mentioned at p. 158.

Hand.

Next come two nearly circular bones, each of which looks very much like a couple of draughtsmen fixed together. These are the collar-bones, which, instead of taking the usual elongated and arched form, are thick, short, sturdy, and totally unlike the typical shape.

Then follows the oddly shaped humerus, which is so modified in its structure that the articulation of the lower arm is on the upper and not on the lower part. Consequently we have the remarkable fact that the elbow is considerably above the shoulder.

Next come the two bones of the fore arm—namely, the radius and ulna. These are short, flat, wide, and the 'acromion,' or elbow portion of the latter, is wide, flattened, and projects considerably beyond

the radius, so as to add to the abnormal effect of this part of the skeleton.

Then we come to the wrist and hand.

On stripping off the skin, the mole seems to have six fingers on each hand, or perhaps we may say that it appears to possess a curved thumb and five tolerably straight fingers. The apparent thumb, however, is a little boomerang-like bone. It is purely a subsidiary structure, and is, in fact, a 'sesamoid' bone of the radius, given for the purpose of extending the surface of the hand, and making it more effective as a shovel.

www.libtool.com.cn

The 'carpal,' or wrist-bones, are most curiously dovetailed into each other, for the sake of strength.

The 'metacarpals,' or bones of the palm of the hand, are short and sturdy, and each finger consists of two short joints and one long one, the last being intended to support the enormous digging-claws, and being grooved on the under surface so as to give a firmer hold to them.

A more admirable digging apparatus can scarcely be imagined.

When the fingers are closed the form is exactly that of the miner's spade, even to the sharply pointed tip and the slight concavity of the side which receives the earth. When they are spread each claw forms a separate point, and acts like a fork, so that the mole can do more than man, being able to use the same implement either as a fork or a mattock. The peculiar mode in which the bones of the arm are arranged causes the earth to be flung backwards as the mole advances, and it is then kicked out of the way by the hind feet.

As in the case of the whale, the structure of the mole presents a series of problems.

Here we have shortened but singularly powerful limbs, and those limbs worked by muscles of enormous size when compared with the dimensions of the entire body. Muscles are useless without their corresponding supports, and though we have seen how one portion is attached to the bones of the legs, we have not seen where the opposite attachment is to be found.

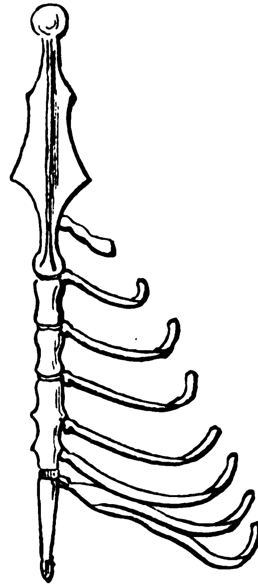
Naturally, as the great pectoral muscles play so prominent a part in the system, we must look to the sternum, or breast-bone, for their attachments. A mere glance at its size and form is sufficient to show that it is not less remarkable than the structures which have already been examined.

In front it is furnished with a deep central ridge, like that of a bird, and is of extraordinary length. On being examined more

closely, it is seen to consist of six distinct portions, or perhaps seven, if a little terminal projection can be reckoned as one.

The body of the sternum consists of four bones looking like vertebræ. These are collectively named the 'mesosternum.' At the upper end—*i.e.* the end nearest the head of the animal—there is a long bone, technically named the 'manubrium,' and upon its under surface is the keel to which the pectoral muscles are attached. It also affords articulation for the first pair of ribs and is called the 'prosternum.' At the other end of the sternum is a bone corresponding to the manubrium, but not giving support to the ribs. This is called the 'xiphosternum.'

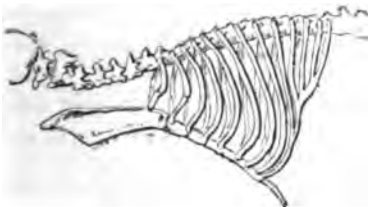
www.libtool.com.cn

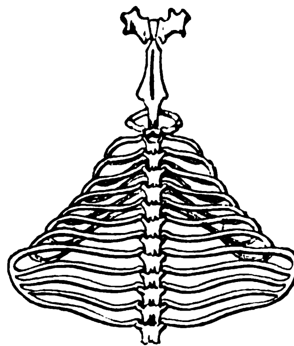


Sternum.

Now, on examination of the ribs themselves, we shall see the necessity for this complicated structure.

Just as in birds, whose front limbs absorb most of the muscular powers of the body, the ribs are banded together so as to form a continuous cage of bone, so it is in the mole. Here, however, comes another problem. The enormous size of the muscles which work the fore legs would apparently cause the breast and shoulders





Thorax and Ribs.

to be disproportionately large, and so to destroy the cylindrical outline of the body.

The difficulty is met in the following way.

Instead of having the ribs of nearly the same length, the animal has the first pair of ribs (which are fixed to the manubrium) rather short and very stout. The next pair are considerably longer, and they increase rapidly in length, so that the rib-cage, if I may use such a term, is boldly conical.

www.fbtool.com.cn

Two conditions are therefore fulfilled, the one being that there is plenty of space for the muscles, and the next that there is room for the very ample lungs which so active a creature requires.

There is in all mammals a strong ligament running from the base of the skull down the back of the neck. This is called scientifically the 'ligamentum nuchæ.' It is known to butchers as the 'pax-wax,' and varies in strength according to the work it has to do.

Now, the mole is an earth-burrower, and makes great use of its snout in forcing its way through the soil. Consequently this ligament must be very strong, and it is indeed so strong that near the skull it becomes absolutely ossified.

As to the senses of the mole, some of them are peculiarly acute.

That of smell is very highly developed, as can be seen by examining the olfactory organs. I have had opportunities of testing this sense for myself, having kept several moles as long as their very peculiar mode of life would permit.

When I put a mole into a box and simply let it alone, it went scurrying about in an apparently aimless manner, evidently feeling for some soft spot in which it could burrow. But if I simply trailed an earthworm across the bottom of the box, the effect in the mole was most remarkable.

No sooner did it cross the trail of the worm than its demeanour at once changed, and it was actuated by a definite purpose. It flew round at once, and, keeping its nose on the track, followed it with the precision of a blood-hound and the ferocity of a wolf in winter.

So delicate indeed are the nostrils of this animal, that the professional mole-catchers are obliged to take various precautions lest the mole should perceive the hated odour of humanity, and avoid the trap.

If the trap be set by bare hands not a mole will touch it. So the professionals never use a new trap for the first time without washing it in hot water, and then rubbing their hands with something which will disguise the human odour.

The mole is a clever animal, and, like the rat, if it has once been taken and escaped, can seldom be taken again. When it comes near the trap, it pushes its way to the surface of the ground, passes over the dangerous spot, and then regains its burrow. This fact has long been known to the mole-catchers, and one of these men, named Yeald, had a very ingenious way of deluding the animal.

www.libtool.com.cn

The traps, however different in detail, are always made on the same principle. They are inserted into the tunnel, and, as they do not block up the passage, the mole passes through them, and is then caught. So Yeald took two lumps of rough earth, and with them stopped each end of the trap before putting it into the burrow. When the mole came to the barrier, it naturally thought that some earth had fallen accidentally into the tunnel, and must be cleared off; so the animal forced its way through the barrier, and was then taken in the trap.

As regards the sense of touch, it seems to be almost concentrated in the long and flexible snout, which is so constructed as to begin the hole, which is immediately enlarged by the hands. While watching a mole make its way into the ground, the observer cannot but fancy that it must rub its snout to pieces, so rapidly and almost fiercely does it plunge the nose into the ground and wriggle it backwards and forwards, and upwards and downwards.

The wonderful paws are capable of serving various purposes, and, besides acting as mattocks and shovels, can be used as paddles.

One summer's day I was sitting on the bank of a river, and saw upon an eyot or island a little brown animal close to the edge of the water. It was too far off for its character to be distinguished, but I instantly set it down as a water-rat.

Presently it entered the river and swam rapidly across it, directing its course towards me. As it neared the bank I saw to my great astonishment that it was a mole.

It reached the bank scarcely a yard from me, scuttled up it as if in violent haste, and disappeared among the grass. Afterwards I found that moles were in the habit of taking this particular course, and imagine that they must have found in the island some prey which could not be obtained on the mainland. I have also seen a mole swim across a Wiltshire brook, but the distance was comparatively small.

Curiously enough, the very peculiar action of the fore arms has been happily described as a sort of swimming through the

ground, so that there is no difficulty in accounting for the speed with which the mole swims through the water.

As to the sense of hearing in the mole, its keenness has long been proverbial.

Shakespeare has a reference to the proverb in his 'Tempest.' The reader may see that in the opening of the fourth act, Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are half drunk, very wet and very noisy. Caliban therefore warns them in the well-known words, 'Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footstep.'

www.libtool.com.cn

That the mole does perceive even the lightest footstep at a considerable distance is a fact, but I do not believe that the delicacy of hearing is to be attributed to the structure of the ear, in which there are no indications of a special development. I attribute the so-called keenness of hearing to the sound-conducting power of the earth. Hunters of large game are well aware of this fact, and often obtain information by lying down and placing their ear upon the ground.

Again we must refer to the omniscient Shakespeare.

In 'Romeo and Juliet' the two lovers meet, as the reader must know, at Juliet's tomb. Paris arrives first, and tells his page to keep watch against intruders.

> Under yon yew trees lay thee all along,
> Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground.

As to sight, the mole needs but little, and therefore has but little. It is not, however, so blind as is generally thought, for the moles which were seen swimming across the river were always able to see well enough to keep their course.

Professional mole-catchers are always careful while setting their traps to cover any aperture which can admit light. For, if a mole should come towards a trap, and see a ray of light, he will push his way out of the burrow, go over the trap, and sink a fresh shaft into the burrow on the other side.

It is extremely difficult to see the eyes, so deeply buried are they in the thick fur. But I have found that if the living mole be held under water, its tiny black eyes are partially protruded, thus showing that the animal has the power of protruding the eyes at will.

Now we will pass to the domestic life of the mole.

Its subterranean dwellings, with their approaches, are of such a

nature that when they are opened the earth falls in, fills them up, and destroys all the details of their structure; consequently the details of the mole's life were almost unknown, until a Frenchman, named Le Court, gave more than twenty years of continuous study to the animal, and did for the mole what a more eminent compatriot, Huber, did for the hive bee.

www.libtool.com.cn

It is from his researches that we gain our still imperfect knowledge of the true home or 'fortress' of the mole. Of course, Le Court's descriptions have been challenged, and the truth of his statements denied.

Not very long ago a writer denied the elaborate structure of the fortress on the ground that he had opened several of them, and had found only a small portion of the complicated series of galleries and shafts described by Le Court. But the experience of the caviller in question was, according to his own statement, not one-tenth that of Le Court, and was simply that of an intelligent amateur who made his observations at irregular intervals.

The mole's fortress is sunk rather deeply in the ground, and if possible is protected by the roots of some tree or shrub. The typical structure is that of two circular galleries, one above the other, and the upper one being the smaller of the two, which are connected by four or five passages.

Below these circular galleries lies the globular nursery, which is connected by several passages with the lower circular gallery, but only indirectly with the upper. Thus the mole makes a sort of labyrinth which must be traversed before an intruder, such as a weasel, can reach the nest where lie its mate and young, and so will give them time to escape through the many passages with which they are acquainted.

The nursery itself is lined with grass—sometimes with young wheat—the blades of which are twisted round so as to make a nest very much resembling that of a bird. Two very perfect examples of this nest can be seen in the Liverpool Museum.

Now, I do not think that every fortress contains the whole of this complicated labyrinth. On account of the fragile nature of the passages and galleries, Le Court was obliged to pick out a bit here and a bit there, so as to form a type of the mole's architecture.

Since his time, Yeald, the English mole-catcher, who has already been mentioned, has investigated the life-history of the

mole most carefully, and has not only corroborated Le Court's observations, but has added a number of details which were previously unknown.

Not the least interesting among them is the curious system of subterranean highways and by-paths which are made by, or which at all events are known to, each mole. Those 'mole-hills' as we call them, which, besides being composed of the earth which the animal has excavated, serve to protect the ventilating apertures of the tunnels, are disposed with a curious and unsuspected regularity.

www.libtool.com.cn

This leads us to another question. How does the mole find its way?

Our answer to the question ought to be a simple acknowledgment that at present we possess no answer.

I do not speak of its knowledge of tracks already made, but of its power of directing its subterranean tunnel to some definite point.

Lately I saw a very curious example of this power.

Practical entomologists who have enriched their cabinets by pupæ-digging are aware that buried pupæ are mostly found within eighteen inches or so of the trunk of a solitary tree. So, when pupæ-hunting, they always look out for such trees, and disregard woods and even copses. But moles knew the fact long before man had found it out, and so when our entomologists see a mole-hill near the tree they do not waste their time in digging, knowing that the animal will have made the circuit of the tree, and eaten every pupa that has buried itself.

While travelling, I instinctively look out for solitary trees, but can seldom obtain an uninterrupted view of them. Lately, however, as the train was passing over a rather lofty viaduct, a very good view was obtained of a tree, close to which were one or two mole-hills. At the distance of some fifty or sixty yards from the tree there was a cluster of many such hills. As we passed by the field, I saw that there was a row of mole-hills leading from the cluster, and going on straight to the tree as if its course had been marked out by a line.

Now, in the first place, the mole must have possessed certain cognisance of the fact that there was a supply of food at the root of a distant tree. How did it obtain that cognisance? It could not have learned the presence of the pupæ by observations made on the surface of the ground, even had moles been in the habit of traversing fields. It must have possessed some instinct

which is not shared by man, and which man is unable to comprehend.

Thus, having gained this information, how did the mole direct the course of its tunnel? It could not have been by the nostrils, as it is impossible for scent, no matter how powerful, to be perceived through fifty yards of ground. I offer no solution of either problem, but venture to suggest that the same mysterious sense which enables the mole to perceive the existence of food, also affords the means of enabling the animal to make its way towards that food.

www.libtool.com.cn

Now for another detail of structure.

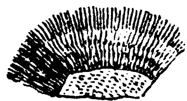
As the creature is hot-blooded, and the surface of the body must be protected from the cold and damp soil which it inhabits, it is necessary that some non-conducting material should intervene between the body and the soil. The whale is protected from the water by a thick coating of fatty matter under the skin, but the mole, being an inhabitant of the land, is protected by fur outside the skin.

Externally the fur is brown, but if it be blown aside, it will be seen to assume a sort of blue-gray tint. If the fur of a living mole be rubbed with the hand it will be found to have no 'set,' as it is called.

If we stroke a cat from the head to the tail, we find that the hand glides easily over it, and that the fur is soft and yielding. If we stroke her from the tail to the head, we find that the hair resists the hand, and produces remonstrances on the part of the cat. But it does not matter whether we stroke the mole upwards, downwards, or sideways, the fur being soft and yielding.

This condition of fur is necessary, because the mole has to pass through the tunnels backwards as well as forwards, and so the fur must be equally yielding in every direction. The means by which the result is obtained is as simple as it is effectual.

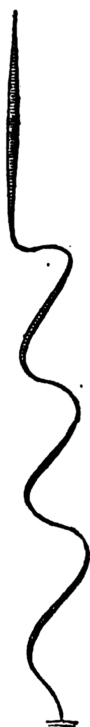
In the first place, the hairs are set perpendicularly and without any backward slant; and, in the next, the hairs are not of the same thickness throughout. From the tip to about one-fifth of its length, it is brown in colour, and comparatively thick and spindle-shaped. Then it rapidly dwindles to extreme fineness. Then it swells again to rather more than half the diameter of the tip, but without taking the brown colour. Then it dwindles again, and so forth, about three times more.



Hair.

The hairs are never straight, but undulate at regular intervals, the undulations being regulated by the length of the thickened portions of the hair. If a piece of the fur be cut off and viewed edgewise, the five rows of undulations are seen to be plainly marked, and produce an effect very much like what used to be seen a few years ago, when ladies crêped their hair into regularly arranged ripples.

The fur thus constituted is remarkably light, and, though the longest hairs scarcely measure one-third of an inch from root to tip, the fur is exceedingly warm. Still, it is very rarely used as a fur, partly because of its cost, so many skins being required even for a square foot of fur, and partly because the peculiar odour clings tightly to it, which can only be driven off by a very expert furrier. I do, however, know of one lady who has a jacket of mole-skins. The late Frank Buckland had a waistcoat made of it, but he found it too hot and malodorous for wear.



A Hair magnified.

In character the mole is perhaps the most impetuous of all animals, and does nothing quietly.

When it digs it works with furious haste, as if it were a steam engine at the highest possible pressure. If a worm be put in its way, it flies at its food as if mad with hunger, crunches the worm with such violence that it can be heard at some distance, and uses both its fore feet to cram into its mouth the two ends of the worm, which hang out at either side.

While thus employed it hunches up its shoulders in a most curious manner, so as completely to alter its shape. This change of form is due to the enormously long shoulder-blades, which project far above the spine, and so cause a kind of hump to appear on the back.

The voracity of the animal is almost incredible, as I can personally testify, the mole disposing of worms, grubs, and similar food with such celerity that to keep its appetite supplied is one man's business. Lenz, one of the most careful students of the creature's habits, mentions that a single mole consumed within twenty-four hours, one large blind-worm, one large snail, two chrysalids, and a snake thirty-two inches in length.

On account of its extreme voracity, and the trouble which is entailed upon its owner in keeping it supplied with food, the mole

is scarcely ever domesticated. I never saw a tame mole, and have only heard of one instance. The creature was one of the so-called 'white,' *i.e.* cream-coloured, varieties, which are found in many mammals and birds, and which are simply albinos, like white mice and cats.www.libtool.com.cn

The animal would answer to its name, and had learned a few simple tricks, such as rolling over on the table when ordered to do so, and bringing to its master any coins which were placed near it. The mole did not particularly care for copper coins, though it would fetch them if ordered, but would always leave a copper coin in favour of one made of silver.

This, perhaps, is no matter of surprise, when we remember the size and weight of the copper coinage of twenty years ago.

As to semi-tamed moles, I only knew of a single instance. The mole had made its way into a walled garden, and could not find its way out again. The people of the house would not allow it to be killed, and contrived to tame it in a sort of way by putting pieces of meat at the favourite entrance to the burrow, and calling it at the same time by the name of 'Barty,' a diminutive of Bartimæus. If the mole were asleep, or at a distance from the hole, a few measured stamps on the ground would be sure to bring the creature to the entrance.

The professional mole-catchers all say that the mole works for three hours and sleeps for the same length of time, a fast of four hours being fatal to it. Judging from my own experience, I can well believe that the assertion is correct.

In its insatiable hunger, however, lies the value of the mole. Though it feeds largely on earthworms, it does not confine itself to such prey, but devours many subterranean larvæ which are injurious to the crops. Especially does it wage war against the terrible larva of the cockchafer, called, *par excellence*, *the* Grub, and sometimes known as the White Worm.

This creature passes three years below the ground, devouring the roots of the vegetation, and, when it attains its perfect state, eats the leaves of trees. The mole also eats the wireworm, a 'name of fear' to the wheat-grower. Besides the greater part of the buried pupæ which it discovers and eats are injurious to the crops, and the mole, instead of an enemy, is a distinct benefactor to man.

I lately met with an unexpected confirmation of this statement.

In the course of my lecturing tours, I sometimes find myself at Hull, and on one occasion met several large landowners at

dinner. The conversation turned on moles and their iniquitous depredations.

Of course I took up the cudgel for the mole, and with a fair amount of success. Some one mentioned that within a few miles there was a well-known field which had once swarmed with moles, and was notable for the steady crops which it produced annually. It had passed into the hands of another proprietor, who had the moles destroyed, and the field was ever afterwards as barren as it had been prolific.

www.libtool.com.cn

I need not say that at the first opportunity I visited the field in question, and a more hopelessly ragged and forlorn piece of ground can hardly be imagined.

Finding that there was a resident farmer who knew all the circumstances, and who never allowed moles to be killed on his own land, I lost no time in making his acquaintance. He was very kind in giving the requisite information, which was so valuable, that I asked him to put it on paper for the benefit of the British farmer. So I here present it to the reader.

'North Ferriby, Feb. 7, 1882.

'Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in writing what I know of the uses of the mole, and the loss sustained by killing it. To kill moles is to leave the corn and turnip crop, especially upon light soils, such as sand and deep-soiled wold land, to the ravages of the wireworm, the grub (viz. the cockchafer larva), and other insects.

'I have farmed, and still farm, from a thousand to fifteen hundred acres of land in different parishes, and have noticed that when you kill and try to exterminate moles, rooks, sparrows, &c., you have proportionate destruction from the creatures which they feed upon.

'An old mole-catcher once came to me and asked if I would have the moles killed on my land. I said to him, "No; if I had no moles I should have no crops." He replied, "Sir, you are the first I have heard say that, but you are right."

'He then went on to say, "I once killed for a gentleman who had a field with a large hill in it. The soil was sandy and full of moles, and yet it used to grow nice crops.

'"I killed the moles and it never grew anything to speak of afterwards. The wireworm, grub, &c. &c., used to eat the roots of everything that was sown, and the young plants died off." The old man then told me the name of the gentleman and his farm. I knew both.

'I have a friend living in North Lincolnshire, who farms three thousand acres of various kinds of land, and never allows the moles to be destroyed.

'I remain,

'Yours very truly,

'JOHN P. CLARK.'

www.libtool.com.cn

My correspondent, however, omits to mention three more benefits conferred on man by the mole. One is, that it establishes a most elaborate system of subsoil drainage. How admirable a scheme it is, I never realised until I had seen Yeald's diagrams.

The second benefit is that of ventilating the soil. It must be remembered that the roots of trees and plants need air, and all cultivators know how necessary it is to loosen the earth round a plant, should it be caked.

The third use is, that in its search after prey, it is perpetually bringing fresh and fertile earth from below, pulverising it, and throwing it on the surface, where it acts as an invaluable top-dressing.

It is only in accordance with human nature that agriculturists pay to have the grub and wireworm killed, to have the fields drained, to have the soil loosened, and to put a top-dressing on the surface, and then pay men to kill the moles, who do all this work for nothing.

J. G. WOOD.

Notes of an Old Paris Playgoer.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE last time I saw Mlle. Georges, some thirty years ago, her enormous corpulence reminded me of the answer made by a Turkish ambassador at the Court of Louis Philippe, who, when asked by his neighbour in the stalls to designate the handsomest of all the ladies present on a gala night at the Opera, had unhesitatingly selected the stoutest. 'Is she not a trifle too voluminous?' suggested his companion. 'Jamais trop, monsieur,' enthusiastically retorted the gallant envoy; 'jamais trop!' On the evening to which I allude the old actress played Clytemnestre in Racine's 'Iphigénie,' Mlle. Rachel representing Eriphyle; and a more interesting spectacle has rarely been offered to a Parisian audience or any other. Enfeebled as she was by age and infirmity, the great contemporary of Mlle. Duchesnois, excited by the presence of a kindred genius, summoned up all her courage, all her remaining energy, and so electrified the spectators by her impulsive bursts of passion, that in this magnificent struggle for supremacy it was impossible to say which bore away the palm.

If, however, on the occasion in question Rachel was content to share the triumph of the night with a veteran of the stage, it was not so when pitted against a rival bold enough to contest with her the sceptre of Melpomene, and too hastily proclaimed her superior by a few injudicious partisans, supported by an inconsiderable fraction of the press. Mlle. Maxime was not without talent of a certain kind, but uncultivated and totally lacking refinement; she was, moreover, plain-featured, and had a harsh, grating voice intolerable to a sensitive ear. As yet the two adversaries had not appeared together, and public opinion was still undecided as to their respective merits; the announcement, however, of Schiller's 'Marie Stuart,' in which Rachel was cast for the heroine and Maxime for Elizabeth, was accepted by the admirers of each as a decisive test of their quality, and naturally attracted an immense audience to witness the result. At length the famous scene between the Queens arrived, and Rachel, quietly biding her time, stood quivering with suppressed rage but contemptuously silent while insult after insult was heaped upon her,

until the moment came when, proudly confronting her opponent with a glance of withering scorn, she overwhelmed her with a terrible outburst of electric fury, under which the discomfited Elizabeth cowered and finally collapsed, and effectually disposed of Mlle. Maxime's pretensions by significantly accentuating the line—

J'enfonce le poignard au sein de ma rivale !

À propos of Mlle. Rachel, I may mention that some years later, during a starring visit to Brussels, she selected for her benefit night the tragedy of 'Phèdre,' the part of Hippolyte in which was sustained by a leading member of the regular company, more remarkable for self-conceit than talent, but a great favourite with the public of the locality. After the performance, surrounded by a circle of admirers at a neighbouring *café*, he received their compliments with condescending affability; and, being asked his opinion of the heroine of the evening, assumed a patronising air, and graciously admitted that 'la petite' was interesting, and acted, on the whole, fairly well. 'Of course,' he added, 'if I had chosen to exert myself, I could have played far better than I did; but '—here he paused to inhale a pinch of snuff—'it would have been hardly generous to crush *her* !'

She was very anxious to have her portrait taken by Ingres, and made an appointment with him at his studio to talk the matter over. In the course of conversation he remarked that in order to do justice to his model he should require at least fifty sittings of from two to three hours each. 'How long will it be before the portrait is completed ?' she inquired. 'Four or five years,' was the painter's reply. '*Miséricorde !*' exclaimed Rachel; 'then I must abandon the idea, for I may be dead and buried before you have immortalised me.' 'Mademoiselle,' answered Ingres, with a smile, 'I have no such pretension ; your own genius has already saved me the trouble.'

Somewhere about 1849 a quarrel took place between her brother Raphael Félix, then a *pensionnaire* of the Théâtre Français, and the actor Brindeau, the same who, as may be remembered, played in Sardou's 'Intimes' at the Gaiety three or four years ago; the latter so far forgetting his dignity as *sociétaire* as to give his youthful comrade a sound box on the ear. As a necessary consequence, arrangements for a meeting on the following day were made, and seconds chosen; Brindeau, however, thinking on reflection that he might possibly have gone too far,

despatched one of his *témoins* early next morning to his adversary with a letter of apology, after carefully perusing which the recipient replied that he would be found in the Bois de Boulogne at the appointed hour, and declined giving any further answer. Both parties were punctual at the rendezvous, and on the appearance of his antagonist, Raphael, stepping forward, addressed him as follows:—

www.libtool.com.cn

'Monsieur, I have received your letter, and am perfectly ready to accept the apology you offer, neither wishing to kill you nor to be killed by you; but you will allow me first to ask a question. Supposing that you were in my place, would you, after a similar affront, consider yourself satisfied with a similar excuse?'

'Certainly,' replied Brindeau.

'You are quite sure?'

'Quite.'

'Delighted to hear it,' coolly retorted Raphael, at the same time administering to his astonished opponent a vigorous *soufflet* with one hand, and with the other presenting him with a copy of his own letter.

I once heard an old dramatist relate an anecdote, which may or may not have found its way into print. As long ago as 1788 or 1789, he was walking in the Rue St. Honoré with his friend Talma, then at the commencement of his career, when a young officer in a shabby lieutenant's uniform met them, and said to the actor, 'Remember to-morrow.' Talma nodded assent, and the other passed on.

'Who is that?' inquired my informant.

'The torment of my life,' was the reply. 'A young fellow without a sou, who is perpetually plaguing me for tickets of admission to the theatre. Not a bad judge, I must say,' he continued. 'Knows all our classics by heart, and won't listen to anything but Corneille and Racine.'

Some twenty years later, the two friends chanced to meet again in the Place du Carrousel, at the very moment when Napoleon was starting for his daily ride. On seeing Talma he stopped his horse, and spoke a few words to him. When he had left them, the tragedian, turning to his companion, asked if he recollected the young lieutenant who used formerly to bother him for tickets. On the latter's confessing that he had quite forgotten the circumstance, 'Ah,' observed Talma, 'I have more reason to remember him than you have. He is Emperor now, and I am still a poor devil of an actor; but you see that he has not forgotten

me. Only,' he added with a smile, 'he has no need to ask me for free admissions *now*!'

In his latter days, that strange medley of *bonhomie* and conceit, the Vicomte d'Arlincourt, succeeded after several disappointments in persuading the manager of a minor theatre to accept a drama from his pen; which, however, failed to please the public, and did not draw a sou. During its very short run, one of the author's friends, meeting him on the Boulevard, remarked that he hoped he was satisfied, as he had been acted at last. 'Satisfied!' echoed d'Arlincourt with an indignant air; 'how can I be satisfied if they only play my piece when the house is empty?'

He it was who, when a complaisant acquaintance, after lauding to the skies one of his recent productions, concluded by saying that to do it full justice required more wit and *finesse* than he possessed, replied, 'Never mind, *mon bon*, do your best; I shall be an indulgent critic!'

That excellent playwright Dumersan, author of 'Les Saltimbanques,' told me an anecdote of one of his colleagues, who, while suffering from an illness brought on by an over-fondness for the juice of the grape, was visited in his sick-room by his elder brother, whose sobriety was perhaps his sole virtue, and who reproached him for indulging in so disgusting a vice. 'How can I help it?' was the invalid's answer; 'it is the only one you have left me!'

One of the most entertaining men I ever met was Dr. Véron, for some years co-director with Duponchel of the French Opera, and author of that lively work the 'Bourgeois de Paris.' He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote; and some of his managerial reminiscences were exceedingly droll. We were once talking about the extravagance of certain *danseuses* of the olden time, and comparing their carelessness in money matters with the prudential thriftiness of some of their modern successors, who lived quietly, and methodically invested their earnings in the best available securities. 'Ah,' said Véron, 'they are not all of that way of thinking, especially the young ones, who invariably prefer the superfluous to the necessary. Male and female, they are all alike; and I remember being once so struck with the wretched appearance at rehearsal of a rather nice-looking youth, that I gave him a piece of twenty francs, recommending him to improve his wardrobe by the purchase of a hat and a pair of shoes. "Much obliged," he replied, slipping the coin into his waistcoat pocket, "but they can wait; what I really *do* want is a cane."'

By way of contrast to the preceding I may as well record here

a personal experience of my own. Many years ago, a friend proposed to me to accompany him on a visit to a celebrated lady vocalist, the original representative of Alice in 'Robert le Diable,' and by many degrees the best *chanteuse à roulades* of the Paris Opera. On arriving at her house, we were ushered into a handsomely furnished drawing-room, and requested to wait until Madame should be disengaged. In a minute or two she made her appearance, apologising for the delay by saying that she had been detained by a discussion with her cook as to the manner in which a certain joint of veal should be dressed for dinner; and while my friend was in the act of presenting me, cut short the complimentary phrase I had been rehearsing all the way upstairs by a long harangue on the unpromising prospect of the harvest, and the impending rise in the price of bread. We tried hard to give the conversation an artistic turn, but in vain; from bread we got to wine, and from that to haricot beans; and when, after a quarter of an hour's stay we took leave of her, she assumed a confidential air, and informed my companion, that in anticipation of a potato failure, she had laid in a large stock of that popular esculent, and could let him have a portion of it, if he chose, considerably under market price.

There have been few more unequal writers for the stage than Théodore Barrière; some of his pieces, and more particularly 'Les Faux Bonshommes,' and 'Les Filles de Marbre' (the triumph of Fechter and Mlle. Fargueil), having been extraordinarily successful, while others have barely weathered the first night's performance. Talking of one of the latter with old Duvert, Arnal's special *fournisseur*, he attributed its failure wholly to a want of intelligent construction; drily adding that Barrière always reminded him of the architect who, after the house planned by him was built, discovered, rather late in the day, that he had forgotten the staircase.

The same Duvert once assured me that Marshal St. Arnaud had been an actor in his youth, and had played at Strasburg under the name of Florville, but I never heard the statement corroborated by any one else.

When the Bouffes Parisiens first took the place of Comte's little theatre in the Passage Choiseul, I was much amused by the criticism of a rival composer on one of the operettas produced there, as we were leaving the house after the fall of the curtain. 'There are good things in it,' he said, 'and some of the ideas are new. But'—here he paused ominously—'what's good isn't new, and what's new isn't good!'

A year or two before the fall of the Second Empire, while listening at this theatre to Mme. Chaumont's delicious warbling in 'La Princesse de Trébizonde,' I recognised among the occupants of the stalls the well-known author of a popular burlesque melodiously set to music by Offenbach, his button-hole freshly decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. 'How did he get the cross?' I asked an old acquaintance sitting near me. 'Not very legitimately,' he replied; 'he is, as you are aware, one of the auditors of the Conseil d'État, and sent in a few weeks ago a political essay on a subject proposed by the administration, which was judged better than the rest, and consequently worthy of the red ribbon. He sported it for the first time last Sunday at Longchamps, and as I happen to know that the essay was written, not by him, but by his brother, I chaffed him for sailing under false colours, and told him plainly enough that he had no right to the distinction. "Perhaps not," he said with the coolest possible air; "but even if it were so, do you count for nothing the trouble of wearing it?"'

When Bouffé favoured us with his company in the *foyer* of the Variétés—a rare occurrence—he generally regaled us with some good story picked up in the course of his long theatrical life; and one of these, the last I ever heard from his lips, I distinctly remember. He was starring at Rouen, and on one of his off nights strolled into the theatre when Hérold's 'Zampa' was played. Among the actors was a new recruit, to whom, for some reason or other, the spectators had taken a strong dislike, and hissed him most unmercifully; until at last the poor fellow came forward, and addressed the audience as follows:—

'Ladies and gentlemen, I have a wife and three children, and, if I had been fortunate enough to please you, should have earned a yearly salary of eighteen hundred francs, which would have sufficed for us all. I do not dispute your right to reject me, but although my singing has not satisfied you, perhaps my whistling may.' Thereupon he began to whistle a popular air with such perfection that the whole house was in raptures, and he was unanimously accepted on the express condition that, whatever vocal parts might in future be assigned him, he should whistle instead of singing them.

Scribe once said in my hearing that he began his career as a dramatist by seeing thirteen of his pieces fail one after another, and on the first night of the fourteenth (doomed to a similar fate) felt so discouraged that he said to his *collaborateur*, 'I give it up;

and when we have got through the half-dozen more that we have on hand, I will never write another line. Luckily,' he added, 'the fifteenth essay was more successful, and I bought a fresh packet of pens on the strength of it.' Since then, this extraordinarily prolific writer must have enriched the French stage with at least eight or nine hundred productions of more or less merit; while his son-in-law, Bayard, following his example, has contributed no fewer than two hundred and thirty.

www.libtool.com.cn

I cannot more appropriately close these rambling reminiscences than by recording an anecdote of the author of 'Bertrand et Raton' not generally known. He was staying at a friend's house in the country during the autumn months, where for the amusement of the guests English novels were occasionally read aloud by the governess of the family, a well-educated and unassuming young woman. Compassionating her dependent position, and ascertaining in the course of conversation that her greatest ambition was to secure for herself an income of twelve hundred francs a year, the dramatist suggested to her one evening that the story she had just read contained a good subject for a comedy in one act, and proposed that they should write it together. She gladly assented, and in a fortnight's time the piece was finished and accepted by the management of the Gymnase; upon which Scribe privately gave instructions to his agent in Paris that, whether successful or not, he intended the comedy to secure to his *collaboratrice* twelve hundred francs a year for her life; which arrangement was duly carried into effect. Elated beyond measure by so unexpected a result, and not for a moment imagining that her share in the authorship was merely nominal, the governess considered it incumbent on her to overwhelm her unsuspected benefactor during the remainder of his stay with a deluge of fresh subjects, which he, to her great surprise and mortification, invariably declined.

'I cannot understand M. Scribe,' she petulantly remarked to a confidential friend; 'we wrote a charming piece together which had great success, and yet, strange to say, he has ever since most unaccountably refused to begin another with me!'

CHARLES HERVEY.

In Memoriam—Dutton Cook.

MANY of us will remember the well-known chapter in which the author of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' narrates the reception by his hero of the news of the sudden death of Arnold of Rugby. The schoolfellows were far away, in Skye I think, when the eyes of one of them lighted on a newspaper paragraph with the tidings that broke up the party, and sent Tom Brown straight to the school-chapel at Rugby. It was as thunder from a clear sky.

It was under somewhat similar circumstances, and with not less poignant emotions, that the writer of these lines received, at a northern seaboard, the news of the death of the dear and close friend whose name is at their head. A hurried note written the same evening, from the home he had loved so well, told me that he had passed over to the majority, and that we should see his face no more. An immediate return brought me to the silent chamber where he lay, and on the next morning to the sad grave side at Highgate.

I do not propose in these pages to offer anything more than a most cursory biographical sketch, nor is it necessary to refer at any length to the merits of the literary work, so abruptly ended, of Dutton Cook. The place of the first dramatic critic of the day has been, by general consent, accorded to him: the few events of his quiet, uneventful life have been given by other hands. Let me rather fill in these accounts with a few personal details of his life, and recall some of the impressions and recollections of the man himself, in his habit as he lived. These, I think, can hardly fail to interest the readers of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Edward Dutton Cook was born in London on January 30, 1831. While he was yet a boy, his parents removed from Bloomsbury to Great Portland Street, and it was in the house now occupied by an Orthopædic Hospital that he grew up into manhood. His father, Mr. G. S. Cook, was a member of a well-known firm of solicitors, Messrs. Cook and Le Blanc, of Tudor Street, Blackfriars. He was one—I think, the eldest—of a large family, and not unnaturally he was destined to occupy his father's chair at Tudor Street.

Accordingly he was articled to his father, and for some years went through the ordinary office routine. I have often heard him speak of this time: he undertook more than one confidential errand for the 'firm,' at least one to the Continent. I wonder whether a certain well-known politician of to-day ever recognised in the name of the popular man of letters, that of the whilom young lawyer to whose energy and adroitness he owed much at a critical moment of his fortunes. His heart, however, was never in his work, and he was busy with his pen both in and out of office hours. I believe that his first accepted article appeared in 'Chambers's Journal,' but his was no royal road to success, and many of his earlier contributions had been before that rejected. But he persevered and was occasionally rewarded by finding that these very articles were accepted by periodicals of higher literary rank than the one by which they had been declined. In his own words, he sowed them 'broadcast.' Many years afterwards he wrote to a younger friend:—

'I don't know whether you should or not be congratulated on your desire to join the band of magazine writers. But the best way to effect this object—so far as my experience goes—is to sow contributions broadcast, and not to be depressed by rejections; for what may be poison to one organ may prove meat for another. I have been both contributor and editor. In the one capacity I never had any other introduction than that furnished by the fitness of the article; in the other, I was always glad enough to accept papers from unknown writers, provided, of course, that the contributions they tendered were suitable, as to subject, were new, and disclosed ability.'

No doubt the avenues to literary fame were fewer and probably less crowded then than now; I do not know that the standard of attainment was higher. It has been said that the nineteenth century has endowed the world with two new liberal professions—schoolmastering and engineering. To these should surely be added a third, that of journalism, certainly it is one that had hardly struggled into existence in the last century. But this by the way.

At this time he was not idle with his pencil; indeed, his first aspirations were towards an artistic career. He became a pupil of the late Mr. Rolt, whose contributions to the exhibitions were frequently engraved in the illustrated papers of thirty years ago. A copy by Dutton Cook of a classical painting by this artist hangs now on the staircase of his home: several sketches in oils and water colour, as well as in pen and ink—for he made experiment,

and with no mean success, in all of these—hang on the walls. Soon, however, the acceptance of his literary work determined his course, and the study of art as a career was abandoned. The editors, as well as the public, became familiar with his name. It was about this time, I suppose, that he became a volunteer; for some years he was an efficient member of the Artists' Corps (in which he retained an interest to the last), and was drilled in the dismal yard of University College School. The distinguished artists who officer that regiment were probably unaware of the presence in their midst of a 'chiel' who was already 'takin' notes,' who would shortly 'print 'em' and become one of the most trenchant and effective of their critics.

There is no need that I should relate in full the story of his literary ventures. 'Paul Foster's Daughter'—a new edition of which is just published—was the novel that established his reputation. It was followed by 'Leo,' by 'Hobson's Choice,' 'The Trials of the Tredgolds,' 'Young Mr. Nightingale,' and others. Of all his fictions I confess my preference for 'The Trials of the Tredgolds,' and I have reason to think that my preference was shared by its author. It was written, for the most part, at a town in mid-Wales, of which but few of my readers will probably have heard, Llanidloes, whilst he was on a visit to his brother, Mr. Septimus Cook, who was on the engineering staff of the Mid-Wales Railway. During a recent visit to the 'Principality,' I took occasion to visit Llanidloes, the 'Llanechryd' of the story. I found that so generally accurate has the novelist's description of the town and scenery been considered, that the very competent author of 'The Gossiping Guide to Wales' has incorporated it into his excellent handbook (with ample acknowledgment). I do not think that the fascinations of this, at that time, almost inaccessible district, were sufficient to induce Dutton Cook to revisit it.

He was, in all respects, a stay-at-home. During the greater part of his bachelorhood, he occupied chambers first in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in the house which until lately was the Lunacy Commissioners' office, then in Raymond's Buildings, Gray's Inn, where he had a charming set of rooms, and afterwards in Buckingham Street. I remember a well-known actor, now deceased, speaking of him at this time as the quietest fellow in London, one whom you could not positively get to go out anywhere. In later years this stay-at-homeishness increased; indeed, it became one of his leading characteristics. In his earlier days he had been, now on business, now on pleasure, twice or thrice to Paris; beyond that he never

ventured. A stay of a few weeks at Brighton, a place he was particularly fond of, or with some relatives on the Wiltshire downs (where he laid the scene of several of his stories), a few days on the river-side, or, in the now old days, at Gad's Hill; these were the sum total of his wanderings. He had never visited Edinburgh until last year. He was indeed a thorough Londoner, he had lived here all his life, he noted every change in the streets and buildings as of the lines of a face he was perfectly familiar with; he knew all the 'short cuts,' the old curiosity dealers and second-hand bookshops. Often he returned home from his afternoon constitutional, with some odd volume or old print he had rescued from the stall or even the barrow.

No one can fairly describe a club of which he has not been a member, and I was not a 'Rambler,' though more than once admitted to its sanctum. The club, when I knew it, used to meet every night from November to May, at 'Dick's' in Fleet Street, then retaining all the distinctive characteristics of an old-fashioned tavern, and it lasted I think for exactly nine years. The surviving 'Ramblers' will forgive me if I mention the names of some of them, for it was here, for the most part, that Dutton Cook formed the few fast friendships that lasted him his lifetime, and not a few 'Ramblers' gathered at the last around his grave. Here, Dutton Cook (who in his turn was secretary of the club) became acquainted with Whitley Stokes, now member of the Supreme Council at Calcutta; with Charles, now Sir Charles Turner, Chief Justice of Madras; W. D. Griffith, late Attorney-General at the Cape; H. Fawcett, Judge of the Supreme Consular Court at Constantinople; A. G. Marten, Q.C. (late M.P.); Arthur Charles, Q.C.; J. Ormsby, one of the original band of Saturday Reviewers; Robert Black, Gowen Evans of the *Melbourne Argus*, Sutherland Edwards, H. W. Sotheby, F. Conington, Alfred Church, now Professor of Latin at University College; W. J. Brodribb, now a Wiltshire rector; T. E. Kebbel, W. Brandt, a ripe scholar but eccentric to a degree; D. Durell, Rudolf Glover, Owen Roberts, now a citizen of renown, and many more.

This 'fair fellowship' has been for many years dissolved, but the friendships contracted in its bonds have outlived the severance of the tie. Those 'Ramblers' who survive will, I know, feel a melancholy pleasure in being recorded among the friends and *sodales* of him whose loss we now deplore.

In 1873 Dutton Cook married Miss Linda Scates, an accomplished lady whom he had met at Gad's Hill, under the

hospitable roof of Mr. Charles Dickens. Into the privacy of his happy home it is not for me here to enter, except to say, that this union was blessed by the birth of one child, a daughter, happily named Sylvia, after the heroine of his first novel, and a charming portrait of whom, by his friend Mrs. Perugini, was among his best-loved treasures. All his treasures were centred in that now desolate home. He had less occasion now, even than of yore, to travel beyond his boundaries. He had no chambers, and only one club, 'the Arts,' to which he was only an infrequent visitor. All his work was done at home, generally in the forenoon; the afternoon was given to his constitutional, or, perhaps, to a visit to the 'Zoo,' a very favourite resort of his. Those evenings which were not 'Nights at the Play,' were given to relaxation with his wife and child, or with one or two intimate friends. How great the delight and charm of those evenings were, none but those who have been privileged to share them can ever know. In general society, Dutton Cook was quiet and reserved, almost shy; his manner seemed perhaps cold, and sometimes constrained. But no man was more bright, or more 'pleasant' (as Mr. Lowell has taught us to say), no companion more endeared to his friends, alike by his sympathy for their 'hobbies' and his tolerance for their faults; no one more brimful of chat and cheer than he. Out of the fulness of his knowledge, and the amplitude of his well-stored memory, came forth treasures new and old, in profusion and variety. Interested alike, it would seem to us, in the passing topics of the hour, in the gossip of the neighbourhood, in the domestic joys and worries of his friends, no less than in the larger concerns that countercharge our lives, you could not find his company inopportune, or indeed the occasion of his visit anything but a time of refreshment and unalloyed enjoyment.

> Heart affluence in discursive talk,
> From household fountains never dry,
> The critic clearness of an eye
> That saw through all the Muses' walk.

An encyclopædia of information on many subjects, some of which he had indeed made his own, he was no pedant: pure in taste, correct in life, in all things gentle and of good report, he was 'touched by no ascetic gloom,' was liberal and large-hearted towards the imperfections of others. The glare of the footlights had no attractions for him, apart from their literary aspect; and for 'those fires, that bicker round in wavy spires'—the garish

lights which flash and flicker on the other side of the green curtain, with so disastrous a fate for many—he had no taste whatever. All these he passed by on the other side. Of committees, conferences, congresses, and the like he had a perfect horror. It was only upon persuasion that he ever took part in anything of the kind—as, for instance, when he was summoned by some brother critics for whom he entertained the highest respect, to a palaver about the prevention of fires in theatres. He went, but he inquired, 'Qu'allait-il faire en cette galère?' Even to the festivities in honour of his craft at the Mansion House, or to a grand function like the dinner to his friend Mr. Irving, he went with reluctance and hesitation. 'I ran off as soon as I could,' he would say. As an exception I may here note that he was a steward of the Royal Literary Fund, the year that Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, presided.

www.libtool.com.cn

Mr. Edmund Yates has written, that Dutton Cook's 'artistic Bohemian sympathies were tempered, not extinguished, by years and recognition.' No one has a better right than he to speak, and I differ only with the utmost diffidence from so old and attached a friend. But I should have said there was no trace whatever of Bohemianism about Dutton Cook. It is difficult to define Bohemianism, but I cannot be wrong in assuming that it implies a certain impatience of current social laws and restrictions, and, to some extent, a relaxation of them in practice. It correlates a somewhat contemptuous disregard of many accepted usages and *convenances*, and has much scorn for the refinements, not to say the comforts, of life. If space permitted, Mr. Robert Brough's song 'I'm a gentleman' might here fitly be quoted in corroboration of this view, and I suppose he was an ideal Bohemian. Now, with all this, Dutton Cook was, once and for all, entirely out of sympathy. In all such things he was fastidious, and, I might almost say, conventional. There was nothing of the 'Savage' about him. He was always a well-dressed man, careful and spruce in his toilette, and was one who, in a variety of ways, always made the best of himself. I do not think he was above being pleased when, early in this year, he saw himself described in some newspaper as 'the handsomest as well as the most accomplished of the dramatic critics of London,' and was chaffed about setting up as a professional beauty. He had a great love of order: his study was a pattern of method and arrangement, 'a place for every book and every book in its place,' handy for reference at a moment's notice, and never mislaid. Many of these volumes are interleaved with notes and illustrations, and

have copious *marginalia*, in that small and regularly irregular handwriting, in that violet ink for ever associated with him, so much so that you might pronounce a letter in another tint to be a forgery. Some of these cannot but prove a perfect mine and treasury of dramatic and theatrical lore, to anyone into whose hands they may fall.

www.libtool.com.cn

But a few words will suffice as to the literary labours of his later years. He had been, it may be said, acting editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* for a few years. The number of his shorter stories and tales, contributed, besides the periodicals that have been named, to *All the Year Round*, to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia*, to the Christmas and holiday numbers of these and of the illustrated papers, must have been considerable. Several of these he had a few years ago reprinted, under the title of 'The Banns of Marriage,' a name which, as he fancied, embraced the subject of most of them. One or two of the tales he thought might be capable of dramatisation. It is certain that another volume or two of these *ephemera* might most fitly be compiled.

After all, however, it is upon his work in connexion with the stage that his fame must ultimately rest. It was into this, rather than into his novels and stories, that he put his full strength. He was a born critic. I have no doubt that his legal training and experience, superadded to a naturally calm and dispassionate judgment, were of no small value, not only in helping him to avoid those curious technical errors into which the uninstructed writer so easily falls, but in the formation and formulation of his opinions. It was as dramatic critic to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that his reputation was first made. I distinctly remember the impression which his articles produced upon a circle of playgoers, quite outside the newspaper world, and entirely ignorant of their authorship,—how eagerly we were accustomed to look to the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for the utterances of its critic, whom we had established as our 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' The circumstances which led to his separation from this paper are part of the journalistic history of the time, and need not be repeated here.

Then came his connection with *The World*. Immediately he heard of the rupture with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the editor of *The World* telegraphed to Dutton Cook to secure the 'first call' on his services. How fortunate this arrangement proved on all hands, for the newspaper, for the readers who turned week after week to the well-known 'D. C.' articles, no less than for the fame of the critic, there is no need to say. 'I have always,' he wrote in his

preface to his collected criticisms, 'been at liberty to express my opinions unreservedly, and I have so expressed them.' On the other hand, we have all of us probably read the tasteful and touching words of the editor of *The World* concerning his lost contributor, words which have found an echo in the hearts of all his friends.

He had also this year entered upon a fresh task, with zest and vigour. When Mr. Leslie Stephen undertook his 'Dictionary of National Biography,' one of the first persons he applied to for assistance was Dutton Cook. A list was supplied to him, and he was invited to mark the names of those whose biographies he would be willing to write. This he did, and added several names that had been omitted, and these were, at once, also allotted to him. He had finished letter A, and was at work upon B. When this important work is published, it will be found that all the dramatic and theatrical lives (with one exception) are, so far, from the pen of Dutton Cook.

But little more remains to be said. I saw him for the last time on August 2. I was going north and he was going in a few days, he said, 'to Brighton to write Christmas stories.' It was a broiling day and he laughed as he said it. At Brighton he remained for nearly a month. He wrote, 'We arrived here yesterday and have got into comfortable quarters: it blew and rained hard last night, but the sun is bright and the air from the sea very beautiful this morning. . . . . We shall stay here some three weeks, I think. The races are on, I may stroll up to the course.'

On the evening of Saturday, September 8, he was at the Globe Theatre, well, and I am told radiant. According to his custom his criticism would be written the next morning. Alas, it was the last of that long and brilliant series, which forms, in itself, a history of the British stage for the last twenty years. That he was feeling well, and, as we say, 'fit,' no one who reads the criticism on 'The Glass of Fashion' can for one moment doubt. It is the writing of a man in the full consciousness of his strength and powers, healthy, vigorous, and buoyant. And on the evening of the day of its publication the hand of the writer was still and cold in death.

'*Felix in opportunitate mortis*,' may we not say? In the full maturity of his powers, before age had dimmed a sense or time had dulled a faculty, in the zenith of his reputation, the unquestioned head of his self-chosen profession, beloved in his home, held in honour by troops of friends, and, for his work's sake, by numbers who only knew him by name—what more can the heart desire? The passage from this life to the Higher was swift and

sudden; but may we not believe, in the last written words of Thackeray, that at the moment he ceased to breathe, 'his heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss'? True is it that we are taught to pray against 'sudden death,' but the dire scourges which are linked therewith, show us that the prayer has come down to us from the days when he who passed from life to eternity, undismissed by priestly hands, was reckoned to have need of pious orisons to gain him welcome in the shades. To-day the prayer, perhaps unspoken, of many a man and woman, is for the 'sudden, strong surprise' of Immortality.

• • • • • • •

In these pages I have wished to abstain as much as possible from any criticism of Dutton Cook's writings, or the style of them, from any estimate of his capacity or the place he will take in the literature of his time. Let others do justice to his manifold accomplishments, to his achievements as craftsman and critic. To-day I mourn only the good and loyal friend, the presence ever welcome, serene and gracious, the companion full of cheer and wisdom for all seasons, a rare and gifted soul.

All these have been, and these mine eyes
  Have looked on: if they looked in vain,
  My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

JOHN FRED BOYES.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Modern Nebuchadnezzar.

SOME years ago, while travelling in a remote part of Italy, I made the acquaintance of a singular character. He was a middle-aged Englishman, who had almost become an Italian, and who might have attracted little attention, had it not been for the horse on whose back he travelled—a most beautiful Arab, which he treated with an affectionate gentleness which I have never seen equalled in Europe. In fact, the confidential friendship between the man and his horse was similar to that which we sometimes observe in the case of a favourite dog.

It happened that we were both detained for a couple of days at a wayside inn on account of a bridge having been broken down by the sudden swelling of a mountain torrent, and thus we became more intimate than might have been expected at first, especially as the usual English reserve had been intensified in the case of my companion by long habits of loneliness.

When we were at last enabled to resume our respective journeys, he invited me to spend a few days with him at his home, a beautiful little nook on the coast of the Adriatic. There he had now been established for some years, employing himself in the cultivation of a few acres of ground and in the study of a few books, and avoiding all society except that of an Italian gardener and his wife, of the beautiful horse which I have already mentioned, and of a scarcely less intelligent dog.

There are some persons who have a gift of unconsciously inspiring confidence in others, and who therefore find themselves obliged to receive confessions, and accept trusts, often of a somewhat embarrassing nature. And thus it happened that my new friend, who had not for some years spoken to any countryman of his own, poured into my ears, before I left his remote cottage, a story so strange that I can hardly expect my readers to credit it, as I scarcely know whether to believe it myself. All I can say is that it was told to me in a manner perfectly free from wildness or exaggeration, and that I could trace no symptom of delusion or hallucination in the conduct of the solitary.

Further, he entrusted to my care a manuscript in which he had

recorded the principal points of his story, and left it to my discretion to publish it if I thought fit. For himself, he was persuaded that every tie that had bound him to England had been so effectually severed, that his identification was impossible. He was of opinion, too, that the publication might be desirable, as experiences similar to his own have been the lot of many human beings, though very few have survived them, and scarcely any have been able or willing to record them. I think, therefore, that it will be best to allow him to tell his story almost in his own words.

I was the only son of a gentleman of moderate fortune, and, though I had one sister, I was always spoilt, especially by my mother. From my earliest years I was fond of animals, in the sense of killing or using them for my amusement, beginning by tormenting flies and teasing cats. I was sent to a good private school, where I learned something, and acquired a certain taste for Latin and English poetry, which never entirely deserted me, and which has revived more strongly than ever during the loneliness of my later years. Thence I went to a public school, where I forgot a good deal of what I knew, and acquired considerable knowledge of a different kind. I was bullied while I was a small boy, and became a most decided bully myself as soon as I grew into a big boy. My taste for cruelty became rapidly developed, not only at the expense of my schoolfellows, but also at that of birds, cats, rats, frogs, or any other unfortunate creatures that came into my power. In the holidays the same taste found a more legitimate expression in hunting, shooting, and fishing.

Soon after I had attained the age of eighteen, and when I was just about to leave school, I had the misfortune to lose my father. From that time I broke loose from all control. He had always been too indulgent to me, but I had a certain respect for him, and, had he lived, I should no doubt have complied with his wish that I should go to the university and perhaps have entered a profession. But now I was my own master. My mother was in feeble health, and too broken in spirit to direct my course, or to refuse me anything that I wanted. My other guardian tried for some time to save me from myself, but the insolence with which I met his proposals soon convinced him that it was useless for him to interfere. So I had my own way, surrounded myself with horses and dogs, hunted, shot, attended races, began to bet, and was proud to make acquaintance with some sporting characters. I

www.libtool.com.cn

soon became known as a hard rider, and astonished even my new friends by the savage way in which I rode a beautiful little chestnut mare to death in a steeple-chase. I did not think much of it at the time, but the sad look in her expressive eyes came back to me long afterwards, and haunts me even now. Just as I attained twenty-one my mother died, and I came into a fortune of about 80,000*l*. From that time my pace grew faster and faster. It is astonishing how easy it is to go downhill. I took to gambling in other ways besides racing, got into worse and worse company, tried to cheat others, got cheated myself, and before I was twenty-five was utterly ruined, and narrowly escaped a criminal prosecution.

www.libtool.com.cn

So far my story is a commonplace one enough. I often think now how precisely Horace's description of a young Roman,

> 'Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi,
> Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,'

and the rest of it, suits a young Englishman of the present day.

I soon exhausted the patience and the pity of my father's friends, and from my own companions I had nothing to hope. It became necessary to do something to keep myself from starving. The only thing I could flatter myself I knew anything about was the management of horses. So I did what I had often heard of a gentleman doing. I obtained employment as a cabdriver.

At the same time I took to drinking. I had already, in the days of my luxury, acquired the habit of swallowing more than was good for me. But I now took to it not for pleasure, but to stupefy myself. And partly from that cause, and partly from my losses and vexations, my temper become more openly savage than it had ever been before, and I vented all my brutality on my wretched horse. And then I got pulled up and fined for cruelty. And then no decent cab-master would trust me with a horse and cab, and I had to get employment from a man who was, if possible, a greater blackguard than I had myself become. And so I got more and more degraded, and into worse and worse company, and my temper became more and more brutal, and I was always getting drunk, and fighting, and being taken up by the police. So it was no great fall when I made acquaintance with a gang of thieves, and was persuaded to join them in a burglary. I had to wait outside with a horse and trap while they went in for the plate. And, as it turned out, they half murdered an old gentleman, and I got caught, and was tried before a judge, and, being 'well known to the police,' I was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

After a short stay in gaol I was sent with others to the convict prison on Dartmoor. I can't describe the misery with which this part of my existence struck me, though I have suffered worse things since. The cold gloomy granite building, with its inscription 'Parcere subjectis' (it had better have been 'Lasciate ogni speranza'), the constant wet, the hard work, to which I had never been accustomed, and which blistered my hands and made all my bones ache, the absence of every kind of comfort, the society of the most foul-minded and foul-tongued reprobates, the absolute privation of all news from the outer world, all these things must strike hard on any one, but struck with tenfold effect on one who had not long before been accustomed to the soft life of a gentleman. I had been used to every species of indulgence, and even in my cabdriving period I had found comfort in my gin and my pipe. Now everything of this kind was prohibited, and though the rule might sometimes be evaded by those convicts who were able to bribe a warder, any such infraction of regulation was most severely punished.

www.libtool.com.cn

I was mad with rage and fury, and resolved to try to escape, even though I might be hanged for it.

One dark winter's day a party of us was working on the moor as usual. A thick bank of fog came sweeping up, and the warder, who well knew the danger of it, ordered us to fall in at once, in order to march back to the prison. I watched my opportunity when he was looking another way, and, swinging my spade round, felled him by a tremendous blow on the back of his head, and then ran for my life.

Not far from the place where we had been working there was a bank built up of earth and turf, after the manner of Devonshire, and for this I made. Just as I was scrambling up it I heard the crack of a rifle, and a bullet grazed my leg, and dropped with a thud into the bank. I got safely over, tumbled into a deep dry ditch on the other side, and doubled along it as fast as my legs could carry me. I was dimly conscious of two warders clearing the bank and plunging straight on into the fog beyond, which grew thicker every moment. Of them I saw no more. I fled on at my best pace until I was utterly exhausted, and dropped down in a hollow sheltered by a scanty growth of heather. Hungry, thirsty, wet, faint, and miserable, I yet felt a satisfaction in the hope that I had regained my liberty, and I fell asleep more soundly than I had ever slept on a prison bed.

I actually slept till sunrise. When I opened my eyes, a fresh

breeze was blowing away the fog of the night before, and the moor was looking beautiful, as it can look on one of those few fine days that visit the English Siberia. I stretched my stiff limbs, and tried to rub my eyes. Strange to say, I found that my hand could not reach my head. However, I found no difficulty in stretching my head down to meet my hand. But my hand felt strangely hard and rough. It had, in fact, become a horse's hoof.

www.libtool.com.cn

I started up. I was broad awake now. I found myself standing on four legs. I stretched out my neck, turned my head round, and took a general survey of my legs and my body. There could be no doubt about it. They were the legs and body of a horse.

Though I retained a clear recollection of what I had been, I must somehow have acquired the mind of a horse as well as that of a man. I did not feel so much astonished as might be expected. The first idea that occurred to me was to find out what my face was like. I fancied that the old stories of Centaurs might perhaps be true, and that I might possibly have become half man and half horse.

Not far off there was a small pool of water. I trotted over to it, and looked at my reflection. The notion of the Centaur vanished. I found myself in all respects a horse. I was a bright chestnut horse, young and strong, broad-chested, clean-limbed, with brilliant eyes and flowing mane. I took a deep draught of water, and felt fresh and well.

Strange to say, my first sensations were by no means unpleasant. In the first place, I had regained my liberty. Then I had accustomed myself to look for pleasure in the animal senses, not in the intellect, and that kind of pleasure was by no means wanting. I felt conscious of extraordinary strength and swiftness. My powers of sight and hearing were developed to an extent unknown to human beings. I had no fingers, but my fore feet merely felt like clenched fists, and to that I was accustomed. My hind feet felt more comfortable than when encased in the prison boots.

I flung up my head and tail, and bounded over the moor in a stretching gallop.

A man on horseback is twice a man. He feels, if his horse be worth anything, far stronger, swifter, nobler, than before. I believe this is recognised throughout the world, and in all languages the *eques*, or cavalier, is the higher type of gentleman. At any

rate, I felt this very strongly when I found myself not figuratively, but actually, identified with my horse. Never have I enjoyed a gallop on a horse's back as I enjoyed my first gallop on my own four legs.

The keen air of the moor soon made me feel hungry, and I set to work to crop the herbage. And here I found a new pleasure. My sense of taste and smell had become exquisitely delicate. I do not know whether this delicacy is possible to mankind, as I cannot remember the time when my taste was uncorrupted by meat, and alcohol, and tobacco.

www.libtool.com.cn

But on Dartmoor the supply of grass and herbs fit for a horse is rather scanty, and it was the occupation of the whole day to satisfy my appetite.

Towards evening the weather again became cold and foggy, and the next day was very wet and miserable. As a gregarious animal, I began to feel the want of society, and I wandered about the moor in search of companions.

At last I discovered, under the lee of some large boulders of granite, a gipsy encampment, and two or three horses straying about near it. I approached them cautiously, and was received in a friendly way. We rubbed our noses together, and I was even allowed to pick at an armful of hay that had been provided for them.

Soon, however, I found myself an object of attention on the part of the gipsies. With the usual treachery which man employs in his dealings with what he is pleased to call the lower animals, one of them approached me with a measure of oats and the softest words he could muster, while another followed close behind him with a halter. The dry food looked very tempting after the wet and scanty herbage of the moor, and I was almost inclined to sell my liberty for a feed of oats. However, I was not quite so foolish, and, with a snort and a toss of the head, I turned round, flung up my heels, and was soon out of their reach. But the craving for company still kept me in the neighbourhood of the encampment, and I could hear the gipsies express their admiration of me as a 'proper beauty,' mingled with less polite language.

It was not long before they determined on another course of action. They caught two of their own horses, saddled, bridled, and mounted them, and started to circumvent me, taking care to approach me from opposite sides. I laughed inwardly at such an attempt, feeling conscious of strength and swiftness that would

not be matched by any horse with the weight of a rider on his back. So I easily shot away from them, and then stopped and looked round, letting them approach me, and then starting off again, and in fact amusing myself by luring them on towards the middle of the moor.

www.libtool.com.cn

However, they were more cunning than I. Gradually we reached a part of the moor where the ground was even rougher than the rest and more encumbered with boulders. Seeing a smooth piece of bright green turf, I naturally made for it. It gave way beneath my feet, and I found myself plunged deep into a Dartmoor bog.

Notwithstanding his great size and strength, a horse is essentially a timid animal. His organisation is as delicate as that of a young lady. Anyone can understand this who observes the extreme sensitiveness of his ear and eye. Though I still retained the memory of my human condition, I was now to all intents and purposes a horse. I was surprised at my own nervousness and want of presence of mind.

While I was struggling in the bog, the gipsies rapidly passed a halter over my head, and then fetched some ropes and planks, by means of which, aided by my own struggles, I was at last brought to *terra firma*. I was so exhausted and so dirty, that I was only too glad to submit to be groomed and cleaned, which operations took place amid many expressions of admiration on the part of the gipsies.

I was now tied up, and had a bucket of water and a good feed of oats. My spirits revived, and I resolved to make an attempt to regain my liberty at the first opportunity.

In the afternoon my masters proceeded to try their new horse. A saddle was placed on my back, a bit was forced into my mouth, and a young gipsy jumped into the pigskin. I reared, plunged, kicked, buck-jumped, and did all I could to unseat him. He was a good rider, though a brutal one, and I suffered severely from his whip and spurs, as well as from the horrible bit in my mouth. Half-mad with rage and pain, I at last reared higher than ever, overbalanced myself, and fell back on my rider. He was a good deal hurt, but did not let go the bridle, and the other gipsies came up and secured me.

I now heard them call me a vicious brute, and decide to break me in regularly. So now I had indeed a period of 'penal servitude,' such as was never contemplated by the judge who sentenced me. They 'lunged' me, put a dumb jockey on me, tied

up one of my feet and kept me standing on three legs, brought me on my knees, and adopted all the devices by which men convince horses of their inferiority.

Meanwhile, I had full time to reflect on my position, and to make up my mind to accept the inevitable. I saw that it was impossible for a horse to live in a wild state in any part of England. I saw also that I was far too valuable an animal for the gipsies to keep for their own purposes. So I concluded that the best thing I could do was to behave quietly, and get sold to a gentleman, when I might probably be kindly treated, though I must resign all hopes of liberty.

www.libtool.com.cn

Things turned out as I expected. As soon as I was at all presentable, the gipsies were most anxious to sell me, knowing that they would probably be suspected of having stolen me. So one of them took me to a fair, and sold me at a price which was no doubt important to them, but which seemed to me extremely small.

I was bought by a clergyman, and one by no means young, which surprised me considerably. He was a tall, active, wiry man, with the keenest of eyes and the pleasantest of voices, and, as I soon found, he was a born sportsman and a perfect rider. If it were ever possible to feel a pleasure in carrying a fellow creature on one's back, it would be in being ridden by such a one as my new master.

He took me up to Exmoor, and rode me with the staghounds. My nature had now become so identified with my outward shape, that I almost enjoyed hunting in this novel form. My memory of hunting from the human point of view stood me in good stead, and my master and I soon became distinguished beyond all other men and horses in that celebrated hunt.

This distinction, however, was fatal to my comfort. My master was a poor man, and, tempted by a very high price, he sold me at the end of the season to a rich sportsman of enormous weight.

I was summered confortably enough, but in the hot days of early autumn I was again taken out with the staghounds. I was young and strong in those days, and had carried my former master without difficulty, but I was quite unequal to the burden of such a mountain of flesh as now placed itself on my back. I did what I could, for by this time I was fully persuaded of the wisdom of the policy of submission. But it was of no use, and I was soon laid up with a strained back, from which I never quite recovered.

A stupid veterinary surgeon was sent for, who pulled me about, and first thought it was my shoulder that was affected, then one of my hind legs, then my knee, and then my foot. So he tried one thing after another, and lanced me, and bandaged me, and blistered me, and almost vivisected me, while I was driven almost wild with pain and fury, and the inexpressible suffering of being unable to explain to him how utterly he had mistaken my case, and how worse than useless were all the tortures he was inflicting on me.

www.libtool.com.cn

At last, in spite of his treatment, and merely in consequence of the rest which was permitted me, I got well enough to be considered sound. My master fortunately had sense enough to perceive that I was not up to his weight, as indeed no horse really was. So I was again sold, and this time to a young cavalry officer who had come down to hunt with the staghounds.

I was taken to his stables, and presently his young wife came to see the new horse. To my utter amazement I recognised my own sister, whom I had not seen for some years, during which she had been living with the guardian with whom I had chosen to quarrel. I had cared little for her in those days, as indeed I had cared for nothing but my own selfish pleasures. But now the case was completely altered. I felt all the gentleness, the longing for sympathy, which are natural to most horses. And my sister was one of those rare beings who have a peculiar insight into the nature of animals, who sympathise with all their feelings, and seem able to read their thoughts. She stroked my nose with her little soft hand, which appeared to exercise over me a kind of mesmeric influence. I returned her greeting as best I could with my velvety upper lip and my poor dumb tongue. She got me some bread and carrots, and I was soon installed as her prime favourite. Her husband was a good-natured sort of fellow, fond of horses and dogs in the ordinary way, and one who would not willingly ill-treat an animal, except in the way of sport. But he had not the peculiar gift possessed by my sister, and was inclined to laugh when she descanted on the human expression that she discovered in my eyes. She was probably ignorant of the speculations of Pythagoras and Empedocles, perhaps even of the story of Circe. Her imagination had lighted upon a doctrine which I believe to be true, that it is not uncommon for the soul of a man to be imprisoned in an animal, as a measure of punishment, or of purgatory.

In a material point of view I was now happy enough. I was kindly treated by everybody, and was daily petted and fed with

dainties by my sister. My sole duty was to carry her when she rode, a duty which her light weight and light hand made a pleasure. My human memory told me exactly what I ought to do, and I became known as the most perfect lady's horse ever seen.

www.libtool.com.cn

Mentally, however, I suffered much. That sad beseeching look which my sister noticed in my eyes was the only way I had of expressing what I felt. I was filled with a constant longing to tell her my story, and to reveal to her who I really was. The impossibility of doing this was a bitter pain to me. I believe, as I said before, that many persons have been placed in a position similar to mine, but the power of speech has been allowed to them only in a very few instances. Some of these are recorded in the early history of Rome, but the case of Balaam's ass is perhaps the best authenticated.

Evil days were now approaching. I noticed that my sister now rode seldom and more seldom. She was evidently becoming ill. I was tried in harness, and, I need not say, behaved my best. Then I was driven by her in a light carriage. But soon even this exertion became too much for her, and she faded away rapidly. She used to be wheeled out to the stables to feed and caress me, but at last the day came when she said farewell, with many tears on both sides. I heard her make her husband promise never to part with me, and I saw her no more. But I soon heard that all was over, and I followed her remains to the grave.

Her husband was broken-hearted, and I believe looked forward with satisfaction to the prospect of flinging his life away in the war that was now commencing. He kept his promise not to part with me, but to him I was only a horse, nor indeed was there any reason for peculiar care of me at a time when the blood of thousands of better men than I had ever been was poured out like water. He made me his charger, and I accepted my fate as inevitable.

The delicate organisation of a horse makes the noise and smoke of battle, and even of mimic battle, inexpressibly hateful to him. My first field-day was very painful, but that was a trifle compared with what followed. The regiment was ordered to the Crimea, and I was placed with many other horses on board a troop-ship.

The life of a domesticated horse is only tolerable when he has a loose box in which he can turn. To be tied up in an ordinary stall, especially when it is a sloping one, is little better than prolonged torture. But even that lot is enviable, compared with the

indescribable sufferings endured on board a troop-ship. However, most of us survived them, and in course of time we landed in the Crimea. There our sufferings were almost as bad in a different way—hard work, cold, wet, and hunger.

At last there came a time when we, among the scanty squadrons of the Light Brigade, were drawn up at the end of a long valley, both sides of which were held by masses of the enemy's troops. The word was passed along in a whisper that we were going to charge the Russian army at the other end of the valley. There were mutterings and curses on the idiotic folly of him who ordered it; but the time was short. I heard my brother-in-law say, 'It *is* hard on the poor young fellows who would like to live!' And then he patted my neck, and I felt that we, at any rate, were agreed, and that death could not come too soon to both of us. And then the charge rang out loud, and we all dashed into a storm of shot and shell. Men and horses immediately began to fall to right and left of us, and my rider and I were racing with the leader, when we were both struck, and rolled over together. I strnggled to my feet when the others had passed, and looked at what had been my sister's husband. There was only his body; his head had been carried off by a shot. Only a few minutes seemed to pass, and the broken wave of returning horsemen came back upon us. Notwithstanding my longing for death, the gregarious instinct prevailed, and with them I limped back again into the British lines. No one offered to catch me. There was more serious work to be done that day than to notice a wounded horse. I knew where a sort of hospital for sick horses had been established, and thither I managed to drag myself. I heard a discussion whether I should be shot at once, and heartily hoped that the question would be decided in the affirmative. But my wound was not a vital one, and the strangeness of the circumstance induced the veterinary surgeon to keep me alive. In after days hundreds of our men came to see the horse that went of his own accord to the hospital and reported himself wounded.

So it happened that I was saved to endure all the miseries of that horrible winter, when we used to be kept toiling with heavy burdens of shot and shell through miles of snow and mud; when we lay at night in the snow, and had often nothing but snow to eat. I saw hundreds of horses fall and die round me, and envied their fate. But my seven years of penal servitude had not yet expired, and I could not die.

The story of my wonderful instinct, as they called it, obtained

for me some little consideration in that time of cruelty. And so it happened that I lived all through the war, and into the quiet time that succeeded it, and was one of the few horses that were brought back to England.

There was welcome enough for the Crimean heroes, but no thought for the horses who had borne the worst part of the work and the suffering, and without whom the victory could never have been achieved. In the confusion that followed the battle of Balaklava I had become mixed with the ordinary troopers, and was no longer recognised as an officer's charger. When we were inspected on our return to England, I, with many others, was pronounced unfit for service, and not worth bringing home. Among a number of cast horses I was sent to be sold by auction, and was bought for a very small price by a cab proprietor, in whom, to my indignation and horror, I recognised my former employer.

'Do as you would be done by' is a maxim inculcated upon children. I now experienced its converse. I was done by as I did. Many cabmen are good fellows enough, but my master was not one of them. Even the sufferings of the Crimea were scarcely as bad as the cruelty of London. I was stabled in a stall that was no better than a dung-heap, dark, and suffocating with the most fœtid odours. When I was taken out, the light almost blinded me. From morning to night my lot was hard work, little food, and constant flogging. I soon wasted away, and felt, with a bitter kind of satisfaction, that this could not last long. I became covered with raw places, to which the friction of the harness and the constant application of the whip added indescribable torture. I was now taken out only at night, in order to escape the observation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. I heard my owner say that I was not worth my keep, and I knew that it was intended simply to work me to death.

One night my driver took up a fare near Marlborough House. When we reached our destination, I happened to look round, and recognised my former master, the clergyman. His quick eye also recognised me, and I heard him say, 'Why, that horse once belonged to me! He looks down on his luck, poor fellow! Be kind to him, cabby, and here's sixpence extra for you.' My driver grinned, and proceeded to the next public-house.

At last the end came. One night I was toiling along as usual, when a complete faintness came over me, and I fell 'all of a heap.' My driver tried to rouse me by a most unmerciful flogging,

but I felt little of it. My seven years of penal servitude were at last over. I closed my eyes, and knew no more.

When I next regained consciousness, I found myself lying on the grass in the Green Park. The sun was rising on a brilliant May morning, and the world of London was awaking to work and pleasure.

I stretched myself, rubbed my eyes, and felt myself all over. I was again a man, strong and well, and not very old. I was dressed in a stable suit such as is worn by grooms. After a little consideration it appeared to me that the only thing I was fit for was the company of horses. I proceeded to a livery stable in Duke Street, which I had known in former times, and applied for employment.

The master looked me over sharply, and then said, 'The old story, I suppose—no character. Well, you look as if you knew something about horses. Do you think you could do anything with this one?'

He then opened the half-door of a loose box, and a savage black horse darted his head out, glared wildly round, and snapped at us. I caught his head between my hands, breathed into his nostrils, and whispered into his ear. The vicious animal, as he was called, because he had endeavoured to struggle against ill-treatment, whinnied with pleasure, and began to 'nuzzle' me with his nose and prehensile upper lip.

'Well, that's a rum go,' said the master. 'I have heard of that dodge, but never saw it before. I'll give you fifteen shillings a week, young man, and if you're worth more you shall have more.'

I was hungry, and by no means in a position to bargain, so I accepted his offer, and entered on my duties as stableman. But they did not continue long. My chief pleasure, indeed my only one, was to read the newspapers, and renew my acquaintance with the world from which I had been so long secluded. And so it happened that I noticed an advertisement in which I was desired, if still living, to apply to the old solicitors of my family in order to hear 'something to my advantage.'

I lost no time in waiting upon Mr. X. My former appearance had been so far restored that he found little difficulty in recognising me, and he knew enough of what had happened seven years before to induce him to abstain from asking inconvenient questions.

It appeared that an old aunt of mine had died, leaving a will

made many years before, by which she gave me all her property. And so I became the owner of some hundreds a year. You may imagine that I settled my business and got out of England as soon as possible. I found a remote nook of Italy in which I established myself. I had lost all taste for human society. My sadness is incurable, but I find in the cultivation of my ground, and in the company of my horse, my dog, and my books, the means of passing my time without finding life a burden too heavy for me to bear.

www.libtool.com.cn

A. H. A. HAMILTON.

www.libtool.com.cn

Ballade of His Own Country.

To C. H. A.

LET them boast of Arabia, oppressed
By the odour of myrrh on the breeze;
In the isles of the East and the West
That are sweet with the cinnamon trees
Let the sandal wood perfume the seas;
Give the roses to Rhodes and to Crete,
We are more than content, if you please,
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat!

Though Dan Virgil enjoyed himself best
With the scent of the limes, when the bees
Hummed low round the doves in their nest,
While the vintagers lay at their ease,
Had he sung in our northern degrees,
He 'd have sought a securer retreat,
He 'd have dwelt, where the heart of us flees,
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat!

Oh, the broom has a chivalrous crest,
And the daffodil 's fair on the leas,
And the soul of the Southron might rest,
And be perfectly happy with these;
But *we*, that were nursed on the knees
Of the hills of the North, we would fleet
Where our hearts might their longing appease
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat!

ENVOY.

Princess, the domain of our quest
It is far from the sounds of the street,
Where the Kingdom of Galloway 's blest
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat!

A. LANG.

www.libtool.com.cn

Liszt.

WHO has not heard of Liszt? Who has heard Liszt? I suppose to most of us in England he is personally a great tradition and nothing more; his compositions, indeed, form the chief *pièces de résistance* of our annual crop of pianoforte recitals, but the man and his playing are alike unknown. He has already become historical during his lifetime. Only by a happy chance can I reckon myself amongst the few who have lately heard Liszt play.

I happened to be staying in Rome, and Liszt kindly invited me over to the Villa d'Este twice.

There at Tivoli alone with him he conversed with me of the times long gone by—of Mendelssohn, of Paganini, of Chopin.

There in the warm light of an Italian autumn, subdued by the dark-red curtains that hung in his study, with an old-world silence around us, he sat at his piano once more; and as he played to me the clock of time went back, and Chopin entered with his pale refined face, his slight aristocratic figure; Heine sat restlessly in a dark corner; Mme. Sand reclined in the deep window-niche overlooking the desolate Campagna, with Rome in the distance; De Lamennais stood at the foot of the piano—a delicate, yet sinewy and mobile frame—with his noble eager face all aglow, his eloquent tongue silent, listening to the inspiration of another believer in another *evangelium*—the evangelium of the emotions, the Gospel of Art.

Shadows all of you, yet to me for an hour, in the deep solitude of the great Cardinal's palace alone with Liszt, more real than the men and women of our lesser day.

Liszt is the embodiment of an epoch. In religion, politics, and philosophy he represents that creative ferment through which the genius of the nineteenth century has come to the understanding and possession of itself. The Romanticism of 1830–40, with all its deplorable aberrations, its reactionary and one-sided views, its hazardous experiments, its impatience of

authority, its childlike and impulsive fancy, was nevertheless a great creative period.

Then were sown the seeds that have since germinated so gloriously in literature, and art, and politics throughout Europe. Then flourished, or at least were born, the men who impressed this century with its peculiar characteristics—its insatiable thirst for knowledge, boundless curiosity, noble upward endeavour, despairing scepticism, trembling hope, eager love of life and intense belief in itself, intuitive convictions which every decade has done something to deepen and perhaps to justify.

It was the age of Liszt, of Paganini, Thalberg; of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr, Chopin, Wagner; of Lamartine, George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo; of Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Scott, and Wordsworth—age of upheaval and revolution, ferment of new life, unsettlement of old opinions. The political heavens were full of portents; the firmament of Art flashing with meteors; the social world alive and palpitating with new theories of life, which mistook license for liberty—truly an age convulsed with the violence of the old aboriginal impulses suddenly let loose.

One thousand eight hundred and eleven was the year of the great comet—a year which, we are told, re-echoed with the sounds of the lyre and the sword, and announced so many pioneering spirits of the future.

In 1811 was Franz Liszt born. He had the hot Hungarian blood of his father, the fervid German spirit of his mother, and he inherited the lofty independence, with none of the class prejudices, of the old Hungarian nobility from which he sprang.

Liszt's father, Adam, earned a modest livelihood as agent and accountant in the house of Count Esterhazy. In that great musical family inseparably associated with the names of Haydn and Schubert,[1] Adam Liszt had frequent opportunities of meeting distinguished musicians. The Prince's private band had risen to public fame under the instruction of the venerable Haydn himself. The Liszts, father and son, often went to Eisenstadt, where the Count lived; there they rubbed elbows with Cherubini and Hummel, a pupil of Mozart.

Franz took to music from his earliest childhood. When about five years old he was asked what he would like to do. 'Learn the piano,' said the little fellow. Soon afterwards his father asked him what he would like to be; the child pointed to a print of Beethoven hanging on the wall, and said, 'Like him.' Long

[1] See my *Music and Morals*, sections 96, 106.

before his feet could reach the pedals or his fingers stretch an octave, the boy spent all his spare time strumming, making what he called 'clangs,' chords, and modulations. He mastered scales and exercises without difficulty.

But there was a certain intensity in all he did, which seemed to wear him out. He was attacked with fever, but would hardly be persuaded to lie down until completely exhausted; then he lay and prayed aloud to God to make him well, and vowed that on his recovery he would only make hymns and play music which pleased God and his parents. The strong lines of his character early asserted themselves—religious ardour, open sincerity, a certain nobleness of mind that scorned a lie and generously confessed to a fault, quick affections, ready sympathies, a mind singularly without prejudices or antipathies, except in music. Liszt's musical antipathies are matters of world-wide notoriety; his hatred of 'Conservatorium' dogma, his contempt for the musical doctrinaire, his aversion to the shallow and frivolous, his abhorrence of mere sensationalism.

The boy's decided bent soon banished all thought of anything but a musical vocation, but the *res angustæ domi* stood in the way.

How was he to be taught? how was he to be heard? how to earn money? That personal fascination, from which no one who has ever come in contact with Liszt has quite escaped, helped him thus early. When eight years old, he played before Count Esterhazy in the presence of six noblemen, amongst them Counts Amadee, Apponyi, and Szapary—eternal honour to their names! They at once subscribed for him an annuity of six hundred gulden for six years. This was to help the little prodigy to a musical education.

His parents felt the whole importance of the crisis. If the boy was to prosper, the father's present retired life with a fixed income must be exchanged for an unsettled, wandering and precarious existence. 'When the six years are over, and your hopes prove vain, what will become of us?' said his mother, who heard, with tears in her eyes, that father was going to give up the agency and settle down wherever the boy might need instruction, protection, and a home. 'Mother,' said the impetuous child, 'what God wills!' and he added, prophetically enough, 'God will help me to repay you for all your anxieties and for what you do for me.' And with what results he laboured in this faith, years afterwards in Paris, we shall see.

The agency was thrown up; the humble family, mother,

father, son, went out alone from the little Hungarian village into an unknown and untried world, simply trusting to the genius, the will, the word of an obscure child of eight: 'I will be a musician, and nothing else!'

As the child knelt at his farewell mass in the little village church of Raiding, many wept, others shook their heads, but some even then seemed to have a presentiment of his future greatness, and said, 'That boy will one day come back in a glass coach.' This modest symbol represented to them the idea of boundless wealth.

Hummel would only teach for a golden louis a lesson, and then picked his pupils; but at Vienna the father and son fell in with Czerny, Beethoven's pupil, and the famous Salieri, now seventy years old.

Czerny at once took to Liszt, but refused to take anything for his instruction. Salieri was also fascinated, and instructed him in harmony; and fortunate it was that Liszt began his course under two such strict mentors.

He soon began to resent Czerny's method—thought he knew better and needed not those dry studies of Clementi and that irksome fingering by rule—he could finger everything in half-a-dozen different ways. There was a moment when it seemed that master and pupil would have to part, but timely concessions to genius paved the way to dutiful submission, and years afterwards the great master dedicated to the rigid disciplinarian of his boyhood his 'Vingt-quatre Grandes Etudes' in affectionate remembrance.

Young talent often splits upon the rock of self-sufficiency. Many a clever artist has failed because in the pride of youthful facility he has declined the method and drudgery of a correct technique.

Such a light as Liszt's could not be long hid; all Vienna in 1822 was talking of the wonderful boy. 'Est deus in nobis,' wrote the papers rather profanely. The 'little Hercules,' the 'young giant,' the boy 'virtuoso from the clouds,' were amongst the epithets coined to celebrate his marvellous rendering of Hummel's 'Concerto in A' and a free 'Fantasia' of his own.

The Vienna Concert Hall was crowded to hear him, and the other illustrious artists—then, as indeed they have been ever since forced to do wherever Liszt appeared—effaced themselves with as good a grace as they could.

It is a remarkable tribute to the generous nature as well as to the consummate ability of Liszt, that, whilst opposing partisans have fought bitterly over him—Thalbergites, Herzites, Mendels-

sohnites *versus* Lisztites—yet few of the great artists who have, one after another, had to yield to him in popularity have denied to him their admiration, while most of them have given him their friendship.

Liszt early wooed and early won Vienna. He spoke ever of his dear Viennese and their 'resounding city.'

www.libtool.com.cn

When I saw Liszt at Tivoli in 1880, I remember his saying to me, 'J'ai reçu le célèbre baiser de Beethoven.' I find that Beethoven's secretary, Schindler, wrote in 1823 to Beethoven: 'You will be present at little Liszt's concert, will you not? It will encourage the boy. Promise me that you will go.' And Beethoven went. When the 'little Liszt' stepped on to the platform, he saw Beethoven in the front row; it nerved instead of staggering him—he played with an *abandon* and inspiration which defied criticism. Amidst the storm of applause which followed, Beethoven was observed to step up on the platform, take the young virtuoso in his arms, and embrace him, as Liszt assured me, 'on both cheeks.' This was an event not to be lightly forgotten, and hardly after fifty-seven years to be alluded to without a certain awe; indeed, Liszt's voice quite betrayed his sense of the seriousness of the occasion as he repeated, with a certain conscious pride and gravity, 'Oui, j'ai reçu le baiser de Beethoven.'

A concert tour on his way to Paris brought him before the critical public of Stuttgard and Munich. Hummel, an old man, and Moscheles, then in his prime, heard him and declared that his playing was equal to theirs. But Liszt was bent upon completing his studies in the celebrated school of the French capital, and at the feet of the old musical dictator Cherubini.

The Erards, who were destined to owe so much to Liszt, and to whom Liszt throughout his career has owed so much, at once provided him with a magnificent piano; but Cherubini put in force a certain bylaw of the Conservatoire excluding foreigners, and excluded Franz Liszt.

This was a bitter pill to the eager student. He hardly knew how little he required such patronage. In a very short time '*le petit Liszt*' was the great Paris sensation. The old *noblesse* tried to spoil him with flattery, the Duchess de Berri drugged him with bonbons, the Duke of Orleans called him the 'little Mozart.' He gave private concerts at which Herz, Moscheles, Lafont, and De Beriot, assisted. Rossini would sit by his side at the piano and applaud. He was a 'miracle.' The company never tired of extolling his 'verve, fougue et originalité,' whilst the ladies, who petted and caressed him after each performance, were delighted

at his simple and graceful carriage, the elegance of his language, and the perfect breeding and propriety of his demeanour.

He was only twelve when he played for the first time at the Italian Opera, and one of those singular incidents which remind one of Paganini's triumphs occurred.

At the close of a *bravura cadenza* the band forgot to come in, so absorbed were the musicians in watching the young prodigy. Their failure was worth a dozen successes to Liszt. The ball of the marvellous was fairly set rolling.

Gall, the inventor of phrenology, took a cast of the little Liszt's skull; Talma, the tragedian, embraced him publicly with effusion; and the misanthropic Marquis de Noailles became his mentor, and initiated him into the art of painting.

In 1824 Liszt, then thirteen years old, came with his father to England; his mother returned to Austria.

He went down to Windsor to see George IV., who was delighted with him, and Liszt, speaking of him to me, said: 'I was very young at the time, but I remember the King very well—a fine pompous-looking gentleman.'

In London he met Clementi, whose exercises he had so objected to, Cipriani Potter, Cramer, also of exercise celebrity, Kalkbrenner, Neate, then a fashionable pianist, once a great favourite of George III., and whom I remember about thirty years ago in extreme old age. He described to me the poor old king's delight at hearing him play some simple English melodies. 'I assure you, Mr. Neate,' said George III., 'I have had more pleasure in hearing you play those simple airs than in all the variations and tricks your fine players affect.'

George IV. went to Drury Lane on purpose to hear the boy, and commanded an encore. Liszt was also heard in the theatre at Manchester, and in several private houses.

On his return to France people noticed a change in him. He was now fourteen, grave, serious, often pre-occupied, already a little tired of praise, and excessively tired of being called 'le petit Liszt.' His vision began to take a wider sweep. The relation between art and religion exercised him. His mind was naturally devout. Thomas à Kempis was his constant companion. 'Rejoice in nothing but a good deed;' 'Through labour to rest, through combat to victory;' 'The glory which men give and take is transitory'—these and like phrases were already deeply engraven on the fleshly tablets of his heart. Amidst all his glowing triumphs he was developing a curious disinclination to appear in public; he seemed to yearn for solitude and meditation.

In 1827 he now again hurried to England for a short time, but his father's sudden illness drove them to Boulogne, where, in his forty-seventh year, died Adam Liszt, leaving the young Franz for the first time in his life, at the early age of sixteen, unprotected and alone. www.libtool.com.cn

Rousing himself from the bodily prostration and torpor of grief into which he had been thrown by the death of his father, Franz, with admirable energy and that high sense of honour which has always distinguished him, began to set his house in order.

He called in all his debts, sold his magnificent grand Erard, and left Boulogne for Paris with a heavy heart and a light pocket, but not owing a sou.

He sent for his mother, and for the next twelve years, 1828–1840, the two lived together, chiefly in Paris. There, as a child, he had been a nine days' wonder, but the solidity of his reputation was now destined to go hand in hand with his stormy and interrupted mental and moral development.

Such a plant could not come to maturity all at once. No drawing-room or concert-room success satisfied a heart for which the world of human emotion seemed too small, and an intellect piercing with intuitive intelligence into the 'clear-obscure' depths of religion and philosophy.

But Franz was young, and Franz was poor, and his mother had to be supported. She was his first care. Systematically, he laboured to put by a sum which would assure her of a competency, and often with his tender genial smile he would remind her of his own childish words, 'God will help me to repay you for all that you have done for me.' Still, he laboured often wofully against the grain. 'Poverty,' he writes, 'that old mediator between man and evil, tore me from my solitude devoted to meditation, and placed me before a public on whom not only my own but my own mother's existence depended. Young and overstrained, I suffered painfully under the contact with external things which my vocation as a musician brought with it, and which wounded me all the more intensely that my heart at this time was filled entirely with the mystical feelings of love and religion.'

Of course the gifted young pianist's connection grew rapidly. He got his twenty francs a lesson at the best houses; he was naturally a welcome guest, and from the first seemed to have the run of high Parisian society.

His life was feverish, his activity irregular, his health far from strong; but the vulgar temptations of the gay capital

seemed to have little attraction for his noble nature. His heart remained unspoiled. He was most generous to those who could not afford to pay for his lessons, most pitiful to the poor, most dutiful and affectionate to his mother. Coming home late from some grand entertainment, he would sit outside on the staircase till morning sooner than awaken, or perhaps alarm, her by letting himself in. But in losing his father he seemed to have lost a certain method and order. His meals were irregular, so were his lessons; more so were the hours devoted to sleep.

www.libtool.com.cn

At this time he was hardly twenty; we are not surprised anon to hear in his own words of 'a female form chaste and pure as the alabaster of holy vessel;' but he adds: 'Such was the sacrifice which I offered with tears to the God of Christians!'

I will explain.

Mlle. Caroline St. Cricq was just seventeen, lithe, slender, and of 'angelic' beauty, with a complexion like a lily flushed with roses, open, 'impressionable to beauty, to the world, to religion, to God.' The Countess, her mother, appears to have been a charming woman, very partial to Liszt, whom she engaged to instruct Mademoiselle in music.

The lessons went not by time, but by inclination. The young man's eloquence, varied knowledge, ardent love of literature, and flashing genius won both the mother and daughter. Not one of them seemed to suspect the whirlpool of grief and death to which they were hurrying. The Countess fell ill and died, but not before she had recommended Liszt to the Count St. Cricq as a possible suitor for the hand of Mademoiselle.

The haughty diplomat St. Cricq at once put his foot down. The funeral over, Liszt's movements were watched. They were innocent enough. He was already an *enfant de la maison*, but one night he lingered reading aloud some favourite author to Mademoiselle a little too late. He was reported by the servants, and received his polite dismissal as music master.

In an interview with the Count his own pride was deeply wounded. 'Difference of rank!' said the Count. That was quite enough for Liszt. He rose, pale as death, with quivering lip, but uttered not a word.

As a man of honour he had but one course. He and Caroline parted for ever. She contracted later an uncongenial marriage; he seems to have turned with intense ardour to religion. His good mother used to complain to those who came to inquire for him that he was all day long in church, and had ceased to occupy himself, as he should, with music.

Love, grief, religion, all struggling together for victory in that young and fervid spirit, at last seemed to fairly exhaust him.

His old haunts knew him not; his pupils were neglected; he saw no friends; shut himself up in his room; and at last would only see his mother at meals.

www.fbtool.com.cn

He never appeared in the streets, and not unnaturally ended by falling dangerously ill. It was at this time that Paris was one morning startled with the following newspaper announcement:

DEATH OF YOUNG LISZT.

'Young Liszt died at Paris—the event is painful—at an age when most children are at school. He had conquered the public,' &c. So wrote the 'Etoile.' In fact, he was seriously ill. M. von Lenz, Beethoven's biographer, went to visit him. He was lying pale, haggard, and apathetic; could hardly be roused to converse, except occasionally when music cropped up. Then his eye brightened for a moment like the 'flashing of a dagger in the sun.'

In 1830 the Revolution burst on Paris. This, it seems, was needed to arouse Liszt. The inner life was suddenly to be exchanged for the outer. Self was to be merged in the larger interests, some of them delusions, which now began to pose again under the cunning watchwords of 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.'

Generous souls saw in the quarrel of Charles X. with his people the hope of a new national life. They proposed to exchange the old and effete 'Divine right' for the legitimate 'sovereignty of the people.' 'C'est le canon qui l'a guéri!' his mother used to say. Liszt was hardly restrained by her tears and entreaties from rushing to the barricades. The cure threatened to be worse than the disease. The heroic deeds of the 'great week' inflamed him, and he shouted with the rest for the silver-haired General Lafayette, 'genius of the liberties of two worlds.'

The republican enthusiasm, so happily restrained from action out of affection for his dependent mother, found a more wholesome vent in a vigorous return to his neglected art. Just as he was busy revolving great battle symphonies, his whole artistic nature received a decisive and startling impulse from the sudden apparition of Paganini in Paris. Preceded by revolution and cholera, this weird man had come upon the bright city that had sinned and suffered so much, and found her shaken and demoralised, but still seething with a strange ferment of new life in which Saint-Simonianism, communism, and scepticism, side by side with fanaticism, piety, and romance, struggled to make confusion

worse confounded. Into the depths of what has been called the Romantic movement of 1830–40 it is not my purpose here to enter. There was war alike with the artificial humdrum of the old French world and the still more artificial revival of the classical world of Greece and Rome.

www.libtool.com.cn

The human spirit was at length to be liberated; no one, it was held, need believe anything that did not happen to commend itself to his fancy or passion. As Heine put it: 'The great God, it appeared, was not at all the being in whom our grandmothers had trusted; he was, in fact, none other than you yourself.' No one need be bound by the morals of an effete civilisation. In Love the world of sentiment alone must decide our actions. Every one must be true to nature. All men were brothers, and women should have equal and independent rights. The social contract, most free and variable, must be substituted for marriage, community of goods for hereditary possessions, philosophy for law, and romance for religion. The beautiful and pregnant seeds of truth that lay embedded in the teeming soil of this great movement have since fully germinated; its extravagances have already, to a great extent, been outgrown.

In spite of theories disastrous to political and social order, the genius of Mme. Sand, Victor Hugo, and A. de Musset, sceptic and sensualist as he was, have rescued the movement from the despair of raw materialism and produced works of immortal beauty and spiritual significance.

They helped the European spirit to recover its independence, they reacted against the levelling tyranny of the first Napoleon, and were largely instrumental in undermining the third Napoleon's throne of gilded lead. Stained with license and full of waywardness, it was, nevertheless, an age of great and strong feelings—an age volcanic, vivid, electric. Such an age eagerly welcomed the magicians who set the language of emotion free, and gave to music its myriad wings and million voices.

Paganini appeared. The violin was no more the violin. A new transcendent *technique* made it the absolute minister of an emancipated and fantastic will. The extraordinary power exercised by the Italian violinist throughout Europe was quickened by the electric air which he breathed. The times were ripe. He stood before kings and people as the very emotional embodiment of the *Zeitgeist*. He was the emancipated demon of the epoch, with power to wield the sceptre of sound, and marshal in strange and frenzied legions the troubled spirits of the time.

When Liszt heard Paganini, it seemed to him to be the message for which he had been waiting. From him he doubtless received that passion for 'transcendent execution,' that absolute perfection of *technique*, which enabled him to create the modern pianoforte school, and do for Erard and Broadwood what Paganini did for Stradivarius and Joseph Guarnerius. His transcriptions of Paganini's studies, the *arpeggio*, the *fioriture*, the prodigious *attaque* and *élan* that took audiences by storm, the meetings of extremes which abolished the spaces on the pianoforte keyboard by making the hands ubiquitous—these and other 'developments' were doubtless inspired by the prodigious feats of Paganini.

www.libtool.com.cn

Liszt now suddenly retired from the concert-room. He was no longer heard in public; he seemed disinclined, except in the presence of his intimates, to exhibit his wondrous talent; but he retired to perfect himself, to work up and work out the new impulses which he had received from Paganini.

He thus early laid deep the foundations of his unique virtuosity; and when he reappeared in public he seemed to mount at once to that solitary pinnacle of fame and surpassing excellence to which the greatest pianists then and ever since have looked up in admiring and despairing wonder. Tausig said: 'We are all blockheads by the side of Liszt.' Rubinstein has often declared Liszt's perfection of art and wealth of resource to be simply unrivalled.

For a short time in his absence at Paris, it was thought that Thalberg would prove a formidable opponent; but Liszt had only to reappear, and Thalberg himself was forced to join in the general applause. When between the various schools there was war, it was carried on by the partisans of the great men. Although they freely criticised one another, nothing is more remarkable than the kindly personal feeling which obtained between Liszt and his natural enemies, the great pianists of the age, Moscheles, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Thalberg.

There were no doubt cabals, and at one time in Paris he met with much detraction, but he seemed to move in a region of lofty courtesy in which squabbling for precedence was out of place; and his generosity of heart and genial recognition of others' talent disarmed criticism and silenced malice.

With the outburst of the Revolution, with the appearance of Paganini, came also to Liszt a violent reaction against the current religious ideas and the whole of the Catholic teaching.

Reading had opened his eyes; the Catholic system seemed to

him not only inadequate, but false. He required a freer atmosphere, one rather more interpretative of human facts and human nature; he thought he found it in the doctrines of the Saint-Simonians. The 'Nouveau Christianisme,' by far the best of St. Simon's lucubrations, seemed to show that the Church had misrepresented and outraged the religion of Christ. It failed to take due account of art and science, had no sympathy with progress, refused altogether to assimilate the *Zeitgeist*, and had evidently ceased to lead the thinkers or purify the masses.

About this time Liszt came across the eloquent and gifted Abbé de Lamennais.

This man it was who more than any other saved Liszt from drifting into the prevailing whirlpool of atheism. The heterodox Abbé, who himself had broken with the retrograde religion of Rome, re-formulated his system, and discovered for him what at that time he most craved for—a link between his religion and his art.

'Art,' said De Lamennais, 'is in man what creative power is in God.' Art is the embodiment of eternal types. Nature suggests a beauty she never completely realises. Only *in the soul of man* is the supernal beauty mirrored as it exists *in the mind of God.* Art is the soul's formula for the expression of its inner life. 'Art, therefore, is an expression of God; her works are an infinite manifold reflection of Him.'

The mission of art to reveal the secrets of the inner life, to lift the souls of others into high communion with itself, to express its joy in possession, its hope of attainment, its insatiable and divine longings, its dreams of the infinite—these seemed to Liszt high functions, enriching, fertilising, and consoling all life, and leading the spirit forth into that weird borderland of the emotions, where voices come to it from the Unseen, and radiant flashes from behind the Veil.

It was towards the close of 1831 that Liszt met Chopin in Paris. From the first, these two men, so different, became fast friends. Chopin's delicate, retiring soul found a singular delight in Liszt's strong and imposing personality. Liszt's exquisite perception enabled him perfectly to live in the strange dreamland of Chopin's fancies, whilst his own vigour inspired Chopin with nerve to conceive those mighty Polonaises that he could never properly play himself, and which he so gladly committed to the keeping of his prodigious friend. Liszt undertook the task of interpreting Chopin to the mixed crowds which he revelled in subduing, but

from which his fastidious and delicately-strung friend shrank with something like aversion.

From Chopin, Liszt and all the world after him got that *tempo rubato*, that playing with the duration of notes without breaking the time, and those arabesque ornaments which are woven like fine embroidery all about the pages of Chopin's nocturnes, and lift what in others are mere casual flourishes into the dignity of interpretative phrases and poetic commentaries on the text.

www.libtool.com.cn

People were fond of comparing the two young men who so often appeared in the same salons together—Liszt with his finely-shaped, long, oval head and *profile d'ivoire*, set proudly on his shoulders, his stiff hair of dark blonde thrown back from the forehead without a parting, and cut in a straight line, his *aplomb*, his magnificent and courtly bearing, his ready tongue, his flashing wit and fine irony, his genial *bonhomie* and irresistibly winning smile; and Chopin, also with dark blonde hair, but soft as silk, parted on one side, to use Liszt's own words, 'an angel of fair countenance with brown eyes, from which intellect beamed rather than burned, a gentle, refined smile, slightly aquiline nose, a delicious, clear, almost diaphanous complexion, all bearing witness to the harmony of a soul which required no commentary beyond itself.'

Nothing can be more generous or more true than Liszt's recognition of Chopin's independent support. 'To our endeavours,' he says, 'to our struggles, just then so much needing certainty, he lent us the support of a calm, unshakeable conviction, equally armed against apathy and cajolery.' There was only one picture on the walls of Chopin's room; it hung just above his piano. It was a head of Liszt.

The over-intensity of Liszt's powerful nature may have occasionally led him into extravagances of virtuosity, which laid him open to some just criticism. Robert Schumann observed acutely: 'It appears as if the sight of Chopin brought him again to his senses.'

It is no part of my present scheme to describe the battle which romanticism in music waged against the prevalent conventionalities. We know the general outcome of the struggle culminating, after the most prodigious artistic convulsions, in the musical supremacy of Richard Wagner, who certainly marks firmly and broadly enough the greatest stride in musical development made since Beethoven.

That Hector Berlioz emancipated the orchestra from all pre-

vious trammels, and dealt with sound at first hand as the elemental and expressional breath of the soul, that he was thus the immediate precursor of Wagner, who said with more modesty than truth, 'I have invented nothing'—this is now admitted. That Schumann was afraid of the excesses into which the romantic musicians threatened to plunge, and, having started well and cheered them on, showed some tendency to relapse into old form at the moment when his ingenious and passionate soul sank into final and premature gloom—that has been whispered. That Mendelssohn was over-wedded to classical tradition and a certain passion for neatness and precision which prevented him from sounding the heights and depths of the revolutionary epoch in the midst of which he moved, and by which his sunny spirit was so little affected—this I am now able to see. That Spohr was too doctrinaire and mannered, Meyerbeer a great deal too fond of melodrama and sensation for its own sake, that Rossini and Auber, exclusively bent on amusing the public, were scarcely enough *hommes sérieux* to influence the deeper development of harmony, or effect any revolution in musical form, most musicians will allow, and that Liszt by his unique virtuosity has made it difficult for the world to accept him in any other capacity, is the constant grievance paraded by his admirers. From all which reflections it may be inferred that many workers have contributed to the wealth, resource and emancipation of modern music from those trammels which sought to confine its spirit or limit its freedom. Through past form, it has at length learned to use instead of being used by form. The modern orchestra has won the unity and spontaneity of an independent living organism. Like the body, it is a complex mechanism, but it is to the mind of the composer as the human body is to the soul. It has grown so perfect an instrument, and deals with so perfectly mastered an art, that a prelude like 'Lohengrin' or the opening of 'Parsifal' sounds like the actual expression of the inner moods of the spirit rendered outwardly with automatic unconscious fidelity. The rule, the *technique* are lost, hidden, forgotten, because completely efficacious, and subordinated to the free movements of the composer's spirit.

To this latest triumph of the musical art three men since Beethoven have mainly contributed; their names are certainly Hector Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt.

The darling of the aristocracy, accustomed from his earliest

youth to mix freely with the *haute noblesse* of Germany and France, Liszt was a republican at heart. He felt acutely for the miseries of the people, and he was always a great player for the masses. 'When I play,' he once said, 'I always play for the people in the top gallery, so that those who can pay but five groschen for their seats may also get something for their money.' He was ever foremost in alleviating the sufferings of the poor, the sick, and the helpless. He seems, indeed, to have been unable to pass a beggar, and the beggars soon find that out; they will even intrude upon his privacy and waylay him in his garden.

Once, when at the height of his popularity in Paris, a friend found him holding a crossing-sweeper's broom at the corner of the street. 'The fact is,' said Liszt simply, 'I had no small change for the boy, so I told him to change me five francs, and he asked me to hold his broom for him till he returned.' I forgot to ask Liszt whether the lad ever came back.

I was walking with him one day in the private gardens of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli when some little ruffians, who had clambered over the wall, rushed up to him with a few trumpery weeds, which they termed 'bouquets.' The benevolent Maestro took the gift good-humouredly, and fumbling in his pocket produced several small coins, which he gave to the urchins, turning to me apologetically: 'They expect it, you know. In fact,' he added, with a little shrug, 'whenever I appear they *do* expect it.' His gifts were not always small. He could command large sums of money at a moment's notice. The proceeds of many a splendid concert went to manufacturing committees, widows, orphans, sick and blind. He founded pensions and provided funds for poor musicians; he set up monuments to great artists. A pecuniary difficulty arising about Beethoven's statue at Bonn, Liszt immediately guaranteed the whole sum. In the great commercial crisis of 1834 at Lyons Liszt gave concerts for the artisans out of work, and in Hungary, not long after, when the overflow of the Danube rendered hundreds homeless, Liszt was again to the fore with his brilliant performances for charity.

All through his life he was an ardent pamphleteer, and he fought not only for the poor, but in the highest interests of his art, and above all for the dignity of his own class.

In this he was supported by such musical royalties as Mendelssohn, Rossini, Paganini, and Lablache. Ella has told us how in past days the musicians were not expected to mix with the

company, a rope being laid down on the carpet, showing the boundary line between the sacred and profane in social rank.

On one occasion Lablache, entering the music saloon at Apsley House, observed the usual rope laid down in front of him when he came on to sing in a duet. He quietly stooped down and tossed it aside. It was never replaced, and the offensive practice dropped out of London society from that day.

He refused to play at the court of Queen Isabella in Spain because the court etiquette forbade the introduction of musicians to royalty. In his opinion even crowned heads owed a certain deference and homage to the sovereignties of art, and he determined it should be paid.

He met Czar Nicholas I., who had very little notion of the respect due to any one but himself, with an angry look and a defiant word; he tossed Frederick William IV.'s diamonds into the side scenes; and broke a lance with Louis-Philippe, which cost him a decoration.

He never forgave that stingy King for abolishing certain musical pensions and otherwise snubbing art. He refused on every occasion to play at the Tuileries. One day the King and his suite paid a 'private view' visit to a pianoforte exhibition of Erard's. Liszt happened to be in the room, and was trying a piano just as his Majesty entered. The King advanced genially towards him and began a conversation; but Liszt merely bowed with a polished but icy reserve.

'Do you still remember,' said the King, 'that you played at my house when you were but a boy and I Duke of Orleans? Much has changed since then.'

'Yes, sire,' replied Liszt dryly, 'but not for the better.'

The King showed his royal appreciation of the repartee by striking the great musician's name off the list of those who were about to receive the cross of the Legion of Honour.

The idol of Parisian drawing-rooms at a most susceptible age, with his convictions profoundly shaken in Catholicism and church discipline, surrounded by wits and philosophers who were equally sceptical about marriage and the very foundations of society as then constituted, Liszt's views of life not unnaturally underwent a considerable change.

He had no doubt frankly and sincerely imbibed Mme. Sand's early philosophy, and his witty saying, which I think I have also read in 'Rasselas,' that 'whether a man marries or not, he will sooner or later be sure to repent it,' belongs to this

period. His relations with Mme. Sand have been much misrepresented. He was far more attracted by her genius than by her person, and although for long years he entertained for her feelings of admiration and esteem, she never exercised over him the despotic influence which drove poor Chopin to despair.

www.libtool.com.cn

Of the misguided Countess who threw herself upon his protection, and whom he treated with the utmost consideration and forbearance for several years, I shall not have much to say; but it must be remembered that he was considerably her junior, that he did his best to prevent her from taking the rash course which separated her from her family and made her his travelling companion, and that years afterwards her own husband, as well as her brother, when affairs came to be arranged and the whole facts of the case were canvassed in a *conseil de famille* at Paris, confessed of their own accord that throughout Liszt had acted 'like a man of honour.'

It was during his years of travel with the Countess in Italy and Germany that Liszt composed the great bulk of his celebrated transcriptions of songs and operatic pieces, as well as the renowned 'Etudes d'Exécution Transcendante.'

Liszt's attempt to preserve his *incognito* in Italy conspicuously failed. He entered Ricordi's music-shop at Milan, and, sitting down at a grand piano, began to improvise.

''Tis Liszt or the devil!' he heard Ricordi whisper to a clerk, and in another moment the great Italian *entrepreneur* had welcomed the Hungarian *virtuoso* and placed his villa, his box at the opera, his carriage and horses at his disposal. Of course Ricordi very soon organised a concert, in which the Milanese were invited to judge the 'pianist of the future,' as he was then styled. The Milanese were better pleased with Liszt than was Liszt with the Milanese. He could not make them take to Beethoven. They even kicked at certain favourite studies of his own; but he won them by his marvellous improvisations on fragments of their darling Rossini, and afterwards wrote a smart article in the Paris 'Gazette Musicale,' expressing his dissatisfaction with the frivolity of Italian musical culture, quoting in scorn a voice from the pit which greeted one of his own 'Preludes Etudes'—it was the word 'étude' at which the pit stuck—'Vengo al teatro per divertirmi e non per studiare,' a sentiment which I think I have heard repeated in more northern latitudes.

Of course Liszt's free criticism got back to Milan. Milan was furious. Liszt was at Venice. The papers denounced him.

Everybody proposed to fight duels with him. He was told that he could not play the piano, and they handed him over to the devil. Liszt wrote pacifying letters in the Milanese papers, but the uproar only increased. What would happen if he ever dared to show himself in Milan again, no one dared to speculate. He was a monstrous ingrate; he had insulted everyone down to the decorators and chorographers of La Scala, and he must be chastised summarily for his insolent presumption.

When the disturbance was at its height, Liszt wrote to the Milanese journals to say that he declined a paper war; that he had never intended to insult the Milanese; that he would arrive shortly in Milan and hold himself in readiness to receive all aggrieved persons, and give them every explanation and satisfaction they might require.

On a hot summer's day he drove quietly through Milan in an open carriage, and, taking up his abode at a fashionable hotel, awaited the arrival of the belligerents. But as not one of them turned up or made the least sign, Liszt went back to Venice.

When, however, in fulfilment of a promise, he returned in September, he met with a characteristic snub, for his concert was poorly attended, and then only by the upper classes. He had mortally wounded the people. He did not consider Mercadante and Bellini so great as Beethoven, and he said so. This was indeed a crime, and proved clearly that he could not play the piano!

Towards the year 1840 the relations between Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult had become rather strained. The inevitable dissolution which awaits such alliances was evidently at hand. For a brief period on the shores of the Lake of Como the cup of his happiness had indeed seemed full; but *es war ein Traum.* 'When the ideal form of a woman,' so he wrote to a friend, 'floats before your entranced soul—a woman whose heaven-born charms bear no allurements for the senses, but only wing the soul to devotion—if you see at her side a youth sincere and faithful in heart, weave these forms into a moving story of love, and give it the title "On the Shores of the Lake of Como."'

He wrote, we may be sure, as he then felt. He was sometimes mistaken, but he was always perfectly open, upright, and sincere.

A little daughter was born to him at Bellaggio, on the shores of that enchanted lake. He called her Cosima in memory of Como.

She became afterwards the wife of Von Bülow, then the wife and widow of Richard Wagner.

But in 1840 the change came. The Countess and her children went off to Paris, and the roving spirit of the great musician, after being absorbed for some time in composition, found its restless rest in a new series of triumphs. After passing through Florence, Bologna, and Rome, he went to Bonn, then to Vienna, and entered upon the last great phase of his career as a virtuoso, which lasted from 1840 to between 1850–60.

In 1842 Liszt visited Weimar, Berlin, and then went to Paris. He was meditating a tour in Russia. Pressing invitations reached him from St. Petersburg and Moscow. The most fabulous accounts of his virtuosity had raised expectation to its highest pitch. He was as legendary even amongst the common people as Paganini.

His first concert at St. Petersburg realised the then unheard-of sum of 2,000*l*. The roads were crowded to see him pass, and the corridors and approaches to the Grand Opera blocked to catch a glimpse of him.

The same scenes were repeated at Moscow, where he gave six concerts without exhausting the popular excitement.

On his return to Weimar he accepted the post of Kapellmeister to the Grand Duke. It provided him with that settled abode, and above all with an orchestra, which he now felt so indispensable to meet his growing passion for orchestral composition. But the time of rest had not yet come.

In 1844 and 1845 he was received in Spain and Portugal with incredible enthusiasm, after which he returned to Bonn to assist at the inauguration of Beethoven's statue. With boundless liberality he had subscribed more money than all the princes and people of Germany put together to make the statue worthy of the occasion and the occasion worthy of the statue.

The golden river which poured into him from all the capitals of Europe now freely found a new vent in boundless generosity. Hospitals, poor and needy, patriotic celebrations, the dignity and interests of art, were all subsidised from his private purse.

His transcendent virtuosity was only equalled by his splendid munificence; but he found what others have so often experienced —that great personal gifts and prodigious *éclat* cannot possibly escape the poison of envy and detraction. He was attacked by calumny; his very gifts denied and ridiculed; his munificence ascribed to vainglory, and his charity to pride and ostentation;

yet none will ever know the extent of his private charities, and no one who knows anything of Liszt can be ignorant of the simple, unaffected goodness of heart which prompts them.

Still he was wounded by ingratitude and abuse. It seemed to check and paralyse for the moment his generous nature.

www.libtool.com.cn

Fétis saw him at Coblenz soon after the Bonn festival, at which he had expended such vast sums. He was sitting alone, dejected and out of health. He said he was sick of everything, tired of life, and nearly ruined.

But that mood never lasted long with Liszt; he soon arose and shook himself like a lion. His detractors slunk away into their holes, and he walked forth victorious to refill his empty purse and reap new laurels.

His career was interrupted by the stormy events of 1848. He settled down for a time at Weimar, and it was then that he began to take that warm interest in Richard Wagner which ended in the closest and most enduring of friendships.

He laboured incessantly to get a hearing for the 'Lohengrin' and 'Tannhäuser.' He forced Wagner's compositions on the band, on the Grand Duke; he breasted public opposition and fought nobly for the eccentric and obscure person who was chiefly known as a political outlaw and an inventor of extravagant compositions which it was impossible to play or sing, and odiously unpleasant to listen to.

But years of faithful service, mainly the service and immense *prestige* and authority of Liszt, procured Wagner a hearing, and paved the way for his glorious triumphs at Bayreuth in 1876, 1882, and 1883.

At the age of seventy-two Liszt retains the wit and vivacity of forty. He passes from Weimar to Rome, to Pesth, to Berlin, to Vienna, but objects to cross the sea, and told me that he would never again visit England. He seldom touches the piano, but loves still to be surrounded by young aspirants to fame. To them he is prodigal of hints, and ever ready to lavish all sorts of kindness upon people who are *sympathique* to him.

At unexpected moments, in the presence of some timid young girl overpowered with the honour of an introduction, or alone with a friend when old days are spoken of, will Liszt sit down for a few minutes and recall a phrase of Chopin or a quaint passage from Scarlatti, and then, forgetting himself, will wander on until a flash of the old fire comes back to his eyes as he strikes a few grand octaves, and then, just as you are lost in contemplation of

that noble head with its grand profile and its cascade of white hair, and those hands that still seem to be the absolutely unconscious and effortless ministers of his fitful and despotic will, the master will turn away—break off, like one suddenly *blasé*, in the middle of a bar, with 'Come, let us take a little turn; it will be cool under the trees;' and he would be a bold man who ventured in that moment to allude to the piano or music.

www.libtool.com.cn

I have preferred to confine myself in this article to the personality of Liszt, and have made no allusion to his orchestral works and oratorio compositions. The Symphonic Poems speak for themselves—magnificent renderings of the inner life of spontaneous emotion—but subject-matter which calls for a special article can find no place at the fag-end of this, and at all times it is better to hear music than to describe it. As it would be impossible to describe Liszt's orchestration intelligibly to those who have not heard it, and unnecessary to those who have, I will simply leave it alone.

I have seen Liszt but six times, and then only between the years 1876 and 1881. I have heard him play upon two occasions only, and then he played certain pieces of Chopin at my request and a new composition by himself. I have heard Mme. Schumann, Bülow, Rubinstein, Menter, and Esipoff, but I can understand that saying of Tausig, himself one of the greatest masters of *technique* whom Germany has ever produced: 'No mortal can measure himself with Liszt. He dwells alone upon a solitary height.'

H. R. HAWEIS.

At the Docks.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions to the 'Donna' fund. Owing to the early date at which it is necessary to send the magazine to press, no subscriptions received after November 3 can be acknowledged in the present number. All contributions received after that date will be acknowledged in the January number, when an account of the result of the first month's work will be published.

	£	s.	d.
Aberdeen	0	5	0
G. A. Spottiswoode	1	1	0
J. G. Kershaw	2	10	0
„ from L. S.	2	0	0
„ from Miss Mayson	0	10	0
Mrs. Fenwick	0	10	0
A Friend	0	2	6
D. C. L.	5	5	0
A. Lang	3	0	0
Surgeon-Genl. Ranking	0	5	0
T. E. W.	0	10	0
W. W. Dover	0	2	6
W. J. Fyffe, M.D.	1	1	0
Thomas Letchworth	1	0	0
T. N. L.	2	2	0
G. K. R.	0	10	0
On behalf of the Dock Labourers	0	5	0
Elda	2	0	0
A. T. H.	1	0	0
M. S.	2	0	0
G. A. Oliver	1	0	0
T. Harvey Simpson	1	1	0
B. E. Fletcher	1	0	0
Countrywoman	0	10	0
G. F. W., Twickenham	0	5	0
G. L. Hawker	1	1	0
A. N. Hawkins	1	1	0
E. J. Heist	0	5	0
Miss Maule	0	10	0
An Old Lady	2	0	0
Frederick George	2	0	0
Hemus	0	2	6
Ann J. Shilton	0	3	0
A Sincere Well-wisher	0	5	0
G. C.	0	5	0
An Invalid	0	10	0
T. C. H.	1	3	6
S. C.	0	10	0
Oare	0	10	0
Dum Spiro Spero	1	0	0
B. L.	0	2	6
Lady Scott	1	0	0
W. K.	0	7	6
E. Wharmby	1	1	0
W. Wilson	0	10	6
„ from A. Kislingbury	0	10	0
Alfred J. Shilton	0	2	6
R. M. C.	0	5	0
Editor of *Longman's Magazine*	5	5	0
M. C.	0	2	6
J. E. E.	0	2	0
A Widow's Mite	0	2	6
F. W. Barton	0	2	6
S. J. Barton	0	2	6
J. Wallace	0	0	3
L. Cam	0	0	3
J. P.	0	10	0
H.	0	5	0
James France	0	2	6
Mrs. Halford	0	10	0
The Misses Ross	0	10	0
A. Mite	0	1	0
F. W.	0	10	0

Further subscriptions will be gratefully received by

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,
39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A Stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.

'WEAVE TRUTH WITH TRUST.'

The term BEST Brussels, as generally used, conveys no meaning or guarantee as to quality; but

WILLIS' BEST BRUSSELS

Being made exclusively of LONG-STAPLED HOME-GROWN WOOLS, especially selected for Durability, and coloured with the OLD-FASHIONED GENUINE HONEST DYES, are warranted to be absolutely free from the *LOW-GRADED* EGYPTIAN or other EASTERN WOOLS, COTTON, JUTE, SHODDY, or ANILINE DYES used of necessity in the manufacture of low-priced carpets, and to be FULL five frames.

Sold by all Carpet Dealers and Upholsterers in the United Kingdom.

For the protection of the public, every piece has 'H. R. WILLIS & CO., Kidderminster—BEST' woven at each end.

DARLOW'S MAGNETINE APPLIANCES.

For the Cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Spinal, Liver, Kidney, Lung, Throat, and Chest Complaints, &c. &c.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

STRONGEST, BEST, CHEAPEST.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET POST FREE.

TESTIMONIAL.

'SHOTTEN VICARAGE, CASTLE, EDEN.

'Messrs. DARLOW & Co.—Having suffered for many years from general debility, I was persuaded to try your Magnetic Appliances. I am thankful to say they have been useful to me, although in an old case like mine a complete cure could not be expected.

'T. FREDERICK HARDWICK,
'Formerly Demonstrator of Chemistry in King's College, London.'

DARLOW & CO., 443 Strand, London.

FOR A HUNDRED EXCELLENT AND PALATABLE

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Write to Messrs. GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS, enclosing a penny stamp for postage, when you will be presented with a valuable book of 100 pages, bound in cloth and fully illustrated, called

'GOOD THINGS,'

MADE, SAID, AND DONE, FOR EVERY HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

'The book embraces a wide field of usefulness.'—BRITISH WORKMAN.

'Can scarcely fail to prove of service.'—THE ROCK.

PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

Fry's Cocoa Extract

GUARANTEED PURE

'Strictly pure, easily assimilated.'—W. W. Stoddart, F.I.C., F.C.S., *City and County Analyst, Bristol.*

'Pure Cocoa, a portion of oil extracted.'—Charles A. Cameron, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., *Analyst for Dublin.*

VIEW OF MANUFACTORY, BRISTOL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA

Prepared with the celebrated Cocoa of Caracas combined with other choice descriptions.

'A most delicious and valuable article.'
Standard.

SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS
Awarded to the Firm.

'Our country's industries are our country's greatness.'
The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

VICTORIA ALL-WOOL CASHMERES & MERINOS.

OUR TASTE! OUR PURSE!! OUR PATRIOTISM!!! should all lead to the purchase of these home-manufactured Cashmeres and Merinos.—*Le Follet*, April, 1883.

THESE HOME MANUFACTURED ALL-WOOL CASHMERES AND MERINOS

Have been Awarded the Silver Medal by foreign jurors in a foreign country. (Amsterdam Exhibition, 1883.) This should convince all Ladies that these Cashmeres and Merinos are equal to foreign manufactured goods. Send for Patterns of Cashmeres, Merinos, and Select Dress Fabrics, which will be SENT FREE.

NO INTERMEDIATE PROFITS. ANY LENGTH CUT.

Address, BRITISH DRESS CO., BRADFORD.

ELLIS DAVIES & CO'S PURE TEAS

HIGHEST QUALITY AT WHOLESALE PRICES

Carriage Paid TO ALL PARTS.

1/8 to 3/- per lb.

NEW SEASON'S TEAS HAVE NOW ARRIVED.

Write for Samples and Contrast with any others.

44, Lord St., Liverpool.

Highest Awards at International Exhibitions.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS,

For SALE, or HIRE, and on the 3 YEARS' SYSTEM.

PRICES FROM 35 TO 350 GUINEAS.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE.

Every Piano Guaranteed for Five Years.

Sold by all the Principal Musicsellers.

18, 20, & 22 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W., AND THE 'Brinsmead Works,' Kentish Town, N.W.

BEETHAM'S GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER FOR THE SKIN

RENDERS THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE.

Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, CHILBLAINS, &c.

And Preserves the Skin from all the ill effects of Frost, Cold Winds, Hard Water, &c.

It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced, and no lady should be without it for autumn and winter use. After visiting the ball-room or other heated apartment it will be found delightfully refreshing and invigorating.

For the NURSERY it is INVALUABLE as, being perfectly Harmless, it may be used to the tenderest Infant. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Sole Makers, M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

SPOTTISWOODE & CO. PRINTERS, NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON

www.libtool.com.cn

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

No. XV] [JANUARY 1884

Contents

PAGE

Jack's Courtship: a Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck. Chapters VIII.–X. 225
By W. CLARK RUSSELL

The Decay of the British Ghost 251
By F. ANSTEY, Author of 'Vice-Versâ'

Left out on Lone Star Mountain 259
By BRET HARTE

Contrasts 283
By MISS A. L. MARTIN

The Ancestry of Birds 284
By GRANT ALLEN

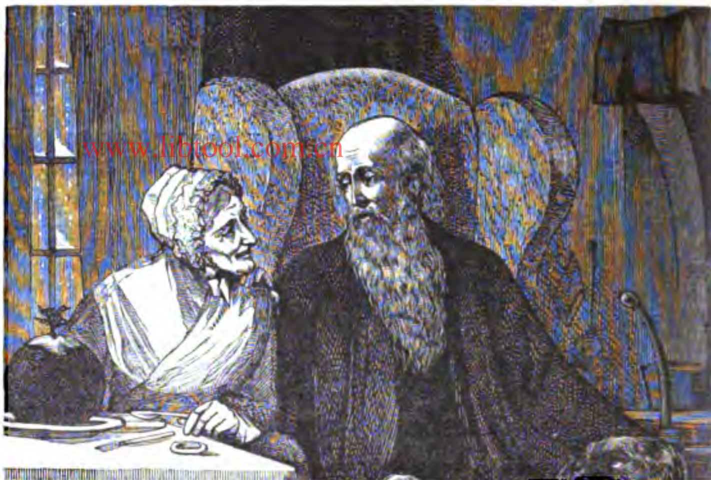
The Clerke's Tale 298
By M. C. VACHELL

Madam. Chapters I.–V. 304
By MRS OLIPHANT

The 'Donna' 334

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

'We Clamb the Hill Thegither.'



'John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.

'Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.'

My Golden Christmas Pudding with Two Faithful Friends.

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

HOW TO ENJOY GOOD FOOD, which otherwise disorders the digestive organs, causing bilious headaches and impure blood, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Also as a refreshing, cooling, invigorating beverage use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is the best preventive and cure for Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of Errors of Eating and Drinking.

Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wi... sweet champagne, dark sherries, liqueurs, and br... are all very apt to disagree; while light white wi... and gin or whisky, largely diluted with soda wate... be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SAL... is particularly adapted for any constitutional weak... of the liver; it possesses the powers of reparation wh... digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places th... invalid on the right track to health. A world of w... is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S FRU... SALT, therefore no family should ever be witho...

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?—Health and the things we love, and ... who love us. For health use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.**

ACCIDENTAL INDIGESTION.—Before and after the Christmas Pudding USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The physical basis of life—Good Food. How to enjoy good food, that w... otherwise cause Bilious Headache, Disordered Stomach, Poisonous Blood, &c., use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT,** prepared from sound ripe fruit, as a Health-giving, Cooling, Sparkling, and Invigorating Beverage for any seas...

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE—GOOD FOOD.—How to assimilate or enjoy **good food** that would otherwise cause Constipation, Bilious Headache, Disordered Stomach, and other disasters, use **ENO'S FRUIT SALT.** Being a genuine product of nature, it is a true or natural way of pres... or restoring Health. It removes effete matter or poison from the blood, thus preventing and throwing off Fe... Boils, and other morbid conditions of the blood. On that account you cannot overstate its great value in ke... ing the blood pure and free from disease; without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is imm... increased.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HO... FOR A CHANGE.—"We have for the last four years used your Fruit Salt during several impor... Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very g... benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with Fever during that period, and t... happened after our supply of Fruit Salt had run out. When making long marches under the powerful ray... a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used the Fruit Salt two and three times a d... The Fruit Salt acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have plea... in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go... the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.

'Yours truly, COMMANDER A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.
'E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent, Siamese Government Telegraphs.

'J. C. ENO, Esq., London.' 'Bangkok, Siam, May 188...

CAUTION.—*Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRU... SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.*

Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Prepared only by J. C. Eno's Patent, at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S...

DEC 31 188[illegible]
www.libtool.com.cn

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1884.

Jack's Courtship:

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CHAPTER VIII.

I TAKE LODGINGS.

MY motive in walking into Bristol was not to inspect the docks and shipping, but to hire a lodging. I did not relish the errand. It was a blow to be obliged to give up my noble bedroom at my uncle's, and the comfortable and plentiful hospitality of his table, because old Hawke was a prig and a twopenny squatter, who wanted his daughter to marry a baronet's son, and would not suffer her to visit a family because I was their guest. I say I did not relish the errand. Nevertheless, it was a stern duty. It was out of the question that I could continue standing between the friendship of Miss Hawke and my cousins, that is, preventing them from meeting at one or the other's house. Nor could I be sure of my aunt's opinion on the subject. She was kind, she was amiable, but she valued her neighbours' opinion and liked society; and do you suppose that I could have gone comfortably to bed in her house, that I could have sat down to a meal in it, haunted as I must certainly have been by the misgiving that behind my back my aunt would be saying to her husband, 'Our nephew is a nice youth; but I cannot help thinking, dear, that he would have shown a gentlemanly spirit in leaving us when he knew that Florence was prohibited from calling whilst he stayed?' No; it was my duty to my relations to 'make tracks,' as Jack says, just as it was my duty to myself to look

out for lodgings in the neighbourhood. So, lighting a cigar, I swung out of the grounds into the highway and the blazing summer sun, and struck out for Bristol city.

The truth is, though I could very easily have found the accommodation I wanted in Clifton, I considered that it would be unwise to bring up in the immediate neighbourhood of old Hawke's mansion: it would have been a little *too* defiant. He was bound to hear that I had left my uncle and where I was living; and though Bristol, as everybody knows, is within an easy walk of Clifton, yet the sense of adjacency, and the consternation and anger it would arouse in him, were not likely to be so violent in the old chap if he heard I was lodging in Bristol as if he should be told, 'Jack Seymour, sir? Oh, he lives round the corner. You may see his diggings from your daughter's bedroom window, sir.'

www.libtool.com.cn

And do you ask, my lads, what scheme I had—what policy? I am talking about old Hawke's consternation and anger as if I was afraid of him. Now I had no policy at all. I was a young fellow deeply in love, forced by a sense of honour, or courtesy, or whatever you please, to quit my uncle's roof, but constrained by my passion for Florence Hawke to dwell in the neighbourhood. Some dim hope of making her as much in love with me as I was with her, and of inducing her to elope, haunted me. A dim hope it was, vague and thin, yet it had a kind of lurking life in me too, and so I confess it. But policy! Heaven bless your hearts, I had none. Never was a courtship begun more aimlessly, never were chances heavier against a man. Had I had an occupation in London, all that I am writing would have been impossible. I should have had to return to my work, and there would have been an end of this sentimental spasm. But I had nothing to do; it was all the same whether I lived in London or Bristol. I was twenty-five, an age of immense resolutions and poetic fancies; I had two cousins who goaded me on; I had met with no particular hindrance in the young lady herself; above all, I was deeply, honestly, enthusiastically in love, with an absolute scorn of Hawke's gold, and with no other desire, as I call my conscience to witness, than the possession of my Australian beauty. And so, mates, you have in a few lines all the reasons I can offer for walking into Bristol to seek a lodging.

I found rooms better suited to my purse than my ambition in a little house not far from College Green, to which neighbourhood I had been directed, possibly, by the memory of the morning I had spent with Miss Hawke in the cathedral there. I had to choose with care as to the cost, for I had my London lodgings still on my hands, so that the two rents together might easily mount into the charge for a big house. The Bristol woman, who was a gardener's wife, named Mrs. Chump, a person with a severe

eye, dressed in black, agreed to let me have a sitting-room and bedroom together, with a plain breakfast, for fifteen shillings a week. This I agreed to pay, undertaking to shift for myself in my other meals; and it was settled that I should instal myself that evening.

www.libtool.com.cn

As I stood looking about me in the little parlour—the furniture poor, though clean, a few prints of naval victories on the walls, a circular convex mirror reposing like a shield upon the mantel-piece, and causing the observer to recoil as he remarked the hideous caricature of himself in it—I could not help wondering whether I was not making a very great fool of myself in loitering in Bristol instead of returning to London. The poor bit of a room I gazed at set me thinking of the spacious and glittering chambers of Clifton Lodge. I imagined Miss Hawke passing along outside in her papa's fine carriage, and taking a peep at her admirer's lodgings, and thinking to herself, 'This is the sort of life he would bring me to were I to marry him.' Upon my honour, it wanted the spirit of a giant to sustain such a shock as that reflection gave me. The idea of her despising me because I had dared to fall in love with her on no sounder merits than an income incapable of yielding me better lodgings than these, was truly awful. And let me tell you, boys, that I was not the less devoted because I was capable of thinking that one good look at my apartments *might* make her despise me; for a man may be desperately in love with a girl, and yet possess so sensitive a disposition as never to doubt that it would take very little to cause her to turn up her nose at him and back away with a sneer. Perfect love, they say, casteth out fear, but I reckon you must first get your love perfect on both sides.

Anyway, such was the mood these lodgings flung me into, that I am very positive had any friend been at my elbow and asked me to consider what I was doing, I should have pulled my hat over my ears and slept that night in London town. But there was no friend at hand to usefully direct my passing mood; and being left to myself, why, before I had measured half the distance to my uncle's house, the feelings which had determined me to stick to the district were once more bubbling and poppling in full force in my foolish young heart, and I was swearing to myself that, come what might, so long as Florence Hawke gave me a fraction of encouragement to persevere and hope, I would never lose sight of her nor cease to believe that I might one day get her to share my future.

On my way to Clifton I turned into a confectioner's shop to get a mouthful to eat, and whilst I was munching a sandwich on top of a high stool, and glowering through the window, that was filled with bottles of candy, glass jellies, and such things, Miss Hawke and her sister drove past; they swept by rapidly, yet not

so fast but that I could notice how lovely Miss Florence looked in a brown hat with the starboard brim looped up. I hopped off my perch and, sandwich in hand, ran to the door to follow her with my eyes, but saw nothing but the back of her parasol, surmounted by the square large figure of the coachman as the carriage rolled downhill.

www.fbtool.com.cn

I proceeded on my way, my thoughts full of the beautiful girl, and asking myself all sorts of questions. Could she ever endure to surrender all the luxury her father was accustoming her to for a poor husband? Was there the least probability of my ever getting her to love me? And would her love be of such a kind as to induce her to act as one reads of girls behaving in story-books, and now and then in real life; as, for instance, when a nobleman's daughter sacrifices fortune, friends and family for a fiddler? or when Letitia declines a settlement and the brother of an earl for a missionary?

On reaching home and passing along the drive to the hall door, I caught sight of my uncle sitting at the open window of his library. He lounged in an American chair which hoisted his legs up; a newspaper was on his knee, and a long pipe in his hand. I caught a glimpse of my aunt behind him, a mere outline in the shadow, with a yellow-backed novel on her lap and her chin upon her bosom. She was dozing. And the right kind of afternoon it was for that diversion—an Indian heat in the soft breeze that kept the trees rustling; bees chorussing a sort of bass to the clear treble of the birds; a rich soothing smell of hay mingled with the scents of the flowers—just one of those days indeed when the noble form of the tramp may be seen extended at full length in the wayside dry-ditch, with a clout over his face to keep off the wasps, and a wisp under each knee to save the heels of his breeches—a day in which a man who despises ants' nests and defies sunstroke would select for a snooze in the middle of a field of tall grass.

'Hillo, Jack!' sung out my uncle, spying me, 'where have ye been, my lad? Sophie said something about your going to view the docks, and that we were not to expect you to lunch.'

His shout awoke my aunt. I stepped into the room through the window, glad to rest myself; for a man's legs should be made of cork not to feel like a bundle of knots after the ascent of those Clifton hills in the dog-days.

'I have been into Bristol,' said I, 'but not to look at the docks. Where's Sophie, aunt?'

'She and Amelia have gone to pay some visits, I believe,' answered my aunt.

'Not to the Hawkes, Jack,' said my uncle, grinning. 'I suppose you know what's happened?'

'Yes; I was with Sophie when Miss Hawke called.'

'She's an honest lass,' said my uncle, 'to come with the news plump—not to delay, but to be here with it first thing in the morning, so that there might be no mistake so far as she and we are concerned. I am sorry you drove her away. I should like to have had a word with her.'

'I don't know that I drove her away, uncle,' said I, much confused. My cousin, of course, had told all.

www.libtool.com.cn

'I say, Sophia,' called out my uncle, 'what d'ye think of this generation? What's your calculation concerning these times? Fancy youngsters, not only *falling* in love, but *making* love—actually whipping out with their sentiments after two or three meetings with the girls. Don't it beat cock-fighting? What would *our* papas and mammas have thought of such energy? I put it all down to George Stephenson. Had he left the stage-coach alone, we'd have been going along at the old decorous rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and a long lounge between whiles at the hostelries. Nowadays the world's in tow of the locomotive; and we make love, we make money, we are born, we live and we die with our steam-gauges indicating a steam pressure one remove from bursting point.'

'You see what I feared has taken place, Mr. Jack,' said my aunt, putting a mark in her book and closing it. 'Mr. Hawke has taken offence; and, though no doubt we shall remain on bowing terms with Florence and Emily, our visiting must be considered at an end.'

'Well, if I meet Hawke I'll shake hands with him; but he'll never get me across his threshold again,' exclaimed my uncle. 'The old coxcomb! think of him prohibiting his daughter from visiting us. I wish I had him at sea, I'd work his old iron up.'

'I cannot blame him,' said my aunt. 'It is exceedingly mortifying so far as *we* are concerned, because we are really quite innocent of any intention to mortify him. But if you will put yourself in his place, Mr. Jack, and imagine yourself anxious that your daughter should marry the man of your own choosing, and then conceive you were told that during your absence she had been frequently in the company of a young stranger who did not disguise that he was in love with her, I am sure you would wish to terminate the intimacy by desiring her not to call upon the family whilst the young man continues in their house as a guest.'

'I quite agree with you,' said I. 'I do not blame Mr. Hawke.'

'Mind! I do not *excuse* his views of marriage,' she continued. 'I consider his anxiety to marry his child to a man she does not like odious. I am only trying to justify his behaviour so far as we, or rather so far as *you*, are concerned, mortifying as it is to us.'

'I was going to ask him to dinner,' said my uncle, laughing.

'D'ye remember my saying that he wouldn't come? He's done more—he's gone leagues ahead of my prophecy! Oh, he's an old fool!' and he smoked his pipe vehemently.

'I am extremely vexed,' said I, addressing my aunt, 'that I should have been the means of subjecting you to this annoyance.'

'It's no annoyance,' called out my uncle. 'The girls liked Florence, and she's still their friend. There's nothing to bother over.'

'It is perfectly true,' I continued, 'that I am in love with Miss Hawke. It would be ridiculous in me to attempt to conceal what you can all see. But Mr. Hawke must surely have a great deal of the Turk as well as the prig in his nature to forbid her, so to speak, to unveil her face to any man but the person he wants her to marry. If she can endure discipline of that kind, she has not the spirit I want to believe she has.'

'Just my opinion, Jack—what I said when Sophie gave us the news,' said my uncle.

'He was annoyed by the marked attention you paid Florence last night,' said my aunt.

'Yes; and by her liking it,' observed my uncle.

'If,' said my aunt, 'your manner, Mr. Jack, had not been so pronounced—if my husband had not, as I *must* say, rather foolishly yielded Miss Hawke to you by pretending to mistake the daughter he was asked to give his arm to, there would have been no grounds for Mr. Hawke's suspicions, and he would not have said anything to Florence about her visits here. It is ridiculous to imagine he would act in this manner to all young men and the families they might be staying with. But unfortunately he had only to combine my husband's *deliberate* mistake with your behaviour to his daughter, to suspect even more than was intended. I mean he would believe your uncle was playing into your hands, and had asked you down in the hope of your securing Florence as a wife.'

'A good job, too!' said my uncle. 'I respect loyalty in relations, and heartily hope that's his notion. Why shouldn't I find my brother Tom's son a pretty heiress for a helpmate? Isn't he good enough for Florence Hawke?'

'That's not the point, Charles,' replied my aunt.

'Anyway,' continued my uncle, 'you may take it that Florence don't think herself too good for Jack. What do *you* think, nephew? There's a meaning in her hurrying round here this morning to pour her yarn about her papa's severity into Sophie's ear, which I should take to my heart and cuddle if I were twenty-five years old, single, and her admirer. And does the old fellow really suppose he is going the right way to work to make his daughter do what he wants? What fools there are in this world!'

www.libtool.com.cn

'There is only one way,' said I, addressing my aunt, 'of pleasantly ending this unfortunate affair.'

'Not by giving Florence up—surely?' cried my uncle.

'The condition,' I went on, 'is that Miss Hawke is only to cease visiting you whilst I remain your guest.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Oh, excuse me, Mr. Jack,' cried my aunt, lifting up her hands; 'there are two sides to that condition. We shall always be glad to see Florence; but after what has passed, none of us—I speak of my own particular family—could ever dream of calling on the Hawkes again!'

'At all events,' said I, 'the condition, so far as Miss Hawke is concerned, relates to me, and me only. I will not say I have already trespassed upon your kindness——'

'None of that!' bawled my uncle.

'I mean this,' said I; 'it is out of the question that Miss Hawke can be debarred from visiting you by me. I must therefore leave you.'

'When?' said my uncle.

'To-day.'

'By what train?'

'By no train at all. I have taken lodgings in Bristol.'

My aunt looked startled, my uncle incredulous.

'Taken lodgings in Bristol!' cried he. 'When did you do that?'

'Just now.'

He turned to his wife and stared at her. 'Well,' said he, drawing a deep breath, 'Jack's a darned modest fellow, anyhow.'

'I hope you are not in earnest,' said my aunt, whose kind heart did not at all relish this new posture in me, although she might consider I was acting very properly.

'I am, indeed,' I replied. 'I have hired a couple of rooms, and remove there this evening. After the kindness you have shown me, it is painful to be forced to leave you in this fashion. But I know my duty. Mr. Hawke shall have no further excuse to deprive his daughter of my cousins' society. Besides, I must not forget I have already been here a fortnight, and I never intended to inflict my society upon you for a longer term.'

My uncle sat listening and looking at me with his head on one side, his right eye half closed, and his face full of thought. I had fully expected an explosion of affronted cordiality, of indignant hospitality, and was therefore not a little surprised to find him silent and contemplative. It was my aunt who expostulated, and I must say she tried hard to induce me to prolong my visit. She said that whether I went or whether I stayed could not in the least degree alter matters now. She heartily hoped there had been nothing in her manner to cause me to leave. Since I meant to stop in Bristol, she could not understand why I thought

it necessary to take lodgings when her house was at my service. To which I replied that I was exceedingly obliged to her for her kindness, and that I should part from her with great regret and much gratitude for the hospitality I had received.

All this while my uncle continued watching me. He waited www.libtool.com.cn until my aunt had given up trying to coax me, and said, 'Jack, what makes you stop in Bristol? Why don't you return to London?'

'Because I like the air here,' said I.

'Have you given up your town lodgings?'

'No.'

'Can you afford to keep two sets of rooms going on something under two hundred and fifty pounds a year?' cried he.

'I must endeavour to do so,' I replied.

'Sophia,' he exclaimed, 'I suppose you can guess why Jack sticks to Bristol?'

'It is not hard to understand,' she answered.

'Well,' continued he, talking to her as though I were not present, 'it proves that he is in earnest. And as that's so, he ought not to miss of our encouragement and goodwill. He knows Florence through us; he can charge us with having shown him the road into this business; and we're bound not to leave him up to his waist in it, more especially since old Hawke's behaviour has relieved us of all sense of our duty towards our neighbour.'

'Don't trouble about me,' said I. 'If I'm up to the waist now, I'll scramble out by-and-by somehow, depend upon it.'

My uncle left his chair and walked about the room, and shortly afterwards my aunt went away, being signalled by him to do so, as I might judge by the manner of her going. When the door was closed upon her, my uncle asked me where I had taken lodgings. I told him. He then inquired at what charge I should be, and this question also I answered.

'You have quite made up your mind to leave us?' said he.

'I have,' I replied, 'and for the reasons I have given.'

'All right,' said he; 'we'll say no more on that head. If you had stayed we should have been glad. Since you *won't* stop, you must go. But what is your scheme? what do you hope to do by living in Bristol? Surely Florence isn't *pledged* to you, is she? Hang me, if I'm not in a mind to believe anything!'

'I wish she were,' cried I. 'Loving her as I do—as she knows I do, and I say thank God for that!—do you think I could go and put a hundred miles of railway between us? I may be acting like a fool—or what is the same thing, like a very young man; but whilst Miss Hawke remains single I must keep near her, in the hope of seeing her, of meeting her, of talking to her, of winning her love, and—and——'

'Bolting with her, d'ye mean?' asked he.

I made no answer.

'Well,' said he, 'boil me alive, Jack, if you don't deserve all the luck you may get. Upon my word, this business is like one of those romances I used to read when a lad, where the heroine elopes with the hero in a thunderstorm, and returns with her husband after many adventures to receive the tremulous blessing of her aged father the Duke.'

www.libtool.com.cn

Seeing, however, that this banter was not much to my taste, though I forced a sickly grin whilst he talked, he grew serious, said that though he did not find fault with me for falling in love with Florence Hawke and clinging to the place in which she lived, I ought not to forget that my prospects, so far as she was concerned, were exceedingly small. For, first, I had to make her in love with me—and had I substantial reasons for supposing I could succeed? Second, in order to make her in love with me it was necessary that we should meet; and how was *that* to be managed now that I had left his house and was tabooed by her father? Third, even if I induced her to meet me, and succeeded in gaining her love, did I think she was likely to defy her father by so bold and reckless a step as an elopement? And if I did not suppose her capable of any audacious action of that kind, what ideas was I flattering myself with? He would tell me this: that unless I could get her to bolt with me I should never win her as a wife; and since there was no girl he ever remembered meeting less likely to elope with a man than Florence Hawke, he would earnestly advise me—not, indeed, to relinquish my pursuit; there was no harm in my taking lodgings in Bristol, it was a healthier place than London; its temptations were few, and I could save money, but—not to allow my hopes of success to gather too much weight, lest disappointment should prove a severer punishment than I had any suspicion of.

He talked to me, indeed, very much as old Crusoe talked to young Robinson; and as with that famous person, so, had I allowed my uncle's counsels to influence me, I should have been spared some adventures very nearly as strange and surprising as those which befell Defoe's hero—though to be sure they were not limited to an uninhabited island, nor did they last, thank goodness, eight-and-twenty years.

After he had eased his mind by lecturing me, my uncle seated himself at a writing-table, and asked me how long I was likely to use the lodgings I had taken. I told him I had no notion. 'But how long,' says he, 'd'ye mean to give yourself either to win the girl or drop all thoughts of her?' I replied that there was no good in asking me questions of that kind, as it was impossible for me to answer them.

'Do you reckon,' says he, 'on stopping in Bristol six months?'

'Well,' said I, laughing at his importuning me in this manner,

'I ought pretty well to know where I am at the end of six months.'

On this he pulled open a drawer and took out a cheque-book; and after making some calculations on a piece of paper, he filled up a cheque and handed it to me.

www.libtool.com.cn

'There, my boy,' said he, 'put that in your pocket. It'll pay for six months' lodging.'

I looked at the cheque and saw that it was for fifty pounds. I was taken plump aback by his kindness, and for some moments could only look stupidly at the cheque. I then put it on the table, told him that I had no words to thank him for his generosity, but that I was not in want of money, and was very well able to support such expenses as I was likely to bring upon myself. What followed came very near to being a quarrel. He called me an ungrateful young son of a cook. Had I not assured him that nothing but Mr. Hawke's instructions to Florence drove me away? I answered yes. Then, he wanted to know, what right had I to insult him by refusing to remain his guest on my own terms?

'I don't understand you,' said I.

'Why, man,' cried he, 'don't you see that, as you say you can't be comfortable in this house owing to Alphonso Hawke's orders to his daughter, I'm taking lodgings for you in the neighbourhood, keeping you as a sort of out-door guest; and that instead of paying your landlady myself I am asking you to pay her for me? Can't you understand that, you swab?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but I'm hanged if I'm a swab!'

'How's that?—not a swab!' cried he. 'Were you not, would you be so thick and flabby in your intellects as to offer to pay a gentleman whose guest you are for your own keep? Take that cheque, man, and let's have no more jaw.'

As it was certain that he would have resented any further refusal of it as an affront, I put the cheque in my pocket, thanking him as heartily for his kindness as the temper I was in by being called a son of a cook and a swab would suffer. However, as you may suppose, this fit of irritation did not last long. Indeed, I should have deserved very much harder names than my uncle had bestowed on me had I not appreciated the fatherly goodwill he was showing me. And though I had talked as if I did not want the money, give me leave to say that in the depths of my soul I found it a mighty acceptable gift, and that, trifling as the sum was, it distinctly heartened me up and made me take a cheerfuller view of the extraordinary waiting-job I had set myself; so magical is the influence of vulgar dross upon the mind even when wholly given up to sentiment.

I sent my luggage down into Bristol by Cobb the man-servant, with a message to the landlady that I would arrive at her house between nine and ten o'clock. 'And Cobb,' said I to the man,

'be good enough to tell her to buy me a bottle of cognac and put it on the table along with some soda-water;' for, to speak the truth, after the music, the conversation, the company of my relations and friends, the pleasant evenings I had passed at my uncle's house, winding up with cigars, iced drinks, moonlight wanderings among the trees, and the like, I recoiled from the prospect of the loneliness of the first night in the little lodgings, and foresaw the necessity of some provision against low spirits. If there be any teetotallers among you, don't be shocked. I do not know that in all my life, mates, I ever took a thimbleful more of grog than my head could carry; but I'll tell you this—there have been occasions when a well-timed glass of liquor has served me better than a clap on the back or a handshake—at sea, look you, where, after twelve hours of heart-breaking work with the pumps or up aloft, nothing but the caulker of rum served out under the break of the poop by the light of a bull's-eye lamp could have furnished me with physical force enough to crawl up the rigging for the twentieth time to help the others to stow the remnants of what had been a brand-new close-reefed sail.

When Sophie and Amelia returned from making their visits, and were told that I had hired lodgings in Bristol and meant to quit their house for good that evening, they stared at me as if I had taken leave of my senses. My aunt, my uncle, and I were in the drawing-room killing a half-hour before dinner when the girls came in, and I see them now, fat, amazed, agitated, as my aunt said, 'Sophie, Amelia, what do you think? Mr. Jack has taken apartments in Bristol, and is going to them this evening. In fact, he actually sleeps in them to-night; so that we lose him with wonderful suddenness,' says she, nodding fast as she spoke.

A variety of exclamations broke from the girls: 'Apartments in Bristol!' 'Going this evening!' 'Sleeps there to-night!'

Here I cried, 'Don't you think I am better than a circulating library? What novel can approach the sensation I cause by my movements?'

'But why are you leaving, Jack?' said Sophie. 'What has happened?' and she ran her eyes over her papa and mamma, in search, maybe, of the traces of a recent quarrel; for the dear creature had never dreamt for a moment that I was in earnest when I told her it was my duty to clear out of the house. My aunt up and spoke; related my reason for going, with all the garnishing that a woman's fluent tongue could furnish to a simple yarn, and wound up by a fresh and rather wild appeal to me to reconsider my decision and not be foolish.

'It's too late—everything's settled; let us have no more of this, Sophia,' growled my uncle, casting, nevertheless, a somewhat admiring eye upon his wife, in whose cheeks the heat of her own volubility and energy of gesticulation had kindled a bright colour,

www.libtool.com.cn

and who, what with her well-fitting dress, long train, fine figure, thick hair (every scrap of it her own, my uncle once assured me), good teeth, and shining eyes, looked, I am bound to say, uncommonly handsome, and twenty years too young to be the mother of the two plump, full-grown women who stood listening to her, lost in wonder and ingenuous excitement. I really could not help feeling flattered when I observed the annoyance and disappointment my cousins showed on discovering that it was all true—that I had taken lodgings and was quitting their roof in a few hours. They had a sisterly affection for me; besides, they might have found it nice to have a young man in the house, not offensively ugly as men go, a young fellow to drive with, to introduce, to be seen with.

'I should certainly, if I were you, Jack,' said Sophie, eyeing me (bless her!) almost tearfully, 'be above allowing Mr. Hawke to drive you away from your relatives, who, you well know, are very glad to have you with them.'

'Unless, indeed, Jack is tired of us and wants to regain the independence which only lodgings can confer, so men say,' observed Amelia, whose satire was neutralised by her corpulence and excessively good-natured face as fast as it flowed.

However, my uncle, who was sick of the subject—and small blame to him—begged his daughters to say no more about it; Jack meant to go; he knew his own business best; let him then, in the name of peace, depart without any more arguments. So, in compliance with his request, we changed the conversation and presently went to dinner, which, in spite of all my efforts after a cheerful exterior and sprightly observations, was so dull, flat, and melancholy a meal that anybody might have supposed we were only lingering over funeral refreshments until the hearse and the mourning coaches drove up. Sophie, who was full of my going, tried several times to start me as a topic, making sundry feints by vague questions and observations about the Hawkes; but she was regularly parried and dealt with by her papa, who forced her to retire with confusion; until at last there seemed to dawn upon us all the conviction that any further references to my departure would be in bad taste. But after dinner, and when my uncle and I had been sitting together a short time, the window being open, I spied Sophie outside flitting about in the gloom. I was anxious to have a few words with her before going, so I stepped on to the lawn.

Sophie instantly began: 'When did you take the apartments, Jack?'

'This morning,' I replied.

'You told me you were going to look at the city docks. Why didn't you explain your real motive?' said she, reproachfully.

'Because,' I answered, 'I wanted to make my arrangements

before speaking, so that I might be able to say it is too late when you all, in your great kindness, should, as I knew you would, try to persuade me to remain here.'

'I am not going to persuade you,' said she. 'But what good can you do in lodgings? You are much less likely to see Florence than were you to stop with us.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Ay, Sophie; but will you tell me how long in decency I ought to go on burdening you with my company?'

'As long as ever you like,' said she. 'You know it is no burden. We are delighted to have you.'

'Yes; but that does not render it the more proper in me to encroach on your kindness. Now, in lodgings I can take my time. I can never be embarrassed by the feeling that I am trespassing. Besides, I shall be as comfortable in Bristol as in London.'

'But what do you mean to do? You can't call on Florence. Do you expect her to call on *you*?'

'I am full of expectation,' I replied. 'And why? because I have you as a friend, Sophie. I can count upon your sympathy; I feel that I can rely upon your affection for your foolish young cousin to help him in his love for your beautiful, your adorable friend.'

I seized her plump hand; and indeed, boys, it was just the sort of night for sentimental twaddle—warm, dark, the stars large and luminous, the atmosphere breathless, the stillness full of fragrance, with now and again the notes of a clarion-tongued bird coming out of the deeper darkness where the trees were—I seized her plump hand, I tell you, pressed and fondled it, and she laughed, low and gratefully, a laugh full of relish and satisfaction. Upon my word, when I look back, it does not gratify my vanity to think that she was not desperately in love with me: for in my thankfulness for her sympathy and kindness, and with the image of Florence always in my mind's eye, I would talk to her so sentimentally, caress her hand, breathe in her ear and the like, that there would have been little to wonder at had she come to the conclusion that the other girl was only an excuse, and that it was she whom I adored.

'So far as Amelia and I are concerned, we will do all that we can to help you, Jack,' said she. 'But understand: we can do nothing unless we discover that Florence thinks of you, and likes to hear of you. We'll carry letters and messages between you as often as may be wanted; and I, for one, shall take a particular delight to do what I can to put you in the place young Mr. Morecombe wants to fill, and to thwart Mr. Hawke—for I quite hate that old man now. But if Florence is cold about you, if she hould not like to be reminded of you, we shall be unable to help; or you know, Jack, that men cannot make love by proxy, unless they happen to be kings.'

'Don't discourage me,' said I, 'on the very threshold. I

don't ask you to make love to her for me, but you might, when you meet her ——'

'I shall meet her often, I hope; and I shall speak to her as often as we meet, unless she is with her father,' interrupted Sophie.

'I say, no harm could come from your telling her how devoted I am, how deeply I love her, and why I have left Clifton, and why I *cannot* leave Bristol.'

'Oh, certainly, Jack; I can tell her that, and a great deal more; and if she is fond of you I shall not be able to tell her too much, and you shall know all that she says about you exactly—good or bad; so that you will be able to decide whether to go on lingering in lodgings in Bristol, or return here, or go back to London.'

'And Sophie, my darling,' said I, 'if you find that she doesn't give my name the cold shoulder, but, on the contrary, is pleased to hear you talk about me, I suppose to a girl possessed of your cleverness, it would not be quite impossible to arrange an accidental meeting—you know what I mean—a chance encounter somewhere, where trees are plentiful, and people few—eh, Sophie?'

'Oh, that's very easily managed,' said she, in a voice of contempt that was like a dram to my spirits. 'If Florence is willing, there can be no limit to what may be done. It will entirely depend upon her, not upon Amelia's and my good wishes—so please bear that in mind.'

'When will you call upon me?'

'To-morrow morning, just to see what sort of lodgings you have. You will please leave us your address. And how often will you come to see us?'

'Very often, depend upon it.'

'Because,' said she, making her manner impressive by wagging her forefinger at me—the starlight and the illumination from the lower windows rendered us plainly visible to each other—'the oftener you come the oftener you are likely to meet Florence without obliging us to invent any stratagems. To-morrow morning I shall write to Florence and tell her that you have left Clifton, and beg her to acquaint her father with that fact, that he may withdraw his orders to her to discontinue her visits here. I shall make my letter sarcastic, and ask her in a postscript to read it to Mr. Hawke.'

I was about to beg her to do nothing of the kind, lest the old man should take it as a new affront, and base further injunctions to his daughter upon it, when my uncle, coming to the window, bawled out: 'Are there burglars yonder? Who's that mum, mum, mumming there? Are the bees still abroad? or has a sick cow strayed into these grounds to die? Sophie, is that you?'

She answered Yes. 'Without any head-gear on? D'ye know the dew falls like a thunder-squall? Come in, come in, and bring the melancholy Jackanapes with you.'

This ended our confab, and half an hour afterwards I stood in the hall shaking hands all round, and saying good-night and good-bye.

www.libtool.com.cn

'You understand, Jack,' said my uncle, 'that it's only a shift of premises. You're still our guest.'

'A knife and fork will always be laid for you,' said my aunt; 'and your bedroom kept ready, so that we shall require no notice of your return.'

'You are very foolish to go, Jack; but there's no reasoning with men,' exclaimed Amelia; and Sophie, as she squeezed my hand, mumbled in a whisper that I might count upon her.

'God bless you all! and thanks,' said I: and lurching through the hall-door I gained the highway and stepped out for my lodgings in Bristol.

CHAPTER IX.

MY BRISTOL LODGINGS.

The first night in new lodgings when you are alone and in a strange town does not always make a pleasant memory. Nothing fits: the armchair is too big or too little; the bed-mattrass is too hard or too soft; the washstand is in the wrong corner; the toilet-table is in the road of the window; and the inhospitality of things new to your habits is oppressive. In London the feeling that my home was a lodging had been sunk by custom; but the sense came up in me very strong when I reached my Bristol apartments, and stood in the bit of a sitting-room, contrasting it with my uncle's home, and gazing vacantly at the table, on which were a bottle of brandy, a bottle of soda-water, and a corkscrew, upon a cheap brand-new tray. I heard a man's voice rumbling under my feet, and there was a smell of coarse tobacco about; and when I cast my eyes around, and beheld no books, no intellectual solace of any kind outside the prints, which were speedily to be exhausted, whether as diversions or as moral instructors, I felt very lonely indeed, and sat me down in the stiff-backed, hair-covered armchair that stood nakedly confronting the frigid black grate and its bleak furniture of fender and irons, with a misgiving upon me that I was acting very much like a donkey.

Mrs. Chump broke in upon my musings by asking at what time I wanted to be called in the morning, and what I wished for breakfast. Called in the morning! what was there to get up to?

and wish for breakfast? there was not a phantom of a wish of the kind in me. But I was bound to give her an answer, so I muttered something about eggs and bacon and half-past eight, and then pulled the cork out of the brandy-bottle and filled a pipe.

However, I cheered myself up after a bit by considering that first of all I had acted as any gentleman would in relieving my uncle's house of a guest that had set two families by the ears; next, that when Florence Hawke came to hear that I could not tear myself away from the neighbourhood, and was living lonesomely in lodgings for her sake, she would find a good deal in the news to persuade her that I was very honestly in love. And then I reflected that I had two most emotional champions and allies in my cousins, in whose loyalty and love of romance I might have the utmost confidence; and I also consoled myself by thinking that, though I might have prolonged my stay at my uncle's without risk of being thought an intruder, the time must certainly arrive when my sense of propriety would oblige me to leave his house; so that, since I was determined to keep near Florence, I had only anticipated my departure by a week or two by coming to these lodgings at once.

I often recall myself sitting in that little room, smoking my pipe, my mind labouring under a crowd of thought like a hard-pressed ship in a seaway. Nathaniel Hawthorne has a story in one of his books of a man's conscience standing behind him and giving him a dig with a sharp knife from time to time as it holds up pictures of his early life to his face. I, who write this in middle age, stand in fancy alongside that armchair, and look at my foolish young self as I sit with my legs crossed, blowing out smoke, sometimes grinning over a hope, sometimes scowling over a misgiving, and very often hauling out Miss Florence's portrait from a side pocket to gaze at it and kiss it. Even then I thought the adventure I had embarked on a queer one, with little meaning in it, and yet not destitute of a kind of nebula of an idea either. But what must I think now, looking as I do, so to speak, through the other end of the telescope, and recall the amazing experiences to which my sojourn at Clifton and Bristol was merely a tender, uneventful introduction? Would I go through it again? Can I conceive of any woman so divine, so stately, so majestical, so lily-white, so bland, so all the rest of it, as to seduce me into putting to sea for her lovely and noble sake, and getting shipwrecked? What say ye, mariners? Is there any woman worth being shipwrecked for—not in a commercial sense, but *literally*, amid a storm of wind, in the trough of a raging ocean, when the lightning makes a hell of the sooty sky, and the yelling of the hurricane mingling with the cries of the drowning sounds like the voices of fiends triumphing over the agonies of the damned?

Answer that, my lively hearties, if so be that you know what it is to be shipwrecked.

I turned in shortly before twelve, and reckoned upon a tossing night: instead of which I fell sound asleep, and never opened my eyes until Mrs. Chump rapped upon the door. My lodgings were in a street, and when I rose to shave myself, the look-out over the way formed a very depressing contrast with the bright fresh scene of trees and flowers I had every morning gazed at from my bedroom in my uncle's house. Nevertheless, I felt on the whole pretty lively, and was in a temper to take a cheerfuller view of my conduct and resolutions than my spirits had allowed me on the previous night. The street gave me but a narrow horizon; but the sky was to be seen overhead, and my mood perhaps came to me from the radiancy and life of it; for there was a strong breeze of wind blowing, and clouds, like bursts of cannon-smoke, white and gleaming, were sailing across the blue in stately processions, and the dancing sunshine seemed like a kind of laughter upon the face of the world.

When I arrived in the little parlour under my bedroom I found breakfast ready; and though it was but a modest repast, yet what cooking there was in it was up to the hammer, the coffee excellent, everything clean, a nosegay in a tumbler in the middle of the table, and a local newspaper damp and flat lying upon the napkin. Trifling as these matters are to mention, I found them reconciling, and when I had breakfasted and stowed myself away in the arm-chair—there was but one—with a pipe in my mouth and the newspaper in my hand, I could not help reflecting that, even if I viewed this freak as no more than a holiday jaunt, I could not have chosen a brighter scene than Bristol, with its docks and its picturesque old houses, and the river winding through the streets, and the noble Clifton scenery close at hand.

Sophie had promised to call, and I remained in my lodgings the whole morning for fear of missing her. A mighty long morning it was: but an end was made of it shortly before noon by a hearty knock on the door, and my cousins were announced by the landlady. They looked around them, evidently amused by the size of the room; and I confess that when they were seated it seemed to have shrunk to half its real dimensions, owing, no doubt, to its being pretty well filled by the two fat girls and myself. They asked me how I had slept, whether I was likely to be comfortable, whether my love for Florence was going to be proof against the loneliness of the lodger's life, and so forth. When I say they, I mean it was chiefly Amelia who asked these questions, for there was often a little touch of banter in her as if she never thoroughly gave me credit for earnestness; whilst Sophie, on the other hand, would always return sigh for sigh and echo groan for groan. They had no news to give me. They had merely called to see what

sort of apartments I had taken, and to know if I would dine with them that evening.

'No,' said I; 'do not tempt me. I want to inure myself to solitude. I want to accustom myself to my own company; unless, indeed——'

Sophie understood me. 'No,' said she, 'you will not see Florence.'

'Have you written to her?'

'Yes,' she answered, putting her hand in her pocket; 'and here is her reply.' She gave me a little cocked-hat note, the counterpart of the one I possessed. It was dated 10.30, proving that Sophie had written very early indeed, and that Miss Hawke had replied immediately. The little missive trembled in my hand as I read:

'Dearest Sophie,—Papa is out, so I must wait to tell him that your cousin Jack has left you. I shall not read your letter to him, as there is really no reason why he should know that your cousin has taken apartments in Bristol. The whole thing is quite absurd enough as it is. I hope to see you soon; and I trust, dear, this foolish anxiety about me on papa's part will not prevent you from calling—as on my side, I certainly do not intend to let it estrange us. I am very much ashamed that I should have been the *cause* of your cousin leaving you. I know how greatly you enjoyed his company; but though I *am* the cause, I feel that I am innocently so, and let me assure you that nothing ever surprised and vexed me more than papa's desire that I should not visit you whilst your cousin remained at your house. Yours sincerely, FLORENCE HAWKE. P.S. I suppose you will *often* see your cousin? Poor fellow! I hope he has found nice apartments.'

'There's a deal in that note about you, isn't there, Jack?' said Amelia, after I had read it twice through, and was beginning for the third time.

'There is, indeed,' I exclaimed, thrilled by the references. 'But what does she mean by saying that the whole thing is quite absurd enough?'

'That her papa's conduct is absurd,' answered Sophie.

'Are you sure?' said I, doubtfully, looking at the sentence in the letter. 'You don't think she means mine, do you?'

They were both so confident on that head that they vanquished my misgivings. I asked Sophie if she meant to call at Clifton Lodge. She said that if her mamma did not object she would call—that is, of course, if Mr. Hawke allowed Florence to visit them.

'We don't mean to say, Jack,' observed Amelia, 'that we should call if you were not concerned in our remaining friendly with Florence, because we all consider Mr. Hawke has behaved most insultingly to us. But Sophie and I have talked things over

as we came here, and we have agreed, if mamma does not object, to occasionally visit Florence, so as to enable her to call upon us.'

'I am afraid your mamma will object,' said I. 'She has said none of you could ever dream of calling upon the Hawkes again after what has happened.'

'She may change her mind; and if so,' said Sophie, 'the arrangement should suit you very well.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Why, yes,' said I, 'if I am to meet Miss Hawke at your house. But will she call, knowing her papa's objections? And will not old Hawke stop his daughter's visits when he hears that I am in Bristol?'

'You are really a very hard person to help,' cried Amelia. 'Here is a pile of might-be's! If all that you fear is going to take place, we must salaam and give your love-troubles up—for what can we do?'

On this I mentally cursed myself for a fool—for was not I one, to go and invent difficulties, and damp the romantic fancies which rendered these cousins my warm allies? Looking humbly at them both, I begged their forgiveness, and promised never to express any more apprehensions nor to entertain any further forebodings, but to take things as they came, and if the wind drew ahead on one tack, to shift the helm and try the other tack.

'There's nothing else to be done, Jack,' said Sophie; 'for if mamma won't, and Florence won't, and Mr. Hawke won't—if it is to be all won't——'

'Then of course it must be won't with me,' said I, finishing her speech for her.

They stayed a while chatting, and before leaving asked me again to dine with them. I should have been well pleased to accept the invitation, but considered I would stand a better chance of preserving their esteem and affection if, now that I was out of the house, I did not dose them too often with my company; and besides, if this courtship of mine was going to involve much waiting—whether it came to anything or not—should I not be dining at their house often enough? 'If ever you want the phaeton, or feel disposed for a canter, you have only to send a message, Jack,' said Sophie, and then, giving me a tender sentimental shake of the hand, my cousins went away.

I killed the rest of the day in wandering about Bristol, hanging about the docks, where the vessels and the hands at work upon them stirred up scores of old memories, and I also expended a few shillings in the purchase of a small collection of cheap novels. My uncle had put my name down at his club, but unfortunately Mr. Hawke was a member of it, and the fear of meeting him was quite enough to keep me clear of those premises. It immeasurably consoled me, however, to reflect that Florence Hawke knew that I was living in Bristol. Why, even if she had no feeling

for me, outside liking me as an easy-going, light-hearted young fellow, she was bound to take an interest in a man who had surrendered his pleasure and comfort as his uncle's guest, because of her papa's fears and priggish jealousy, and had gone to dwell in a twopenny lodging that he might be near her and able to catch a glimpse of her now and again. It is true that the thought of young Morecombe living in her house, enjoying her incomparable society, and being backed in his assaults upon her heart by the battery of her father's wishes, was excessively distracting to a lover so utterly helpless as I was; but I consoled myself by reflecting that she had spoken of the young fellow as a fool, that she had never expressed an atom of regard for him, and that my cousins were fully of opinion that Mr. Hawke would never induce his daughter to accept the man as a husband.

But taking it all round, I give you my word it was anything but the jolliest time of my life. Often would I pull out Florence's likeness and look at it, and ask myself why fate had ordained that she should cross my path, instead of allowing me to remain the gay-hearted youth who was kicking his heels, up to a recent period, about the West End of London, and turning in night after night without a trouble to ruffle the serenity of his simple mind? During the evening that followed my cousins' visit, I very well remember sticking Miss Florence's photograph on the top of a hot water-jug, the open lid of which supported its back and enabled me to view it with my hands in my pockets; and there it stood up before me like a fetish—but oh, shipmates, the beautiful drooping profile! the lovely swell of the figure! the rich, tender speaking eye downwards bent, hollowest phantasm of the exquisite reality as it was!—whilst I soliloquised as though I were making my devotions before the goddess; and I well recollect wondering whether it would not be better for me to end this business by packing my portmanteau and going away to London next morning, instead of languishing in these lodgings, dependent upon my cousins for the privilege of even seeing Miss Florence, and of eventually, maybe, sinking into a species of idiocy, only to be rewarded in the end by receiving a piece of Mrs. Florence Morecombe's wedding-cake to put under my pillow. My love, thought I, is but a milk-tooth now, a small pull will whip it away; but if I let it grow, it will become a lumping big grinder with several enormous fangs, so that the very devil himself might fail to haul it out; and if it should decay—heavens! what agony must I suffer! What ought I to do then? But guess what sort of common sense I had in those days when you notice that I tried to reason, with Florence's lovely face mounted on a hot-water jug plump under my nose! How was it possible for me to form any safe resolution, to act like a man who was determined to be master of himself, whilst the image of the sweetest of faces and figures—

the portrait of the woman I adored—stood up in front of me to paralyse every little thumping struggle my heart gave to regain its liberty? No, thought I, snatching up the beautiful picture and kissing it, it's too late—I'm in for it—I'll keep all fast! And pocketing the photograph, I drank to my own health, lighted a pipe, and fell to one of the half-dozen novels I had purchased.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER X.

MY UNCLE DAMPS MY HOPES.

NOTHING particular, as shipmasters say when they depose to disasters, happened for the next three days. I recollect calling at my uncle's house and finding everybody out, also killing a morning by a trip to Portishead, attending a morning service in the cathedral, in the vague, utterly idle hope of seeing Miss Hawke there. Had I been in Bristol merely as a lounging visitor, with an unoccupied mind on the look-out for amusement, I should have immensely enjoyed the old city; for it is as picturesque a place as a man need wish to see, full of gable-roofed houses belonging to ancient times, and quaint side streets; and, above all, it gives you the interests of a big port close to your door in the shape of ships, which come up into the heart of the town and mingle their spars and flags with chimney-pots and steeples.

But my mind never was unoccupied. I wandered about like a dog that has lost its master, staring at people and into carriages in hopes of catching a glimpse of Florence Hawke, with my mind so full of plans and plots, of hopes and fears, of determination and irresolution, that had Bristol been built by the slaves of Aladdin in a night, I should have mooned and gaped along the pavements without giving the least attention to the miracle.

On the afternoon of the third day I returned to my lodgings, having been down to Portishead to have a look at the old ocean, and found my little parlour fogged with tobacco smoke, in the midst of which sat my uncle blowing clouds from a large meerschaum. This was his first visit, and when I entered, instead of saying How do you do, he exclaimed, 'Shut the door behind ye, Jack. I don't want your landlady to hear me laugh. Man! you must be deeply in love to put up with this. Dash my buttons! you don't call this a *room*, do ye? Why, if Florence was to catch sight of this match-box, darned if I don't think she'd be giving you her hand and heart slick away off out of mercy so as to get you out of this butter-box of a hole.'

'Small as it is,' said I, 'I'm glad to see you in it. How are you?' and we shook hands, after which I opened the window.

'And what headway are you making?' said he.

'I'm very comfortable here,' I replied. 'Not equal to *your* palace, but good enough for a spell—clean, quiet, respectable, and cheap.'

'I don't mean that,' said he. 'What are you doing in this love business? Are you forging ahead at all?'

www.libtool.com.cn

'I can't say I am,' I replied, feeling exceedingly foolish.

'Have you met Florence since you left us?' he asked.

'Not once.'

'Have you *seen* her then?'

'No.'

'Neither met her nor seen her!' he cried. 'What are you doing then—writing to her?'

I shook my head; these questions were abominably mortifying, and made me feel horribly absurd.

'Then,' said he, 'in the name of Jerusalem, what are you stopping in this rat-hole for?' looking around him. 'Has any one invented a new method of making love since I was young, by which two people can grow desperately attached by never seeing, by never meeting, by never hearing, and never writing to each other? If not, then come back to my house, Jack; don't go and ruin the reputation of the Seymours for intellect by hiding in a snail-shell and pretending that you are courting.'

My dignity was touched. 'Pardon me,' I observed somewhat loftily, 'you knew the policy I intended to adopt. I am content to wait. Mr. Alphonso Hawke is not an apple-tree that I can turn to and shake him until the particular fruit I want falls at my feet. His daughter knows I love her: she knows I am living in Bristol for her sake.'

'But what's *that* got to do with it?' he exclaimed. 'If you never meet her, if you never see her, if you don't correspond with her, what's to come of your lodging in this oyster-shell?'

'I am in my cousins' hands,' said I. 'Florence Hawke and I *will* meet, depend upon it; and when we do, you bet that Jack Seymour hasn't withdrawn into this oyster-shell, as you call it, for nothing.'

'Look here, my lad,' said he, speaking very kindly, and with a touch of apology in his voice that was almost alarming, 'I don't want to discourage you—you know that.'

'Yes, I know that.'

'There's no reason,' he continued, 'why you shouldn't win this girl—though, mind, you'll do nothing by sitting down in this snuff-box of a chamber with a pipe in your mouth, or taking a turn along a few fathoms of pavement. D'ye remember that I lectured you once on sincerity? Well, it eased my mind, and ever since I've somehow felt that you're to be trusted: my notion being that if Florence chooses to fancy you, she'll find you an

A 1 husband, built above the usual requirements, copper-fastened, and something fit to handle. Money she oughtn't to want; and if her father cuts her off, you must go to work and double your income, and that'll do for the present. So you see, my boy, I don't want to discourage you.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'But what do you want to say, then?' said I, wondering what he was driving at now that he had made all these admissions.

'Why,' said he, looking a bit nervous, 'you just now spoke of your cousins helping you. Well, *I* have no objection. I have my own theories of life, and do not know why I should be expected to applaud Mr. Hawke's views and support them. You're a gentleman—poor, but not a beggar. You have something to offer Florence, even if she came to you without a stiver. Isn't that so?'

'I have two hundred and fifty a year,' said I.

'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'and youth also, which is always worth money. If you were a dissolute fellow, if you were a twopenny rascal, if I thought you weren't worth the love of such a girl as Florence, if I reckoned you'd like to get her, not for her heart's sake, but for what she'd bring along with her, does any man who knows me suppose I would lift a finger to help you to foul old Hawke by running athwart his hawse? My boy, if I lifted anything it would be my foot, to give ye a hoist out of the way of the charming girl. Mind, Jack, I don't want to say anything to discourage you.'

'I'm following you anxiously,' said I.

'The fact is, nephew, your aunt and I are not agreed. She is for respecting Mr. Hawke's wishes to the extent of your doing nothing to bother him. She is very fond of you, Jack—ay, proud of you, my boy, as a relative; but she doesn't think it would be consistent with our dignity for your cousins to meddle in a business that's already caused old Hawke to insult us.'

'I do not blame her,' said I.

'It is not my fault,' continued he, growing more and more apologetic, and looking very sorry. 'I it was who told you you might count upon your cousins. But my wife objects, and she must have her way. She has consented to their calling on Florence, but on the distinct understanding that they take no messages, no notes.'

'You may depend upon it,' said I, speaking coolly, but feeling frightfully chagrined, 'that her requests are law to me. I beg that you will give her my love, and assure her that the same resolution that forced me from her hospitable house will enable me most strictly to respect her wishes.'

'For God's sake!' he burst out, 'don't be too polite, Jack, or you'll make me think you're satirical.'

'No, no,' said I, 'I am too fond of you all to try my clumsy fist at satire.'

'I know you are, and we're equally fond of you; and what I want to know now is, whether, seeing that it wouldn't be proper for your cousins to help you in this job, it is worth your while to go on bothering yourself over it. Act sensibly, man! Give up these lodgings, come to my house, and when you've had enough of us, return to London.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'A thousand thanks for your kindness, uncle; but—what!' I shouted, 'surrender my love, my hopes, my chances, by living in a house on the understanding that I must never meet Florence Hawke, or, if I meet her, that I must never speak to her or take notice of her lest I should excite her father's suspicions of your neighbourliness, and lead him to suppose you are keeping me with you for the purpose of annoying him! My dear uncle, you once called me a swab; do you really think I *am* one?'

He laughed heartily, and said, 'Well, well; I see how it is. One must needs go when the devil drives. How you'll manage to get along I don't know; but I daresay in its time love has triumphed over bigger difficulties than any you're likely to encounter. Indeed, I once knew a man who, to come at the object of his affections, had not only to fight his own and the lady's family—the two families combined mustering no less than two-and-twenty souls—but the family of the rector of the parish, the family of a justice of the peace, and the relations of a medical widower. He beat 'em all. His triumph was wonderful! There was no bolting, no scudding away: he married the girl calmly and legitimately; and you may make an Irish hash of me, Jack, if the wedding guests didn't consist of all the people he had, in a moral sense, knocked on the head, and over whose bodies he had crawled on his road to the altar. Take that fable to heart,' said he, 'and moralise it.'

My conversation with him, however, had not left me in a very moralising mood. He lingered a little, talking and laughing—in truth he saw that he had made me despondent, and wanted to leave me in better spirits—and tried to persuade me to dine with him that day. I declined, for I was not at all in the humour to enjoy his hospitality, but promised to spend the following afternoon and evening at his house; and this being settled he went away, urging me with his last words to quit those lodgings, and never to suffer any woman in this wide world to make me unhappy whilst I remained a bachelor, as it was time enough for a man to begin to feel miserable when he was married.

I had counted so fully upon the good offices of my cousins, upon their willingness to convey letters and messages, upon their womanly capacity of interesting Florence in me by their talk of my devotion, my admiration of her, and the like, that, upon my

word, mates, the thought that their help was lost to me affected me to such a degree, that hang me if I am not ashamed to think of it. What was I to do *now?* No doubt I had the sympathy of my relations, but their neutrality was almost as bad as active hostility, so that practically I stood alone, I was without a friend, without any means of communicating with my darling, unless indeed I boldly wrote to her at her papa's house, which might have been a resolution very easy to carry out, but not for a moment to be entertained if I valued my self-respect and hers; and I was therefore deprived of all chance of keeping myself alive in her memory. Under such circumstances there is probably not one man in a hundred who would not have withdrawn whilst his wounds were still small. But my nature was an obstinate one, and sanguine too, a compound not often met. Besides this, I loved the girl from the very bottom of my heart with a boyish intensity I like to remember. I also valued my relatives' opinion, and guessed if I turned tail at this juncture they would ever after look upon me as a very insincere poor creature. These and a hundred such thoughts determined me to 'hold on all,' as we say at sea, to put my faith in chance, to be patient—in short, to play with Dame Fortune the old nursery game of shutting my eyes and opening my mouth and seeing what I should get. It might be a lollipop, or it might be a dose of jalap, but whatever it was, I would swallow it.

Yet for all that, the worry, the disappointment, the real distress of mind I was in, coupled by the heat of the weather and the smallness of the room about which I kept lurching for some time after my uncle had gone away, with my head full of simmering fancies, threw me into a kind of fever; and then there came into me such a desperate, crazy longing to see Florence Hawke—to catch even the merest glimpse of her—that without any kind of plan in my mind I pulled on my hat and set sail in the direction of Clifton. I did not, however, know how tired my ramble about Portishead had made me until I was mounting the steep road which would carry me to Clifton Lodge, and compelled by fatigue to walk slowly, I had plenty of leisure for reflection. What did I mean to do? To pull the bell, and ask if Miss Hawke was at home? Stand at the gate and peep through the bars? Was I anxious to give old Hawke an opportunity of pronouncing an opinion on me through the medium of his flunkeys?

In truth, when I began to ask myself where I was bound to, and what I hoped to do when I got there, I found an irresolution creeping upon me. When a man is really beloved of his sweetheart there are few things he can do which are likely to make him ridiculous in her eyes—at least, that's my notion, and of course, I may be wrong; but I fancy no one will doubt that until a fellow has won a girl's heart he runs many risks of being laughed

at by her. Should Miss Hawke catch me hanging about the road in front of her house and peeping at the windows like a burglar settling his little plans, would she be amused? She might, it is true, be affected by this instance of my devotion, or she might think I was acting very ridiculously. An alternative of this kind is a very serious thing. These were my thoughts as I marched toilsomely up that hill, and these were the considerations which caused me after a while to stop, and then march down again.

No one who has been in love but will sympathise with the feelings which mastered me at this period, and follow with emotion the various postures of mind into which my passion forced me.

(*To be continued.*)

www.rbtool.com.cn

The Decay of the British Ghost.

www.libtool.com.cn

TO the present writer at least it is a painful reflection that the British Ghost is fast becoming as extinct as the Great Bustard. It is not quite gone, for, as we are periodically informed, some of the leading letters of our alphabet still believe in spirits, and have relatives (amongst the asterisks) who have once actually beheld one. But in spite of this distinguished support, our ghosts are palpably drooping; one by one they are fading away. If any one doubts this, and would convince himself of the sad truth, he has simply to refer to that excellent work, published some time since, Mrs. Crowe's 'Night Side of Nature,' which he will find positively swarming with spectres; spectres to suit all tastes; spectres ugly and comely, opaque and transparent, full dress and undress, plain and coloured, and all on such unimpeachable testimony that unbelief is rendered impossible. It is only reasonable to suppose that the majority of them were in full activity at the period at which the book was compiled, or they would not have been there; but where are all those spectres now? Where, for instance, is the 'whiskered gentleman in an antique dress and creaking boots' who once forgot himself so far as to 'go the length of shaking a maid-servant's bed'?—we have lost him, his boots are heard no more.

Where, too, is that 'dark-complexioned ghost' who wore a 'fustian jacket and a red comforter'? He seems to have been a handy and a useful spirit, invaluable to housekeepers with short memories, for we read that on one occasion he actually took the trouble to 'call at the greengrocer's and order a small quantity of coals which had been forgotten.' But he is gone now; we still, it is true, find puzzling items in our monthly bills—but these are explainable without any reference to the supernatural.

And, not to multiply instances, where, finally, is a highly interesting appearance which was 'frequently heard to crackle,' had a 'faintly luminous hue,' and 'brought with him one night a large dog,' which he stated (but perhaps untruthfully) 'was his father'?

None of these could well go about without attracting a certain amount of attention; we never hear of them now, and the inference is only too obvious.

If further proof of this decline were needed, there are few observant persons who cannot recall some fine specimen, ranging perhaps as far back as the Early English or Decorated periods, architecturally speaking, which was intact in their youthful days, but has since been suffered to fall into decay without an attempt at restoration, while others have vanished prematurely in the very prime of spectrehood.

That we are threatened at present with an imminent dearth of apparitions is an absolute fact which no thinking man will attempt to gainsay; it is the object of this paper to inquire into the causes which have contributed to such a result, and to consider seriously the remedy which (if we care at all to preserve the few phantoms that remain to us) will have to be applied.

The chief of these causes seem to be found in certain well-known characteristics of the British Ghosts; an almost excessive self-respect and a shrinking susceptibility to public opinion, which render it hardly surprising if the treatment they have encountered of late has (as it is to be feared is the case) decided them to withdraw from an age incapable of appreciating them.

For since the days of Dickens (probably one of the first to offend in this respect) a constant stream of ridicule has been directed against the Ghost; and ridicule, be it remembered, is a force which has proved fatal to far more substantial institutions.

Even worse than ridicule, however, is the tremendous competition with which they have had to contend; science having, possibly out of pique at finding no means of utilising these supernatural but slightly shiftless beings, revenged itself by inventing a cheap and spurious imitation, so that in an age of shams we cannot be certain that all the few ghosts we yet possess are wholly genuine, and the humblest public entertainer can now supply, without the expense or risk of any preliminary sacrifice of human life, an apparition which is as satisfactory to the idle and unthinking as the best-pedigreed shade.

Thus it is that so many of our oldest established ghosts have found themselves unable to hold their own, and have been reluctantly forced to retire from the unequal contest—a proud triumph, truly, for our vaunted civilisation!

But another cause has been at work with a more insidious but even deadlier method; until quite recently, if the practice does not still survive in a modified form, it was customary to commission a band of ingenious *littérateurs* to turn out batches of ready-made spectres for the Christmas annuals.

It must be candidly admitted that some of these were by no means devoid of merit of a certain kind; they have been known to send readers, and especially child-readers, scuttling up to bed with as strong a disinclination to look behind them as the most conscientious apparition could desire to induce. And they were always strictly seasonable; a quality that deserves recognition now that some Christmas annuals rest their claims upon the scrupulous delicacy with which they avoid as far as possible all allusion to the very month of December and its associations.

www.libtool.com.cn

There was something thoroughly Christmassy, for example, about the witchlike old lady, with a horrible dead rouged face, who looked out of a tarnished mirror and gibbered malevolently at somebody, for the excellent reason that he chanced to be her descendant; nor could the pale gentlemanly man—who took the thirteenth chair at a Swiss table d'hôte in winter and conversed intelligently (for an apparition) on the subjects of the weather and the hotel charges, until he melted away mysteriously with the salad—be called absolutely unfestive.

And the female figure—supple and graceful, gliding lightly clad and bareheaded through a copse on a bitterly cold morning and followed eagerly by the narrator of the adventure till she turned her head and showed him a pale mask, *without eyes*—that female figure possessed a charm in that simple, unadorned eyelessness of hers that was well worth the entire shilling charged for the magazine, which contained at least two other ghosts quite as horrible between its covers.

The skeleton fisherman who landed a skeleton pike in a snow-storm, the ghost of an entire railway train and the spectral bank clerk that cashed a dead man's cheque—all these were, in their way, pleasing and original productions, while the most imposing of all perhaps was one to which the shuddering reader was introduced something after this fashion (the writer is unfortunately reduced to quote from memory):

'I was sitting,' said the contributor, 'in my snug little lodging-house parlour, with my back towards the door which led to my bedroom, and my feet on the fender, enjoying my tea by the side of a blazing fire whereon a kettle was singing merrily. I had just taken another piece of muffin, when I was suddenly struck by an icy blast, which, in spite of the fire, seemed to sweep my legs below the knee, and happening to raise my eyes to the glass above my chimney-piece, I saw the door behind me slowly, stealthily opening! I looked round with a

vague indefinable uneasiness, and saw—merciful Heaven! how shall I describe the frightful thing that presented itself to my horror-stricken gaze? I saw a dank discoloured loathsome shape, the fish-like eyes in whose mildewed countenance shone with a dull greenish glitter . . .' (and so on for some lines of rather unpleasant and charnel-house detail) . . . 'drag its decomposing form painfully into my sitting-room, and fall with a hideous soft thud into the empty coalscuttle!'

www.libtool.com.cn

A real ghost with half these personal advantages would most certainly have had a career before it—but these artfully manufactured imitations succeeded in time in dealing a fatal blow at the legitimate originals on which they were founded, and they did so in this way—they gradually undermined the public confidence in spectres.

For years people placed implicit faith in these annuals, but at length they began to ask themselves the inevitable question whether it was upon the whole probable that quite so many denizens of the unseen world should combine to reveal themselves about Christmas-time and exclusively to persons connected to some extent with literature.

They decided eventually in the negative, and their belief in the Magazine Ghost was shaken to its foundations. Had this been all, little harm would have been done, but from such a frame of mind it was but a step—though a glaringly illogical one—to a scepticism concerning all spectral appearances whatever; and how disastrous this must have proved to ghosts (which depend as much as a prime minister, a public company, or a tragedian upon retaining the confidence of the public) can be readily imagined.

And so most of the more sensitive, many of them of long standing and a respectability untarnished by any appearance in print, have already faded away from disgust or inanition, and those who still linger on are reduced to a condition but little removed from utter destitution; while, sad as this is, there is something still more shocking in the apathy with which the British public permits these once familiar objects to moulder away unregretted, almost forgotten.

There are persons, otherwise enlightened and liberal thinkers, who do not even affect to deplore them; 'These ghosts,' they tell us in their hard practical way, 'are no longer of the least use—the greater part of them never did much beyond keeping alive some ancient scandal which would have been better forgotten, and the few which acted as a kind of primitive telegraphic service for the conveyance of bad news performed their errand in so tactless

a manner as frequently to render the recipient of their information more or less of an idiot for the rest of his or her life. In no single instance, too, owing to their unbusinesslike vagueness, could the intelligence they brought be relied upon without confirmation. If the ghost is really going,' say they, 'so much the better—we can do very well without it!'

www.libtool.com.cn

But is not this, after all, a narrow and prejudiced mode of treating the question? have not our spectres some claim to our protection and even to our esteem?

To the lover of the past what link is more direct and more suggestive, what study more fraught with instruction than an old-established and well-authenticated Ghost?—and should it be objected that the results of this branch of study have hitherto been but meagre, the answer is that this must be set down to an inveterate tendency on the part of most persons favoured with opportunities for nocturnal research to veil their heads beneath the bedclothes at the first alarm—a practice which, though admirably adapted for concentrating the mind, is not so well suited to minute and careful observation.

And then the mere fact of having so picturesque an object as a phantom about the house confers a reflected lustre on the owner; it costs little or nothing to keep, and, with ordinary care, will last for an indefinite period; although of course those individuals who will throw things at an apparition, as a sort of rough test of its genuineness, cannot fairly complain of a little shabbiness, a certain darned and mended aspect, which will probably be observable in time. It is no secret that a certain well-known peer has completely spoiled the family ghost by thoughtlessly hurling his slipper and bootjack at its head, which ever after, to the great detriment of its expression, preserved the faint outlines of the homely missiles which had passed through it; indeed, the spirit, in consequence of its damaged condition, seldom ventures now to appear at all.

The estimation which this now-despised class formerly enjoyed, even in the eyes of the law, is strikingly shown by the well-known case of *Chanticlere* v. *Taurus*, which may be found by the curious in the reports of one of the Veseys. There, as some readers outside the legal profession may perhaps remember, the Defendant attempted to avoid a contract to purchase a family mansion by the plea that it contained an ancestral apparition, which he did not require but which the vendor refused to take off his hands. But the subject of dispute, being actually produced in open court, conducted itself with such extreme propriety that the Court at

once held that it was a positive acquisition to any residence, and not only enforced the purchase but awarded the vendor an additional sum as compensation for the increased value. It is only too much to be feared that no judge in the modern Chancery Division would have the courage to follow this precedent, wise and enlightened as it was.

www.libtool.com.cn

Much could be said in proof of the gratitude shown by Ghosts, and their appreciation of any kindness which may be shown to them, but space will not permit of any illustration of these virtues beyond a single incident from the life of the late Professor Moon. This distinguished man was passing by a piece of waste ground near Shepherd's Bush late one evening, when he observed a stray and apparently ownerless spirit, which for some inscrutable reason chose to attach itself to him.

Being a humane person, he could not bring himself to drive it away, so that for years, as soon as night drew on, it would follow him about like a dog—a proceeding which, though occasionally inconvenient, was at least well meant. Nor was this all, for when the Professor died, the apparition hovered gratuitously for some weeks above his grave; and though, as it was strikingly unlike him in personal appearance, this attention was a little misleading, there is something extremely touching in such disinterested devotion. It must not be forgotten, either, that one famous apparition has rendered Shakespearian commentators an invaluable service by doing more to set the vexed question of Hamlet's insanity at rest than Goethe and all the other eminent critics in combination. The human stage ghost of Hamlet's father having accidentally failed to appear at a performance of the tragedy in the provinces, an unknown but unmistakable phantom ambitiously stepped in to fill the gap—with such effect that it sent Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus, two stage carpenters, and the prompter all raving mad together.

These, then, are a few of the recommendations which these so-called useless and effete beings unquestionably possess; and now that they have been brought prominently before the public, the question can hardly fail to be asked, and with some anxiety, 'Can nothing be done to preserve so deserving a class from this impending extinction?' To this inquiry very little encouragement can be given, until the lower and middle classes are brought to take a more intelligent interest in the question than they do at present.

It is difficult to say how many apparitions have not been lost to us through the irreverent Vandalism which is so widely

prevalent. Conceive, for instance, the indignation of a real ghost at finding itself, as happened the other day, hideously travestied by a vulgar youth in a nightshirt and a tall white hat!

And want of thought and consideration is no less prejudicial. Not long ago a female apparition was discovered somewhere in the mining districts near a disused shaft, the exact place where a woman had been last seen long years before. It was recognised at once, and was producing an excellent impression in the locality—it might have been, with a little caution, permanently secured for the purposes of scientific observation—when the original woman was ungenerous enough to reappear in a living condition, after which, naturally, no more was seen of the phantom.

How can we hope to retain our apparitions amongst us if we allow them to be rendered ridiculous by such means as these?

From one quarter alone can the necessary aid be looked for with any hopefulness; all who have the welfare of ghosts at heart are now anxiously following the proceedings of the well-known Society for Psychical Research.

Yet even here, without some radical alteration in the course pursued, there seems but slight probability that these researches will prove really beneficial, although the Society is universally given credit, if not for being absolutely in favour of the perpetuation of phantoms, at least for maintaining a benevolent neutrality in the matter.

But their method is, the present writer ventures in all humility to suggest, a grave mistake, and calculated to defeat the very ends they presumably have in view. For, unless he is greatly misinformed, the Society, in pursuing their inquiries into this branch of the supernatural, aim at establishing such a complete investigation into the claims of an alleged apparition that the result, if satisfactory, will go far to give it, as it were, a registered title for ever. Unhappily, to attain this, they have thought it requisite to impose so severe a process of evidence-sifting and cross-examination, that the most straight-walking spectre can hardly be expected to emerge from it without a stain.

Now, one cannot expect to prove a phantom like a proposition; phantoms are not to be dealt with as an Old Bailey barrister treats a hostile witness—they have never been used to it. They require more delicate, more sympathetic handling; till now they have been accepted for what they represented themselves to be, and it is idle to suppose that a supernatural being with any self-respect whatever will consent to submit itself to a test compared

with which the examination for the Indian Civil Service is the merest form—a test, too, for which they are allowed no time to prepare themselves!

And for what object should they do this? Scarcely for a diploma which, to a shade of ordinary respectability, will be one of two things—a superfluity or an insult.

It would not be surprising if a persistence in this treatment were to hasten the end; and certainly, if the few decayed phantoms and reduced spectres yet in existence are to be preserved at all, if their ranks are to be recruited and set on a proper footing once more, the task must be approached in a spirit at once more conciliatory and more enterprising.

Suppose, for example, the Society were to employ some of the funds at their disposal in offering a handsome premium to any person discovering a genuine ghost in good or even fair condition—can there be any doubt that we should be *gratified* by an instant increase in the number of our nocturnal visitants?

Or they might import a selection of foreign varieties from the Continent, where they are understood to be more flourishing; and though the difficulties of acclimatisation, expense, and national prejudice are of course serious objections to this scheme, they are by no means insurmountable.

But, should the Society refuse to entertain these suggestions, they might, at least, when the next apparition is brought before them in imminent danger of having to retire for want of credit, refrain from insulting it in its extremity by a cold and cruel suspicion, and in common humanity assist it rather to recover something of its former position.

A timely grant of new properties and effects—if only a few lengths of chain and a pound or two of blue fire—would frequently be more than enough to awaken popular interest once more, and set many a distressed spectre going again.

The Society may, of course, in the pardonable pride of their experience in these matters, wholly disregard this humble remonstrance; but at least it will be impossible hereafter, when the last British Ghost has flickered out, and the nation is bewailing its forlornly phantomless condition—it will be impossible for the public in general, and the Society in particular, to deny that they have been respectfully warned in these pages of the disaster which awaited them.

F. ANSTEY.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

Left out on Lone Star Mountain.

I.

THERE was little doubt that the 'Lone Star' claim was 'played out.' Not dug out, worked out, washed out—but *played* out. For two years its five sanguine proprietors had gone through the various stages of mining enthusiasm; had prospected and planned, dug and doubted. They had borrowed money with hearty but unredeeming frankness, established a credit with unselfish abnegation of all responsibility, and had borne the disappointment of their creditors with a cheerful resignation which only the consciousness of some deep Compensating Future could give. Giving little else, however, a singular dissatisfaction obtained with the traders, and, being accompanied with a reluctance to make further advances, at last touched the gentle stoicism of the proprietors themselves. The youthful enthusiasm which had at first lifted the most ineffectual trial—the most useless essay—to the plane of actual achievement, died out, leaving them only the dull, prosaic record of half-finished ditches, purposeless shafts, untenable pits, abandoned engines, and meaningless disruptions of the soil upon the 'Lone Star' claim, and empty flour sacks and pork barrels in the 'Lone Star' cabin.

They had borne their poverty—if that term could be applied to a light renunciation of all superfluities in food, dress, or ornament, ameliorated by the gentle depredations already alluded to —with unassuming levity. More than that: having segregated themselves from their fellow-miners of Red Gulch, and entered upon the possession of the little manzanita-thicketed valley five miles away, the failure of their enterprise had assumed in their eyes only the vague significance of the decline and fall of a general community, and to that extent relieved them of individual responsibility. It was easier for them to admit that the 'Lone Star' claim was 'played out' than confess to a personal bankruptcy. Moreover, they still retained the sacred right of criticism of Government, and rose superior in their private opinions to their own collective wisdom. Each one experienced a grateful

sense of the entire responsibility of the other four in the fate of their enterprise.

On December 24, 1863, a gentle rain was still falling over the length and breadth of the 'Lone Star' claim. It had been falling for several days, had already called a faint spring colour to the wan landscape, repairing with tender touches the ravages wrought by the proprietors, or charitably covering their faults. The ragged seams in gulch and cañon lost their harsh outlines, a thin green mantle faintly clothed the torn and abraded hillside. A few weeks more, and a veil of forgetfulness would be drawn over the feeble failures of the 'Lone Star' claim. The charming derelicts themselves, listening to the raindrops on the roof of their little cabin, gazed philosophically from the open door, and accepted the prospect as a moral discharge from their obligations. Four of the five partners were present. The 'Right' and 'Left Bowers,' 'Union Mills,' and 'the Judge.'

www.libtool.com.cn

It is scarcely necessary to say that not one of these titles was the genuine name of its possessor. The Right and Left Bowers were two brothers; their sobriquets a cheerful adaptation from the favourite game of euchre, expressing their relative value in the camp. The mere fact that 'Union Mills' had at one time patched his trousers with an old flour sack legibly bearing that brand of its fabrication, was a tempting baptismal suggestion that the other partners could not forego. 'The Judge,' a singularly inequitable Missourian, with no knowledge whatever of the law, was an inspiration of gratuitous irony.

Union Mills, who had been for some time sitting placidly on the threshold with one leg exposed to the rain, from a sheer indolent inability to change his position, finally withdrew that weather-beaten member, and stood up. The movement more or less deranged the attitudes of the other partners, and was received with cynical disfavour. It was somewhat remarkable that, although generally giving the appearance of healthy youth and perfect physical condition, they one and all simulated the decrepitude of age and invalidism, and after limping about for a few moments, settled back again upon their bunks and stools in their former positions. The Left Bower lazily replaced a bandage that he had worn around his ankle for weeks without any apparent necessity, and the Judge scrutinised with tender solicitude the faded cicatrix of a scratch upon his arm. A passive hypochondria, borne of their isolation, was the last ludicrously pathetic touch to their situation.

The immediate cause of this commotion felt the necessity of an explanation.

'It would have been just as easy for you to have stayed outside with your business leg, instead of dragging it into private life in that obtrusive way,' retorted the Right Bower; 'but that exhaustive effort isn't going to fill the pork barrel. The grocery man at Dalton says—what's that he said?' he appealed lazily to the Judge.

www.1btoof.com.cn

'Said he reckoned the Lone Star was about played out, and he didn't want any more in his—thank you!' repeated the Judge with a mechanical effort of memory utterly devoid of personal or present interest.

'I always suspected that man after Grimshaw begun to deal with him,' said the Left Bower. 'They're just mean enough to join hands against us.' It was a fixed belief of the Lone Star partners that they were pursued by personal enmities.

'More than likely those new strangers over in the Fork have been paying cash and filled him up with conceit,' said Union Mills, trying to dry his leg by alternately beating it or rubbing it against the cabin wall. 'Once begin wrong with that kind of snipe and you drag everybody down with you.'

This vague conclusion was received with dead silence. Everybody had become interested in the speaker's peculiar method of drying his leg, to the exclusion of the previous topic. A few offered criticism—no one assistance.

'Who did the grocery man say that to?' asked the Right Bower, finally returning to the question.

'The Old Man,' answered the Judge.

'Of course,' ejaculated the Right Bower sarcastically.

'Of course,' echoed the other partners together. 'That's like him. The Old Man all over!'

It did not appear exactly what was like the Old Man, or why it was like him, but generally that he alone was responsible for the grocery man's defection. It was put more concisely by Union Mills.

'That comes of letting him go there! It's just a fair provocation to any man to have the Old Man sent to him. They can't—sorter—restrain themselves at him. He's enough to spoil the credit of the Rothschilds.'

'That's so,' chimed in the Judge. 'And look at his prospecting. Why, he was out two nights last week—all night—prospecting in the moonlight for blind leads—just out of sheer foolishness.'

'It was quite enough for me,' broke in the Left Bower, 'when the other day—you remember when—he proposed to us white men to settle down to plain ground sluicing—making "grub" wages just like any Chinaman. It just showed his idea of the Lone Star claim.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Well, I never said it afore,' added Union Mills, 'but when that one of the Mattison boys came over here to examine the claim with an eye to purchasin', it was the Old Man that took the conceit out of him. He just as good as admitted that a lot of work had got to be done afore any pay ore could be realised. Never even asked him over to the shanty here to jine us in a friendly game—just kept him, so to speak, to himself. And naturally the Mattisons didn't see it.'

A silence followed, broken only by the rain monotonously falling on the roof, and occasionally through the broad *adobe* chimney, where it provoked a retaliating hiss and splutter from the dying embers of the hearth. The Right Bower, with a sudden access of energy, drew the empty barrel before him, and taking a pack of well-worn cards from his pocket, began to make a 'solitaire' upon the lid. The others gazed at him with languid interest.

'Makin' it for anythin'?' asked Mills.

The Right Bower nodded.

The Judge and Left Bower, who were partly lying in their respective bunks, sat up to get a better view of the game. Union Mills slowly disengaged himself from the wall and leaned over the 'solitaire' player. The Right Bower turned the last card in a pause of almost thrilling suspense, and clapped it down on the lid with fateful emphasis.

'It went!' said the Judge in a voice of hushed respect. 'What did you make it for?' he almost whispered.

'To know if we'd make the break we talked about and vamose the Ranch. It's the *fifth* time to-day,' continued the Right Bower in a voice of gloomy significance. 'And it went agin bad cards too.'

'I ain't superstitious,' said the Judge, with awe and fatuity beaming from every line of his credulous face, 'but it's flyin' in the face of Providence to go agin such signs as that.'

'Make it again to see if the Old Man must go,' suggested the Left Bower.

The suggestion was received with favour, the three men gathering breathlessly around the player. Again the fateful cards were shuffled deliberately, placed in their mysterious com-

bination, with the same ominous result. Yet everybody seemed to breathe more freely, as if relieved from some responsibility, the Judge accepting this manifest expression of Providence with resigned self-righteousness.

'Yes, gentlemen,' resumed the Left Bower, serenely, as if a calm legal decision had just been recorded, 'we must not let any foolishness or sentiment get mixed up with this thing, but look at it like business men. The only sensible move is to get up and get out of the camp.'

'And the Old Man?' queried the Judge.

'The Old Man—hush!—he's coming.'

The doorway was darkened by a slight lissome shadow. It was the absent partner, otherwise known as 'the Old Man.' Need it be added that he was a *boy* of nineteen, with a slight down just clothing his upper lip!

'The creek is up over the ford, and I had to "shin" up a willow on the bank and swing myself across,' he said, with a quick frank laugh; 'but all the same, boys, it's going to clear up in about an hour—you bet. It's breaking away over Bald Mountain, and there's a sun flash on a bit of snow on Lone Peak. Look! you can see it from here. It's for all the world like Noah's dove just landed on Mount Ararat. It's a good omen.'

From sheer force of habit the men had momentarily brightened up at the Old Man's entrance. But the unblushing exhibition of degrading superstition shown in the last sentence recalled their just severity. They exchanged meaning glances. Union Mills uttered hopelessly to himself: 'Hell's full of such omens.'

Too occupied with his subject to notice this ominous reception, the Old Man continued: 'I reckon I struck a fresh lead in the new grocery man at the Crossing. He says he'll let the Judge have a pair of boots on credit, but he can't send them over here; and considering that the Judge has got to try them anyway, it don't seem to be asking too much for the Judge to go over there. He says he'll give us a barrel of pork and a bag of flour if we'll give him the right of using our tail-race and clean out the lower end of it.'

'It's the work of a Chinaman, and a four days' job,' broke in the Left Bower.

'It took one white man only two hours to clean out a third of it,' retorted the Old Man triumphantly, 'for *I* pitched in at once with a pick he let me have on credit, and did that amount

of work this morning, and told him the rest of you boys would finish it this afternoon.'

A slight gesture from the Right Bower checked an angry exclamation from the Left. The Old Man did not notice either, but, knitting his smooth young brow in a paternally reflective fashion, went on: 'You'll have to get a new pair of trousers, Mills, but as he doesn't keep clothing, we'll have to get some canvas and cut you out a pair. I traded off the beans he let me have for some tobacco for the Right Bower at the other shop, and got them to throw in a new pack of cards. These are about played out. We'll be wanting some brushwood for the fire; there's a heap in the hollow. Who's going to bring it in? It's the Judge's turn, isn't it? Why—what's the matter with you all?'

The restraint and evident uneasiness of his companions had at last touched him. He turned his frank young eyes upon them; they glanced helplessly at each other. Yet his first concern was for them—his first instinct paternal and protecting. He ran his eyes quickly over them; they were all there and apparently in their usual condition. 'Anything wrong with the claim?' he suggested.

Without looking at him the Right Bower rose, leaned against the open door with his hands behind him and his face towards the landscape, and said, apparently to the distant prospect: 'The claim's played out—the partnership's played out—and the sooner we skedaddle out of this the better. If,' he added, turning to the Old Man, 'if *you* want to stay—if you want to do Chinaman's work at Chinaman's wages—if you want to hang on to the charity of the traders at the Crossing—you can do it, and enjoy the prospects and the Noah's doves alone. But we're calculaten' to step out of it.'

'But I haven't said I wanted to do it *alone*,' protested the Old Man with a gesture of bewilderment.

'If these are your general ideas of the partnership,' continued the Right Bower, clinging to the established hypothesis of the other partners for support, 'it ain't ours, and the only way we can prove it is to stop the foolishness right here. We calculated to dissolve the partnership and strike out for ourselves elsewhere. You're no longer responsible for us, nor we for you. And we reckon it's the square thing to leave you the claim and the cabin, and all it contains. To prevent any trouble with the traders, we've drawn up a paper here——'

'With a bonus of fifty thousand dollars each down, and the rest to be settled on my children,' interrupted the Old Man, with a half-uneasy laugh. 'Of course. But——' he stopped suddenly, the blood dropped from his fresh cheek, and he again glanced quickly round the group. 'I don't think—I—I quite *sabe*, boys,' he added, with a slight tremor of voice and lip. 'If it's a conundrum, ask me an easier one.'

www.libtool.com.cn

Any lingering doubt he might have had of their meaning was dispelled by the Judge. 'It's about the softest thing you kin drop into, Old Man,' he said confidentially; 'if *I* hadn't promised the other boys to go with them, and if I didn't need the best medical advice in Sacramento for my lungs, I'd just enjoy staying with you.'

'It gives a sorter freedom to a young fellow like you, Old Man—like goin' into the world on your own capital—that every Californian boy hasn't got,' said Union Mills, patronisingly.

'Of course it's rather hard papers on us, you know, givin' up everything, so to speak; but it's for your good, and we ain't goin' back on you,' said the Left Bower, 'are we, boys?'

The colour had returned to the Old Man's face a little more quickly and freely than usual. He picked up the hat he had cast down, put it on carefully over his brown curls, drew the flap down on the side towards his companions, and put his hands in his pockets. 'All right,' he said, in a slightly altered voice. 'When do you go?'

'To-day,' answered the Left Bower. 'We calculate to take a moonlight *pasear* over to the Cross Roads and meet the down stage at about twelve to-night. There's plenty of time yet,' he added, with a slight laugh; 'it's only three o'clock now.'

There was a dead silence. Even the rain withheld its continuous patter, a dumb, grey film covered the ashes of the hushed hearth. For the first time the Right Bower exhibited some slight embarrassment.

'I reckon it's held up for a spell,' he said, ostentatiously examining the weather, 'and we might as well take a run round the claim to see if we've forgotten nothing. Of course, we'll be back again,' he added hastily, without looking at the Old Man, 'before we go, you know.'

The others began to look for their hats, but so awkwardly and with such evident preoccupation of mind that it was not at first discovered that the Judge had his already on. This raised a laugh, as did also a clumsy stumble of Union Mills against

the pork barrel, although that gentleman took refuge from his confusion and secured a decent retreat by a gross exaggeration of his lameness, as he limped after the Right Bower. The Judge whistled feebly. The Left Bower, in a more ambitious effort to impart a certain gaiety to his exit, stopped on the threshold and said, as if in arch confidence to his companions, 'Darned if the Old Man don't look two inches higher since he became a proprietor,' laughed patronisingly, and vanished.

www.libtool.com.cn

If the newly-made proprietor had increased in stature, he had not otherwise changed his demeanour. He remained in the same attitude until the last figure disappeared behind the fringe of buckeye that hid the distant highway. Then he walked slowly to the fire-place, and, leaning against the chimney, kicked the dying embers together with his foot. Something dropped and spattered in the film of hot ashes. Surely the rain had not yet ceased!

His high colour had already fled except for a spot on either cheek-bone that lent a brightness to his eyes. He glanced around the cabin. It looked familiar and yet strange. Rather, it looked strange *because* still familiar, and therefore incongruous with the new atmosphere that surrounded it—discordant with the echo of their last meeting and painfully accenting the change. There were the four 'bunks,' or sleeping berths, of his companions, each still bearing some traces of the individuality of its late occupant with a dumb loyalty that seemed to make their light-hearted defection monstrous. In the dead ashes of the Judge's pipe scattered on his shelf still lived his old fire; in the whittled and carved edges of the Left Bower's bunk still were the memories of bygone days of delicious indolence; in the bullet-holes clustered round a knot of one of the beams there was still the record of the Right Bower's old-time skill and practice; in the few engravings of female loveliness stuck upon each head board there were the proofs of their old extravagant devotion—all a mute protest to the change.

He remembered how a fatherless, truant schoolboy he had drifted into their adventurous nomadic life—itself a life of grown-up truancy like his own—and became one of that gipsy family. How they had taken the place of relations and household in his boyish fancy—filling it with the unsubstantial pageantry of a child's play at grown-up existence—he knew only too well. But how, from being a pet and *protégé*, he had gradually and unconsciously asserted his own individuality and taken upon his younger

shoulders not only a poet's keen appreciation of that life, but its actual responsibilities and half-childish burdens, he never suspected. He had fondly believed that he was a neophyte in their ways—a novice in their charming faith and indolent creed—and they had encouraged it; now their renunciation of that faith could only be an excuse for a renunciation of *him*. The poetry that had for two years invested the material and sometimes even mean details of their existence was too much a part of himself to be lightly dispelled. The lesson of those ingenuous moralists failed, as such lessons are apt to fail; their discipline provoked but did not subdue; a rising indignation, stirred by a sense of injury, mounted to his cheek and eyes. It was slow to come, but was none the less violent that it had been preceded by the benumbing shock of shame and pride.

www.libtool.com.cn

I hope I shall not prejudice the reader's sympathies if my duty as a simple chronicler compels me to state, therefore, that the sober second thought of this gentle poet was to burn down the cabin on the spot with all its contents. This yielded to a milder counsel—waiting for the return of the party, challenging the Right Bower, a duel to the death, perhaps himself the victim, with the crushing explanation *in extremis*, 'It seems we are *one* too many. No matter; it is settled now. Farewell!' Dimly remembering, however, that there was something of this in the last well-worn novel they had read together, and that his antagonist might recognise it, or even worse, anticipate it himself, the idea was quickly rejected. Besides, the opportunity for an apotheosis of self-sacrifice was past. Nothing remained now but to refuse the proffered bribe of claim and cabin by letter, for he must not wait their return. He tore a leaf from a blotted diary, begun and abandoned long since, and essayed to write. Scrawl after scrawl was torn up until his fury had cooled down to a frigid third personality. 'Mr. John Ford regrets to inform his late partners that their tender of house of furniture,' however, seemed too inconsistent with the pork-barrel table he was writing on; a more eloquent renunciation of their offer became frivolous and idiotic from a caricature of Union Mills, label and all, that appeared suddenly on the other side of the leaf; and when he at last indited a satisfactory and impassioned exposition of his feelings the legible *addendum* of 'Oh, ain't you glad you're out of the wilderness!'—the forgotten first line of a popular song, which no scratching would erase, seemed too like an ironical postscript to be thought of for a moment. He threw aside his pen and cast the

discordant record of past foolish pastime into the dead ashes of the hearth.

How quiet it was. With the cessation of the rain the wind too had gone down, and scarcely a breath of air came through the open door. He walked to the threshold and gazed on the hushed prospect. In this listless attitude he was faintly conscious of a distant reverberation, a mere phantom of sound—perhaps the explosion of a distant blast in the hills—that left the silence more marked and oppressive. As he turned again into the cabin a change seemed to have come over it. It already looked old and decayed. The loneliness of years of desertion seemed to have taken possession of it; the atmosphere of dry rot was in the beams and rafters. To his excited fancy the few disordered blankets and articles of clothing seemed dropping to pieces; in one of the bunks there was a hideous resemblance in the longitudinal heap of clothing to a withered and mummied corpse. So it might look in after years when some passing stranger—but he stopped. A dread of the place was beginning to creep over him; a dread of the days to come, when the monotonous sunshine should lay bare the loneliness of these walls; the long, long days of endless blue and cloudless overhanging solitude; summer days when the wearying, incessant trade winds should sing around that empty shell and voice its desolation. He gathered together hastily a few articles that were especially his own—rather that the free communion of the camp, from indifference or accident, had left wholly to him. He hesitated for a moment over his rifle, but, scrupulous in his wounded pride, turned away and left the familiar weapon that in the dark days had so often provided the dinner or breakfast of the little household. Candour compels me to state that his equipment was not large nor eminently practical. His scant pack was a light weight for even his young shoulders, but I fear he thought more of getting away from the Past than providing for the Future.

With this vague but sole purpose he left the cabin, and almost mechanically turned his steps towards the creek he had crossed that morning. He knew that by this route he would avoid meeting his companions; its difficulties and circuitousness would exercise his feverish limbs and give him time for reflection. He had determined to leave the claim, but whence he had not yet considered. He reached the bank of the creek where he had stood two hours before; it seemed to him two years. He looked curiously at his reflection in one of the broad pools of overflow

and fancied he looked older. He watched the rush and outset of the turbid current hurrying to meet the South Fork, and to eventually lose itself in the yellow Sacramento. Even in his preoccupation he was impressed with a likeness to himself and his companions in this flood that had burst its peaceful boundaries. In the drifting fragments of one of their forgotten flumes washed from the bank, he fancied he saw an omen of the disintegration and decay of the Lone Star claim.

The strange hush in the air that he had noticed before—a calm so inconsistent with that hour and the season as to seem portentous—became more marked in contrast to the feverish rush of the turbulent watercourse. A few clouds lazily huddled in the west apparently had gone to rest with the sun on beds of somnolent poppies. There was a gleam as of golden water everywhere along the horizon, washing out the cold snow peaks, and drowning even the rising moon. The Creek caught it here and there, until, in grim irony, it seemed to bear their broken sluice-boxes and useless engines on the very Pactolian stream they had been hopefully created to direct and carry. But by some peculiar trick of the atmosphere, the perfect plenitude of that golden sunset glory was lavished on the rugged sides and tangled crest of the Lone Star mountain. That isolated peak—the landmark of their claim, the gaunt monument of their folly—transfigured in the evening splendour, kept its radiance unquenched, long after the glow had fallen from the encompassing skies, and when at last the rising moon, step by step, put out the fires along the winding valley and plains, and crept up the bosky sides of the cañon, the vanishing sunset was lost only to reappear as a golden crown.

The eyes of the young man were fixed upon it with more than a momentary picturesque interest. It had been the favourite ground of his prospecting exploits, its lowest flank had been scarred in the old enthusiastic days with hydraulic engines, or pierced with shafts, but its central position in the claim and its superior height had always given it a commanding view of the extent of their valley and its approaches, and it was this practical pre-eminence that alone attracted him at that moment. He knew that from its crest he would be able to distinguish the figures of his companions, as they crossed the valley near the cabin, in the growing moonlight. Thus he could avoid encountering them on his way to the high road, and yet see them, perhaps, for the last time. Even in his sense of injury there was a strange satisfaction in the thought.

The ascent was toilsome, but familiar. All along the dim trail he was accompanied by gentler memories of the past, that seemed like the faint odour of spiced leaves and fragrant grasses wet with the rain and crushed beneath his ascending tread, to exhale the sweeter perfume in his effort to subdue or rise above them. There was the thicket of manzanita, where they had broken noonday bread together; here was the rock beside their maiden shaft, where they had poured a wild libation in boyish enthusiasm of success; and here the ledge where their first flag —a red shirt heroically sacrificed—was displayed from a long-handled shovel to the gaze of admirers below. When he at last reached the summit, the mysterious hush was still in the air, as if in breathless sympathy with his expedition. In the west, the plain was faintly illuminated, but disclosed no moving figures. He turned towards the rising moon, and moved slowly to the eastern edge. Suddenly he stopped. Another step would have been his last! He stood upon the crumbling edge of a precipice. A landslip had taken place on the eastern flank, leaving the gaunt ribs and fleshless bones of Lone Star Mountain bare in the moonlight. He understood now the strange rumble and reverberation he had heard; he understood now the strange hush of bird and beast in brake and thicket!

Although a single rapid glance convinced him that the slide had taken place in an unfrequented part of the mountain, above an inaccessible cañon, and reflection assured him his companions could not have reached that distance when it took place, a feverish impulse led him to descend a few rods in the track of the avalanche. The frequent recurrence of outcrop and angle made this comparatively easy. Here he called aloud; the feeble echo of his own voice seemed only a dull impertinence to the significant silence. He turned to reascend; the furrowed flank of the mountain before him lay full in the moonlight. To his excited fancy, a dozen luminous star-like points in the rocky crevices started into life as he faced them. Throwing his arm over the ledge above him, he supported himself for a moment by what appeared to be a projection of the solid rock. It trembled slightly. As he raised himself to its level, his heart stopped beating. It was simply a fragment detached from the outcrop lying loosely on the ledge but upholding him by *its own weight only.* He examined it with trembling fingers; the encumbering soil fell from its sides and left its smoothed and worn protuberances glistening in the moonlight. It was virgin gold!

Looking back upon that moment afterwards, he remembered that he was not dazed, dazzled, or startled. It did not come to him as a discovery or an accident, a stroke of chance or a caprice of fortune. He saw it all in that supreme moment; Nature had worked out their poor deduction. What their feeble engines had essayed spasmodically and helplessly against the curtain of soil that hid the treasure, the elements had achieved with mightier but more patient forces. The slow sapping of the winter rains had loosened the soil from the auriferous rock, even while the swollen stream was carrying their impotent and shattered engines to the sea. What mattered that his single arm could not lift the treasure he had found; what mattered that to unfix those glittering stars would still tax both skill and patience! The work was done—the goal was reached! even his boyish impatience was content with that. He rose slowly to his feet, unstrapped his long-handled shovel from his back, secured it in the crevice, and quietly regained the summit.

It was all his own! His own by right of discovery under the law of the land, and without accepting a favour from *them*. He recalled even the fact that it was *his* prospecting on the mountain that first suggested the existence of gold in the outcrop and the use of the hydraulic. *He* had never abandoned that belief, whatever the others had done. He dwelt somewhat indignantly to himself on this circumstance, and half unconsciously faced defiantly towards the plain below. But it was sleeping peacefully in the full sight of the moon, without life or motion. He looked at the stars, it was still far from midnight. His companions had no doubt long since returned to the cabin to prepare for their midnight journey. They were discussing him—perhaps laughing at him, or worse, pitying him and his bargain. Yet here was his bargain! A slight laugh he gave vent to here startled him a little, it sounded so hard and so unmirthful, and so unlike, as he oddly fancied what he really *thought*. But *what* did he think?

Nothing mean or revengeful; no, they never would say *that*. When he had taken out all the surface gold and put the mine in working order, he would send them each a draft for a thousand dollars. Of course, if they were ever ill or poor he would do more. One of the first, the very first things he should do would be to send them each a handsome gun and tell them that he only asked in return the old-fashioned rifle that once was his. Looking back at the moment in after years, he wondered that, with this exception, he made no plans for his own future, or the way he

www.libtool.com.cn

should dispose of his newly acquired wealth. This was the more singular as it had been the custom of the five partners to lie awake at night, audibly comparing with each other what they would do in case they made a strike. He remembered how, Alnaschar like, they nearly separated once over a difference in the disposal of a hundred thousand dollars that they never had, nor expected to have. He remembered how Union Mills always began his career as a millionaire by a 'square meal' at Delmonico's; how the Right Bower's initial step was always a trip home 'to see his mother;' how the Left Bower would immediately placate the parents of his beloved with priceless gifts—(It may be parenthetically remarked that the parents and the beloved one were as hypothetical as the fortune); and how the Judge would make his first start as a capitalist by breaking a certain faro bank in Sacramento. He himself had been equally eloquent in extravagant fancy in those penniless days—he who now was quite cold and impassive beside the more extravagant reality.

How different it might have been! If they had only waited a day longer! if they had only broken their resolves to him kindly and parted in good will! How he would long ere this have rushed to greet them with the joyful news! How they would have danced around it, sung themselves hoarse, laughed down their enemies, and run up the flag triumphantly on the summit of the Lone Star mountain! How they would have crowned him 'the Old Man,' 'the hero of the camp!' How he would have told them the whole story; how some strange instinct had impelled him to ascend the summit, and how another step on that summit would have precipitated him into the cañon! And how—but what if somebody else—Union Mills or the Judge—had been the first discoverer? Might they not have meanly kept the secret from him; have selfishly helped themselves and done——

'What *you* are doing now.'

The hot blood rushed to his cheek, as if a strange voice were at his ear. For a moment he could not believe that it came from his own pale lips until he found himself speaking. He rose to his feet, tingling with shame, and began hurriedly to descend the mountain.

He would go to them, tell them of his discovery, let them give him his share, and leave them for ever. It was the only thing to be done—strange that he had not thought of it at once. Yet it was hard, very hard and cruel to be forced to meet them again. What had he done to suffer this mortification? For a

moment he actually hated this vulgar treasure that had for ever buried under its gross ponderability the light and careless past, and utterly crushed out the poetry of their old indolent happy existence.

He was sure to find them waiting at the cross-roads where the coach came past. It was three miles away, yet he could get there in time if he hastened. It was a wise and practical conclusion of his evening's work—a lame and impotent conclusion to his evening's indignation. No matter. They would perhaps at first think he had come to weakly follow them—perhaps they would at first doubt his story. No matter. He bit his lips to keep down the foolish rising tears, but still went blindly forward.

He saw not the beautiful night, cradled in the dark hills, swathed in luminous mists, and hushed in the awe of its own loveliness! Here and there the moon had laid her calm face on lake and overflow, and gone to sleep embracing them, until the whole plain seemed to be lifted into infinite quiet. Walking on as in a dream, the black, impenetrable barriers of skirting thickets opened and gave way to vague distances that it appeared impossible to reach—dim vistas that seemed unapproachable. Gradually he seemed himself to become a part of the mysterious night. He was becoming as pulseless, as calm, as passionless.

What was that? A shot in the direction of the cabin! yet so faint, so echoless, so ineffective in the vast silence, that he would have thought it his fancy but for the strange instinctive jar upon his sensitive nerves. Was it an accident, or was it an intentional signal to him? He stopped; it was not repeated—the silence reasserted itself, but this time with an ominous death-like suggestion. A sudden and terrible thought crossed his mind. He cast aside his pack and all encumbering weight, took a deep breath, lowered his head and darted like a deer in the direction of the challenge.

II.

The exodus of the seceding partners of the Lone Star claim had been scarcely an imposing one. For the first five minutes after quitting the cabin, the procession was straggling and vagabond. Unwonted exertion had exaggerated the lameness of some, and feebleness of moral purpose had predisposed the others to obtrusive musical exhibition. Union Mills limped and whistled with

affected abstraction; the Judge whistled and limped with affected earnestness. The Right Bower led the way with some show of definite design; the Left Bower followed with his hands in his pockets. The two feebler natures, drawn together in unconscious sympathy, looked vaguely at each other for support.

www.hbtook.com.cn

'You see,' said the Judge, suddenly, as if triumphantly concluding an argument, 'there ain't anything better for a young fellow than independence. Nature, so to speak, points the way. Look at the animals.'

'There's a skunk hereabouts,' said Union Mills, who was supposed to be gifted with aristocratically sensitive nostrils, 'within ten miles of this place; like as not crossing the Ridge. It's always my luck to happen out just at such times. I don't see the necessity anyhow of trapesing round the claim now if we calculate to leave it to-night.'

Both men waited to observe if the suggestion was taken up by the Right and Left Bower moodily plodding ahead. No response following, the Judge shamelessly abandoned his companion.

'You wouldn't stand snoopin' round instead of lettin' the Old Man get used to the idea alone? No; I could see all along that he was takin' it in—takin' it in—kindly but slowly, and I reckoned the best thing for us to do was to git up and git until he'd got round it.' The Judge's voice was slightly raised for the benefit of the two before him.

'Didn't he say,' remarked the Right Bower, stopping suddenly and facing the others—'didn't he say that that new trader was goin' to let him have some provisions anyway?'

Union Mills turned appealingly to the Judge; that gentleman was forced to reply, 'Yes; I remember distinctly he said it. It was one of the things I was particular about on his account,' responded the Judge, with the air of having arranged it all himself with the new trader. 'I remember I was easier in my mind about it.'

'But didn't he say,' queried the Left Bower, also stopping short, 'suthin' about it's being contingent on our doing some work on the race?'

The Judge turned for support to Union Mills, who, however, under the hollow pretence of preparing for a long conference, had luxuriously seated himself on a stump. The Judge sat down also, and replied hesitatingly, 'Well, yes! Us or him.'

'Us or him,' repeated the Right Bower, with gloomy irony. 'And you ain't quite clear in your mind, are you, if *you* haven't done the work already? You're just killing yourself with this

spontaneous, promiscuous, and premature overwork; that's what's the matter with you.'

'I reckon I heard somebody say suthin' about it's being a Chinaman's three-day job,' interpolated the Left Bower, with equal irony, 'but I ain't quite clear in my mind about that.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'It'll be a sorter distraction for the Old Man,' said Union Mills, feebly—'kinder take his mind off his loneliness.'

Nobody taking the least notice of the remark, Union Mills stretched out his legs more comfortably and took out his pipe. He had scarcely done so when the Right Bower, wheeling suddenly, set off in the direction of the creek. The Left Bower, after a slight pause, followed without a word. The Judge, wisely conceiving it better to join the stronger party, ran feebly after him, and left Union Mills to bring up a weak and vacillating rear.

Their course, diverging from Lone Star Mountain, led them now directly to the bend of the creek—the base of their old ineffectual operations. Here was the beginning of the famous tail-race that skirted the new trader's claim, and then lost its way in a swampy hollow. It was choked with *débris*; a thin, yellow stream that once ran through it seemed to have stopped work when they did, and gone into greenish liquidation.

They had scarcely spoken during this brief journey, and had received no other explanation from the Right Bower, who led them, than that afforded by his mute example when he reached the race. Leaping into it without a word, he at once began to clear away the broken timbers and drift wood. Fired by the spectacle of what appeared to be a new and utterly frivolous game, the men gaily leaped after him, and were soon engaged in a fascinating struggle with the impeded race. The Judge forgot his lameness in springing over a broken sluice-box; Union Mills forgot his whistle in a happy imitation of a Chinese coolie's song. Nevertheless, after ten minutes of this mild dissipation, the pastime flagged; Union Mills was beginning to rub his leg when a distant rumble shook the earth. The men looked at each other; the diversion was complete; a languid discussion of the probabilities of its being an earthquake or a blast followed, in the midst of which the Right Bower, who was working a little in advance of the others, uttered a warning cry and leaped from the race. His companions had barely time to follow before a sudden and inexplicable rise in the waters of the creek sent a swift irruption of the flood through the race. In an instant its choked

and impeded channel was cleared, the race was free, and the scattered *débris* of logs and timber floated upon its easy current. Quick to take advantage of this labour-saving phenomenon, the Lone Star partners sprang into the water, and by disentangling and directing the eddying fragments completed their work.

'The Old Man oughter been here to see this,' said the Left Bower; 'it's just one o' them climaxes of poetic justice he's always huntin' up. It's easy to see what's happened. One o' them high-toned shrimps over in the Excelsior claim has put a blast in too near the creek. He's tumbled the bank into the creek and sent the back water down here just to wash out our race. That's what I call poetical retribution.'

'And who was it advised us to dam the creek below the race and make it do the same thing?' asked the Right Bower, moodily.

'That was one of the Old Man's ideas, I reckon,' said the Left Bower dubiously.

'And you remember,' broke in the Judge with animation, 'I allus said, "Go slow, go slow. You just hold on and suthin' will happen." And,' he added, triumphantly, 'you see suthin' *has* happened. I don't want to take credit to myself, but I reckoned on them Excelsior boys bein' fools, and took the chances.'

'And what if I happen to know that the Excelsior boys ain't blastin' to-day?' said the Right Bower, sarcastically.

As the Judge had evidently based his hypothesis on the alleged fact of a blast, he deftly evaded the point. 'I ain't saying the Old Man's head ain't level on some things; he wants a little more *sabe* of the world. He's improved a good deal in euchre lately, and in poker—well! he's got that sorter dreamy, listenin'-to-the-angels kind o' way that you can't exactly tell whether he's bluffin' or has got a full hand. Hasn't he?' he asked appealing to Union Mills.

But that gentleman, who had been watching the dark face of the Right Bower, preferred to take what he believed to be his cue from him. 'That ain't the question,' he said virtuously; 'we ain't takin' this step to make a card sharp out of him. We're not doin' Chinamen's work in this race to-day for that. No, sir! We're teachin' him to paddle his own canoe.' Not finding the sympathetic response he looked for in the Right Bower's face, he turned to the Left.

'I reckon we were teachin' him our canoe was too full,' was the Left Bower's unexpected reply. 'That's about the size of it.'

The Right Bower shot a rapid glance under his brows at his brother. The latter, with his hands in his pockets, stared unconsciously at the rushing water, and then quietly turned away. The Right Bower followed him. 'Are you goin' back on us?' he asked.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Are you?' responded the other.

'No!'

'*No*, then it is,' returned the Left Bower quietly. The elder brother hesitated in half-angry embarrassment.

'Then what did you mean by saying we reckoned our canoe was too full?'

'Wasn't that our idea?' returned the Left Bower, indifferently. Confounded by this practical expression of his own unformulated good intentions, the Right Bower was staggered.

'Speakin' of the Old Man,' broke in the Judge, with characteristic infelicity, 'I reckon he'll sort o' miss us, times like these. We were allers runnin' him and bedevilin' him, after work, just to get him excited and amusin', and he'll kinder miss that sorter stimulatin'. I reckon we'll miss it too—somewhat. Don't you remember, boys, the night we put up that little sell on him and made him believe we'd struck it rich in the bank of the creek, and get him so conceited, he wanted to go off and settle all our debts at once?'

'And how I came bustin' into the cabin with a pan full of iron pyrites and black sand,' chuckled Union Mills, continuing the reminiscences, 'and how them big grey eyes of his nearly bulged out of his head. Well, it's some satisfaction to know we did our duty by the young fellow even in those little things.' He turned for confirmation of their general disinterestedness to the Right Bower, but he was already striding away, uneasily conscious of the lazy following of the Left Bower, like a laggard conscience at his back. This movement again threw Union Mills and the Judge into feeble complicity in the rear, as the procession slowly straggled homeward from the creek.

Night had fallen. Their way lay through the shadow of Lone Star Mountain, deepened here and there by the slight bosky ridges that starting from its base crept across the plain like vast roots of its swelling trunk. The shadows were growing blacker as the moon began to assert itself over the rest of the valley, when the Right Bower halted suddenly on one of these ridges. The Left Bower lounged up to him, and stopped also, while the two others came up and completed the group. 'There's no light

in the shanty,' said the Right Bower in a low voice, half to himself and half in answer to their inquiring attitude. The men followed the direction of his finger. In the distance the black outline of the Lone Star cabin stood out distinctly in the illumined space. There was the blank, sightless, external glitter of moonlight on its two windows that seemed to reflect its dim vacancy—empty alike of light, and warmth, and motion.

www.libtool.com.cn

'That's sing'lar,' said the Judge in an awed whisper.

The Left Bower, by simply altering the position of his hands in his trousers pockets, managed to suggest that he knew perfectly the meaning of it—had always known it—but that being now, so to speak, in the hands of Fate, he was callous to it. This much, at least, the elder brother read in his attitude. But anxiety at that moment was the controlling impulse of the Right Bower, as a certain superstitious remorse was the instinct of the two others, and without heeding the cynic, the three started at a rapid pace for the cabin.

They reached it silently, as the moon, now riding high in the heavens, seemed to touch it with the tender grace and hushed repose of a tomb. It was with something of this feeling that the Right Bower softly pushed open the door; it was with something of this dread that the two others lingered on the threshold, until the Right Bower, after vainly trying to stir the dead embers on the hearth into life with his foot, struck a match and lit their solitary candle. Its flickering light revealed the familiar interior unchanged in aught but one thing. The bunk that the Old Man had occupied was stripped of its blankets; the few cheap ornaments and photographs were gone; the rude poverty of the bare boards and scant pallet looked up at them unrelieved by the bright face and gracious youth that had once made them tolerable. In the grim irony of that exposure, their own penury was doubly conscious. The little knapsack, the tea-cup and coffee-pot that had hung near his bed, were gone also. The most indignant protest, the most pathetic of the letters he had composed and rejected, whose torn fragments still littered the flour, could never have spoken with the eloquence of this empty space! The men exchanged no words; the solitude of the cabin, instead of drawing them together, seemed to isolate each one in selfish distrust of the others. Even the unthinking garrulity of Union Mills and the Judge was checked. A moment later, when the Left Bower entered the cabin, his presence was scarcely noticed.

The silence was broken by a joyous exclamation from the

udge. He had discovered the Old Man's rifle in the corner, where it had been at first overlooked. 'He ain't gone yet, entlemen—for yer's his rifle,' he broke in, with a feverish return f volubility, and a high excited falsetto. 'He wouldn't have left his behind. No! I knowed it from the first. He's just outside bit, foraging for wood and water. No, sir! Coming along here said to Union Mills—didn't I?—"Bet your life the Old Man's not ar off, even if he ain't in the cabin." Why, the moment I tepped foot——'

'And I said coming along,' interrupted Union Mills, with qually reviving mendacity, '"Like as not he's hangin' round yer nd lyin' low just to give us a surprise." He! ho!'

'He's gone for good, and he left that rifle here on purpose,' aid the Left Bower in a low voice, taking the weapon almost enderly in his hands.

'Drop it then!' said the Right Bower. The voice was that of his brother, but suddenly changed with passion. The two other partners instinctively drew back in alarm.

'I'll not leave it here for the first comer,' said the Left Bower, calmly, 'because we've been fools and he too. It's too good a weapon for that.'

'Drop it I say!' said the Right Bower, with a savage stride towards him.

The younger brother brought the rifle to a half charge with a white face but a steady eye.

'Stop where you are!' he said collectedly. 'Don't row with *me*, because you haven't either the grit to stick to your ideas or the heart to confess them wrong. We've followed your lead, and —here we are! The camp's broken up—the Old Man's gone—and we're going. And as for the d——d rifle——'

'Drop it, do you hear!' shouted the Right Bower, clinging to that one idea with the blind pertinacity of rage and a losing cause. 'Drop it!'

The Left Bower drew back, but his brother had seized the barrel with both hands. There was a momentary struggle, a flash through the half-lighted cabin, and a shattering report. The two men fell back from each other; the rifle dropped on the floor between them.

The whole thing was over so quickly that the other two partners had not had time to obey their common impulse to separate them, and consequently even now could scarcely understand what had passed. It was over so quickly that the two

actors themselves walked back to their places, scarcely realising their own act.

A dead silence followed. The Judge and Union Mills looked at each other in dazed astonishment, and then nervously set about their former habits, apparently in that fatuous belief common to such natures, that they were ignoring a painful situation. The Judge drew the barrel towards him, picked up the cards and began mechanically to 'make a patience,' on which Union Mills gazed with ostentatious interest, but with eyes furtively conscious of the rigid figure of the Right Bower by the chimney and the abstracted face of the Left Bower at the door. Ten minutes had passed in this occupation, the Judge and Union Mills conversing in the furtive whispers of children unavoidably but fascinatedly present at a family quarrel, when a light step was heard upon the crackling brushwood outside, and the bright panting face of the Old Man appeared upon the threshold. There was a shout of joy; in another moment he was half-buried in the bosom of the Right Bower's shirt, half-dragged into the lap of the Judge, upsetting the barrel, and completely encompassed by the Left Bower and Union Mills. With the enthusiastic utterance of his name the spell was broken.

Happily unconscious of the previous excitement that had provoked this spontaneous unanimity of greeting, the Old Man, equally relieved, at once broke into a feverish announcement of his discovery. He painted the details, with, I fear, a slight exaggeration of colouring, due partly to his own excitement, and partly to justify their own. But he was strangely conscious that these bankrupt men appeared less elated with their personal interest in their stroke of fortune than with his own success. 'I told you he'd do it,' said the Judge, with a reckless unscrupulousness of statement that carried everybody with it—'Look at him! the game little pup.' 'O no! he ain't the right breed—is he?' echoed Union Mills with arch irony, while the Right and Left Bower, grasping either hand, pressed a proud but silent greeting that was half new to him, but wholly delicious. It was not without difficulty that he could at last prevail upon them to return with him to the scene of his discovery, or even then restrain them from attempting to carry him thither on their shoulders on the plea of his previous prolonged exertions. Once only there was a momentary embarrassment. 'Then you fired that shot to bring me back?' said the Old Man, gratefully. In the awkward silence that followed, the hands of the two brothers sought and grasped each

other, penitently. 'Yes,' interposed the Judge, with delicate tact, 'ye see the Right and Left Bower almost quarrelled to see which should be the first to fire for ye. I disremember which did ——' 'I never touched the trigger,' said the Left Bower, hastily. With a hurried backward kick, the Judge resumed, 'It went off sorter spontaneous.'

The difference in the sentiment of the procession that once more issued from the Lone Star cabin did not fail to show itself in each individual partner according to his temperament. The subtle tact of Union Mills, however, in expressing an awakened respect for their fortunate partner by addressing him, as if unconsciously, as 'Mr. Ford' was at first discomposing, but even this was forgotten in their breathless excitement as they neared the base of the mountain. When they had crossed the creek the Right Bower stopped reflectively.

'You say you heard the slide come down before you left the cabin?' he said, turning to the Old Man.

'Yes; but I did not know then what it was. It was about an hour and a half after you left,' was the reply.

'Then look here, boys,' continued the Right Bower with superstitious exultation; 'it was the *slide* that tumbled into the creek, overflowed it, and helped *us* clear out the race!'

It seemed so clearly that Providence had taken the partners of the Lone Star directly in hand that they faced the toilsome ascent of the mountain with the assurance of conquerors. They paused only on the summit to allow the Old Man to lead the way to the slope that held their treasure. He advanced cautiously to the edge of the crumbling cliff, stopped, looked bewildered, advanced again, and then remained white and immovable. In an instant the Right Bower was at his side.

'Is anything the matter? Don't—don't look so, Old Man, for God's sake!'

The Old Man pointed to the dull, smooth, black side of the mountain, without a crag, break, or protuberance, and said with ashen lips:

'It's gone!'

* * * * * * *

And it was gone! A *second* slide had taken place, stripping the flank of the mountain, and burying the treasure and the weak implement that had marked its side deep under a chaos of rock and *débris* at its base.

'Thank God!' The blank faces of his companions turned

quickly to the Right Bower. 'Thank God!' he repeated, with his arm round the neck of the Old Man. 'Had he stayed behind he would have been buried too.' He paused, and, pointing solemnly to the depths below, said, 'And thank God for showing us where we may yet labour for it in hope and patience like honest men.'

www.libtool.com.cn

The men silently bowed their heads and slowly descended the mountain. But when they had reached the plain one of them called out to the others to watch a star that seemed to be rising and moving towards them over the hushed and sleeping valley.

'It's only the stage coach, boys,' said the Left Bower, smiling; 'the coach that was to take us away.'

In the security of their new-found fraternity they resolved to wait and see it pass. As it swept by with flash of light, beat of hoofs, and jingle of harness, the only real presence in the dreamy landscape, the driver shouted a hoarse greeting to the phantom partners, audible only to the Judge, who was nearest the vehicle.

'Did you hear—*did* you hear what he said, boys?' he gasped, turning to his companions. 'No! Shake hands all round, boys! God bless you all, boys! To think we didn't know it all this while!'

'Know what?'

'Merry Christmas!'

BRET HARTE.

www.libtool.com.cn

Contrasts.

I.

BLYTHE winds that sing along the lea,
White clouds in airy fleeces curl'd,
Fresh reaches of a sapphire sea,
A sound of laughter thro' the world.

A pair of lovers in a lane,
A coy coquetting with a ring.
A gleam of sun. A scud of rain.
A day in Spring.

II.

Rough blasts that roar across the wold,
Chill mists on mountain-summits spread,
Black branches naked to the cold,
The river frozen in its bed.

A grey head either side the fire,
Dim eyes that watch each crackling splinter.
A snowy roof. A snowy spire.
A day in Winter.

ADA LOUISE MARTIN.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Ancestry of Birds.

SEATED on the dry hillside here, by the belted blue Mediterranean, I have picked up from the ground a bit of blanched and mouldering bone, well cleaned to my hand by the unconscious friendliness of the busy ants; and looking closely at it I recognise it at once, with a sympathetic sigh, for the solid welded tail-piece of some departed British tourist swallow. He came here like ourselves, no doubt, to escape the terrors of an English winter: but among these pine-clad Provençal summits some nameless calamity overtook him, from greedy kestrel or from native sportsman, and left him here, a sheer hulk, for the future contemplation of a wandering and lazy field-naturalist. Fit text, truly, for a sermon on the ancestry of birds; for this solid tail-bone of his tells more strangely than any other part of his whole anatomy the curious story of his evolution from some primitive lizard-like progenitor. Close by here, among the dry rosemary and large-leaved cistus by my side, a few weathered tips of naked basking limestone are peeping thirstily through the arid soil; and on one of these grey lichen-covered masses a motionless grey lizard sits sunning his limbs, in hue and spots just like the lichen itself, so that none but a sharp eye could detect his presence, or distinguish his little curling body from the jutting angles of the rock, to which it adapts itself with such marvellous accuracy. Only the restless sidelong glance from the quick up-turned eye, suffices to tell one that this is a living animal and not a piece of the lifeless stone on which it 'rests like a shadow.' A very snake the lizard looks in outline, with only a pair of sprawling fore-legs, and a pair of sprawling hind-legs, to distinguish him outwardly from his serpentine kin. Yet from some such lizard as this, my swallow and all other birds are ultimately descended; and from such a little creeping four-legged reptile, science has to undertake the evolutionary pedigree of the powerful eagle or the broad-winged albatross.

Reptiles are at present a small and dying race. They have seen their best days. But in the great secondary age, as

Tennyson graphically puts it, 'A monstrous eft was of old the lord and master of earth.' At the beginning of that time the mammals had not been developed at all; and even at its close they were but a feeble folk, represented only by weak creatures like the smaller pouched animals of Australia and Tasmania. Accordingly, during the secondary period, the reptiles had things everywhere pretty much their own way, ruling over the earth as absolutely as man and the mammals do now. Like all dominant types for the time being, they split up into many and various forms. In the sea, they became huge paddling enaliosaurians; on the dry land, they became great erect deinosaurians; in the air, they became terrible flying pterodactyls. For a vast epoch they inherited the earth; and then at last they began to fail, in competition with their own more developed descendants, the birds and mammals. One by one they died out before the face of the younger fauna, until at last only a few crocodiles and alligators, a few great snakes, and a few big turtles, remain amongst the wee skulking lizards and geckos to remind us of the enormous reptilian types that crowded the surface of the liassic oceans.

Long before the actual arrival of true birds upon the scene, however, sundry branches of the reptilian class had been gradually approximating to and foreshadowing the future flying things. Indeed, one may say that at an early period the central reptilian stock, consisting of the long, lithe, four-legged forms like the lizards, still closely allied in shape to their primitive newt-like and eel-like ancestors, began to divide laterally into sundry important branches. Some of them lost their limbs and became serpents; others acquired bony body-coverings and became turtles; but the vast majority went off in one of two directions, either as fish-like sea-saurians, or as bird-like land-saurians. It is with this last division alone that we shall have largely to deal in tracing out the pedigree of our existing birds. Their fossil remains supply us with many connecting links which help us to bridge over the distance between the modern representatives of the two classes. It is true, none of these links can be said to occupy an exactly intermediate place between reptiles and birds; none of them can be regarded as forming an actual part of the ancestry of our own swallows and pigeons: they are rather closely related collateral members of the family, than real factors in the central line of descent. But they at least serve to show that at and before the period when true birds first appeared upon earth,

many members of one great reptilian group had made immense advances in several distinct directions towards the perfected avian type.

Clearly, the first step towards the development of a bird must consist in acquiring a more or less upright habit: for the legs must be well differentiated into a large hind pair and a free fore pair, before the last can be further specialised into feathered wings; and the body must have acquired a forward poise before flying becomes a possible mode of locomotion. Such an upright habit is first foreshadowed in the larger-limbed and longer-legged lizards like the deinosaurians, which walked to some extent erect, and more particularly in some highly specialised reptiles like the iguanodon, which had large hind-legs and small fore-legs, and could walk or hop on the hind-legs alone, much after the fashion of a kangaroo, or still more of a jerboa or a chinchilla. Now, it is noticeable that the tendency to acquire the most rudimentary form of flying is common among animals of this semi-erect habit, especially when they frequent forests and jump about much from tree to tree. For example, among our modern mammals, the squirrels are a race much given to sitting on their hind-legs and using their paws as hands; while they are also much accustomed to jumping lightly from bough to bough: and some among them, the flying squirrels, have developed a sort of parachute consisting of an extensible skin between the fore and hind-legs, which they use to break their fall in descending to the ground. Again, among the lower monkey-like animals, the so-called flying lemur or galeopithecus has hit upon an exactly similar plan; while in the bats, a membrane which may be fairly called a wing has been evolved to a very high degree of perfection. Everywhere, the habit of living among trees or jumping from rocks tends to produce either parachute or wing-like organs; and in our own time the tendency is very fully displayed among a large number of forestine mammals.

During the secondary ages, however, it was the reptiles which took to thus developing a rudimentary flying mechanism. Even at the present day there are some modern lizards, the 'flying dragons' of popular natural history, which possess a parachute arrangement of the front ribs, and are so enabled to jump lightly from branch to branch, somewhat in the same manner as the flying squirrels. But this is an independent and comparatively late development of a flying apparatus among the reptiles, quite distinct in character from those which were in vogue among the

real and much more terrible flying dragons of the liassic and oolitic age. Far the most remarkable of these predecessors of the true birds were the pterodactyls whose bones we still find in our English cliffs at Lyme Regis and Whitby; creatures with a large reptilian head, fierce jaws set with sharp pointed teeth, and fore-arms prolonged into a great projecting finger so as to support a membranous wing or fold of skin, somewhat analogous to that of the bats. The pterodactyls do not stand anywhere in the regular line of descent towards the true birds; but they are interesting as showing that a general tendency then existed among the higher reptiles toward the development of a flying organ. In these frightful dragons, the organ of flight is formed by an immense prolongation of the last finger on each fore-leg, to a length about as great as that of the rest of the leg all put together. Between this long bony finger and the hind-leg there stretched in all probability a featherless wing like a bat's, by means of which the pterodactyl darted through the air and pounced down upon its cowering victims. As in birds, the bones were made very light, and filled with air instead of marrow; and all the other indications of the skeleton show that the creatures were specially designed for the function of flight. Imagine a cross between a vulture and a crocodile, and you have something like a vague mental picture of a pterodactyl.

But at the very time when the terrestrial reptilian type was branching out in one direction towards the ancestors of the pterodactyls, it was branching out in another direction towards the ancestors of the true birds. In the curious Lithographic Slate of Solenhofen we have preserved for us a great number of fossil forms with an extraordinary degree of perfection; and among these are several which help us on greatly from the reptilian to the avian structure. The Lithographic Slate is a member of the upper oolitic formation, and it is worked, as its name implies, for the purpose of producing stones for the process of lithography. But the same properties which make the slate in its present condition take so readily the impress of a letter or a sketch, made it in its earlier condition take the impress of the various organisms embedded as they fell in its soft mud. Even the forms and petals of early flowers washed down by floods into the half-formed mud-bank, have been thus preserved for us with wonderful minuteness. Most interesting of all for our present purpose, however, are the bones of contemporary reptiles and birds which this nature-printing rock encloses for the behoof of modern naturalists. One

such reptile, known as compsognathus, may be regarded as filling among its own class the place filled amongst existing mammals by the kangaroo. It was a rather swan-like erect saurian, standing gracefully on its hind paws, with its fore-legs free, and probably dragging its round tail behind it on the ground as a support to steady its gait. The neck was long and arched, and the head small and bird-like in shape; but the jaws are armed with sharp and powerful teeth, as in the pterodactyls. Altogether, compsognathus must have looked in outward appearance not at all unlike such birds as the auks and penguins, though its real structural affinities lie rather with the emus and cassowaries. The apteryx or kiwi of New Zealand, which is a bird that does not fly, because it has no wings worth mentioning to fly with, approaches even nearer in the combination of both points to this very bird-like oolitic reptile.

www.libtool.com.cn

Even compsognathus himself, however, though very closely allied to the true birds, cannot be held to stand as an actual point in the progressive pedigree, because in the very same Solenhofen slates we find a real feathered bird in person. Accordingly, as the two were thus contemporaries, the one could not possibly be the direct ancestor of the other. Nevertheless, it is certainly from some form very closely resembling compsognathus that the true birds are descended. We have only to suppose such a reptile to acquire forestine habits, and to begin jumping freely from tree to tree, in order to set up the series of changes by which a true bird might be produced. But the first historical bird of which we know anything, the archæopteryx of the Solenhofen slate, still remains in many points essentially a reptile. It is only bird-like in two main particulars; its possession of rudimentary wings, and its possession of feathers. From the popular point of view, these two particulars are decisive in favour of its being considered a bird; but its anatomical structure is sufficient to make it at least half a reptile; and eminent authorities have differed (with their usual acrimony) as to whether it ought properly to be called a bird-like saurian or a lizard-like bird. There is nothing like a mere question of words such as this to set scientific men or theologians roundly by the ears for half a century together.

Archæopteryx, then, is just compsognathus provided with rude wings and feathers, but in most other respects a good lizard. Unlike all modern birds, it has a long tail composed of twenty separate vertebræ; and opposite each vertebra stand two stout quill feathers, so that instead of forming a fan, as in our own

pigeons and turkeys, they form a long pinnate series like the leaflets of yonder palm-branch. These feathers, like all others, show traces of their origin from the scales of lizards. Moreover, in the jaw are planted some small conical teeth, the like of which of course exist in no living bird. The skeleton is for the most part reptilian; and though the legs are bird-like, they are not much more so than those of compsognathus, an unmixed reptile. Even the wings are more like the fore-legs, and could only be used for flight by the aid of a side membrane. Accordingly, we may say that we have lithographed for us in archæopteryx a specimen of the intermediate state, when reptiles were just in the very act of passing into birds. The scales and protuberances on the body had already developed into feathers; the fore-legs had already developed into rude and imperfect wings, and the feet had become decidedly bird-like; but as yet there was only a very small breast-bone, the tail remained in internal structure like that of a lizard, the jaws still contained pointed teeth, and the wing ended in a three-toed hand, while flight was probably as rudimentary as in the flying lemur and the flying squirrel. Nowhere in the organic series has geology supplied us with a better missing link than this uncouth and half-formed creature, nature's first tentative rough draft of the beautiful and exquisitely adapted modern birds.

Such an animal, once introduced, was sure to undergo further modification, to fit it more perfectly for its new sphere of action. In the first place, the tail was sure to grow shorter and shorter, by stress of natural selection, because a more fan-like organ would act better as a rudder to steer the flight than the long lizard-like tail of archæopteryx. In the second place, the general bony structure was sure to grow better adapted for flight, by the development of some such feature as the keeled breast-bone, and the general modification of the other parts (especially the wing) into better correspondence with their new function. At the same time, it must not be supposed that all intermediate birds would lose their reptilian features equally and symmetrically. Some for a time might retain one lizard-like peculiarity, say the teeth, and some might retain another, say sundry anatomical points in the structure of the skeleton. It was long indeed before the whole tribe of birds acquired the entire set of traits which we now regard as characteristic of their class. During the intervening period they kept varying in all directions, tentatively if one may say so, and thus the early forms of birds differ far more among

themselves than do any modern members of the feathered kingdom. In other words, when the full bird type was finally evolved, it proved so much better adapted to its airy mode of life than any other and earlier creature, that it lived down not only the rude reptilian pterodactyls, but also the simpler primæval forms of birds themselves: exactly as civilised European man is now living down, not only the elephants and buffaloes, but the Red Indian and the Australian black fellow as well.

www.libtool.com.cn

Some of the varying primæval forms have been preserved for us as fossils in the chalk deposits of the Western States, which are of course later in date than the oolitic slates of Solenhofen, where we find the compsognathus and his cousin the archæopteryx. One of these first sketches, the ichthyornis, has a row of teeth in each jaw, and displays another strikingly early reptilian or fish-like peculiarity in the joints of its back-bone, which are cup-shaped or hollow on either side, exactly like those of a cod. This strange bird must have resembled an emu in many respects, and it might easily have devoured the large ganoid fish of this period with its formidable jaws. Still more reptilian in some particulars is the hesperornis, also found in the western American chalk. Hesperornis was a huge swimming ostrich, and it had pointed teeth like a crocodile's, set in a groove running down the jawbone. They were supported on stout fangs, in the same way as the teeth of its reptilian allies, the mosasaurians. Like the ostrich, hesperornis had a broad breast-bone, but this breast-bone was destitute of a keel, as is still the case in all the ostrich family. The wings were also very imperfect, like those of the cassowaries. In its tail, hesperornis resembled its predecessor, archæopteryx, so far as regards the lizard-like separateness of the vertebræ, except at the extreme end, where they were slightly massed together into the first resemblance of a ploughshare bone, such as the one I hold in my hand. Thus these two intermediate birds of the chalk period, though slightly more bird-like than their cousins of the oolitic age, still retained, each in its own way, many unmistakable relics of their descent from reptilian or almost amphibian ancestors. As usual, the further back we go, the more do we find all the lines converging towards a common centre.

The primitive teeth died slowly and gradually out as time went on. In the still later eocene deposits of the London clay in the Isle of Sheppey, we find the remains of a true bird, known as odontopteryx, in which the teeth have entirely coalesced with the beak, and have assumed the form of bony projections. Strict

biologists will tell us that these projections are not teeth at all, because true teeth are not bony in structure, and are developed from the skin of the gums. But such hair-splitting distinctions are of little value from the evolutionary point of view; the really important fact to observe is this, that while hesperornis has teeth in a groove, reptile fashion, ichthyornis has teeth in distinct sockets, mammal fashion, and odontopteryx has them reduced to bony projections from the bill, in a fashion all its own, thus leading the way to modern birds, in which the teeth are wholly wanting, and the bill alone remains. Indeed, among our existing kinds there are some which still keep up some dim memory of the odontopteryx stage; for the merganser, a swimming fish-eating bird, has bony ridges on its bill, which help it to grasp its prey; and the South American leaf-cutter has a double set of bony bosses on its beak and palate.

The most apparently distinctive feature of birds lies in the fact that they fly. It is this that gives them their feathers, their wings, and their peculiar bony structure. And yet, truism as such a statement sounds, there are a great many birds that do not fly: and it is among these terrestrial or swimming kinds that we must look for the nearest modern approaches to the primitive bird type. From the very beginning, birds had to endure the fierce competition of the mammals, which had been developed at a slightly earlier period; and they have for the most part taken almost entirely to the air, where alone they possess a distinct superiority over their mammalian compeers. There are certain spots, however, where mammals have been unable to penetrate, as in oceanic islands; and there are certain other spots which were insulated for a long period from the great continents, so that they possessed none of the higher classes of mammals, as in the case of Australia, South America, New Zealand, and South Africa. In these districts, terrestrial birds had a chance which they had not in the great circumpolar land tract, now divided into two portions, North America on the west, and Asia and Europe on the east. It is in Australia and the southern extremities of America and Africa, therefore, that we must look for the most antiquated forms of birds still surviving in the world at the present day.

The decadent and now almost extinct order of struthious birds, to which ostriches and cassowaries belong, supplies us with the best examples of such antique forms. These birds are all distinguished from every other known species, except the transitional

Solenhofen creature and a few other old types, by the fact that they have no keel to the flat breast-bone: a peculiarity which at once marks them out as not adapted for flight. Every-one whose anatomical studies have been carried on as far as the carving www.libtool.com.cn of a chicken or a pheasant for dinner knows that the two halves of the breast are divided by a sharp keel or edge protruding from the breast-bone; but in the ostrich and their allies such a keel is wanting, and the breast-bone is rounded and blunt. At one time these flat-chested birds were widely distributed over the whole world; for they are found in fossil forms from China to Peru; but as the mammalian race increased and multiplied and replenished the earth, only the best adapted keeled birds were able to hold their own against these four-legged competitors in the great continents. Thus the gigantic ostriches of the Isle of Sheppey and the great divers of the Western States died slowly out, leaving all their modern kindred to inhabit the less progressive southern hemisphere alone. Even there, the monstrous æpyornis, a huge stalking wingless bird, disappeared from Madagascar in the tertiary age, while the great moa of New Zealand, after living down to almost historical times, fell a victim at last to that very aggressive and hungry mammal, the Maori himself. This almost reduces the existing struthious types to three small and scattered colonies, in Australasia, South Africa, and South America respectively, though there are still probably a few ostriches left in some remote parts of the Asiatic continent.

The Australian ostrich kind are in many respects the most archaic and peculiar of all. Strangest among them is the kiwi or apteryx of New Zealand, that almost wholly wingless bird who may be seen any morning at the Zoo, gravely stalking up and down, like an important political prisoner, within the small enclosure to which tyrannical circumstances have temporarily confined him. The kiwi has feathers which closely resemble hair in texture, and his wings are so very rudimentary that they can only be properly observed at a post-mortem examination. His bones have no air-canals, and some of his internal anatomy is very abnormal. The cassowaries of the Papuan district are somewhat more bird-like in type, but they also preserve many antique features, especially in the relative smallness of the head and brain compared with the general size of the whole body. The Australian emus approach more closely to the true ostriches, and their feathers are far more feathery than those of the cassowary. In both these classes, however, the small and functionless

wings are destitute of plumes, which are only represented by a few stiff horny shafts. The true ostriches, including both the familiar African species and the South American rheas, have real wings with real feathers in them, though they can only use them to aid them in running, and not for the purpose of flight. They are therefore the most bird-like of their order, with small wings and very feathery plumes. We may fairly regard all these keelless and often almost wingless birds—the kiwis, cassowaries, emus, and ostriches—as the last survivors of a very ancient group, immediately descended from ancestors not unlike the toothed hesperornis, and never forced by circumstances to develop into the full avian type represented by the swallows, hawks, and herons. All of them are strictly terrestrial in their habits; none of them can fly in even the slightest degree; and the feathers of the most developed among them invariably lack the tiny barbules or small hooks which bind together the cross barbs in the feathers of the flying bird, so as to form a compact and resisting blade. It is this looseness of the cross barbs which gives ostrich plumes their light and fluffy appearance; while, pushed to an extreme in the cassowary and the kiwi, it makes the plumage of those ugly birds approximate in character to the hair of mammals. Though from the human and decorative point of view we may admire the fluffiness of ostrich plumes, it is obvious that, looked upon as a question of relative development, such loose floating barbs are far less advanced in type than the firm and tightly interlocked quill feathers of a goose or a raven, with which alone sustained flight is possible.

www.tbtool.com.cn

Except in such isolated countries where higher mammals do not, or did not till lately, exist, the power of flight, once acquired, was sure to be developed in a high degree. For the possession of feathers gives birds an advantage in this respect which enables even the little sparrows to hold their own in the midst of our crowded cities. Hence all other modern birds, except these lingering ostrich-like creatures, have keeled breast-bones, which imply their descent from forms adapted to true flight. They are linked to the ostriches, however, and therefore to the still earlier toothed ancestral types, by the South American tinamous, which are intermediate in various anatomical points (too intricate for a lazy man to go into here and now), between the two classes. Put briefly, one may say that these partridge-like Paraguayan birds are ostriches in the bones of their head, but game birds in those of the breast and body. This line of descent seems to lead us up

directly towards the cocks and hens, the pheasants, and the other scrapers. There are more marks of a primitive organisation, however, among the penguins, which are almost wingless swimming birds, belonging nearly to the same class as the ducks and geese; and we have reason otherwise to consider the penguins a very early form, since fowls resembling them in many particulars have been unearthed in the upper greensand. Here the wings are reduced to small rudiments, covered with bristly scale-like feathers, and so rigid that they can be only moved in the mass like fins by a single joint at the base. They are used, in fact, exactly in the same way as the flappers in seals, to assist the bird in diving. The habitual erect attitude of the penguins strongly recalls that of their reptilian ally, compsognathus. From such an incomplete form as this, the gap is not great to the equally erect auks, the guillemots, the grebes, and other webfooted divers, which have short pointed wings with true quills, but without any extended power of flight. Some species, indeed, cannot fly at all, though the puffins and many other kinds can steer their way through the air with comparative ease. Thence to the cormorants, gulls, and ducks the transitions are slight and easy. We are thus led insensibly from almost wingless erect birds, like the penguins, through winged, but mainly swimming forms like the auks and divers, to creatures with such marvellous powers of flight as the frigate-birds, the petrels, and the albatrosses, which pass almost their whole life upon the wing. It must be remembered, however, that in this line of descent the comparatively wingless forms must be regarded as somewhat degenerate representatives of flying ancestors; for the presence of a keeled breast-bone almost conclusively proves hereditary connection with fully winged progenitors.

By far the greater number of modern birds belong to the still more strictly aerial orders of the perchers, the peckers, and the birds of prey. In almost all these cases, the power of flight is highly developed, and the bird type reaches its highest ideal point of typical excellence. Among the perchers, this perfection of form is best seen in the swallows, whose ceaseless and graceful curved evolutions everybody has seen with his own eyes; while among tropical varieties of the same type the birds of paradise, the sunbirds, and the orioles are the most conspicuous. Among the peckers, our own swifts closely simulate the swallow type, while their American relatives, the humming birds, in spite of their small size, possess a power of rapid flitting and of lightly poising

themselves in front of flowers which makes them in some ways the very fullest existing embodiment of the avian ideal. To the same order belong also those most intelligent of all birds, the parrots, whose large heads and crafty eyes mark them at once as the opposite pole from the small-browed, dull-eyed, stupid cassowaries. With them must be ranked the toucans, the barbets, the king-fishers, the trogons, and whole hosts of other beautiful southern creatures, among which the feathers have been variously modified into the most exquisite ornamental devices. As for the birds of prey, the eagles, vultures, falcons, hawks, owls, and ospreys must suffice by way of example.

Even among these central groups of birds, which have varied most and developed furthest from the primitive reptilian character, there are many kinds which retain here and there some small and isolated peculiarities of the ancestral forms. For example, among the duck-like birds, as we have already seen, a single group, that of the mergansers, still keeps up some faint memory of the original sharp teeth in the shape of a few horny projections along the edge of the beak. The tooth-billed pigeon of Samoa, a close relation of that early and extinct form the dodo, has also some rudiments of horny teeth; and the South American leaf-cutters, a primitive set of songless perchers, possess somewhat similar relics of the lost fangs. So, too, our earliest known bird, the archæopteryx, had three free claws on its fore limb or undeveloped wing; and traces of such claws turn up in sundry unconnected birds even now, no doubt by reversion to the almost forgotten ancestral type. In all modern birds, one of the three fingers which make up the pinion still remains free; and in some species this finger supports an evident claw, sometimes used as a spur for the purpose of fighting. In many thrushes a rudiment of this claw may be perceived in the shape of a small tubercle or knob at the end of the wing, thus pointing back directly to some remote four-footed and claw-bearing reptilian ancestor. Several plovers have spurs; and so has the spur-winged goose; while the horned screamer has two on each wing, which he uses with great effect in battling with his rivals. The Australian brush-turkeys have also the rudiment or last relic of a primitive pinion-claw.

There is another way in which modern birds still partially recall the peculiarities of their reptilian ancestors, and that is in the course of their individual development within the egg. No adult existing bird has all the bones of the tail distinct and separate, like those of the archæopteryx; the last joints are all

firmly welded together into a solid expanded piece, known from its queer shape as a ploughshare bone, such as the one which I am holding in my hand as the text for this discourse. The use of the ploughshare bone is to support the fan-like quill feathers of the tail, and also to shelter the oil-glands with whose contents the birds preen and dress their shining plumage, to secure them against the evil effects of damp or rain. But while the young chick is in the egg, all its tail bones still remain separate, as in the ancestral lizard-like bird and the still earlier ancestral lizard; it is only as the development of the embryo progresses that they become firmly united, as in modern forms. In other words, every young bird begins forming its tail as if it meant to be an archæopteryx, and only afterwards so far changes its mind as to become a crow or a sparrow. Similarly, no adult existing bird has true teeth; but the young of certain parrots show in the egg a set of peculiar little swellings inside the jaw, known as dental papillæ, and commonly found as the first stage of teeth in other animals. Moreover, these swellings are actually covered by a thin coat of dentine, the material of which true teeth are made. So here again the young parrot begins its development as though it meant to start a set of conical fangs in its jaw like those of the archæopteryx, but afterwards changes its mind and contents itself with a bill instead. Such symptoms as these point back surely though remotely to a far distant reptilian ancestry.

It is worth while noting, too, that the links which bind the birds to the reptiles, bind them also in part to the lower mammals. For the lowest existing mammal is that curious Australian creature known to the rough-and-ready classification of the colonists as the water-mole, and rejoicing in the various scientific aliases of the ornithorhyncus and the duck-billed platypus. Unsophisticated English people know the animal best, however, as 'the beast with a bill.' Now, there are many close resemblances between this strange Australian burrower, on the one hand, and such antiquated forms of birds as the New Zealand kiwi on the other. In many particulars, too, the water-mole recalls the structure of reptiles, and especially of the ichthyosaurus. In short, it is at once the most bird-like and the most reptile-like of mammals. Hence we may fairly conclude that birds and mammals are both descended by divergent lines from a single common reptilian ancestry. For, on the one hand, the kiwi, an early type of nocturnal bird, preserved for us in isolated New Zealand, has some marked reptilian and mammalian affinities, not only in the

external character of its hair-like feathers, but also in the more important structural points of its diaphragm, its movable vertebræ, and its keelless breast-bone, which are questions rather for the professed anatomist than for mere idle loungers basking lazily in the sun on a Provençal hill-side. And, on the other hand, the ornithorhyncus, an early type of burrowing aquatic mammal, preserved for us in isolated Australia, has marked reptilian affinities in its bony structure, and in the teeth implanted on its tongue; while it has also marked resemblances to the ducks and other swimming birds in the external features of its horny bill and webbed feet, besides being still more closely related to them in many of its less obvious anatomical peculiarities.

www.libtool.com.cn

Birds, then, may be roughly described as reptiles with feathers. Professor Huxley was the first to see the real closeness of the connection between the two groups, and to unite them under a common name as Sauropsida. Strictly speaking, the only constant difference between them, the only one distinctive character of birds as a class, is the possession of feathers; and if, like uncompromising Karl Vogt, we insist upon calling archæopteryx a reptile, because of its anatomical peculiarities, even this solitary distinction must vanish utterly, leaving us no point of difference at all between the two classes. It must be remembered, of course, that all the other characters which we always have in our mind as part of the abstract idea of a bird are either not constant or not peculiar to birds alone. For instance, we usually think of a bird as a flying animal; but then, on the one hand, many birds, such as the ostriches, kiwis, penguins, and dodos, do not or did not fly at all; and on the other hand, many other creatures, such as the bats, flying squirrels, flying lemurs, pterodactyls, dragon-lizards, and butterflies, do or did once fly just as much as the birds. So with their other peculiarities: their habit of laying eggs descends to them from fish and reptiles; their nest-building propensities, which are wanting in some birds, are found in the Australian water-mole, in field-mice, and even in stickleback; and their horny bill, which is almost confined to them, nevertheless occurs again in the ornithorhyncus and in many turtles. In short, every other apparently distinctive point about birds except the possession of feathers either breaks down on examination or else descends to them directly from early unbirdlike ancestors. And the first feathered creature of which we know anything, archæopteryx, was at least as much of a reptile as of a bird.

GRANT ALLEN.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Clerke's Tale.

IT was a suffocating evening early in August, and I left my work at the Foreign Office to plod home to dinner through the dusty Parks in the worst spirits. The wrongs of a junior clerk whose long-promised holiday had just been snatched away from him on the eve of fulfilment were boiling in me; I felt that they cried out for justice in a free country. Everything was prepared for this month's leave which was to have begun next day. My father had taken a house on one of the most attractive slopes above Grasmere, and the family residence in Lancaster Gate already bore that denuded and forlorn appearance which precedes a general domestic flight. We had breakfasted gaily, pic-nic fashion, with old and inadequate implements; we had prophesied with unabated cheerfulness dining with still fewer of the appliances of civilisation, the family plate being not lost but gone before to Grasmere. The house was in as uncomfortable a state as much packing and putting away could make it, for my people intended to spend between two and three months at 'Emerald Bank.' Here was I, with my wings outspread for flight, caught back and doomed to remain in solitude, with dismantled rooms and furniture lurking under dust sheets for company, and all because an unstable senior clerk suddenly declared that his health demanded instant change of air, instead of waiting to take his holiday later on as he had intended. The tale of woe is not complete, for Olga Fielding, to whom I had been but three weeks betrothed, was coming with us to Grasmere, and we had promised ourselves a month of unalloyed bliss amongst the Westmoreland hills before she was obliged to go back to her filial duties in Copenhagen. There, as her mother was dead, she had to preside over all matters social and domestic in her father's extensive establishment.

Gracious heavens! what an ill-arranged planet is this, and what a disorganised constitution was that miserable T.'s, to choose such a moment to be out of repair! In the first week of September Olga would have to follow her father, who had returned to Copenhagen, and we should meet no more till after Christmas. Was it

not enough to make a worm blaspheme? and the bang I gave the hall door on entering covered a vigorous expression of feeling.

Well, the news was broken to a dismayed and sympathetic circle. Olga, who had hitherto professed to consider me as likely to prove a very small addition to the natural features of the lake scenery, was quite overcome; there was some small balm in that. My mother was very unhappy. Even Barbara, the youngest of the family, and strong in the scorn of seventeen for matters of sentiment, forbore to jibe, and gave utterance to violent exclamations of regret, coupled with equally violent abuse of vague persons unknown.

My father, after the first natural shock of disgust, endeavoured to console me with unpalatable philosophy and the cold light of reason, remedies which always seem to be an insult offered to affliction, when applied to one's own case. 'It's hard on you, Harry, my boy, no doubt, and I'm sorry for it,' he said, in that sobering tone which strikes a chill through the greatest moments of excitement, and makes all previous emotion appear annoyingly ridiculous; 'but now you have entered on the serious duties of life, you can't learn too soon that work and not play is the object of a man's life. I'm not at all sure that——' 'Ah! how hor-r-r-rible,' broke in the soft voice of my betrothed, with the pretty careful intonation, and long-drawn ripple of the *r* which she had inherited from her Danish mother: 'dear Mr. Richardson, do not let us be reasonable to-night. What is the use of being British subjects if we may not have a great grumble? No, that poor boy is very badly treated, and it is all *fr-r-rightful!*' And my lady, unclasping her eloquent hands, approached the iron-grey parent for whom our affection had always been largely tempered with respect, and flinging one arm tightly round his neck, laid her pretty head with its crown of bronze ripples confidingly on his robust black cloth shoulder.

My father no doubt experienced a slight shock; he was unaccustomed to such audacious treatment from the young. But he liked it, he certainly liked it; and planting a firm parental salute on the breezy coils, he left us to pour out our mutual woe at leisure.

That night I found it impossible to sleep. The atmosphere was so close and oppressive there seemed to be no air to breathe, and a dull feeling of undefined apprehension haunted me persistently through long hours of wakefulness and miserable brief dozes, refusing to be charmed away by the voice of reason. Hag-

gard, unrefreshed, and still conscious of the same vague foreboding clawing at my heart, I left that bed of suffering at an unwonted hour in the morning, and descended to the library, now a desert of bare boards, dotted about with precipitous islands under dusty cloths. Here a pipe, that unfailing comforter of dejected manhood, restored some balance to my disordered mind, but I still felt very depressed and was preparing to go forth and seek the restorative dear to every unhinged Briton, an early swim, when the door opened, and to my amazement Olga glided into the room, pale and drooping, with dark lines under her brown eyes. After mutual exclamations and greetings, I demanded the reason of her wan and dejected appearance. She did not answer at first, but turned her face away and tormented the braid on her travelling dress in silence. 'Well, if you *will* know, dear friend,' she said at last, with a charming gesture of resignation, 'I think your old Foreign Office has bewitched me. No, it is that unhappy T., who has the evil eye, for I have a feeling as if some danger was hanging over you, and I could not sleep all night for it. Oh, Harry!' continued the impetuous damsel, suddenly throwing aside the dignity with which she was wont to treat me, now that the worst was out, 'come away with us to-day. Never mind a thousand governments and clerkships! I will not go without you. Something dreadful will happen; you feel *it too*. You look fit for the hangman yourself.' It took me a long while to restore Olga to calmness. I laughed at her prognostications and was careful to betray no similar feelings on my own part. She was more or less convinced at last of the utter ruin it would be to my future prospects to desert my post, and we were reasonably resigned if not cheered by breakfast time.

Well, I saw them all off from Euston Station, and trailed away, a hapless victim, to my dreary task in the exalted gloom of Whitehall. That day seemed interminable; yet there was nothing to look forward to at the end of it, and still with the previous night's weight on my spirits, I started on my way back to the howling wilderness in Lancaster Gate.

Near Hyde Park Corner, where very few carriages remained to make hay of the dust, I was startled from melancholy reflection by a great bang on the back. Turning sharply round I confronted that athletic giant Jack Oliver, who had been at the same college as myself, and whom I had not met since we took our respective degrees at Oxford three years before. At Oriel I had been wont to write Jack down an ass, because his invariably boisterous spirits and perpetual athletics were at times a perfect nuisance, but in

www.libtool.com.cn

my present forlorn condition his jolly face and infectious laugh were a real godsend.

We dined at the Club together, and afterwards went to the theatre, then smoked a pipe or two in company at Oliver's lodgings, so that it was towards one o'clock when I left him to return to Lancaster Gate. Walking along under the Park railings, the trees made occasional ghostly rustlings overhead; the air was very still and heavy in expectation of a travelling thunderstorm. The tall shut-up houses facing the Park looked as forbidding as so many mausoleums in the moonlight, and only the footsteps of a stray wayfarer here and there, or the welcome rattle of an occasional hansom, broke the strange stillness.

All the uncomfortable feelings of the last twenty-four hours, temporarily thrust back by Oliver's cheerful company, returned with overwhelming force. Indignant at being so befooled by what I declared to myself must be a dyspeptic imagination (though my acquaintance with dyspepsia was happily of the slightest), I argued fiercely with my own folly; but all in vain, that indescribable dead weight of apprehension still crushed my spirits. The senseless sense of unseen danger grew stronger at every yard. I was ready to roar for very disquietude of spirit. 'Confound it all,' I almost shouted, 'this is beyond a joke! What an abject piece of imbecility, for a man who has always flattered himself on having too much reason to fall a prey to any superstitious delusions whatever! I must be ill; if things go on like this to-morrow I shall give in, and go to old Burrows (the family Æsculapius) to be put together again.'

Meanwhile every step forward appeared to grow more and more difficult. A sudden sound of footsteps close behind most unaccountably paralysed my powers of locomotion, and filled me with a horrible dread. This was monstrous, with a kind of groan of disgust and misery over my own decrepitude, I resolutely turned round and waited till the steps reached me.

Merciful Heaven! What was this that came up, brushed past me and went on? My brain reeled, a cold perspiration broke out on my forehead, for, frantic as it may sound, it was *myself* that I saw go by. My exact image and counterpart came towards me, looked me full in the face with cold indifferent eyes, differing from mine only in their expression at the moment, and passed on, brushing me with the sleeve of a light overcoat, exactly like the one I wore. I noted with despairing recognition on the creature's left hand, which was raised, holding the unbuttoned flap of his

coat in front of him (a favourite trick of mine) the very ring Olga had given me a week ago, and which was also on my finger at that moment.

For one long minute I stood stupefied with horror, the next I darted forwards after that terribly familiar form, which crossed the street and went on towards our door. I felt sure that I must be mad, or in the clutches of some hideous nightmare. Oh! for some power to shake it off, and awake. But no! the area railings had a firm and chill reality when I touched them. My footsteps and those others sounded all too solidly on the deserted pavement. I even caught myself deliriously smiling at a peculiar trick of walking in the thing in front, with which Barbara had often taunted me. It was an extraordinary opportunity of seeing oneself as others see one, but what mortal could have availed himself of it under such circumstances?

I staggered on behind—*him*, unable to diminish the twenty yards or so that separated us. Would he stop at No. 204? The suspense was almost intolerable. He did. He disappeared through the door, though the only surviving family latch-key was in my hand. When I reached the door it was shut, and bore no signs of any unusual treatment. I *could* not go in; I could not follow into the house, and run the risk of meeting *that* on the dark stairs. A horror unspeakable had taken possession of my senses; I turned and fled, and spent uncounted hours in walking about the silent streets and squares, unconscious of the lapse of time.

The early sunshine aroused and cheered my scattered wits. Gradually the sounds of common life awakening brought back my reasoning faculties; the discordant cry of that bird of dawn, the early sweep, was as music in my ears, and seemed to make the dreadful night fade into remoteness and unreality.

I made my way back to Lancaster Gate, footsore and exhausted. The milkman was driving merrily up and down; when I reached our doorsteps, it seemed a year since I had last ascended them. I rushed up to my room; it was of course empty, the bed untouched. But—on the pillow and turned-down sheet, exactly where my head and shoulders would have been in the natural course of things, lay the ruins of a large bust, the Hermes, which had been wont to stand on a bracket over the head of the bed. This bracket my mother had frequently entreated me to replace by a firmer support; it had given way at last under the ponderous weight of the bust, which striking against the iron rail of the bed, had broken into the two or three murderous portions that reposed

on the pillow and sheet, the bracket only having chosen to glance off on to the floor. Had I been there Hermes must certainly have crushed my skull.

Thrilled with fresh emotion, but too exhausted then to meditate long over the event, I went slowly down to the dining-room, and fell asleep on the sofa. The old charwoman who appeared later with my breakfast, told me she had been startled by hearing a loud crash in the night, soon after the clock had struck one, but having been only half awake at the time, she had concluded it was the thunder of my boots being thrown out to await the morning's cleaning. She was now, however, much excited about it, and disposed to revel in a tragedy. I told her that I found the statue fallen on my bed, and that as it took three men to move it in a general way, I had been obliged to content myself with the sofa. The brief and matter-of-fact tone of my explanations quite failed to quell her exclamations of wonder and amazement, and she was not to be debarred from the pleasure of gloating over all the details of the tragedy which had been averted.

Since that night all has gone well with us. My blessed chief at the Foreign Office fcund means to let me go in a day or two, and our time at Grasmere was all we had expected it to be. After Christmas, to our great joy, Mr. Fielding gave up his house at Copenhagen, and came to live in London. Olga and I were married the following summer, and we have never again been disturbed by presentiments, apparitions, or any other subjects worthy to exercise the industry of the Society for Psychical Research.

M. C. VACHELL.

www.libtool.com.cn

Madam.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

A LARGE drawing-room in a country house, in the perfect warmth, stillness and good order of after-dinner, awaiting the ladies coming in; the fire perfection, reflecting itself in all the polished brass and steel and tiles of the fireplace: the atmosphere just touched with the scent of the flowers on the tables; the piano open, with candles lit upon it: some pretty work laid out upon a stand near the fire, books on another, ready for use, velvet curtains drawn. The whole softly, fully lighted, a place full of every gentle luxury and comfort in perfection—the scene prepared, waiting only the actors in it.

It is curious to look into a centre of life like this, all ready for the human affairs about to be transacted there. Tragedy or comedy, who can tell which?—the clash of human wills, the encounter of hearts, or perhaps only that serene blending of kindred tastes and inclinations which makes domestic happiness. Who was coming in? A fair mother, with a flock of girls fairer still, a beautiful wife adding the last grace to the beautiful place? some fortunate man's crown of well-being and happiness, the nucleus of other happy homes to come?

A pause: the fire only crackling now and then, a little burst of flame puffing forth, the clock on the mantelpiece chiming softly. Then there entered alone a young lady about eighteen, in the simple white dinner dress of a home party, a tall slight girl, with smooth brown hair, and eyes for the moment enlarged with anxiety and troubled meaning. She came in not as the daughter of the house in ordinary circumstances comes in, to take her pleasant place, and begin her evening occupation whatever it may be. Her step was almost stealthy, like that of a pioneer, investigating anxiously if all was safe in a place full of danger. Her eyes, with the lids curved over them in an anxiety almost despairing, seemed to plunge into and search through and through the absolute tran-

quillity of this peaceful place. Then she said in a half-whisper, the intense tone of which was equal to a cry, 'Mother!' Nothing stirred: the place was so warm, so perfect, so happy; while this one human creature stood on the threshold gazing—as if it had a desert full of nothing but trouble and terror. She stood thus only for a moment and then disappeared. It was a painful intrusion, suggestive of everything that was most alien to the sentiment of the place: when she withdrew it fell again into that soft beaming of warmth and brightness waiting for the warmer interest to come.

The doorway in which she had stood for that momentary inspection, which was deep in a solid wall, with two doors, in case any breath of cold should enter, opened into a hall, very lofty and fine, a sort of centre to the quiet house. Here the light was dimmer, the place being deserted, though it had an air of habitation, and the fire still smouldered in the huge chimney, round which chairs were standing. Sounds of voices muffled by closed doors and curtains came from the further side where the dining-room was. The young lady shrank from this as if her noiseless motion could have been heard over the sounds of the male voices there. She hurried along to the other end of the hall, which lay in darkness with a glimmer of pale sky showing between the pillars from without. The outer doors were not yet shut. The inner glass door showed this paleness of night, with branches of trees tossing against a grey heaven full of flying clouds—the strangest weird contrast to all the warmth and luxury within. The girl shivered as she came in sight of that dreary outer world. This was the opening of the park in front of the house, a width of empty space, and beyond it the commotion of the wind, the stormy show of the coursing clouds. She went close to the door and gazed out, pressing her forehead against the glass, and searching the darkness, as she had done the light, with anxious eyes. She stood so for about five minutes, and then she breathed an impatient sigh. 'What is the good?' she said to herself half aloud.

Here something stirred near her which made her start, at first with an eager movement of hope. Then a low voice said—'No good at all, Miss Rosalind. Why should you mix yourself up with what's no concern of yours?'

Rosalind had started violently when she recognised the voice, but subdued herself while the other spoke. She answered, with quiet self-restraint: 'Is it you, Russell? What are you doing

here? You will make it impossible for me to do anything for you if you forget your own place!'

'I am doing what my betters are doing, Miss Rosalind—looking out for Madam, just as you are.'

'How dare you say such things? I——am looking out to see what sort of night it is. It is very stormy. Go away at once. You have no right to be here!'

www.libtool.com.cn

'I've been here longer than most folks—longer than them that has the best opinion of themselves;—longer than——'

'Me perhaps,' said Rosalind. 'Yes, I know—you came before I was born; but you know what folly this is. Mamma,' the girl said, with a certain tremor and hesitation, 'will be very angry if she finds you here.'

'I wish, Miss Rosalind, you'd have a little more respect for yourself. It goes against me to hear you say mamma. And your own dear mamma, that should have been lady of everything——'

'Russell, I wish you would not be such a fool! My poor little mother that died when I was born. And you to keep up a grudge like this for so many years!'

'And will, whatever you may say,' cried the woman, under her breath; 'and will, till I die, or till one of us——'

'Go upstairs,' said Rosalind peremptorily, 'at once! What have you to do here? I don't think you are safe in the house. If I had the power I should send you away.'

'Miss Rosalind, you are as cruel as—— You have no heart. Me, that nursed you, and watched over you——'

'It is too terrible a price to pay,' cried the girl, stamping her foot on the floor. 'Go! I will not have you here. If mamma finds you when she comes downstairs——'

The woman laughed. 'She will ask what you are doing here, Miss Rosalind. It will not be only me she'll fly out upon. What are you doing here? Who's outside that interests you so? It interests us both, that's the truth; only I am the one that knows the best.'

Rosalind's white figure flew across the faint light. She grasped the shoulder of the dark shadow, almost invisible in the gloom. 'Go!' she cried in her ear, pushing Russell before her; the onslaught was so sudden and vehement, that the woman yielded and disappeared reluctantly, gliding away by one of the passages that led to the other part of the house. The girl stood panting and excited in the brief sudden fury of her passion, a miserable sense of failing faith and inability to explain to herself the circumstances in which

she was, heightening the fervour of her indignation. Were Russell's suspicions true? Had she been in the right all along? Those who take persistently the worst view of human nature are, alas! so often in the right. And what is there more terrible than the passion of defence and apology for one whom the heart begins to doubt? The girl was young, and in her rage and pain could scarcely keep herself from those vehement tears which are the primitive attribute of passion. How calm she could have been had she been quite, quite sure! How she had laughed at Russell's prejudices in the old days when all was well. She had even excused Russell, feeling that after all it was pretty of her nurse to return continually to the image of her first mistress—Rosalind's own mother—and that in the uneducated mind the prepossession against a stepmother, the wrath with which the woman saw her own nursling supplanted, had a sort of feudal flavour which was rather agreeable than otherwise.

www.libtool.com.cn

Rosalind had pardoned Russell as Mrs. Trevanion herself had pardoned her. So long as all was well: so long as there was nothing mysterious, nothing that baffled the spectator in the object of Russell's animadversions. But now something had fallen into life which changed it altogether. To defend those we love from undeserved accusations is so easy. And in books and plays, and every other exhibition of human nature in fiction, the accused always possesses the full confidence of those who love him. In ordinary cases they will not even hear any explanation of equivocal circumstances—they know that guilt is impossible: it is only those who do not know him who can believe anything so monstrous. Alas! this is not so in common life—the most loving and believing cannot always have that sublime faith. Sometimes doubt and fear gnaw the very souls of those who are the champions, the advocates, the warmest partizans of the accused. This terrible canker had got into Rosalind's being. She loved her step-mother with enthusiasm. She was ready to die in her defence. She would not listen to the terrible murmur in her own heart: but yet it was there. And as she stood and gazed out upon the park, upon the wild bit of stormy sky, with the black tree-tops waving wildly against it, she was miserable, as miserable as a heart of eighteen ever was. Where had Madam gone, hurrying from the dinner-table where she had smiled and talked and given no sign of trouble? She was not in her room, nor in the nursery, nor anywhere that Rosalind could think of. It was in reality a confession of despair, a sort of giving up of

the cause altogether when the girl came to spy out into the wintry world outside and look for the fugitive there.

Rosalind had resisted the impulse to do so for many an evening. She had paused by stealth in the dark window above in the corridor, and blushed for herself and fled from that spy's place. But by force of trouble and doubt and anguish her scruples had been overcome, and now she had accepted for herself this position of spy. If her fears had been verified, and she had seen her mother cross that vacant space and steal into the house, what the better would she have been? But there is in suspicion a wild curiosity, an eagerness for certainty, which grows like a fever. She had come to feel that she must know—whatever happened she must be satisfied—come what would, that would be better than the gnawing of this suspense. And she had another object too. Her father was an invalid, exacting and fretful. If his wife was not ready at his call whenever he wanted her, his displeasure was unbounded: and of late it had happened many times that his wife had not been at his call. The scenes that had followed, the reproaches, the insults even, to which the woman whom she called mother had been subjected, had made Rosalind's heart sick. If she could but see her, hasten her return, venture to call her, to bid her come quick, quick! it would be something. The girl was not philosopher enough to say to herself that Madam would not come a moment the sooner for being thus watched for. It takes a great deal of philosophy to convince an anxious woman of this in any circumstances, and Rosalind was in the pangs of a first trouble, the earliest anguish she had ever known. After she had driven Russell away, she stood with her face pressed against the glass and all her senses gone into her eyes and ears. She heard, she thought, the twitter of the twigs in the wind, the sharp sound now and then of one which broke and fell, which was like a footstep on the path: besides the louder sweep of the tree tops in the wind, and on the other hand the muffled and faint sound of life from the dining-room, every variation in which kept her in alarm.

But it was in vain she gazed; nothing crossed the park except the sweep of the clouds driven along the sky; nothing sounded in the air except the wind, the trees, and sometimes the opening of a distant door or clap of a gate; until the dining-room became more audible, a sound of chairs pushed back and voices rising, warning the watcher. She flew like an arrow through the hall, and burst into the still sanctuary of domestic warmth and tranquillity as if she had been a hunted creature escaping from a

fatal pursuit with her enemies at her heels. Her hands were like ice, her slight figure shivering with cold, yet her heart beating so that she could scarcely draw her breath. All this must disappear before the gentlemen came in. It was Rosalind's first experience in that strange art which comes naturally to a woman, of obliterating herself and her own sensations; but how was she to still her pulse, to restore her colour, to bring warmth to her chilled heart? She felt sure that her misery, her anguish of suspense, her appalling doubts and terrors, must be written in her face; but it was not so. The emergency brought back a rush of the warm blood tingling to her fingers' ends. Oh never, never, through her, must the mother she loved be betrayed! That brave impulse brought colour to her cheek and strength to her heart. She made one or two of those minute changes in the room which a woman always finds occasion for, drawing the card table into a position more exactly like that which her father approved, giving an easier angle to his chair, with a touch moving that of Madam into position as if it had been risen from that moment. Then Rosalind took up the delicate work that lay on the table, and when the gentlemen entered, was seated on a low seat within the circle of the shaded lamp, warm in the glow of the genial fireside, her pretty head bent a little over her pretty industry, her hands busy. She who had been the image of anxiety and unrest a moment before, was now the culminating point of all the soft domestic tranquillity, luxury, boundless content and peace, of which this silent room was the home. She looked up with a smile to greet them as they came in. The brave girl had recovered her sweet looks, her colour, and air of youthful composure and self-possession, by sheer force of will, and strain of the crisis in which she stood to maintain the honour of the family at every hazard. She had been able to do that, but she could not yet for the moment trust herself to speak.

CHAPTER II.

The gentlemen who came into the drawing-room at Highcourt were four in number: the master of the house, his brother, the doctor, and a young man fresh from the university who was a visitor. Mr. Trevanion was an invalid; he had been a tall man, of what is called aristocratic appearance; a man with fine clearly cut features, holding his head high, with an air 'as if all the world

belonged to him.' These fine features were contracted by an expression of fastidious discontent and dissatisfaction which is not unusually associated with such universal proprietorship, and illness had taken the flesh from his bones, and drawn the ivory skin tightly over the high nose and tall narrow forehead. His lips were thin and querulous, his shoulders stooping, his person as thin and angular as human form could be. When he had warmed his ghostly hands at the fire, and seated himself in his accustomed chair, he cast a look round him as if seeking some subject of complaint. His eyes were blue, very cold, deficient in colour, and looked out from amid the puckers of his eyelids with the most unquestionable meaning. They seemed to demand something to object to, and this want is one which is always supplied. The search was but momentary, so that he scarcely seemed to have entered the room before he asked 'Where is your mother?' in a high-pitched querulous voice.

Mr. John Trevanion had followed his brother to the fire and stood now with his back to the blaze looking at Rosalind. His name was not in reality John, but something much more ornamental and refined; but society had availed itself of its well-known propensity in a more judicious manner than usual, and re-christened him with the short and manly monosyllable which suited his character. He was a man who had been a great deal about the world, and had discovered of how little importance was a Trevanion of Highcourt, and yet how it simplified life to possess a well-known name. One of these discoveries without the other is not improving to the character, but taken together the result is mellowing and happy. He was very tolerant, very considerate, a man who judged no one, yet formed very shrewd opinions of his own upon which he was apt to act, even while putting forth every excuse and acknowledging every extenuating circumstance. He looked at Rosalind with a certain veiled anxiety in his eyes, attending her answer with solicitude; but to all appearance he was only spreading himself out as an Englishman loves to do before the clear glowing fire. Dr. Beaton had gone as far away as possible from that brilliant centre. He was stout, and disapproved, he said, 'on principle,' of the habit of gathering round the fireside. 'Let the room be properly warmed,' he was in the habit of saying, 'but don't let us bask in the heat like the dogues,' for the doctor was Scotch and betrayed now and then in a pronunciation, and always in accent, his northern origin. He had seated himself on the other side of the card-table, ready for the invariable game.

Young Roland Hamerton, the Christchurch man, immediately gravitated towards Rosalind, who, to tell the truth, could not have given less attention to him had he been one of the above-mentioned 'dogues.'

'Where is your mother?' Mr. Trevanion said, looking round for matter of offence.

'Oh!' said Rosalind, with a quick drawing of her breath; 'mamma has gone for a moment to the nursery—I suppose.' She drew breath again before the last two words, thus separating them from what had gone before—a little artifice which Uncle John perceived, but no one else.

'Now this is a strange thing,' said Mr. Trevanion, 'that in my own house, and in my failing state of health, I cannot secure my own wife's attention at the one moment in the day when she is indispensable to me. The nursery! What is there to do in the nursery? Is not Russell there? If the woman is not fit to be trusted, let her be discharged at once and some one else got.'

'Oh! it is not that there is any doubt about Russell, papa, only one likes to see for oneself.'

'Then why can't she send you to see for yourself. This is treatment I am not accustomed to. Oh, what do I say? Not accustomed to it! Of course I am accustomed to be neglected by everybody. A brat of a child that never ailed anything in its life is to be watched over, while I, a dying man, must take my chance. I have put up with it for years, always hoping that at last—— But the worm will turn, you know; the most patient will break down. If I am to wait night after night for the one amusement, the one little pleasure such as it is—— Night after night! I appeal to you, doctor, whether Mrs. Trevanion has been ready once in the last fortnight. The only thing that I ask of her—the sole paltry little complaisance!'——

He spoke very quickly, allowing no possibility of interruption, till his voice, if we may use such a word, overran itself and died away for want of breath.

'My dear sir,' said the doctor, taking up the cards, 'we are just enough for our rubber; and as I have often remarked, though I bow to the superiority of the ladies in most things, whist in my opinion is altogether a masculine game. Will you cut for the deal?'

But by this time Mr. Trevanion had recovered his breath. 'It is what I will not put up with,' he said; 'everybody in this house relies upon my goodnature. I am always the *souffre-douleur*.

When a man is too easy he is taken advantage of on all hands. Where is your mother? Oh, I mean your stepmother, Rosalind; her blood is not in your veins, thank heaven! You are a good child; I have no reason to find fault with you. Where is she? The nursery? I don't believe anything about the nursery. She is with some of her low friends; yes, she has low friends. Hold your tongue, John; am I or am I not the person that knows best about my own wife? Where is your mistress? Where is Madam? Don't stand there looking like a stuck pig, but speak!'

www.libtool.com.cn

This was addressed to an unlucky footman who had come in prowling on one of the anonymous errands of domestic service—to see if the fire wanted looking to—if there were any coffee cups unremoved—perhaps on a mission of curiosity too. Mr. Trevanion was the terror of the house. The man turned pale and lost his self-command. 'I—I don't know, sir. I—I think, sir, as Madam—I—I'll send Mr. Dorrington, sir,' the unfortunate said.

John Trevanion gave his niece an imperative look, saying low 'Go and tell her.' Rosalind rose trembling and put down her work. The footman had fled, and young Hamerton, hurrying to open the door to her (which was never shut) got in her way and brought upon himself a glance of wrath which made him tremble. He retreated with a chill running through him, wondering if the Trevanion temper was in her too, while the master of the house resumed. However well understood such explosions of family disturbance may be, they are always embarrassing and uncomfortable to visitors, and young Hamerton was not used to them and did not know what to make of himself. He withdrew to the darker end of the room, where it opened into a very dimly lighted conservatory, while the doctor shuffled the cards, letting them drop audibly through his fingers, and now and then attempting to divert the flood of rising rage by a remark. 'Bless me,' he said, 'I wish I had been dealing in earnest; what a bonnie thing for a trump card!'—and, 'A little further from the fire, Mr. Trevanion, you are getting over-heated; come, sir, the young fellow will take a hand to begin with, and after the first round another player can cut in.' These running interruptions, however, were of little service; Mr. Trevanion's admirable goodnature which was always imposed upon; his longsuffering which everybody knew; the advantage the household took of him; the special sins of his wife for whom he had done everything—'everything!' he cried; 'I took her without a penny or a friend, and this is how she repays me,' afforded endless scope. It was nothing

to him in his passion that he disclosed what had been the secrets of his life; and, indeed, by this time, after the perpetual self-revelation of these fits of passion there were few secrets left to keep. His ivory countenance reddened, his thin hands gesticulated, he leaned forward in his chair, drawing up the sharp angles of his knees, as he harangued about himself and his virtues and wrongs. His brother stood and listened, gazing blankly before him as if he heard nothing. The doctor sat behind dropping the cards from one hand to another with a little rustling sound, and interposing little sentences of soothing and gentle remonstrance, while the young man, ashamed to be thus forced into the confidence of the family, edged step by step further away into the conservatory till he got to the end, where was nothing but a transparent wall of glass between him and the agitations of the stormy night.

www.libtool.com.cn

Rosalind stole out into the hall with a beating heart. Her father's sharp voice still echoed in her ears, and she had an angry and ashamed consciousness that the footman who had hurried from the room before her, and perhaps other servants, excited by the crisis, were watching her and commenting upon the indecision with which she stood, not knowing what to do. 'Go and tell her.' How easy it was to say so! Oh, if she but knew where to go, how to find her, how to save her not only from domestic strife but from the gnawing worm of suspicion and doubt which Rosalind felt in her own heart! What was she to do? Should she go upstairs again and look through all the rooms, though she knew it would be in vain? To disarm her father's rage, to smooth over this moment of misery and put things back on their old footing, the girl would have done anything; but as the moments passed she became more and more aware that this was not nearly all that was wanted, that even she herself, loving Mrs. Trevanion with all her heart, required more. Her judgment cried out for more. She wanted explanation; a reason for these strange disappearances. Why should she choose that time of all others when her absence must be so much remarked; and where, oh, where did she go? Rosalind stood with a sort of stupefied sense of incapacity in the hall. She would not go back. She could not pretend to make a search which she knew to be useless. She could not rush to the door again and watch there, with the risk of being followed and found at that post, and thus betray her suspicion that her mother was out of the house. She went and stood by one of the pillars and leant against it, clasping her hands upon her heart and trying to calm herself and to find

some expedient. Could she say that little Jack was ill, that something had happened? in the confusion of her mind she almost lost the boundary between falsehood and truth; but then the doctor would be sent to see what was the matter, and everything would be worse instead of better. She stood thus against the pillar and did not move, trying to think, in a whirl of painful imaginations and self-questionings, feeling every moment an hour. Oh, if she could but take it upon herself, and bear the weight, whatever it might be; but she was helpless and could do nothing save wait there, hidden, trembling, full of misery, till something should happen to set her free.

www.libtool.com.cn

Young Hamerton in the conservatory naturally had none of these fears. He thought that old Trevanion was (as indeed everybody knew) an old tyrant, a selfish, ill-tempered egoist, caring for nothing but his own indulgences. How he did treat that poor woman, to be sure! a woman far too good for him whether it was true or not that he had married her without a penny. He remembered vaguely that he had never heard who Madam Trevanion was before her marriage. But what of that? He knew what she was: a woman still full of grace and charm, though she was no longer in her first youth. And what a life that old curmudgeon, that selfish old skeleton, with all his fantastical complaints, led her! When a young man has the sort of chivalrous admiration for an elder woman which Roland Hamerton felt for the mistress of this house, he becomes sharp to see the curious subjection, the cruelty of circumstances, the domestic oppressions which encircle so many. And Madam Trevanion was more badly off, more deeply tried, than any other woman, far or near. She was full of spirit and intelligence, and interest in the higher matters of life; yet she was bound to this fretful master, who would not let her out of his sight, who cared for nothing better than a Society newspaper, and who demanded absolute devotion, and the submission of all his wife's wishes and faculties to his. Poor lady! no wonder if she were glad to escape now and then for a moment, to get out of hearing of his sharp voice which went through your ears like a skewer.

While these thoughts went through young Hamerton's mind he had gradually made his way through the conservatory, in which there was but one dim lamp burning, to the further part which projected out some way with a rounded end into the lawn which immediately surrounded the house. He was much startled, as he looked cautiously forth, without being aware that he was looking,

to see something moving, like a repetition of the waving branches and clouds above close to him upon the edge of a path which led through the park. At first it was but movement and no more, indistinguishable among the shadows. But he was excited by what he had been hearing, and his attention was aroused. After a time he could make out two figures more or less distinct, a man he thought and a woman, but both so dark that it was only when by moments they appeared out of the tree-shadows with which they were confused, against the lighter colour of the gravel that he could make them out. They parted while he looked on; the man disappeared among the trees; the other, he could see her against the faint lightness of the distance, stood looking after the retreating figure: and then turned and came towards the house. Young Hamerton's heart leaped up in his breast. What did it mean? Did he recognise the pose of the figure, the carriage of the head, the fine movement, so dignified yet so free? He seized hold on himself, so to speak, and put a violent stop to his own thoughts. She! madness! as soon would he suppose that the Queen could do wrong. It must be her maid, perhaps some woman who had got the trick of her walk and air through constant association: but she——

Just then, while Hamerton retired somewhat sick at heart, and seated himself near the door of the conservatory to recover, cursing as he did so the sharp scolding tones of Mr. Trevanion going on with his grievances, Rosalind, standing against the pillar, was startled by something like a step or faint stir outside, and then the sound, which would have been inaudible to faculties less keen and highly strung, of the handle of the glass door. It was turned almost noiselessly and someone came in. Someone. Whom? With a shiver which convulsed her, Rosalind watched: this dark figure might be anyone—her mother's maid perhaps, even Russell, gone out to pry and spy as was her way. Rosalind had to clutch the pillar fast as she watched from behind while the newcomer took a shawl from her head, and sighing, arranged with her hands her headdress and hair. Whatever had happened to her she was not happy. She sighed as she set in order the lace upon her head. Alas! the sight of that lace was enough, the dim light was enough: no one else in the house moved like that. It was the mother, the wife, the mistress of Highcourt, Madam Trevanion, whom all the country looked up to for miles and miles around. Rosalind could not speak. She detached her arms from the pillar and followed like a white ghost as her

stepmother moved towards the drawing-room. In the night and dark, in the stormy wind amid all those black trees, where had she been?

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER III.

'I MARRIED her without a penny,' Mr. Trevanion was saying. 'I was a fool for my pains. If you think you will purchase attention and submission in that way you are making a confounded mistake. Set a beggar on horseback, that's how it ends. A duke's daughter couldn't stand more by her own way; no, nor look more like a lady,' he added with a sort of pride in his property; 'that must be allowed her. I married her without a penny: and this is how she serves me. If she had brought a duchy in her apron, or the best blood in England like Rosalind's mother, my first poor wife, whom I regret every day of my life—O-h-h!—so you have condescended, Madam, to come at last.'

She was a tall woman, with a figure full of dignity and grace. If it was true that nobody knew who she was, it was at least true also, as even her husband allowed, that she might have been a princess so far as her bearing and manners went. She was dressed in soft black satin which did not rustle or assert itself, but hung in long sweeping folds, here and there broken in outline by feathery touches of lace. Her dark hair was still perfect in colour and texture. Indeed, she was still under forty, and the prime of her beauty scarcely impaired. There was a little fitful colour on her cheek, though she was usually pale, and her eyes had a kind of feverish suspicious brightness like sentinels on the watch for danger signals. Yet she came in without hurry, with a smile from one to another of the group of gentlemen, none of whom showed, whatever they may have felt, any emotion. John Trevanion, still blank and quiet against the firelight; the doctor, though he lifted his eyes momentarily, still dropping through his hands, back and forwards, the sliding smooth surfaces of the cards. From the dimness in the background Hamerton's young face shone out with a sort of Medusa look of horror and pain, but he was so far out of the group that he attracted no notice. Mrs. Trevanion made no immediate reply to her husband. She advanced into the room, Rosalind following her like a shadow. 'I am sorry,' she said calmly, 'to be late: have you not begun your rubber? I knew there were enough without me.'

'There's never enough without you,' her husband answered roughly; 'you know that as well as I do. If there were twice enough, what has that to do with it? You know my play, which is just the one thing you do know. If a man can't have his wife to make up his game, what is the use of a wife at all? And this is not the first time, Madam; by Jove not the first time by a dozen. Can't you take another time for your nap, or your nursery, or whatever it is? I don't believe a word of the nursery. It is something you don't choose to have known, it is some of your low——'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Rosalind, your father has no footstool,' said Mrs. Trevanion. She maintained her calm unmoved. 'There are some fresh cards, doctor, in the little cabinet.'

'And how the devil,' cried the invalid in his sharp tones, 'can I have my footstool, or clean cards, or anything I want when you are away—systematically away? I believe you do it on purpose to set up a right—to put me out in every way, that goes without saying, that everybody knows, is the object of your life.'

Still she did not utter a word of apology, but stooped and found the footstool, which she placed at her husband's feet. 'This is the one that suits you best,' she said. 'Come, John, if I am the culprit, let us lose no more time.'

Mr. Trevanion kicked the footstool away. 'D'ye think I am going to be smoothed down so easily?' he cried. 'Oh, yes, as soon as Madam pleases, that is the time for everything. I shall not play. You can amuse yourselves if you please, gentlemen, at Mrs. Trevanion's leisure, when she can find time to pay a little attention to her guests. Give me those newspapers, Rosalind. Oh play, play! by all means play! don't let me interrupt your amusement. A little more neglect, what does that matter? I hope I am used to—— Heaven above! they are not cut up. What is that rascal Dorrington about? What is the use of a pack of idle servants? never looked after as they ought to be; encouraged, indeed, to neglect and ill-use the master that feeds them. What can you expect? With a mistress who is shut up half her time, or out of the way or—— What's that? what's that?'

It was a singular thing enough, and this sudden exclamation called all eyes to it. Mrs. Trevanion, who had risen when her husband kicked his footstool in her face, and turning round had taken a few steps across the room, stopped with a slight start, which perhaps betrayed some alarm in her, and looked back. The train of her dress was sweeping over the hearthrug, and there in

the full light, twisted into her lace, and clinging to her dress, was a long, straggling, thorny branch, all wet with the damp of night. Involuntarily they were all gazing—John Trevanion looking down gravely at this strange piece of evidence which was close to his feet; the doctor, with the cards in his hand, half risen from his seat stooping across the table to see; while Rosalind throwing herself down had already begun to detach it with hands that trembled.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Oh, mamma!' cried the girl with a laugh which sounded wild, 'how careless, how horrid of Jane! Here is a thorn that caught in your dress the last time you wore it; and she has folded it up in your train, and never noticed. Papa is right, the servants are——'

'Hold your tongue, Rose,' said Mr. Trevanion, with an angry chuckle of satisfaction; 'let alone! So, Madam, this is why we have to wait for everything; this is why the place is left to itself; and I—I—the master and owner neglected. Good heavens above! while the lady of the house wanders in the woods in a November night. With whom, Madam? With whom?' he raised himself like a skeleton, his fiery eyes blazing out of their sockets. 'With whom, I ask you? Here, gentlemen, you are witnesses; this is more serious than I thought. I knew my wishes were disregarded; that my convenience was set at naught; that the very comforts that are essential to my life were neglected; but I did not think I was betrayed. With whom, Madam? Answer! I demand his name.'

'Reginald,' said John Trevanion, 'for God's sake don't let us have another scene. You may think what you please, but we know all that is nonsense. Neglected! Why she makes herself your slave. If the other is as true as that! Doctor, can't you put a stop to it? He'll kill himself—and her.'

'Her! oh, she's strong enough,' cried the invalid! 'I have had my suspicions before, but I have never uttered them. Ah, Madam! you thought you were too clever for me. A sick man, unable to stir out of the house, the very person of course to be deceived. But the sick man has his defenders. Providence is on his side. You throw dust in the eyes of these men: but I know you; I know what I took you from: I've known all along what you were capable of. Who was it? Heaven above! down, down on your knees, and tell me his name.'

Mrs. Trevanion was perfectly calm, too calm, perhaps, for the unconsciousness of innocence; and she was also deadly pale. 'So far as the evidence goes,' she said quietly, 'I do not deny it,

It has not been folded up in my train, my kind Rosalind. I have been out of doors; though the night, as you see, is not tempting: and what then?'

She turned round upon them with a faint smile, and took the branch out of Rosalind's hand. 'You see it is all wet,' she said, 'there is no deception in it. I have been out in the park, on the edge of the woods. Look, I did not stop even to change my shoes, they are wet too. And what then?'

www.1tbtool.com.cn

'One thing,' cried the doctor, 'that you must change them directly, before another word is said. This comes in my department, at least. We don't want to have you laid up with congestion of the lungs. Miss Rosalind, take your mamma away, and make her, as we say in Scotland, change her feet.'

'Let her go altogether, if she pleases,' said the invalid; 'I want to see no more of her. In the park, in the woods—do you hear her, gentlemen? What does a woman want in the woods in a winter night? Let her have congestion of the lungs, it will save disgrace to the family. For, mark my words, I will follow this out. I will trace it to the foundation. Night after night she has done it. Oh, you think I don't know? She has done it again and again. She has been shameless; she has outraged the very house where—— Do you hear, woman? Who is it? My God! a groom, or some low fellow——'

The doctor grasped his arm with a hand that thrilled with indignation as well as professional zeal, while John Trevanion started forward with a sudden flush and menace—

'If you don't respect your wife, for God's sake think of the girl—your own child! If it were not for their sakes I should not spend another night under this roof——'

'Spend your night where you please,' said the infuriated husband, struggling against the doctor's attempt to draw him back into his chair. 'If I respect her? No, I don't respect her. I respect nobody that ill-uses me. Get out of the way, Rosalind! I tell you I'll turn out that woman. I'll disgrace her. I'll show what she's made of. She's thrown dust in all your eyes, but never in mine. No, Madam, never in mine; you've forgotten, I suppose, what you were when I took you and married you like a fool—but I've never forgotten: and now to break out at your age? Who do you suppose can care for you at your age? It is for what he can get, the villain, that he comes over an old hag like you. Oh, women, women! that's what women are. Turn out on a winter's night to philander in the woods with someone, some——'

He stopped, incapable of more, and fell back in his chair, and glared and foamed insults with his bloodless lips which he had not breath to speak.

Mrs. Trevanion stood perfectly still while all this was going on. Her face showed by its sudden contraction when the grosser accusations told, but otherwise she made no movement. She held the long dangling branch in her hand, and looked at it with a sort of half smile. It was so small a matter to produce so much—and yet it was not a small matter. Was it the hand of fate? Was it Providence, as he said, that was on his side? But she did not say another word in self-defence. It was evident that it was her habit to stand thus, and let the storm beat. Her calm was the resignation of long usage, the sense that it was beyond remedy, that the only thing she could do was to endure. And yet the accusations of this evening were new, and there was something new in the contemplative way in which she regarded this piece of evidence which had convicted her. Hitherto the worst accusations that had rained upon her had been without evidence, without possibility—and everybody had been aware that it was so. Now there was something new. When she had borne vituperation almost as violent for her neglect, for her indifference, sometimes for her cruelty, the wrong had been too clear for any doubt. But now: never before had there even been anything to explain. But the bramble was a thing that demanded explanation. Even John Trevanion, the just and kind, had shown a gleam of surprise when he caught sight of it. The good doctor, who was entirely on her side, had given her a startled look. Rosalind, her child, had put forth a hesitating plea—a little lie for her. All this went to her heart with a wringing of pain, as if her very heart had been crushed with some sudden pressure. But the habit of endurance was unbroken even by these secret and novel pangs. She did not even meet the eyes directed to her with any attempt at self-defence. But yet the position was novel; and standing still in her old panoply of patience, she felt it to be so, and that former expedients were inadequate to the occasion. For the first time it would have better become her to speak. But what? She had nothing to say.

The scene ended as such scenes almost invariably ended here—in an attack of those spasms which were wearing Mr. Trevanion's life away. The first symptoms changed in a moment the aspect of his wife. She put down the guilty bramble and betook herself at once to her oft-repeated, well-understood duty. The room was

cleared of all the spectators, even Rosalind was sent away. It was an experience with which the house was well acquainted. Mrs. Trevanion's maid came noiselessly and swift at the sound of a bell, with everything that was needed; and the wife, so angrily vituperated and insulted, became in a moment the devoted nurse with nothing in her mind save the care of the patient who lay helpless in her hands. The doctor sat by with his finger on the fluttering pulse—while she, now fanning, now bathing his forehead, following every variation and indication of the attack, fulfilled her arduous duties. It did not seem to cross her mind that anything had passed which could slacken her vigilance or make her reluctant to fulfil those all-absorbing duties; neither when the patient began to moan did there seem any consciousness in him that the circumstances were anyhow changed. He began to scold in broken terms almost before he had recovered consciousness, demanding to know why he was there, what they were doing to him, what was the occasion of the appliances they had been using. 'I'm all right,' he stammered, before he could speak, pushing away the fan she was using. 'You want to kill me. Don't let her kill me, doctor; take that confounded thing away. I'm—I'm—all right; I—I want to get to bed. You are keeping me out of bed, on purpose——to kill me!' he cried with a new outburst. 'That is all right; he'll do now,' said the doctor cheerfully. 'Wait a moment, and we'll get you to bed——' The peaceful room had changed in the most curious way while all these rapid changes had gone on. The very home of tranquillity at first, then a stage of dramatic incident and passion, now a scene in which feeble life was struggling with the grip of death at its throat. Presently all this commotion and movement was over, and the palpitations of human existence swept away, leaving, indeed, a little disorder in the surroundings; a cushion thrown about, a corner of the carpet turned up, a tray with water-bottles and essences on the table: but nothing more to mark the struggle, the conflicts which had been, the suffering and misery. Yes; one thing more: the long trail of bramble on another table, which was the most fatal symbol of all.

When everything was quiet young Hamerton, with a pale face, came out of the conservatory. He had again retreated there when Mrs. Trevanion came in, and the husband had begun to rage. It pained him to be a party to it; to listen to all the abuse poured upon her was intolerable. But what was more intolerable still was to remember what he had seen. That woman, standing so

pale and calm, replying nothing, bearing every insult with a nobleness which would have become a saint. But oh, heavens! was it her he had seen—her—under shelter of the night? The young man was generous and innocent, and his heart was sick with this miserable knowledge. He was in her secret. God help her! Surely she had excuse enough: but what is to become of life or womanhood when such a woman requires an excuse at all?

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER IV.

THE hall was dimly lighted, the fire dying out in the great fireplace, everything shadowy, cold, without cheer or comfort. Mr. Trevanion had been conveyed to his room between the doctor and his valet, his wife following as usual, in the same order and fashion as was habitual, without any appearance of change. Rosalind, who was buried in a great chair, nothing visible but the whiteness of her dress in the imperfect light, and John Trevanion who stood before the fire there, as he had done in the drawing-room, with his head a little bent, and an air of great seriousness and concern, watched the little procession without a word as it went across the hall. These attacks were too habitual to cause much alarm; and the outburst of passion which preceded was, unfortunately, common enough also. The house was not a happy house in which this volcano was ready to burst forth at any moment, and the usual family subterfuges to conceal the family skeleton had become of late years quite impossible, as increasing weakness and self-indulgence had removed all restraints of self-control from the master of the house. They were all prepared for the outbreak at any moment, no matter who was present. But yet there were things involved which conveyed a special sting to-night. When the little train had passed, the two spectators in the hall remained for some time quite silent, with a heaviness and oppression upon them which, perhaps, the depressing circumstances around, the want of light, and warmth, and brightness increased. They did not as on ordinary occasions return to the drawing-room. For some time they said nothing to each other. By intervals a servant flitted across the hall, from one room to another, or the opening of a door roused these watchers for a moment: but presently everything fell back into stillness and the chill of the gathering night.

'Rosalind, I think you should go to bed——'

'Oh, Uncle John, how can I go to bed? How can any one in this house rest or sleep?'

'My dear, I admit that the circumstances are not very cheerful. Still, you are more or less accustomed to them: and we shall sleep all the same, no doubt, just as we should sleep if we were all to be executed to-morrow.'

'Should we?—but not if some one else, some one we loved—was to be—executed, as you say.'

'Perhaps that makes a little difference: while the condemned man sleeps, I suppose his mother or his sister, poor wretches! are wakeful enough. But there is nothing of that kind in our way, my little Rose. Come! it is no worse than usual: go to bed.'

'It is worse than usual. There has never before—oh!' the girl cried, clasping her hands together with a vehement gesture. Her misery was too much for her: and then another sentiment came in and closed her mouth. Uncle John was very tender and kind, but was he not on *the other side?*

'My dear,' he said gently, 'I think it will be best not to discuss the question. If there is something new in it, it will develop soon enough. God forbid! I am little disposed, Rosalind, to think that there is anything new.'

She did not make any reply. Her heart was sore with doubt and suspicion; the more strange these sentiments all the more do they scorch and sting. In the whirl which they introduced into her mind she had been trying in vain to get any ground to stand upon. There might have been explanations: but then how easy to give them, and settle the question. It is terrible, in youth, to be thrown into such a conflict of mind, and all the more to one who has never been used to think out anything alone, who has shared with another every thought that arose in her, and received on everything the interchanged ideas of a mind more experienced, wiser, than her own. She was thus suddenly cut off from her anchors, and felt herself drifting on wild currents unknown to her, giddy, as if buffeted by wind and tide—though seated there within the steadfast walls of an old house which had gone through all extremities of human emotion, and never quivered, through hundreds of troublous years.

'I think,' said John Trevanion, after a pause, 'that it would be good for you to have a little change. Home of course is the best place for a girl. Still it is a great strain upon young nerves. I wonder we none of us have ever thought of it before. Your

aunt Sophy would be glad to have you, and I could take you there on my way. I really think, Rosalind, this would be the best thing you could do. Winter is closing in, and in present circumstances it is almost impossible to have visitors at Highcourt. Even young Hamerton, how much he is in the way; though he is next to nobody, a young fellow! Come! you must not stay here to wear your nerves to fiddlestrings. I must take you away.'

She looked up at him with an earnest glance which he was very conscious of, but did not choose to meet. 'Why at this moment above all others?' she said.

'Why?—that goes without saying, Rosalind. Your father, to my mind, has never been so bad; and your—I mean Madam——'

'You mean my mother, Uncle John. Well! is she not my mother? I have never known any other. Poor dear little mamma was younger than I am. I never knew her. She is an angel in heaven, and she cannot be jealous of any one on earth. So you think that because papa has never been so ill, and my mother never had so much to bear, it would be the right thing for me, the eldest, the one that can be of most use, to go away?'

'She has her own children, Rosalind.'

'Yes, to be sure. Rex, who is at school, and knows about as much of what she needs as the dogs do; and little Sophy, who is barely nine. You must think very little of Rosalind, uncle, if you think these children can make up for me.'

'I think a great deal of Rosalind; but we must be reasonable. I thought a woman's own children, however little worth they may be in themselves, were more to her than anyone else's. Perhaps I am wrong, but that's in all the copybooks.'

'You want to make me believe,' said Rosalind, with passion, 'that I am nobody's child, that I have no right to love or any home in all the world!'

'My dear! this is madness, Rose. There is your father: and I hope even I count for something; you are the only child I shall ever love. And your aunt Sophy, for whom, in fact, I am pleading, gives you a sort of adoration.'

She got up hastily out of the great gloomy house of a chair and came into the dim centre of light in which he stood, and clasped his arm with her hands. 'Uncle John,' she said, speaking very fast and almost inarticulately, 'I am very fond of you. You have always been so good and kind; but I am her, and she is me. Don't you understand? I have always been with her since I was

a child. Nobody but me has seen her cry and break down. I know her all through and through. I think her thoughts, not my own. There are no secrets between us. She does not require even to speak, I know what she means without that. There are no secrets between her and me——'

www.libtool.com.cn

'No secrets,' he said; 'no secrets! Rosalind, are you so very sure of that—now?'

Her hands dropped from his arm: she went back and hid herself, as if trying to escape from him and herself in the depths of the great chair: and then there burst from her bosom, in spite of her, a sob—suppressed, restrained, yet irrestrainable, the heaving of a bosom filled to overflowing with unaccustomed misery and pain.

John Trevanion did not take advantage of this piteous involuntary confession. He paused a little, being himself somewhat overcome. 'My dear little girl,' he said at last, 'I am talking of no terrible separation. People who are the most devoted to each other, lovers even, have to quit each other occasionally, and pay a little attention to other ties. Come! you need not take this so tragically. Sophy is always longing for you. Your father's sister, and a woman alone in the world; don't you think she has a claim too?'

Rosalind had got herself in check again while he was speaking. 'You mean a great deal more than that,' she said.

Once more he was silent. He knew very well that he meant a great deal more than that. He meant that his niece should be taken away from the woman who was not her mother, a woman of whom he himself had no manner of doubt, yet who, perhaps, —how could anyone tell?—was getting weary of her thankless task, and looking forward to the freedom to come. John Trevanion's mind was not much more at rest than that of Rosalind. He had never been supposed to be a partisan of his brother's wife, but perhaps his abstention from all enthusiasm on this subject was out of too much, not too little feeling. He had been prejudiced against her at first; but his very prejudice had produced a warm revulsion of feeling in her favour, when he saw how she maintained her soul, as she went over the worse than red-hot ploughshares of her long ordeal. It would have injured, not helped her with her husband, had he taken her part; and therefore he had refrained with so much steadiness and gravity, that to Rosalind he had always counted as on the other side. But in his heart he had never been otherwise than on the side of the brave woman who, whether her motives had been, good

or bad, in accepting that place, had nevertheless been the most heroic of wives, the tenderest of mothers. It gave him a tender pleasure to be challenged and defied by the generous impetuosity of Rosalind, all in arms for the mother of her soul. But—there was a but, terrible though it was to acknowledge it—he had recognised, as soon as he arrived on this visit, before any indication of suspicion had been given, that there was some subtle change in Madam Trevanion—something furtive in her eye, a watchfulness, a standing on her guard, which had never been there before. It revolted and horrified him to doubt his sister-in-law; he declared to himself with anxious earnestness that he did not, never would or could doubt her; and yet, in the same breath, with that terrible indulgence which comes with experience, began in an undercurrent of thought to represent to himself her terrible provocations, the excuses she would have, the temptations to which she might be subject. A man gets his imagination polluted by the world even when he least wishes it. In the upper current of his soul he believed in her with faith unbounded; but underneath was a little warping eddy, a slimy underdraught which brought up silently the apologies, the reasons, the excuses for her. And if, by any impossibility, it should be so, then was it not essential that Rosalind, too pure to imagine, too young to know any evil or what it meant, or how it could be, should be withdrawn? But he was no more happy than Rosalind was, in the conflict of painful thoughts.

'Yes; I mean more than that,' he resumed, after an interval. 'I mean that this house, at present, is not a comfortable place. You must see now that even you cannot help Mrs. Trevanion much in what she has to go through. I feel myself entirely *de trop*. No sympathy I could show her would counterbalance the pain she must feel in having always present another witness of your father's abuse——'

'Sympathy!' said Rosalind, with surprise. 'I never knew you had any sympathy. I have always considered you as on the other side.'

'Does *she* think so?' he asked quickly, with a sharp sound of pain in his voice; then recollected himself in another moment. 'Ah, well,' he said, 'that's natural, I suppose; the husband's family are on his side—yes, yes, no doubt she has thought so: the more right am I in my feeling that my presence just now must be very distasteful. And even you, Rosalind; think what she must feel to have all that dirt thrown at her in your presence. Do you

think the privilege of having a good cry, as you say, when you are alone together, makes up to her for the knowledge that you are hearing every sort of accusation hurled at her head? I believe in my heart,' he added hurriedly, with a fictitious fervour, 'that it would be the greatest relief possible to her to have the house to herself, and see us all, you included, go away.'

www.libtool.com.cn

Rosalind did not make any reply. She gazed at him from her dark corner with dilated eyes, but he did not see the trouble of her look, nor divine the sudden stimulus his words had given to the whirl of her miserable thoughts. She said to herself that her mother would know, whoever doubted her, that Rosalind never would doubt; and at the same time there came a wondering horror of a question whether indeed her mother wonld be glad to be rid of her, to have her out of the way, to keep her at least unconscious of the other thing, the secret, perhaps the wrong, that was taking place in those dark evening hours? Might it be, as Uncle John said, better to fly, to turn her back upon any revelation, to refuse to know what it was. The anguish of this conflict of thought tore her unaccustomed heart in twain. And then she tried to realise what the house would be without her, with that profound yet perfectly innocent self-importance of youth which is at once so futile and so touching. So sometimes a young creature dying will imagine with far more poignant regret than for any suffering of her own, the blank of the empty room, the empty chair, the melancholy vacancy in the house, when she or he has gone hence and is no more. Rosalind saw the great house vacant of herself with a feeling that was almost more than she could bear. When her mother came out of the sick room, to whom would she go for the repose, the soothing of perfect sympathy—upon whom would she lean when her burden was more than she could bear? When Sophy's lessons were over, where would the child go? Who would write to Rex, and keep upon the schoolboy the essential bond of home? Who would play with the babies in the nursery when their mother was too much occupied to see them? Mamma would have nobody but Russell, who hated her, and her own maid Jane, who was like her shadow, and all the indifferent servants who cared about little but their own comfort. As she represented all these details of the picture to herself, she burst forth all at once into the silence with a vehement 'No, no!' John Trevanion had fallen into thought, and the sound of her voice made him start. 'No, no!' she cried, 'do you think, Uncle John, I am of so little use? Everybody, even papa, would want me. Sometimes

he will bid me sit down, that I am something to look at, something not quite so aggravating as all the rest. Is not that something for one's father to say? And what would the children do without me, and Duckworth who cannot always see mamma about the dinner? No, no, I am of use here, and it is my place. Another time I can go to Aunt Sophy—later on, when papa is—better—when things are going smoothly,' she said with a quiver in her voice, holding back. And just then the distant door of Mr. Trevanion's room opened and closed, and the doctor appeared, holding back the heavy curtains that screened away every draught from the outer world.

www.fbtool.com.cn

CHAPTER V.

'WELL,' said Dr. Beaton, rubbing his hands as he came forward, 'at last we are tolerably comfortable. I have got him to bed without much more difficulty than usual, and I hope he will have a good night. But how cold it is here! I suppose, however careful you may be, it is impossible to keep draughts out of an apartment that communicates with the open air. If you will take my advice, Miss Rosalind, you will get to your warm room, and to bed, whilst your uncle and I adjourn to the smoking room where there are creature comforts——'

The doctor was always cheerful. He laughed as if all the incidents of the evening had been the most pleasant in the world.

'Is papa better, doctor?'

'Is Mrs. Trevanion with my brother?'

These two questions were asked together. The doctor answered them both with a 'Yes—yes—where would she be but with him? My dear sir, you are a visitor, you are not used to our ways. All that is just nothing. He cannot do without her. We know better, Miss Rosalind; we take it all very easy. Come, come, there is nothing to be disturbed about. I will have you on my hands if you don't mind. My dear young lady, go to bed.'

'I have been proposing that she should go to her aunt for a week or two for a little change.'

'The very best thing she could do. This is the worst time of the year for Highcourt. So much vegetation is bad in November. Yes—change by all means. But not,' said the doctor, with a little change of countenance, 'too long, and not too far away.'

'Do you think,' said Rosalind, 'that mamma will not want me

to-night?—then I will go as you say. But if you think there is any chance that she will want me——'

'She will not leave the patient again. Good night, Miss Rosalind, sleep sound and get back your roses—or shall I send you something to make you sleep? No? Well, youth will do it, which is best.'

She took her candle, and went wearily up the great staircase, pausing, a white figure in the gloom, to wave her hand to Uncle John before she disappeared in the gallery above. The two men stood and watched her without a word. A tender reverence and pity for her youth was in both their minds. There was almost an oppression of self-restraint upon them till she was out of sight and hearing. Then John Trevanion turned to his companion:—

'I gather by what you say, that you think my brother worse to-night.'

'Not worse to-night: but only going the downhill road, and now and then at his own will and pleasure putting on a spurt. The nearer you get to the bottom the greater is the velocity. Sometimes the rate is terrifying at the last.'

'And you think, accordingly, that if she goes away it must not be too far; she must be within reach of a hasty summons?'

Dr. Beaton nodded his head several times in succession. 'I may be mistaken,' he said, 'there is a vitality that fairly surprises me: but that is in any other case what I should say.'

'Have these outbursts of temper much to do with it? Are they accelerating the end?'

'That's the most puzzling question you could ask. How is a poor medical man, snatching his bit of knowledge as he can find it, to say yea or nay? Oh yes, they have to do with it; everything has to do with it either as cause or effect? If it were not perhaps for the temper, there would be less danger with the heart, and if it were not for the weak heart, there would be less temper. Do ye see? Body and soul are so jumbled together, it is ill to tell which is which. But between them the chances grow less and less. And you will see, by to-night's experience, it's not very easy to put on the drag.'

'And yet Mrs. Trevanion is nursing him, you say, as if nothing had happened.'

The doctor gave a strange laugh. 'A sick man is a queer study,' he said, 'and especially an excitable person with no self-control and all nerves and temper, like—if you will excuse me for saying so—your brother. Now that he needs her he is very capable of putting all this behind him. He will just ignore it,

and cast himself upon her for everything, till he thinks he can do without her again. Ah! it is quite a wonderful mystery, the mind of a sick and selfish man.'

'I was thinking rather of her,' said John Trevanion.

'Oh! her?' said the doctor, waving his hand; 'that's simple. There's nothing complicated in that. She is the first to accept that grand reason as conclusive, just that he has need of her. There's a wonderful philosophy in some women. When they come to a certain pitch they will bear anything. And she is one of that kind. She will put it out of her mind as I would put a smouldering bombshell out of this hall. At least,' said the doctor, with that laugh which was so inappropriate, 'I hope I would do it, I hope I would not just run away. The thing with women is that they cannot run away.'

'These are strange subjects to discuss with—pardon me, a stranger; but you are not a stranger, they can have no secrets from you. Doctor, tell me, is the scene to-night a usual one? Was there nothing particular in it?'

John Trevanion fixed very serious eyes—eyes that held the person they looked on fast, and would permit no escape—on the doctor's face. The other shifted about uneasily from one foot to the other, and did his utmost to avoid that penetrating look.

'Oh, usual enough, usual enough; but there might be certain special circumstances,' he said.

'You mean that Mrs. Trevanion——'

'Well, if you will take my opinion, she had probably been to see the coachman's wife who is far from well, poor body; I should say that was it. It is across a bit of the park, far enough to account for everything.'

'But why then not give so simple a reason?'

'Ah! there you beat me: how can I tell? The way in which a thing presents itself to a woman's mind is not like what would occur to you and me.'

'Is the coachman's wife so great a favourite? Has she been ill long, and is it necessary to go to see her every night?'

'Mr. Trevanion,' said the doctor, 'you are well acquainted with the nature of evidence. I cannot answer all these questions. There is no one near Highcourt, as you are aware, that does not look up to Madam; a visit from her is better than physic. She has little time, poor lady, for such kindness. With all that's exacted from her, I cannot tell for my part what other moment she can call her own.'

John Trevanion would not permit the doctor to escape. He held him still with his keen eyes. 'Doctor,' he said, 'I think I am as much concerned as you are to prove her in the right, whatever happens: but it seems to me you are a special pleader—making your theory to fit the circumstances, ingenious rather than certain.'

'Mr. John Trevanion,' said the doctor, solemnly, 'there is one thing I am certain of, that yon poor lady by your brother's bed-side is a good woman, and that the life he leads her is just a hell on earth.'

After this there was a pause. The two men stood no longer looking at each other: they escaped from the scrutiny of each other, which they had hitherto kept up, both somewhat agitated and shaken in the solicitude and trouble of the house.

'I believe all that,' said John Trevanion at last. 'I believe every word. Still—— But yet——'

Dr. Beaton made no reply. Perhaps these monosyllables were echoing through his brain too. He had known her for years, and formed his opinion of her on the foundation of long and intimate knowledge. But still—and yet: could a few weeks, a few days, undo the experience of years? It was no crime to walk across the park at night, in the brief interval which the gentlemen spent over their wine after dinner. Why should not Madam Trevanion take the air at that hour if she pleased? Still he made no answer to that breath of doubt.

The conversation was interrupted by the servants who came to close doors and windows, and perform the general shutting up for the night. Neither of the gentlemen was sorry for this interruption. They separated to make that inevitable change in their dress which the smoking-room demands, with a certain satisfaction in getting rid of the subject, if even for a moment. But when Dr. Beaton reached, through the dim passages from which all life had retired, that one centre of light and fellowship, the sight of young Hamerton in his evening coat, with a very pale and disturbed countenance, brought back to him the subject he had been so glad to drop. Hamerton had forgotten his dress-coat, and even that smoking suit which was the joy of his heart. He had been a prisoner in the drawing-room, or rather in the conservatory, while that terrible scene went on. Never in his harmless life had he touched the borders of tragedy before, and he was entirely unmanned. The doctor found him sitting nervously on the edge of a chair, peering into the fire, his face haggard, his

eyes vacant and bloodshot. 'I say, doctor,' he said, making a grasp at his arm, 'I want to tell you; I was in there all the time. What could I do? I couldn't get out with the others. I had been in the conservatory before—and I saw—— Good gracious, you don't think I wanted to see! I thought it was better to keep quiet than to show that I had been there all the time.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'You ought to have gone away with the others,' said the doctor, 'but there is no great harm done; except to your nerves; you look quite shaken. He was very bad. When a man lets himself go on every occasion, and does and says exactly what he has a mind to, that's what it ends in at the last. It is perhaps as well that a young fellow like you should know.'

'Oh, hang it,' said young Hamerton, 'that is not the worst. I never was fond of old Trevanion. It don't matter so much about him.'

'You mean that to hear a man bullying his wife like that makes you wish to kill him, eh? Well, that's a virtuous sentiment: but she's been long used to it. Let us hope she is like the eels and doesn't mind——'

'It's not that,' said the youth again. John Trevanion was in no hurry to appear, and the young man's secret scorched him. He looked round suspiciously to make sure there was no one within sight or hearing. 'Doctor,' he said, 'you are Madam's friend. You take her side?'

Dr. Beaton, who was a man of experience, looked at the agitation of his companion with a good deal of curiosity and some alarm. 'If she has a side, yes, to the last of my strength.'

'Then I don't mind telling you. When he began to swear—— What an old brute he is!'

'Yes?—when he began to swear——'

'I thought they mightn't like it, don't you know? We're old friends at home, but still I have never been very much at Highcourt; so I thought they mightn't like to have me there. And I thought I'd just slip out of the way into the conservatory, never thinking how I was to get back. I went right in to the end part where there was no light. You can see out into the park. I never thought of that. I was not thinking anything: when I saw——'

'Get it out, for heaven's sake! You had no right to be there. What did you see? Some of the maids about——'

'Doctor, I must get it off my mind. I saw Madam Tre-

vanion parting with—a man. I can't help it, I must get it out. I saw her as plainly as I see you.'

The doctor was very much disturbed and pale, but he burst into a laugh. 'In a dark night like this! You saw her maid I don't doubt, or a kitchen girl with her sweetheart. At night all the cats are grey. And you think it is a fine thing to tell a cock and a bull story like this—you, a visitor in the house?'

'Doctor, you do me a great deal of injustice.' The young man's heart heaved with agitation and pain. 'Don't you see it is because I feel I was a sort of eavesdropper against my will, that I must tell you? Do you think Madam Trevanion could be mistaken for a maid? I saw her—part from him and come straight up to the house—and then in another moment she came into the room, and I—I saw all that happened there.'

'For an unwilling witness, Mr. Hamerton, you seem to have seen a great deal,' said the doctor, with a gleam of fury in his eyes.

'So I was—unwilling, most unwilling: you said yourself my nerves were shaken. I'd rather than a thousand pounds I hadn't seen her. But what am I to do? If there was any trial or anything, would they call me as a witness? That's what I want to ask. In that case I'll go off to America or Japan or somewhere. They shan't get a word against her out of me.'

The moral shock which Dr. Beaton had received was great, and yet he scarcely felt it to be a surprise. He sat for some moments in silence, pondering how to reply. The end of his consideration was that he turned round upon the inquirer with a laugh. 'A trial,' he said, 'about what? Because Mr. Trevanion is nasty to his wife, and says things to her a man should be ashamed to say? Women can't try their husbands for being brutes, more's the pity, and she is used to it: or because (if it was her at all) she spoke to somebody she met—a groom most likely—and gave him his orders? No, no, my young friend, there will be no trial. But for all that,' he added somewhat fiercely, 'I would advise you to hold your tongue on the subject now that you have relieved your mind. The Trevanions are kittle customers when their blood's up. I would hold my tongue for the future if I were you.'

And then John Trevanion came in, cloudy and thoughtful, in his smoking coat, with a candle in his hand.

(*To be continued.*)

www.libtool.com.cn

The 'Donna.'

THE appeal issued in this Magazine for funds to start and maintain another truck for the supply of cheap wholesome food to the unemployed labourers in the neighbourhood of Tower Hill has been responded to very warmly. The handsome subscription list printed below is evidence of the interest taken in the matter. On November 2, the truck started from the workmen's restaurant in Dock Street, and took up its position by the subway at the S.W. corner of Tower Hill. From the first there was no doubt of the welcome that it would receive. The labourers just at this spot are engaged for the most part in unlading the orange and fish boats that come into Tower Stairs. They are employed (as at St. Katharine's Wharf, on the opposite side of Tower Hill) by the hour, at the rate of 4*d*. or 4½*d*. per hour. A man may earn 14*s*. or 15*s*. in a week, or he may earn little or nothing. One man recently earned 14*s*. one week and the next 1*s*. 6*d*. It is this uncertainty which renders the case of these men so hard, and which teaches them to appreciate so keenly the friendly help given them by the 'Don' at the S.E., and now by the 'Donna' at the S.W., corner of Tower Hill.

Amount acknowledged in December Magazine, 53*l*. 6*s*. J. M. 1*s*. H. W. 5*s*. A Scotchwoman 2*s*. M. C. 1*s*. Mrs. Longman 1*l*. Anonymous 4*s*. M. B. 5*s*. M. B. 10*s*. Miss H. St. John Bedford 5*s*. F. E. Holloway 10*s*. R. M. Holloway 5*s*. M. R. M. Holloway 5*s*. The Shrewd Kate 10*s*. Arthur Kislingbury 10*s*. F. L. Slows 1*l*. Miss Baldwin 5*s*. Mrs. Tom Kelly 5*s*. N. Rattray 10*l*. J. W. S. 5*s*. A Subscriber 10*s*. M. P. 1*s*. A. C. F. (Cornwall) 1*s*. W. McL. Backler 1*l*. 1*s*. E. T. S. 5*s*. F. A. R. 5*l*. Lionel Smith Gordon 2*l*. 10*s*. Mrs. E. F. (Bayswater) 1*l*. Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt 2*l*. Miss Gardiner 1*l*. Miss Haig 5*s*. Miss F. M. Hamilton 1*l*. Mrs Walter Hemming 10*s*. Mrs. Laurence 1*s*. Mrs. Breeds 1*s*. Mrs. Searle 10*s*. W. A. Gibbs 2*l*. 2*s*. J. H. W. Laing 5*s*. M. C. 5*s*. Lady Betty 1*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*. Lady Mary Vyner 5*l*. Mr. Halford 1*l*. T. L. 1*l*. Hermit 5*s*. Col. Mesnell 10*s*. Rev. W. H. Channing 5*s*. Titmarsh 1*s*. W. R. Smales 5*s*. Miss G. C. Longman 10*s*. J. R. Squirrell 1*l*. S. A. Gimson (annual) 10*s*. Black Country 5*s*. E. H. Hewitt and two Friends 1*l*. 2*s*. W. Churchill 10*s*. Mrs. A. A. Engelbach 5*s*. Anonymous (Southsea) 2*s*. Anonymous (Penzance) 1*s*. E. M. W. Hayes (Kent) 5*s*. K. H. 6*s*. 1*d*. H. H. Longman 10*s*. Mrs. H.H. Longman 10*s*. Mrs. Davidis 10*s*. 6*d*. Miss F. A. Rawson 2*l*. A Protestant Girls' School in Dublin 9*s*. C. J. H. 2*s*. 6*d*. Henry Dashwood 5*l*. W Southall 10*s*. From Queenstown 2*s*. 6*d*. E. J. B. 2*s*. 6*d*. Capt. E. W. Lang, R.N., 1*l* B. M. 6*s*. Manager of the "Khoosh" Tonic Bitters Co. 2*l*. 2*s*. Sir Henry Wilmot 1*l* Major-General Clerk 2*l*. Mrs. Napier 5*s*. Mrs. Hassell 1*l*. Anonymous 5*s*. A

M. Giles 5s. Mrs. Legard 2l. W. H. Mallock 1l. Sailor Boy 5s. Per Mrs. Rattray 1l. A Grenadier 7s. 6d. E. O. B. 1l. Jean 5s. Mrs. A. Robson 5s. Mrs. Elliot 5l. F. S. White 10s. Mrs. A. Percival 2s. 6d. Mrs. Chesman 3s. 6d. "Plum Duff" 3l. Miss Moore 10s. The Widow's Mite 2s. A. A. P. 1s. J. W. P. (Lee) 10s. Per Maria Baldwin 1l. L. C. 2s. 6d. Per R. A. Sutton 10s. J. W. T. 1l. 'Inasmuch' S.S.L. 10s. Major Martin 1l. R. N. 10s. J. A. C. 10s. J. W. (Manchester) 5s. Happy Cottage 10s. Redcar 5s. Mdlle. Berton 3s. 6d. H. J. G. 10s. Jas. Scott jun. 10s. Mrs. A. F. Govett 5l. 'C' (Gunnersbury) 2s. 6d. S. S. S. (Gunnersbury) 2s. 6d. Old Salt 10s. Great St. Niteur's 10s. A. B. S. 10s. Miss Wenham 5s. Lady Augusta M. Noel 1l. A. Y. A. 1s. 6d. A. W. 5s. Mrs. Lyne 5s. Anonymous (Walker St., Edinburgh) 1l. Mrs. Phillips 10s. E. R. G. 2s. Anonymous 2s. 6d. E. J. 2s. I. A. B. (annual) 5s. Mrs. Cox (School fines) 10s. From a reader of *Longman's Magazine* 2s. Dora and Bernard Sandwell 3s Anonymous 2l. 2s. Emile R. Merton 21l. 'Bon Accord' 7s. 6d. Pour les bonnes Sœurs 1s. Quidam 10s. Nellie 10s. Miss Childers Thompson 5s. F. H. A. 2s. 6d. J. W. Fry, M.R.C.S., 10s. C. F. Creed 10s. A. Friend 1l. Q. 2s. Anonymous 5s. Mr. and Mrs. Slous 2l. Charlotte 2s. 6d. Mrs. Kirkwood 6s. Anonymous 5s. Anonymous 2s. 6d. F. 2s. C. D. 3l. Mrs. Welbury Mitton 1l. 1s. F. G. Waugh 1l. T. B. 2l. 2s. A Minister's Wife 5s. C. R. 2s. 6d. A Scotchwoman 5s. 38 Lincoln's Inn Fields 1l. A Minister's Wife 5s. G. V. Collison 4s. A Stranger 1l. W. Stevens (annual) 1l. E. M. Stevens (annual) 1l. G. H. Stevens (annual) 1l. E. Stevens (annual) 10s. A. B. Stevens (annual) 10s. Mrs. Getting 10s. From the Trosachs 2l. E. A. B. 5s. R. Birkbeck 1l. Miss M. Davidson 5s. A. Day 1l. W. H. Newnham 1l. G. Noble Taylor and family 1l. 10s. C. Keen 2s. J. B. 5s. W. A. Scott 10s. H. C. G. (Dumfries) (for the 'Don') 2s. 6d. S. F. (Dalston) 2s. 6d. Mrs. Curtis 5s. Mrs. J. E. Parish 5s. Henry Eyre 5s. Dresden (half for 'Don,' half for 'Donna') 5l. H. M. Bries (Presteign) 2s. 6d. Per Miss Baldwin 7s. 6d. H. A. B. 3s. A Congregationalist 5s. Mary Smith (for the 'Magnet') 10l. Mrs. Tharp's Children (for the 'Don') 10s. Collected by Robert Brooks 2l. A few farthings 2s. J. Solly 5s. Miss Vere Savile 1l. J. A. P., H. R., and E. P. 7s. E. B. 5s. Charles Catling 5l. 'Inasmuch' (Fareham) 2s. 6d. Miss Mary MacMahon 2s. 6d. W. J. S. Barber-Starkey 1l. A. M. T. 5s. Per E. C. Smart 14s. C. W. Kopf 1l. Mrs. Ross 1l. 10s. Donna M. 1l. Mrs. Kirby 1s. 6d. F. W. Longman 2l. Thomas Gripper 5s. Mrs. Moody 5s. Chester 7s. 6d. John Frewen 1l. 1s. T. B. 5l. A. M. 5s. W. R. 10s. Mrs. and Miss Nichols (1st donation) 2s. A. N. 1l. E. R. (Teddington) 1s. R. A. Sutton 10s. Some young Friends 5s. Miss Hopkins 1l. P. C. M. 10s. Little Edith's pennies 2s. I. A. W. 1s. H. Winstanley 5s. Miss Hasker 1l. 1s. K. 2s. 6d. C. S. 1l. G. F. W. 5s. Th. Tilter 1l. B. L. 2s. 6d. Frank H. Woodroffe and Friend 4l. Rev. T. B. Brooks 10s. Two Friends 5s. Anonymous 2s. 6d. A few Johnians 1l. A. L. A. 5s. W. H. P. 3s. Alice Maud 2s. 6d. Rose 2s. 6d. T. R. C. 5s. Col. O. H. T. 2s. 6d. Sunnymead Enfield 8s. Dr. Hugh Mackintosh 5l. 5s. Zilla and Christabel 3s. B. L. 2s. 6d. A Friend 2s. A. D. T. 5s. Collected by a Reader 5s. 6d. Total, 270l. 7s. 7d.

Of the above sum 200l. have been paid on account of the 'Donna,' and as requested, 10l. on account of the 'Magnet' and 2l. 12s. 6d. on account of the 'Don,' to the Secretary of the Sisters of Mercy, Miss A. M. Thomas, 27 Kilburn Park Road, N.W. The balance, 57l. 15s. 1d., is in the hands of the Editor, and will be paid over shortly. The initial expenses of starting the 'Donna,' in providing the tins and necessary utensils, and erecting the

www.libtool.com.cn

permanent shed by the subway, is 20*l.* The cost of an additional boiler in Dock Street is also 20*l.* The permanent cost of maintaining the truck depends upon the number who use it. At present the loss is 3*l.* per week. This implies a terrible amount of destitution, as it is to be borne in mind that only those who are out of work are served at the 'Donna.' It is to be hoped that this amount may be reduced, but even at that rate it is certain that the 'Donna' can now be carried on for above a year.

Mary Smith, Kensington.—Your kind remittance, 10*l*, has been paid to the Sisters for the 'Magnet,' which is now working close to the hiring sheds, Nightingale Lane, where a truck seems more needed than in any other part. The 'Magnet' is only stationed there temporarily, as this truck was given for the Surrey side of the river. As soon as the kitchen is completed there, it will have to be removed. It will work at Nightingale Lane till Christmas. Any communications about the 'Magnet' should be addressed to Miss A. M. Thomas, 27 Kilburn Park Road, N.W.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his Correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

ONLY GENUINE. ORIGINAL AND

CHLORODYNE

IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR

CHOLERA,

COUGHS,
COLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS,

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY.

www.libtool.com.cn

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne *must be false*.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

GENERAL BOARD of HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME of DIARRHŒA."

To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & CO., *Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, Chemists of His Excellency the Viceroy of India.*

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER,
J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Gt. Russell St. W.C.

FOR A HUNDRED EXCELLENT AND PALATABLE

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Write to Messrs. GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS, enclosing a penny stamp for postage, when you will be presented with a valuable book of 100 pages, bound in cloth and fully illustrated, called

'GOOD THINGS,'

MADE, SAID, AND DONE, FOR EVERY HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

'The book embraces a wide field of usefulness.'—BRITISH WORKMAN.

'Can scarcely fail to prove of service.'—THE ROCK.

PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

Fry's Cocoa

GUARANTEED PURE

Extract

'Strictly pure, easily assimilated.'—W. W. Stoddart, F.I.C., F.C.S., *City and County Analyst, Bristol.*

'Pure Cocoa, a portion of oil extracted.'—Charles A. Cameron, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., *Analyst for Dublin.*

VIEW OF MANUFACTORY, BRISTOL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA

Prepared with the celebrated Cocoa of Caracas combined with other choice descriptions.

'A most delicious and valuable article.'
Standard.

SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS
Awarded to the Firm.

FOR COUGHS. FOR COLDS.

HOGE'S HOREHOUND HONEY

FOR SORE THROATS. FOR SORE LUNGS.

'I consider your Horehound Honey the most wonderful remedy I have ever tried, possessing properties which are nothing short of marvellous for cure of sore throat and coughs. 'Marie Roze.'

'Your Honey is delicious.—Yours truly, 'Ellen Terry.'

Relief Guaranteed. Put up in 1s. 1½d. Bottles.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining it in your neighbourhood, Messrs. W. M. HOGE & CO., 64 King William Street, London, E.C., will post a Bottle to any address upon receipt of price.

THE WONDERFUL VELVETEENS

At 2s. a Yard.

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, Manchester, are the manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now well known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

The price of these beautiful Velveteens, in Black and all the most beautiful colours now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard.

LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, manufacture these Velveteens themselves, and it might almost be said give them to the Public for 2s. a yard.

LEWIS'S ask Ladies to write for Patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens. They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS'S of Market Street, Manchester, praise their Velveteens more than they deserve. Write for Patterns on an ordinary post card. LEWIS'S pay Carriage on all orders to any address in the United Kingdom.

When writing please mention this Magazine.

LEWIS'S, IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

SOFT BEETHAM'S SKIN GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER

Soon renders the SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE. Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, &c.; and Preserves the Skin from the effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER.

It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced, and no lady should be without it for winter use. After visiting the Ball-room or other Heated Apartment it will be found delightfully Refreshing and Invigorating. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers.

Sole Makers,
M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

Highest Awards at International Exhibitions.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS,

For SALE or HIRE, and on the 3 YEARS' SYSTEM.

PRICES FROM 35 TO 330 GUINEAS.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE.

Every Piano Guaranteed for Five Years.

Sold by all the Principal Musicsellers.

18, 20, & 22 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.,
AND THE
'Brinsmead Works,' Kentish Town, N.W.

www.libtool.com.cn

FEB 7 1884

www.libtool.com.cn

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

No. XVI] [FEBRUARY 1884

Contents

PAGE

Jack's Courtship: a Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck. Chapters XI.–XII. 337
By W. CLARK RUSSELL

After the County Franchise 362
By RICHARD JEFFERIES

The 'Lively Fanny' 376
By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY

Lord Lyndhurst 391
By A. K. H. B.

Colonus 402
By G. WOTHERSPOON

Virgil and Agriculture in Tuscany 403
By MRS. ROSS

The Ice Harvest on the Hudson River 410
By G. G. ANDRÉ

Madam. Chapters VI.—X. 418
By MRS. OLIPHANT

The 'Donna' 448

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

The Best Security for Civilisatio[n] is the Dwelling.—*Beaconsfield.*

www.libtool.com.cn

THE KING OF PHYSICIA[NS]
PURE AIR!

'Former generations perished in [v]ignorance of all sanitary laws. When **BLACK DEATH** massacred [hun]dreds of Thousands, neither the victims their rulers could be accounted responsib[le] their slaughter.'—Times.

HOUSE SANITATION.

Dr. Playfair, after carefully consid[ering] the question, is of opinion that the [...] pecuniary loss inflicted on the county of L[an]cashire from *preventible* disease, sick[ness] and death, amounts to *not less than* FI[VE] MILLIONS STERLING ANNUALLY. [...] this is *only* physical and pecuniary [...] THE MORAL LOSS IS INFINIT[ELY] GREATER.—Smiles.

TYPHOID AND DIPHTHERIA, BLOOD POISONS, HOUS[E] SANITATION.—It is no exaggeration to state that not one-quarter of the dwellings of all [...] high or low, rich or poor, are free from dangers to health due to defects with respect to drainage, &c. &c. These original defects will inevitably entail a loss of health and energy of the occupants of the houses, an[d] may go on for years, working insidiously, but with deadly effect.......It is painful to know that, after a[ll] [...] has been done of late years in the way of sanitary improvements, persons die almost daily, POISONED [...] DRAINS that should save life and not destroy it.—Sanitary Congress, Sept. 1882.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR. How few know that after breathing impure air for two and a half minutes every drop of blood is [...] less poisoned. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisoned blood. not a [...] but must have suffered injury.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT is the best remedy. It removes fœtid or poisonous m[atter] (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depre[ssion] [...] restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, refre[shing] and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

'**MANY SICK PEOPLE** looked upon me as a physician. For a long time we h[ad] been in the centre of Africa without any medical man. Natives came with all manner of diseases. [...] day we had a man that was said to be mad. In some of his fits he had wounded a neighbour with an [...] Whether he was mad or not, he was evidently far from well, and I gave him a large dose of ENO'S FRUIT SA[LT]. The poor fellow came back next morning to tell us that he was better. His breath was no longer offensive. [...] he looked cheerful. We were sorry when our supply of FRUIT SALT was done: it was a favourite both w[ith] natives and Europeans, and is much used along the malarious coasts.'

Africana, by the Rev. Duff Macdonald, M.A., B.D., vol. ii. p. [...]

A NATURAL APERIENT.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—An unsolicited T[esti]monial from a gentleman, an F.S.A., now above eighty years of age, who writes:—'I have for a [...] time used "ENO'S FRUIT SALT;" I have found it an effective yet gentle aperient, very beneficial to person[s of] sedentary habits, especially such as exercise not the limbs but the brain, and frequently require to assist natu[re] without hazardous force. It acts, according to the quantity taken, either as a relieving medicine, or as a co[oling] and refreshing drink; and I am convinced that it does not weaken when it stimulates.'

SUDDEN CHANGES OF WEATHER, ANY EMERGENCY, INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS.—DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich f[ood], alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick-headache, skin eruptions, pimple[s on] the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c., use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, heal[th]-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and fr[ee] from disease.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—'A new invention is brought before the public, an[d] commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—Adams.

Caution.—*Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation.*

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Directions in Sixteen Languages how to Prevent Disease.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

FEB 7 1884

www.libtool.com.cn

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1884.

Jack's Courtship:

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XI.

I POUR OUT MY SOUL.

WHAT sort of man was Mr. Reginald Morecombe? Was he short or tall? Good-looking or plain? A real fool or with as much sense as most youths have? That he wore his hair parted down the middle, that he dressed himself in stick-up collars (no great vice), that he used an eyeglass, and talked of blood with the complacency of a gentleman whose private conviction is that people of humble extraction wander through life with their veins filled up with water, I had heard; but these points were vague enough. I had never seen him, which was not curious considering that he had been laid up with a sprained ankle pretty nearly ever since his arrival at Clifton; but not the less was my curiosity exceedingly keen, so that next to Miss Hawke the person I was most anxious to have a good look at was the youth her father wanted her to marry.

My mind was full of speculations about this man as next morning I walked to Clifton to spend the day with my relatives; and it was therefore a coincidence in its way that I had not been walking ten minutes when I spied Mr. Hawke's carriage standing opposite a bookseller's shop. The sight of the men's livery, which I had good reason to remember, fluttered me exceedingly; but I had to come abreast of the vehicle before I could see who was in it, and as I did so Mr. Hawke came out of the shop and said

something to the young fellow who was sitting in the carriage. The old chap did not see me. I walked hurriedly by, taking but a short peep at the young man, who of course would be no other than Mr. Morecombe. That peep, sharp and brief as it was, did not make me feel very happy, for I am bound to say that Mr. Morecombe was a decidedly good-looking man, apparently about eight-and-twenty, with a large tawny moustache and a well-shaped nose. There was a glass in his eye, and he wore the stick-ups my uncle had jeered at. He was dressed in a suit of tweed, with yellow gloves, plenty of shirt-sleeve, and a white deer-stalking hat. Yet there was something mighty affected, I thought, in his pose as he leaned back with a cigarette between his fingers.

I walked quickly past, as I have said, never troubling myself to look behind; but let me repeat, mates, the sight of that man made me feel uncomfortable. He was certainly not the sort of individual I had fancied him. I had figured a somewhat idiotic person, smooth-faced, a sort of compromise between man and woman, with the assurance of the one and the vanity of the other. Instead of which, the villain had a masculine appearance, was of my height, as I reckoned by his body as he sat in the carriage, unless his legs were short (which I hoped), and was not without breadth of shoulders. I had noticed with a spasm of jealousy and wrath the polite, exceedingly gracious manner with which old Hawke had smiled on the youth as he came out of the shop.

Mr. Morecombe, I thought as I stepped out, walking fast in my abstraction, is good-looking, is gentlemanly-looking, he is well connected, his wife will be Lady Morecombe, he may not be well off, but he cannot be poorer than I. Suppose he *is* the fool my relatives—ay, and Florence Hawke—call him; suppose he talks nonsense about blood; suppose he is a puppy by nature and the meanest of creatures in intellect—whoever he marries will some day be 'her ladyship'; he has a pretty figure for a carriage, or a saddle, or a drawing-room, and he is no doubt capable of running very glibly over a whole catalogue of titled aunts and uncles and cousins. What more does pompous old Hawke want? What chance should I stand, who am little better than a shell-back, whose father was a lawyer, who have no pretensions to Mr. Reginald Morecombe's elegant military style, his beautiful moustache, his small hands, and general noble ball-room appearance?

I arrived at my uncle's house in a very dejected, uncomfortable mood, partly induced by the view I had obtained of Mr. Morecombe, and partly by thoughts about my aunt, who I considered was acting very unkindly in prohibiting her daughters from lending me a hand in my courtship. As I entered the gate I plumped up against Sophie, who was unmistakably hanging about to intercept me.

'Jack,' said she, as I stopped to shake hands with her, 'I know you wonder why neither Amelia nor I have called upon you.'

'Not at all,' I answered. 'Your papa was with me yesterday, and he explained how matters stand. Why should you call? You have nothing to tell me.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'It is not my fault,' cried the amiable girl, speaking with a distressed face; 'I had made all arrangements to visit Florence and have her here, as you know—purely for your sake, but mamma strictly prohibited Amelia and me from mentioning your name to Florence, or acting in any way as a go-between. What was I to do? I am obliged to obey mamma.'

'Of course, of course,' said I. 'Don't let this trouble you. I fully appreciate all your good intentions. It's a blow, I admit, to be deprived of your help. But until I positively hear that Florence Hawke has accepted young Morecombe—who, by the way, I have just sighted for the first time—or until I know that the love I offered her on that seat there,' said I, pointing, 'is objectionable to her, I'll go on hoping, Sophie, I'll go on waiting; for who knows what may happen?' and so saying I put my hand through her arm, and in this friendly posture we walked to the house.

My aunt welcomed me very kindly, and I took care to put so much warmth into my manner that it was impossible she could suspect how annoyed I was with her for allowing her regard for old Hawke's opinion to interfere with my chance of wooing his lovely daughter. I had hoped that no reference to the business in any shape or form would have been made, and had it rested with my aunt and cousins nothing probably would have been said; but my uncle, who spoke whatever came into his head, tumbled us all into the topic at lunch by asking Amelia if she had seen Miss Hawke lately. My aunt tried to catch his eye to make a face at him, but he would not look.

'I saw her yesterday, but only to nod to,' replied Amelia.

'Does anybody know how young Morecombe is getting on?' continued my uncle; 'how's his sprain—can anyone tell?'

'It should be well by this time,' said Sophie contemptuously.

'I'm not so sure,' exclaimed my uncle; 'a sprain is a bad job. I have known a man to be laid up for twelve weeks with a twisted ankle.'

'I saw him in the Hawkes' carriage as I came here,' said I; 'his sufferings did not seem acute.'

'Was that the first time you had ever seen him?' asked my aunt. I replied that it was.

'What d'ye think of him?' said my uncle.

'That he's a decidedly good-looking fellow, with a very gentlemanly appearance.' Sophie seemed to regard me with astonishment. My aunt said, 'It is very honourable in you to praise him,

Mr. Jack. He is certainly handsome to look at——' 'From a distance,' interrupted Sophie. 'But,' continued my aunt, 'when you get to know him and converse with him his looks seem to fade away. I am afraid it is because he has very little intellect.'

'The fact is, Jack,' said my uncle, 'his beauty founders in his imbecility. The moment you stir up his inanity his appearance gets swamped and sinks. Yet I like to hear ye admire the man; it's a nautical touch that pleases me.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Only Mr. Hawke could endure so silly a person as a guest,' observed Amelia.

'Do not let us talk of Mr. Hawke, dear,' said my aunt. 'Sophie pass the sherry to your cousin, my love.'

'Before we shelve old Hawke, Sophia,' said my uncle in the manner of one who rises after a dinner to make a speech, 'I want to say a word. I told Jack yesterday why you object to the girls meddling in his love affairs; he quite understands, as I explained to you, my dear. It is not because you like old Hawke, nor because you approve of his wish to marry his child to an ass, nor because you would not be delighted to see Florence Hawke become Mrs. Jack Seymour; but because you think it's right that people should do as they'd like to be done by—by which I mean that if you were carrying out some marriage speculation for Sophie there, you would not be pleased if Hawke's nephew (supposing he had one) stepped in, backed by Hawke and his family, to stop or thwart or bother you in your little game. There need be no *feeling* on the subject. Jack is a young man of sense; aren't you, Jack?'

All this was distressing enough to me, and I could only blush and try to smile and look amiable. My aunt, dragged into a topic she had not wanted to meddle with, was forced to speak.

'I am sorry,' said she to me, 'to have felt obliged—and I really *have* felt obliged—to say or do anything that—that you might think not kind. My husband knows, and so do Sophie and Amelia, that I would be very glad to see you the accepted lover of Florence Hawke. Do not imagine I wonder at your admiration of her or that you should be in love, for I greatly admire Florence myself and have a warm affection for her. But it was out of the question that Mr. Hawke should be allowed to suppose that we were abetting you against his wishes; nor, in my opinion, would my daughters be acting with propriety in calling at Clifton Lodge after what has passed, and, under the mask of visiting as *friends*, helping you in your—your——'

'*Affair dee cooer*—put it politely,' said my uncle.

'And so virtually acting as the enemies of Mr. Hawke,' concluded my aunt, who was exceedingly nervous and extended her hand to Sophie for the fan the girl wore slung by a lanyard to her waist.

'There's no reasoning against that,' said my uncle. 'Girls, your mother's right. We all of us wish Jack plenty of luck; he deserves it, and, in my opinion, he'll get it; but he must haul alone. Yes, my lad, it must be a single-handed job. It's a pity, but women are the best judges of what's proper and decorous in behaviour, and what your aunt says we're bound to endorse, both of us.'

www.libtool.com.cn

Once more I say all this was very distressing, besides being flat, stale, and unprofitable, for it was going over old ground; however, I put on a pleasant face, thanked my aunt for her good wishes, apologised for having been the cause of Mr. Hawke's rudeness, and by backing and filling managed to go clear of the confoundedly narrow channel into which my uncle's candid soul had warped me, and then, with a dexterous twist, changed the subject.

After luncheon Sophie came to the window of the room in which her father and I sat smoking, and asked if I would take a walk with her. I at once said 'Yes,' and looked at her eagerly, fancying that she intended to put me in the way of meeting Florence. She read my thoughts and shook her head, and said significantly, 'Only for a walk, Jack, as far as Observatory Hill, just to kill an hour.' 'No mischief hatching, I hope,' says my uncle, who was half asleep. 'I wish there was, in the sense you mean,' thought I, greatly disappointed by Sophie's shake of the head. 'Yes, I should be very glad to take a stroll,' I said to my cousin, with whom in that sentimental time I took great pleasure in conversing: so she went away, and in about twenty minutes' time reappeared dressed for the walk. My uncle was sound asleep, snoring bravely, with a quantity of cigar ash on his trowsers, and his arms hanging all abroad.

'Won't Amelia join us?' I asked Sophie as we stepped on to the lawn. She answered that her sister had been walking in the morning and felt tired, and that her mamma was lying down in her bedroom. I daresay neither of them knew that she was going for a walk with me; she wanted to have my emotions and woes to herself—to enjoy me alone, as if I were a love story in three volumes. Indeed, my cousin Sophie had a truly romantic turn of mind, a keen and native relish of all matters which concern the heart. How she managed to endure life without having some *great secret* of her own I cannot imagine. Perhaps she had; and if so I should feel disposed to bet that he had melancholy eyes and was considerably in debt.

We walked along very slowly, and as we walked we conversed on the one topic that at that period absorbed the whole of my slender stock of understanding. 'I can only repeat, Jack,' says she, 'that I am deeply vexed at not being able to help you as I should like. I had made such capital plans. Again and again Florence could have been at our house when you arrived—quite

by accident, of course. Then she and I could have taken drives, and met you in the most unexpected manner. But mamma's wishes are law,' and the dear thing sighed with all her might.

'Sophie,' said I, 'at lunch you heard me say I had seen young Morecombe in the Hawkes' carriage. I spoke of him lightly, for I want nobody but you to know *all* that I feel. But the truth is, Sophie, the sight of that man has made me miserable; I had no notion he was so good-looking.'

'He is not good-looking,' she replied scornfully; 'it's your jealousy that makes him formidable. At all events, if he's good-looking in *your* opinion, depend upon it he does not come up to a woman's ideas of a handsome man.'

'You merely say this to comfort me,' I mumbled.

'I say it because it is true,' she exclaimed. 'Were you to talk to him you'd find him positively ugly; he has not an atom of expression, he has a most sickly, conceited smile, he says "aw," like old Mr. Hawke, but much more often, and "heear" for "hear" and "beear" for "beer"; and he also stammers a little. If Florence were with us she'd agree in every word I say. At all events, *she* does not think him good-looking.'

'Are you sure of that?' I asked, longing to believe her and thoroughly doubting what she said at the same time—a truly miserable condition of mind to be in.

'Are not *you* sure?' she replied. 'Why, she called him a fool to your face once; don't you remember? And do you think a woman would speak like that of a man she admired?'

'Oh, but she was talking of his brains, not of his appearance,' said I. 'Confound the fellow! I wish I had never seen him. I never supposed that he was much more than a soft, clean-faced, under-sized fop.'

'He's not much more, whatever you may think,' said she; 'and if Florence does not admire him—which I know to be the case; didn't she once say to me he had a most inane countenance?—why will you allow such trifling matters as a moustache and an eye-glass to worry you? Why, at that rate an umbrella or a walking-stick will be disturbing your peace of mind next. Depend upon it, Mr. Reginald Morecombe is not to Florence's taste.'

'What *is* to her taste? Can you imagine?' said I, letting conviction creep into me bit by bit, like an eel working its way into the mud. Here my warm-hearted cousin did me the honour to closely describe Jack Seymour. Yes; she said that what Florence liked was a Roman nose—not a hook, but a bumpkin or outrigger of the proper classic kind; plenty of brown hair, elegantly tossed off the manly brow as if recently combed by a gale of wind; a tolerable mouth, fairish teeth, and a small honest moustache—not a great heap of hair, which might conceal nobody could tell what, and which when shaved off might leave a most

dreadful and wonderful change behind. And so my kind cousin talked on, making beauties of my imperfections and overpowering me with the glimpses of my own charms she enabled me to snatch. It was hard not to believe all she said; my vanity, my hopes, my love were all on her side. But her adamantine amiability, that was proof against the intolerable egotism,—that did not crumble and fall down before the battery of such questions as 'And you really think she admires me more than Mr. Morecombe?' 'And you honestly believe, Sophie, that she likes me?' 'And your opinion is that if I could only manage to meet her a few times it would end in my winning her love?' 'And you are sure that her father will never induce her to accept Mr. Morecombe?' I can only recall with veneration and amazement. How I plied her, poor girl! Sometimes I apologised; sometimes I would say, ''Pon my word I am very unreasonable; I have no right to be worrying you in this fashion. I ought not to bore you with all this talk.' But whether it was that she enjoyed the conversation and would not let me drift out of it, or that I could not find anything else to talk about, it always happened that I regularly returned to the subject of Florence Hawke, what she thought of me, my chances, what I ought to do, and the like.

We were wandering along side by side, like a pair of lovers deep in conversation, when she suddenly caught hold of my arm, came to a dead stop, compelling me to halt likewise, and exclaimed with a sort of consternation in her manner, 'Good gracious, Jack, there's Florence in front of us! and there's Emily in that Bath chair.' We were somewhere about where the St. Vincent Rocks Hotel now stands; there was no suspension bridge in those days. I could see some distance along the road, that had a railing down one side of it, leaving a wide margin of edge where the precipitous cliff fell, and about a couple of hundred paces ahead of us, there, sure enough, was a Bath chair, dragged by a man with a cockade in his hat, and walking close alongside of it was Florence Hawke, though, had not Sophie told me it was she, I should certainly not have recognised her at that distance; they were going our way, and their backs were towards us. The Bath chair went along very slowly, and when we stopped, Miss Hawke stopped and looked towards the river, and then rejoined her sister.

'Let us go on, Sophie, let us go on!' I exclaimed, hearing my heart drumming in my ears as if Punch and Judy were not far off.

'What are we to do, Jack?' cried she. 'Ought we to join them? What will mamma say?'

'For heaven's sake, don't let us lose sight of them,' I replied, catching hold of her arm and obliging her to walk. 'We can argue the matter moving, can't we? What *can* your mamma say? She doesn't want you to *cut* Miss Hawke. This meeting is

www.libtool.com.cn

purely accidental—it is what I have been longing and praying for—don't think of anybody but me at this moment.' And tightening my clutch of her arm I forced her to step out.

'Well, as you say, it's purely accidental,' said the good-natured girl, fast losing her breath. 'I certainly cannot be disobeying mamma by speaking to Florence when we meet, although you are with me.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'And you have met her,' cried I, 'after an Irish fashion, certainly; but we'll make it a proper meeting.'

As we drew near I actually trembled with excitement and nervousness. I never gave the circumstance of Miss Emily being with her sister a thought. All that I felt was that I was going to meet and see and speak to the girl I was deeply in love with, and whom I had done nothing but think of, and dream of, and worry over, and speculate upon ever since the first night I had set foot in Clifton. Why wouldn't she look round and see us coming? This stern-chase doubled my nervousness, more especially as the pair of us threatened to blunder alongside short of breath and scare the darling by our sudden apparition and invasion. We were within twenty feet of the Bath chair when Emily turned her head and spied us. Perhaps she did not immediately recognise us, for she took another short squint before speaking to her sister. Instantly Florence stopped and looked; for a moment she hung in the wind, I fancied, as if she did not know what to do; then with a bright smile she advanced, gave Sophie a kiss, and extended her hand to me.

Mates, shaking hands with a girl you love is a wonderful sensation. I could scarcely let go of the soft, tender, velvet-like gloved fingers; and frightened, shy, palpitating, and excited as I was, the delight kindled in my face I could guess at by seeing the effect of it in hers.

'I am so glad to see you, Sophie,' said she. 'How is it you have not called? You owe me a visit, you know,' and she smiled archly.

But the fellow that was hauling the Bath chair along had come to a stand; Miss Emily had to be saluted, and we went to her. She looked at me with amazement as I raised my hat. She did not attempt to disguise her wonder. Nothing was more certain than that she had not the least idea I was still in Bristol; whence, quick as lightning, I inferred that Florence had kept the fact of my having taken lodgings in the neighbourhood a secret from her father and sister. A noble augury for me, as what lover will doubt? Could the poor delicate creature have had her way, she would have ordered the flunkey to wheel her home. This was as plain as mud in a wine-glass by her first movement of surprise at seeing me and the marked coolness of her manner immediately afterwards. But, Heaven be praised! she was too young to be

dangerous in that way. Sophie, who was anxiously smiling and red as a cook with the heat, for I had dragged her along without ceremony, said, 'Don't let us keep you standing. We are going your way;' and forthwith the cockaded gentleman touched his hat, bent his back, and off we started.

www.libtool.com.cn

We all kept together at the beginning. I had very little to say, and indeed just then was hardly able to do more than look. Occasionally Emily would stare at me as if I had just clambered out of the river over the cliff; but I took no notice. I had no eyes but for Florence. Could I pretend to know how she was dressed? what sort of hat she wore? what colour her parasol was? Depend upon it, a man is not very far gone when he notes his girl's attire. Why, confound him, whatever she has on will be in the most delicious taste in the world when he *is* in love, and that is all he will be able to say about it. What I remember of Florence that day was her face and figure. It was her beauty that clothed her—nothing more.

Well, we all tried to appear at the first going off as if nothing whatever had happened—as if I were not in love, as if Florence didn't know I was in love, as if Alphonso Hawke were on the friendliest terms with the Seymours, as if there were no Morecombe, no Bristol lodgings, no blood wanted—no nothing. Emily was horribly cool, certainly, and the eagerness in her soul to tell papa was visible in her sickly lineaments. But we did not mind her; Florence talked of the weather, I of the dust, and Sophie of the curate of St. Andrew's. At last Sophie said something to Emily, first stealing a peep at me that I might see my chance. My heart set off afresh; but I was resolved that nervousness should not hinder me. A time had come for which I had been praying; so girding up my loins (in an intellectual sense, of course), I took a lateral step that brought my arm against Florence's, and said in a low voice, 'I was afraid I should never see you again.'

She coloured up—how could she remember I had told her that I loved her and not appreciate the significance of this meeting and of every word I could say in her private ear?—and answered, 'I heard from Sophie that you had taken lodgings in Bristol. I hope you are comfortable, though you don't deserve to be for giving up your kind relatives' home.'

'I did that for your sake,' said I.

'I know you did,' she answered, 'and I am sorry to have been the cause.'

(I saw Emily staring at us. Meanwhile Sophie talked fast to her.)

'I would do anything for your sake,' said I. 'The one hardship is the rare chance of meeting you. Why is your father prejudiced against me? He does not know me. Could I help

falling in love with you? He is to blame for having for a daughter the loveliest girl in the world.'

'Don't talk nonsense, Mr. Seymour,' said she, turning her face aside and smiling. (We had dropped about a fathom astern of the Bath chair and right in the wake of it; so Emily could not go on looking without straining her neck.) And then raising her sweet eyes to me, she said, 'If a landsman talked to me as you do, I should walk away, I should be angry. But I can forgive a very great deal in a young man who has been to sea as a sailor.'

'And why? because if he's a real sailor he'll speak the truth—as I do. Do you doubt my sincerity? Do you think I am only flattering you? Heaven forgive you if you suppose that. I can tell you that you have made me the most wretched creature in existence. I am in love with you, and my love puts you a thousand leagues further away from me than were I to like you only as an acquaintance. For, before, we could meet, I could talk to you, I could be in your presence and look at you; now I go on day after day with nothing upon earth to console me but your likeness.'

She was a little scared by my impassioned manner, which put a kind of impetuousness into my voice.

'There is no need for you to be wretched,' said she.

'Why do you say that?' cried I, grasping at the straw. 'Only tell me that I may hope—I ask for no more now—and you'll make me the gladdest fellow in the world.'

'I'll tell you nothing at all,' she answered. 'I wish you would not think of me. Indeed, Mr. Seymour, I ought not to talk to you.'

'See here, Miss Hawke—no, I'll call you Florence—you may not like it; but I'm determined to get one happy memory out of all this worry; will you answer a question?'

'You mustn't call me Florence,' said she, smiling.

'Why not?' said I. 'How cruel you are. You will not yield an inch.' She returned no answer. 'Since you object I will not call you Florence.'

'You may say it once, but only once,' said she, turning her head away again.

'May I put something before it.'

'What?' she inquired, rather breathlessly.

'May I say "darling Florence"?' I cried, feeling that if that abominable Bath chair were out of sight I should seize her hand.

'Oh no, certainly not,' she exclaimed, honestly frightened. 'Oh, Mr. Seymour—you told me I would not give you an inch, and now you are wanting to take a whole mile!'

'Well, I'll not *call* you darling—I'll *think* it—I'll say Florence—will you answer a question?'

'I'll see when you ask it.'

I put my face close to her and said, 'Have I anything to fear from Mr. Reginald Morecombe?'

'I'll answer that,' she replied at once; 'though you are not nice in putting it in that way. My reply is No!'

It was a wonder I did not burst into a hornpipe.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Oh, Florence!' I cried, if you only knew—if you could only conceive the weight your answer takes off my mind.'

'You have called me Florence twice,' she exclaimed. 'You are not fair. But let us join the others. Emily will be wondering——'

'Give me another moment,' said I. 'I may not meet you for a long time again, and I shall have nothing but this little conversation to live upon.'

'I hope we shall meet soon then, for your sake,' she exclaimed, 'for how thin you will become if we don't!'

'I certainly shall—joking apart. Already I feel as if I were wronging Nature by not being a shadow. For my sake you hope we shall meet soon, you say. Will you tell me how I am to meet you?'

'Indeed I cannot,' she replied, 'and therefore you ought to return to your uncle instead of living foolishly in apartments.'

'But Mrs. Seymour respects your father's wishes,' said I. 'She thinks if we were to meet at her house Mr. Hawke would consider her unneighbourly. How miserable it is to be dependent on others!' And then, perceiving that she was making little feints to leave me, and would certainly be off in a moment or two, I exclaimed, 'Florence, before we join the others will you tell me that you like me a little bit?'

She laughed and said, 'Of course I like you a little bit;' and then afraid, no doubt, that this would lead to a larger question she made sail, and we drew alongside the Bath chair.

There's a good deal of imbecility in what I have written, my lads, but how am I to explain what an amount of 'bouting-ship there was in my courtship if I don't tell you what I said to my sweetheart when I made love to her? Besides, who expects good sense in love-making? Only Frenchmen court wittily, and shall I tell you why? because they are never in earnest. When John Bull offers his heart he means it. Yes, he kneels down in his great boots, makes a fool of himself, rumbles out nonsense in bad grammar; but there's conscience in his twaddle. There was sincerity in mine; I meant all that I said, and so you have the best excuse I can offer for asking you to listen to this stuff.

We ranged alongside the Bath chair, as I have said, and Sophie at once quitted Emily for her sister. Nobody would have required a telescope to judge from Florence's and my appearance that we had been enjoying a rather earnest conversation. Her face was flushed, her eyes were bright, and there was an odd and fascinating

expression of mirth, puzzlement, gratification, and *bother* upon her. Miss Emily was chillingly shy as I stepped up to her. And what a Bath chair was hers! a private turn-out, worthy of Alphonso, superbly lined and finished, and his confounded old goose or duck writ large on the stern and sides of it. But I was too mellow, too sanguine, too intoxicated by what had passed between Florence and me to allow this poor feeble little girl to repel me.

www.libtool.com.cn

'I thought you had left Clifton?' said she.

'So I have,' I replied, smiling with the energy of a shopman in my desire to look amiable.

'Yes,' says she, 'but you have not gone very far away.'

'True,' I observed, guessing that Sophie had told her I lodged in Bristol; 'but I am so charmed by the scenery here,' said I, hypocritically, casting my eyes around the prospect, 'that I could not prevail upon myself to return to London.'

Of course she knew better; indeed she looked at me as much as to say, 'You are a horrid story-teller. But never mind. Papa shall hear of all this.' She was desperately hard to talk to. She gave me but little more than monosyllables. I asked after her health, and she returned me a reply that was like bidding me mind my own business. I then inquired after Mr. Morecombe's sprain, and this seemed to freeze her up. There was no chance for amiability here. I had hoped when we met at her house that she was a girl I could 'get on with,' as the phrase goes. But she was her papa's child; she had heard him talk about me; she was jealous, suspicious, peevish, anxious to be off and carry her tales with her, after the manner of others of her lovely sex, who in the sacred name of loyalty to papa and mamma and the family dignity oppose their pretty sisters when lovers heave in sight and bear down; and, hard as I tried, I could make nothing of her. Meanwhile Sophie and Florence had dropped astern and were deep in talk. I was anxious that they should not be interrupted, as I easily guessed that my cousin would make Jack Seymour the topic between them, and perhaps end in getting Florence to consent to an occasional *accidental* meeting with me; and this wish it was that they should have plenty of leisure for conversation that held me close alongside the Bath chair, saying whatever came into my head, and by my incessant jabber fending off any desire Emily might have to order the fellow in the cockade to drag her away.

At last we came to a road that obliged us to say good-bye, unless we had a mind to accompany Florence and the Bath chair to Clifton Lodge, which would have been indiscreet. We stood talking a few minutes, and then Florence put out her hand to me. As I held it I whispered, '*Do* give me a chance of meeting you again soon?' 'I will see,' she answered. More than this it

would not have been wise to say, for Emily's eyes were upon us; nor was I surprised that there should have been an expression of real wonder in them, for there was something in Florence's face as she said 'I will see,' and in her posture as I stood holding her hand, that must have been a revelation to the poor little suspicious invalid. I raised my hat, the wheels of the Bath chair went round, and Sophie and I turned our faces homewards.

'Well, Jack,' said my cousin, 'do you feel happier in your mind now that you have met Florence?'

'Ay, my darling, fit to stand upon my head,' I exclaimed. 'Isn't she——' And here I ran through adjectives enough to fill a page. 'Sophie, I am positive she begins to like me seriously.'

'So am I. But what do you think she told me?'

'Don't ask questions!' cried I in an agony of curiosity. 'Whip it out, Sophy.'

'Mr. Morecombe has proposed to her.'

'The devil!' I exclaimed, coming to a dead stand. 'When?'

'Last evening.'

'And what was her answer?' said I, very nearly breathless.

'She gave him a flat refusal, Jack—a flat refusal!' shouted the delicious creature, breaking into a loud laugh and clapping her hands. There was an old woman in a large bonnet and a green veil, dragged along by a strong white dog, some distance behind us; but I did not heed her. In my transport I seized hold of Sophie, danced her into the middle of the road and back again on to the footpath; and so heedless was my ecstasy, that I not only paid no attention to her cries, but I did not even know that my hat had fallen off until I spied it in the road, whereupon I kicked it into the air, caught it as it fell, and laughing with all my might, took Sophie's arm and started afresh. She tried to look indignant with me for being so rough, but it would not do; my face must have been one surface of shining delight. She took a look and burst into such a fit of merriment that the tears rolled down her cheeks; so that what with this coming on top of her involuntary waltz, she had a perfectly dissipated appearance, her hair in disorder, and her hat most ludicrously cocked.

'Flatly refused him! What d'ye think of *that?*' cried I, squeezing her plump arm. 'Flatly refused him! What a noble girl! What a piece of news! And Alphonso?'

'She says that her father was in a great rage, and has scarcely opened his lips to her since.'

'And Reginaldo, the proprietor of blood—what does *he* think?'

'She did not say much about him. Her words to me were, "Sophie, I do not like him, and I will not have him. I am very sorry. It grieves me to oppose papa's wishes; but I *cannot* consent to link my life with that of a man who is stupid and conceited, for whose character I have not the least respect."'

'Are not those beautiful sentiments?' I cried. 'What a grand woman she is! Oh, Sophie, if I perish in the effort, I must go on struggling to win her.'

'Didn't I say from the beginning she would never accept Mr. Morecombe?'

'You did,' I replied; 'and you are a grand woman too. But now that the youth's offer has been declined, I suppose he'll not be mean-spirited enough to go on remaining at old Hawke's house, will he? Yet I saw him in Mr. Hawke's carriage this morning. Doesn't he mean to *go*, confound him? Is he so great a fool as not even to have any *instincts* as a man?'

'Florence thinks he will return to London when his foot is strong enough to stand on,' replied Sophie. 'But she quite gave me to understand that though he goes he'll not go for good. He has no intention of giving her up. Oh dear no! he! he! he! Men like Mr. Morecombe are not in the habit of taking no for an answer. Besides, her papa will not let himself be beaten without a desperate fight.'

'Only let Florence complain to me that this fellow troubles her,' said I between my teeth. 'I'll leave him no brains to make love with. Let her complain to me.'

'There's more news yet,' said Sophie. 'The day before yesterday Mr. Hawke received a letter from his sister, a spinster, named Damaris, who lives in Sydney, saying she was coming on a visit to them. The letter was posted a week or two before she sailed, so she'll be here soon.'

'What do you call her?' I asked.

'Damaris—Aunt Damaris.'

'A pretty name. And what does *she* want?'

'A change, I suppose. If she is like her brother, and sides with him, there'll be more affliction sore for Florence, I fear.'

'Florence need only come to me,' I exclaimed. 'I'll protect her, though everybody in Australia was a relation and they all arrived this evening. Oh, that she would come at once, Sophie!'

'Upon my word, if things go on as they are, Jack, I believe you'll end in making her come,' said she. 'To render a girl's home miserable can hardly be the right way for a father to control her as he would like. Emily of course will tell her papa that she and Florence met us, and that will create another scene.'

'Yes; and are you aware, Sophie, that Emily and therefore of course old Hawke did not know that I was living at Bristol?'

'Florence is a sly puss,' she replied. 'I was really more surprised by Emily's ignorance than she was surprised by seeing you. The fact of Florence keeping your movements a secret from her family looks well for you, Jack; though is it quite proper that she should do so?'

This was challenging my darling's integrity; so I said, of

course it was proper. My movements were not supposed to form any part of Florence's business. What right had her father to expect that she should talk to him about me, and appear to know what I was doing when he had prohibited her from calling at my uncle's house for fear that she should meet me? It was not a question of her frankness or honesty. A girl might hear of many things she would not trouble herself to repeat.

'Well, it may be as you say,' said Sophie; 'and, at any rate, if she has not been quite so candid with her papa as strict people might consider it her duty to be, the only person that ought to be blamed is Mr. Hawke. And now, Jack, what shall we say when we get home?'

'Whatever you please, my dear.'

'We had better tell everything,' said she.

'You will, whether we agree to hold our tongues or not,' said I.

She laughed and exclaimed: 'I must give Amelia the news about Mr. Morecombe. And mamma will be so interested! Besides, the meeting was entirely accidental—we can both solemnly declare that!'

'Ay, on our knees if required,' said I. And as I spoke we arrived at my uncle's house.

CHAPTER XII.

I RECEIVE A VISIT.

Our conversation at dinner that day, when the dessert was on the table and Cobb the man-servant had carried his large ears out of the room, was all about Florence and Mr. Morecombe. Of course Sophie had told her mamma and Amelia everything, and more than everything; enough had transpired, as newspapers say, during the earlier stages of the dinner to make my uncle acquainted with the news, and therefore all that we had to do was to speculate and ejaculate, and wonder how Mr. Hawke would act *now*, and whether Aunt Damaris would side with her brother or her niece, and what would be the result when Emily told her papa that I was lodging in Bristol and had been walking with Florence—yes, and making love to her?

I never should have supposed that my uncle was a man to take any interest in such parish matters as this; and yet I assure you his curiosity was as lively as that of the others; he thoroughly relished the conversation, and asked questions and ventured ideas and passed his little jokes with surprising enjoyment of the subject. But my notion is that men have as keen a taste for small-talk as ladies, though they pretend that it is only women who

like it and make it. Many a man have I caught listening attentively and with strong satisfaction depicted on his striking countenance to the cheapest gossip about Miss Jenkins's marriage, his lordship's elopement, the squire's meanness, and his reverence's quarrel with the churchwarden. I have seen bland old fellows sitting at the head of their tables helping the scandal talked by their wives and daughters by nods and inquiries and small insignificant observations. It makes me laugh to recall our conversation. The picture of that room rises: my uncle's hairy, kindly face, with his great Roman nose, like the beak of a flamingo, standing out over his moustache, and his small shrewd eyes full of merriment and curiosity; my aunt opposite him, handsome, well-dressed, trying to keep a firm hold of her sense of her duty towards her neighbours, and repeatedly letting go; Amelia, fat, confident and knowing, and Sophie, slightly hysterical, very poetical, and with a disposition to languish whenever a sentimental point was touched upon. I took particular notice that my uncle did not attempt to banter me. Indeed, his behaviour suggested that he was inclined to view me as a considerable person who had achieved a remarkable conquest, and of whose future it was not easy to conjecture the extent and importance.

'If Sophie's right,' said he, 'and I don't know why she shouldn't be right, for she takes after her mother,' looking at her contemplatively, 'I should say, Jack, that Florence Hawke is in love with you.'

'I have not the least doubt of it,' exclaimed Sophie.

'Well, then,' continued he, 'if that be so, all that remains is to excite a feeling of affection for you in Alphonso Hawke, and you'll have nothing more to do than write out an impromptu speech and get it by heart ready to deliver when the old chap proposes your health at the breakfast.'

'I am afraid,' said my aunt, shaking her head, 'that it will take Mr. Jack a long while to make Mr. Hawke fond of him.'

'What *I'm* thinking of all the time is, what will Mr. Hawke say to Florence when he hears that she and Jack have been together this afternoon?' said Amelia.

'Do you think Emily will tell?' asked my uncle.

'Tell!' cried Sophie. 'Oh, papa, the intention I saw in her face was so strong that it was enough to set the Bath chair rolling by itself to Clifton Lodge.'

'I sincerely trust,' observed my aunt, 'that Mr. Hawke will quite understand, Sophie, that your meeting with Florence was purely accidental.'

'Matters have come to such a pass,' said my uncle, 'that, let Mr. Hawke understand what he will, my opinion is he'll think the same. But I hope he'll not be unkind to his daughter.'

'I hope not, too,' said I, kindling.

'After all, what can he do?' asked Sophie.

'Ay, what can he do?' echoed my uncle. 'Depend upon it, when a woman resolves for good or for ill she'll have her way, though her father should lock her up in the Tower of London and all the City Police should stand in the moat with their truncheons shouldered. What's that old song about locks, bolts, and bars? Isn't it called "The Wolf"? Jack, there's no wolf in the world to equal love. Cupid indeed! D'ye know, I've a poor opinion of the ancients for making a bit of a baby with a pair of wings on its back stand for the passion that moves the world. Egad! if an earthquake was a thing you could draw, that's the sort of split-'em-alive muddle I'd like to hang up as a correct portrait of love. Cupid—and bows and arrows! Blunderbusses, Jack! one hundred pounders, sir! bombshells and cannon balls, by thunder! *that's* what I'd give 'em!'

www.libtool.com.cn

But I'll not linger over this dinner-table nor the conversation that took place at it. In all my life I never was in such high spirits. The fact that Florence had flatly refused Mr. Morecombe was only one item in a catalogue of rapturous memories; her manner, the pleasure she had shown on seeing me, our talk behind the Bath chair, her admission that she liked me a little bit, her 'I'll see' when I asked her if we were to meet again, were recollections of a nature calculated to make me feel very fit to waltz the whole way from Clifton to my lodgings. When I bade my relatives good-night my uncle held me by the hand and said, 'Jack, I don't want to discourage you, you know that; but don't be too sanguine. You will find Alphonso Hawke a very large difficulty. However, be patient, be honest, be sincere up to the hilt, and above all, don't elope. Runaway marriages may answer very well for a time; but let me tell you, in spite of the old playwrights, that a parent's blessing is an element of consecration that no marriage should be without; and, though to be sure, old Hawke's benediction might not seem a sort of thing to sanctify circumstances very much, yet, weak as it may be in that way, you'll be better with it than without it.'

I thanked him for his advice and told him in a rather imposing manner that I hoped it would not come to an elopement, though if Florence should be rendered unhappy, I certainly should not allow any domestic sentiment to stop me—if she wished—from coming between her and her father; and then, accepting a cigar from him, I departed, not a little inflated by his suspicion that an elopement was possible. When I reached my lodgings and sat down to think over what had taken place that day, I was more than satisfied with the judgment that had determined me upon stopping in Bristol. Numerous delightful visions rose before me as I sat looking at the little room through the smoke of my uncle's excellent tobacco. I pictured Florence driven to distrac-

tion by her papa's severity and Mr. Morecombe's importunities, and calling upon me to rescue her from her state of misery. I even went so far as to figure that very elopement against which my uncle had advised me. Yes, I went through the whole agitating business. I prowled about the house, I hid letters under a stone beside her father's gate, where she would find them after dusk and eagerly devour them; I eventually won her consent to my bearing her away from her luxurious but cruel parental roof, and my undaunted imagination then proceeded to figure us in London lodgings, poōr, but in the highest degree respectable, occasionally helped by my large-hearted uncle, and then, after a time, visited by old Hawke, who begged our forgiveness and handed his daughter a cheque that immediately enabled us to furnish a house in a fashionable square. What young lover, perplexed by family objections, has not dreamt in some such fashion as this? We are all knight-errants in youth—our chivalry runs high—we disdain dross and think only of soul; our lances are couched, and we ride at full gallop. I had not sat in the rather uncomfortable arm-chair ten minutes before I had eloped, was married, was settled, was doing well, was returning my relation's hospitality by elegant entertainments, and had Mr. Hawke repeatedly calling, and talking of me in high terms behind my back. And when I went to bed all this happened again and again in dreams.

Yet, oddly enough, in spite of a night of paradisaical visions, the first thought that came into my head next morning when I awoke was my uncle's parting sentence: 'Jack, I don't want to discourage you, you know that; but don't be too sanguine.' I had risen rather later than usual, had breakfasted, had written a letter to my London landlady desiring her to forward me certain articles, and was lounging with a pipe in my mouth over a local paper. It was a little after eleven o'clock. The breakfast things were still upon the table, the cloth clean indeed, but the general appearance not particularly handsome, thanks to the remains of some fried bacon, a couple of eggshells, a stain under the coffee-pot where I had capsized a spoonful of the liquor.

All on a sudden a great gorgeous open carriage, drawn by two horses with plenty of silver on their harness, and a couple of splendidly-liveried fellows on the box, drove up and stopped with a mighty rattle at the door of my lodgings. One glance was enough to assure me that it was the Hawkes' carriage, and that Mr. Hawke was inside it and alone. I jumped up and backed to the end of the room, whence I had a good view of the old man, who gazed sternly and contemptuously at the house, running his eyes up and down it. I determined not to see him. The idea of his coming fresh from the gilt and glory of Clifton Lodge to this bit of a room with its broken eggshells and its cold relics of fried ham

was awful to me. What story would he relate to Florence? How would he triumph over her in his relation of the figure the young gentleman who was in love with her cut when he was at home!

A fearful knock thundered through the house, and the neighbours over the way crowded to the windows to have a look. I went to the door of the room to intercept the landlady. As is usual on occasions when you are exceedingly impatient and don't want people to be kept waiting, a considerable interval elapsed before any attention was paid to the summons. The landlady then came out of the kitchen very deliberately—the kitchen was at the back of the house downstairs; had the woman seen the carriage or received into her ears the full thunder of the knock, she would have bundled up smartly, no doubt—and I darted out upon her.

'Mrs. Chump,' said I, 'it is somebody for me. Please say I am not at home.'

'Not at home!' cried she, looking at me with astonishment.

'I mean that I don't want to be in—say I'm out,' said I, in an agony.

'But ye're not out,' says she. 'Would you have me tell a lie? Not for worlds, sir,' and the creature dropped me a curtsey.

At that moment a second terrific summons—it was the footman, and I should have liked to knock his head off; the villain, I suppose, thought he could give himself airs upon a humble door—made Mrs. Chump hop like a wine-glass on a table heavily thumped. I saw so much severity of conscience in her face that I knew entreaty would be useless, and unless I ran her into the kitchen and threatened her with violence if she opened the door, there was nothing for it but to allow her to let old Hawke in. So I backed into the parlour, growling to her to make haste if she meant to answer the summons at all, and flung myself into a chair, catching hold of the newspaper and assuming as easy a posture as I could adopt.

'Is Mr. Seymour in?' the footman asked, after muttering something about folks' impudence in keeping people waiting.

'Yes, sir,' replied Mrs. Chump, with hideous alacrity and a voice full of awe, having had no notion of the gorgeous apparition that stood opposite her house. The old fellow got out of the carriage, and I heard his boots creak. 'Announce Mr. Hawke,' said he; and Mrs. Chump, shoving into the room, said 'Mr. Ork, sir.' 'Clear the table,' said I. 'Pray walk in, Mr. Hawke,' and I stood up and pointed to a seat.

He looked an immense man in that little room. 'Can I,' said he, standing against the wall so as to be clear of Mrs. Chump, who was whipping the breakfast things off the table, 'have a few minutes with you, sir?'

'Certainly,' I replied. 'Never mind the cloth, Mrs. Chump;' and I shut the door upon her as she backed out with her hands full of crockery. Mr. Hawke sat down and put his hat and gloves upon the table. He seemed to have grown half as big again since I saw him last. In breadth of face, surface of waistcoat, squareness of shoulders, and length and dimensions of legs and arms, there seemed a visible expansion. Now he was close to, I could remark that he was very nervous, and I judged that the scowls he had directed at the little house were merely the outward expressions of a mind labouring after courage. I was probably more nervous than he, though I was successful in putting on a manner that tolerably well cloaked my feelings.

'I have called upon you,' said he, sitting bolt upright, 'in reference to my daughter, Miss Hawke.' I bowed and tried to look surprised; but it would not do. 'I believe, sir,' he continued, 'that you are no—aw—no stranger to my wishes respecting that lady?'

'I have heard from my relatives that you want her to marry Mr. Morecombe, if that's what you mean, Mr. Hawke,' I replied.

'Sir,' he exclaimed, with a heavy nod, 'that *is* what I mean. Your relatives are perfectly well acquainted with my wishes, and —aw—I greatly regret that a family whom I considered in the light of friends should have—aw—should have thought proper to —aw—to combine against me, to act in concert with, or rather, let me say, to court my daughter from the path of duty and—aw —back her—yes, I will say and *back* her—in defying my wishes.'

'This,' says I, 'concerns my uncle. He is so well qualified to take his own part that there is no reason for me to do more than refer you to him.'

'I consider him and his family more guilty than you, sir,' he exclaimed, warming up and talking with some briskness. 'They knew my wishes; Mr. and Mrs. Seymour are—aw—are parents themselves. They had no right, I say, they had no *right* to allow you and my daughter to meet, to—to—in short—aw—it was their duty as parents and neighbours to discountenance what they knew would prove objectionable to me.'

'All this, Mr. Hawke,' said I, 'as I have already said, refers to my relations, and on that subject my uncle is the proper person for you to address yourself to. You have, I presume,' said I with a glance round the room as much as to tell him not to judge me by what he saw, 'called upon me on some matter relating to myself. May I inquire what it is?'

'It concerns your admiration of my daughter,' he answered. 'I have every reason to believe that you have gone so far as to—aw—to express even affection for her, and the purpose of this visit is to beg you to discontinue your attentions to her.' I looked at him steadily, for my wits seemed to come to me when he said this.

'I have no doubt,' he continued, 'that your regard for her is perfectly sincere, and that you are actuated by the—aw—the most gentleman-like and honourable intentions. But that is not the point. Whatever construction your intentions may bear, they—aw—they must prove equally objectionable to me; and I am here, Mr. Seymour, for the purpose of calling upon you as a gentleman not only to cease to have any thoughts about Miss Hawke, but to prove your principles as a man of honour by removing from Bristol.'

www.libtool.com.cn

I looked at him with astonishment. 'Remove from Bristol!' I ejaculated. 'Cease to have any thoughts about Miss Hawke!' and, as I hope to be forgiven, I burst into a loud laugh.

His face turned as red as a powder flag. 'If,' he exclaimed angrily, 'I have no power to oblige you to leave Bristol, you may rest assured that I can and I will stop your unwarranted attentions to my daughter. I tell you this,' says he, breathing hard and laying hold of his beard with one hand and in a manner menacing me with the other, 'so that if you have hired this lodging with the hope of obtaining the end, which I have no doubt your uncle has put into your head, you may as well spare yourself disappointment by—aw—by leaving the town without delay.'

'I can assure you, Mr. Hawke,' said I, 'that I would far rather you should talk to me rudely than politely, because by so doing you enable me to tell you more than I should think of saying were you kind or even courteous. A couple of sentences will convey my intentions. First, I mean to stop in Bristol as long as I choose; and second, I am in love with your daughter, and have not the least idea of relinquishing the hope of one day winning her.'

He was so overcome either by astonishment or passion, or both, that he could not answer me.

'I am sorry,' I continued, 'that your unkindness should force me to speak so frankly. I'm not going to tell you I respect your wishes about your daughter. You have no right to force her hand. The Commandment says she must honour you; but you ought to honour her too, sir. Still, I am sorry to run foul of your notions, though if you suppose I could help falling in love with your daughter, all that I can say is, Mr. Hawke, you pay your own child a very poor compliment. And since I am talking,' said I, amazed by my own bluntness and assurance, and yet not in the least degree able to control myself, 'I should like to point out that I am no fortune-hunter. I am quite capable of supporting a wife. Had I found Miss Hawke living even in such lodgings as these, dressed like one of your housemaids, and having to sew for bread, I should love her not less than I do now, though I could not love her more.'

This put the old fellow quite at a loss. He had been red, but now he was white. I suppose he saw that I was not to be managed

by his anger, nor to be made ashamed of myself, and would not like to drop his sour dignity and high parental wrath for an appealing attitude. He seized his hat and gloves and stood up, and so did I.

'I had hoped,' said he, 'to have gained your promise as a gentleman to cease annoying me through Miss Hawke. But,' added he brutally, 'I see what you are. And let me advise you,' continued he, shaking his gloves at me, 'not to come near my house, not to have any communication with my daughter, to—to—aw—to keep your distance, though you should stop here for the rest of your life. I'll have you watched, sir—I'll set the police at you—I'll protect myself—I'll, I'll—why, confound your impudence! who the devil are *you*, to have designs upon my daughter?' he cried, casting aside his 'aws' and breeding and whipping out with a genuine piece of squatterism.

Nothing but my temper stopped me from laughing at this exquisitely absurd contrast. It was not pleasant, however, to be sworn at and scorned, and I was in the act of delivering a hot answer when I was stopped by a rapping on the window. I looked and saw my uncle trying to peer in through the muslin curtain and tapping with the head of his stick. I immediately went to the door and opened it, and he came in.

'Who have you here?' he asked, kicking his heels on the door-mat. 'Has Florence driven over to marry ye?'

There was no use in crying Hush! to this; the sitting-room door was open, and, what was worse, Mr. Hawke came into the passage as the question was asked in a loud voice.

'Oh, how do you do, Mr. Hawke?' exclaimed my uncle coldly. 'Jack, by your leave I'll sit down. Egad, this heat is very trying to an old man. Mr. Hawke, don't let me drive you away, sir. Are you here on business? if so I'll sit in your carriage till you've done—but sit I must.'

Mr. Hawke bowed stiffly, and was waiting for us to come out of the narrow passage in order to leave the house, when I said, 'I hope you'll not hurry, sir. Uncle, Mr. Hawke *is* here on business that concerns us both. He has forced me to speak very plainly—I am very sorry he should have given me occasion to do so; but now that you have unexpectedly called, and there are no ladies of the family present, we cannot do better than talk this matter out and have the satisfaction, at all events, of knowing one another's meaning.'

'That satisfaction we have already got,' exclaimed Mr. Hawke angrily. 'You have been plain enough and you know *my* meaning, sir.'

My uncle entered the parlour and sat down. Hawke went to the table and stood against it, and I remained in the doorway.

'What is the matter, Mr. Hawke? What has my nephew Jack

been doing?' said my uncle, putting on a face of concern but evidently not disliking the situation.

'Mr. Seymour,' said the old gentleman, very pale, but speaking with pluck, 'you are no stranger to my wishes respecting my own child. I find that your nephew has been paying her attention, and I charge him with obstructing a desire that lies close to my heart. I have called for the purpose of requesting him to cease having any further relations with Miss Hawke and to remove himself from Bristol, where his presence is objectionable to me; and I think, sir, considering—aw—considering that I owe this disagreeable state of things to your introduction of your nephew to us and to the interest your family have—aw—taken in advancing him in my daughter's good graces, manifestly against my desires, I have a right to expect you to support me in the demands I have made upon your nephew's honour as a gentleman.'

'You are fluent upon my honour as a gentleman, Mr. Hawke,' said I, 'but you do not treat me as a gentleman.'

'Look here, Mr. Hawke,' said my uncle; 'I can't control human nature. Jack is my brother Tom's son: he is a gentleman, and I introduced him to you as a gentleman. I am responsible to you for his good manners. Had he behaved rudely at your house, had he shown himself ill-bred, I should have submitted to your reproaches like a lamb. But I have no influence over his heart. If he is in love with Florence it is her fault, not mine—her fault for being a very pretty woman, do you see? Sir, you are an older man than I: let us exert our common sense in this matter.'

'It is really—aw—not a question of our joint common sense, but for mine alone,' exclaimed Mr. Hawke hotly. 'My daughter is *my* business; I do not desire that your nephew shall—aw—shall have any further relations with her, and since he has as good as defied me and insulted me by the most ill-placed—aw—the most ill-placed mirth, I have given him notice,' says he, turning upon me with a scowl and then addressing himself to my uncle, 'that I shall spare no trouble to protect my daughter against his disagreeable advances.'

'You are not very polite, Mr. Hawke,' said my uncle, eyeing him somewhat grimly. 'I should have hoped that your respect for the genteel and the exclusive would have taught you some reserve in the use of words. As to Jack's advances—they're not made to *you*, and consequently you have no right to call them disagreeable.'

'My respect for the genteel and the exclusive, as you are pleased to call it,' answered Mr. Hawke, standing erect as a foot-guard in a sentry-box, 'is sufficiently great to make me desire that your nephew will have nothing whatever to do with me or mine.'

'No desire of yours would weigh with me,' said I, going into

the room so that I could look at him. 'I am in love with your daughter, not with you; and if I marry her it will be to get a wife, not a father-in-law.'

'You are a very impudent young man,' he exclaimed, staring at me as if he had a mind to fall upon me.

'But why d'ye insult him, then, Mr. Hawke?' cried my uncle. 'If you object to him because he is poor or because he's been a sailor, or because he hasn't a title, say so; but don't speak to him as if he was a *parvenu*, some ragman's son of yesterday. Hang it, man! I wouldn't address even young Morecombe in such words as you have applied to my nephew.'

'I am fully prepared to be insulted by you, sir,' cried Mr. Hawke; 'and if I linger another moment in this—aw—this *den* it will be only to tell you that I consider the manner in which you have encouraged your nephew in his encroachments upon my—aw—my domestic circle, and the sympathy your daughters have given Florence in her defiant behaviour to her father, unworthy of you, sir, as a gentleman and a neighbour.' And so saying he wheeled round and marched out of the room.

My uncle half rose as if to run after him; but I put my hand upon his arm and stopped him. 'For Heaven's sake let him go!' I exclaimed. 'He believes he is wronged—he is an older man than you—and consider for a moment how utterly ridiculous any ideas Mr. Hawke may have about what constitutes a gentleman must be!' As I said this the house-door was violently slammed, and old Hawke, with his nose high in the air and quivering with indignation, got into his carriage and drove off. My uncle for a few minutes was in a great passion.

'What did he say?—that I wasn't a gentleman! how can I punish him for that?' he cried. 'In my young days I'd have shot him for such a sentence. Not a gentleman! Why did you stop me from forcing him to apologise? He never should have left this house without apologising to me. Not a gentleman!' However, he cooled down after a little, and when I reminded him that he had insulted the old fellow first by sneering at Morecombe, he burst into a laugh.

'But what a rude old chap he is!' cried he. 'What had he said before I arrived?' I told him. 'And does he think he can *order* you out of Bristol?' he exclaimed. 'I suppose all this comes from Emily telling him of your walk with Florence yesterday, which, coming on top of the girl's refusal of Morecombe, would drive the old man mad. It's odd enough that I should arrive when he was here. I had some business at my banker's, and being within five minutes of you I thought I'd step in and rest myself. I recognised old Hawke's carriage, and honestly supposed Florence had called, for could I dream that Hawke would come in state to visit you merely to have a row?'

'I'm sorry it's happened,' said I, lighting my pipe with a gloomy face. 'It has made enemies of the two families, the very thing I left your house to avert, and I'm afraid he'll now take such steps to stop all chance of my meeting or communicating with his daughter as will play old Harry with my hopes.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Never you mind about his enmity so far as *we* are concerned,' replied my uncle; 'and as to your chances, are you worse off than you were before? He may hate you now: he disliked you then—what's the difference? Let me tell you, my lad, that his calling here is a thunderingly wholesome sign for *you*, since it means that he's seen enough in his daughter to calculate that you'll make *his* chances of blood small enough if he doesn't get you to sheer off somehow.'

'Yes,' said I, 'I appreciate all that. But don't you see that he may go and tell Florence that I've grossly insulted him, and work upon her feelings as a child.'

'Tut, tut! Work upon her feelings as a sweetheart, you mean. What's the name of the French play in which either a lover or a father must forfeit his life at the choice of a girl who decides by sending her papa to the hangman and marrying her young man? The chap who wrote that knew human nature. Make your mind easy. Love betwixt youngsters always flourishes best where there are family riots, just as you get the finest fruits in the land where earthquakes are common. Did you ever read "Romeo and Juliet"? I shan't speak to your aunt or cousins about this. No need for them to hear of this shindy. But I say, why d'ye want to go on living here *now*? You left because you thought your presence at my house would stop intercourse between the Hawkes and us. You may take it,' said he with a laugh, 'that that intercourse is now wholly suspended, though not between Florence and the girls, I hope. Come home with me, man, and make yourself happy.'

I thanked him heartily, but declined, saying that as things went there was no telling how long I might require to remain in Bristol; and that I was sure, let him do what he might to make me happy at his house, to feel myself an intruder upon his hospitality after awhile. I also pointed out that my going to live close to Clifton Lodge might cause Mr. Hawke to carry his daughter off to some distant place which I might never get to hear of.

'I can't imagine that,' said he, 'if the distant place has a post office and Florence means business. But I don't want to influence you. There's no doubt you're in earnest, and as you seem pretty capable of playing your own cards, I don't want to take upon myself the responsibility of directing the game in any way. All luck attend ye! He called me no gentleman, did he? and talked about you as if you were a bargee? All luck attend ye, I say!'

(*To be continued.*)

www.libtool.com.cn

After the County Franchise.[1]

THE money-lender is the man I most fear to see in the villages after the extension of the county franchise—the money-lender both in his private and public capacity, the man who has already taken a grasp of most little towns that have obtained incorporation in some form. Like Shylock he demands what is in his bond: he demands his interest, and that means a pull at every man's purse—every man, rich or poor—who lives within the boundary. Borrowing is almost the ruin of many such little towns; rates rise nearly as high as in cities, and people strive all they can to live anywhere outside the limit. Borrowing is becoming one of the curses of modern life, and a sorrowful day it will be when the first village takes to it. The name changes, now it is a local board, now it is commissioners, sometimes a town council: the practice remains the same. These authorities exist but for one purpose, to borrow money, and as any stick will do to beat a dog with, so any pretence will do to exact the uttermost farthing from the inhabitants. Borrowing boards they are, one and all, and nothing else, from whom no one obtains benefit except the solicitor, the surveyor, the lucky architect, and those who secure a despicable living in the rear of the county court. Nothing could better illustrate the strange supineness of the majority of people than the way in which they pay, pay, pay, and submit to every species of extortion at the hands of these incapable blunderers, without so much as a protest. The system has already penetrated into the

[[1] 'County Suffrage' is just now the counter with which the game of politics is being played. In meddling with this subject, the Editor may seem to be intruding into that Tom Tiddler's ground of politics on which, when this magazine was projected, he determined not to trespass. Yet at the present moment it may be profitable to recall the fact that a further question is involved beyond this weighty matter of the Ins and the Outs. It may be profitable to consider what changes this bill will work, when it becomes law, in the lives, and the social relations, of our rural population. In presenting to the readers of this magazine a forecast of those changes by a writer whose close acquaintance with the country is well known, the Editor believes he is not overstepping the limit which he laid down in undertaking to keep LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE free from the strife of party politics.—ED.]

smallest of the county towns which groan under the incubus; let us hope, let us labour, that it may not continue its course and enter the villages.

It may reasonably be supposed that when once the extension of the franchise becomes an established fact, some kind of local government will soon follow. At present country districts are either without any local government at all—I mean practically, not theoretically—or else they are ruled without the least shadow of real representation. When men are admitted to vote and come to be enlightened as to the full meaning and force of such rights, it is probable that they will shortly demand the power to arrange their own affairs. They will have something to say as to the administration of the poor-law, over which at present they do not possess the slightest control, and they are not at all unlikely to set up a species of self-government in every separate village. I think, in short, that the parish may become the unit in the future to the disintegration of the artificial divisions drawn to facilitate the poor-law. Such divisions, wherein many parishes of the most diverse description and far apart are thrown together anyhow as the gardener pitches weeds into his basket, have done serious harm in the past. They have injured the sense of personal responsibility, they have created a bureaucracy absolutely without feeling, and they have tended to shift great questions out of sight. The shifting of things out of sight—round the corner—is a vile method of dealing with them. Send your wretched poor miles away into a sort of alien workhouse, and then congratulate yourself that you have tided over the difficulty! But the difficulty has not been got over.

A man who can vote, and who is told—as he certainly will be told—that he bears a part in directing the great affairs of his nation, will ask himself why he should not be capable of managing the little affairs of his own neighbourhood. When he has asked himself this question, it will be the first step towards the downfall of the inhuman poor-law. He will go further and say, 'Why should I not settle these things at home? Why should I not walk up to the village from my house in the country lane, and there and then arrange the business which concerns me? Why should I any longer permit it to be done over my head and without my consent by a body of persons in whom I have no confidence, for they do not represent me—they represent property?'

In his own village the voter will observe the school—his own village then is worthy to possess its own school; possibly he may even

remotely have some trifling share in the control of the school if there is a board. If that great interest, the children of the parish, can be administered at home, why not the other and much less important interests? Here may be traced a series of reflections, and a succession of steps by which ultimately the whole system of boards of guardians with their attendant powers, as the rural sanitary authority and so forth, may ultimately be swept away. Government will come again to the village.

www.libtool.com.cn

Then arises the money-lender, and no time should be lost by those who have the good and the genuine liberty of the countryside at heart in labouring to prevent his entry into the village. Whatsoever constitution the village obtains in future, let us strive to strictly limit the borrowing powers of its council. No borrowing powers at all would be best—government without loans would be almost ideal—if that cannot be accomplished, then at least lay down a stringent regulation putting a firm and impassable limit. Were every one of my way of thinking, government without loans would be imperative. It would be done if it had to be done. Rugged discomfort is preferable to borrowing.

I dread, in a word, lest the follies perpetrated in towns should get into the villages and hamlets, and want to say a word betimes of warning. Imagine a new piece of roadway required, then to get the money let a penny be added to the rates, and the amount produced laid by at interest year after year, till the sum be made up. Better wait a few years and walk half a mile round, than borrow the five or six hundred pounds, and have to pay that back and all the interest on it. Shift somehow, do not borrow.

In the discussions upon the agricultural franchise it has been generally assumed that the changes it portends will be shown in momentous state affairs and questions of principle. But perhaps it will be rather in local and home concerns that the alterations will be most apparent. The agricultural labourer voters—and the numerous semi-agricultural voters, not labourers—are more than likely to look at their own parish as well as at the policy of the Foreign Office. Gradually the parish—that is, the village—must become the centre to men who feel at last that they are their own masters. Under some form or other they will take the parish into their own hands, and insist upon their business being managed at home. Some shape of village council must come presently into existence.

Shrewd people are certain to appear upon the scene, pointing out to the cottager that if he desires to rule himself in his own

village, he must insist upon one most important point. This is the exclusion of property representation. Instead of property having an overwhelming share, as now, in the direction of affairs, the owner of the largest property must not weigh any heavier in the village council than the wayside cottager. If farmer or landowner sit there he must have one vote only, the same as any other member. The council, if it is to be independent, must represent men and not land in the shape of landowners, or money in the shape of tenant-farmers. Shrewd people will have no difficulty in explaining the meaning of this to the village voters, because they can quote so many familiar instances. There is the Education Act in part defeated by the combination of property, landowners and farmers paying to escape a school-board—a plan temporarily advantageous to them, but of doubtful benefit, possibly injurious, to the parish at large. Leaving that question alone, the fact is patent that the cottager has no share in the government of his school, because land and money have combined. It may be governed very well; still it is not *his* government, and will serve to illustrate the meaning. There is the board of guardians, nominally elected, really selected, and almost self-appointed. The board of guardians is land and money simply, and in no way whatever represents the people. A favourite principle continually enunciated at the present day is that the persons chiefly concerned should have the management. But the lower classes who are chiefly concerned with poor relief, as a matter of fact, have not the slightest control over that management. Besides the guardians, there is still an upper row, and here the rulers are not even invested with the semblance of representation, for magistrates are not elected, and they are guardians by virtue of their being magistrates. The machinery is thus complete for the defeat of representation and for the despotic control of those who, being principally concerned, ought by all rule and analogy to have the main share of the management. We have seen working men's representatives sit in the House of Commons; did any one ever see a cottage labourer sit as administrator at the board before which the wretched poor of his own neighbourhood appear for relief?

But it may be asked, Is the village council, then, composed of small proprietors, to sit down and vote away the farmer's or landowner's money, without farmer or landowner having so much as a voice in the matter? Certainly not. The idea of village self-government supposes a distinct and separate existence, as it were; the village apart from the farmer or landowner, and the latter

www.libtool.com.cn

apart from the village. At present the money drawn in rates from farmer or landowner is chiefly expended on poor-law purposes. But, as will presently appear, village self-government proposes the entire abolition of the poor-law system, and with it the rates which support it, or at least the heaviest part of them. Therefore, as this money would not be concerned, they could receive no injury, even if they did not sit at the village council at all.

Imagine the village, figuratively speaking, surrounded by a high wall like a girdle, as towns were in ancient times, and so cut off altogether from the large properties surrounding it—on the one hand the village supporting and governing itself, and on the other the large properties equally independent.

The probable result would be a considerable reduction in local burdens on land. A self-supporting and self-governing moral population is the first step towards this relief to land so very desirable in the interest of agriculture.

In practice there must remain certain more or less imperial questions, as lines of through road, police, &c., some of which are already managed by the county authority. As these matters affect the farmer and landowner even more than the cottager, clearly they must expect to contribute to the cost, and can rightly claim a share in the management.

Having advanced so far as a village council, and arrived at the stage of managing their own affairs, having, in fact, emerged from pupilage, next comes a question for the council. We now govern our village ourselves; why should we not possess our village? Why should we not live in our own houses? Why should we not have a little share in the land, as much, at least, as we can pay for? At this moment the village, let us say, consists of a hundred cottages, and perhaps there are another hundred scattered about the parish. Of these three-fourths belong to two or three large landowners, and those who reside in them, however protected by enactment, can never have a sense of complete independence. We should own these cottages, so that the inhabitants might practically pay rent to themselves. We must purchase them, a few at a time; the residents can repurchase from us and so become freeholders. For a purchaser there must be a seller, and here one of the questions of the future appears: Can an owner of this kind of property be permitted to refuse to sell? Must he be compelled to sell?

It is clear that if the village voter thoroughly addresses himself to his home affairs, there is room for some remarkable

www.libtool.com.cn

incidents. There is reason now, is there not, to dread the appearance of the money-lender?

About this illustrative parish there lie many hundred acres of good land all belonging to one man, while we, the said village council, do not possess a rood apiece, and our constituents not a square yard. Rightfully we ought to have a share, yet we do not agitate for confiscation. Shall we then say that every owner of land should be obliged to sell a certain fixed percentage—a very small percentage would suffice—upon proffer of a reasonable amount, the proffer being made by those who propose to personally settle on it? Of one thousand acres suppose ten or twenty liable to forcible purchase at a given and moderate price. After all it is not a much more overbearing thing than the taking by railways of land in almost any direction they please, and not nearly so tyrannous, so stupidly tyrannous, as some of the acts of folly committed by local boards in towns. Not long since, the newspapers reported a case where a local authority actually ran a main sewer across a gentleman's park, and ventilated it at regular intervals, completely destroying the value of an historic mansion, and utterly ruining a beautiful domain. This was fouling their own nest with a vengeance. They should have cherished that park as one of their chiefest glories, their proudest possession. Parks and woods are daily becoming of almost priceless value to the nation; nothing could be so mad as to destroy these last homes of nature. Just conceive the inordinate folly of marking such a property with sewer ventilators. This is a hundred times more despotic than the proposal that say two per cent. of land should be forcibly purchasable for actual settlement. Even five per cent. would not make an appreciable difference to an estate, though every fraction of the five per cent. were taken up.

For such proposals to have any effect, the transfer of real property must be greatly simplified and cheapened. From time to time, whenever a discussion occurs upon this subject, and there are signs that the glacier-like movements of government will be hastened by public stir, up rises some great lawyer and explains to the world that really nothing could be simpler or cheaper than such transfer. All that can be wished in that direction has been accomplished already; there is not the slightest ground for agitation; every obstruction has been removed, and the machinery is now perfect. He quotes a long list of acts to demonstrate the progress that has been made, and so winds up a very effective speech. Facts, however, are not in accordance with these gracious

words. Here is an instance. A cottage in a village was recently sold for seventy pounds; the costs, legal expenses, parchments, all the antiquated formalities absorbed *thirty-two pounds*, only three pounds less than half the value of the little property. Could anything be more obviously wrong than such a system?

www.libtool.com.cn

The difficulties in the way of simplification are created difficulties, entirely artificial, owing their existence to legal ingenuity. How often has the question been asked and never answered: Why should there be any more expense in transferring the ownership of an acre of land than of 100*l.* stock?

The village council coming into contact with this matter is likely to agitate continuously for its rectification, since otherwise its movements will be seriously hampered. If they succeed in obtaining the abolition of these semi-feudal survivals, they will have conferred a substantial benefit upon the community. County franchise would be worth the granting merely to secure this.

Let us take the case for a moment of a labourer at this day and consider his position. What has he before him? He has a hand-to-mouth, nomad existence, ending in the inevitable frozen misery of the workhouse. Men with votes and political power are hardly likely to endure this for many more years, and it is much to be hoped that they will not endure it. A labourer may be never so hard-working, so careful, so sober, and yet let his efforts be what they may, his old age finds him helpless. I am sure there is no class of men among whom may be found so many industrious, plodding, sober folk, economical to the verge of starvation. Their straightforward lives are thrown away. Their sons and daughters, warned by example, go to the cities, and there lose the virtues that rendered their forefathers so admirable even in their wretchedness. It will indeed be a blessing if, as I hope, the outcome of the franchise is the foundation of solid inducements to the countryman to stay in the country. I use the phrase countryman purposely, intending it to include small farmers and small farmers' sons; the latter are likewise driven away from the land year by year as much as the young labourers, and are as serious a loss to it. Did the possibility exist of purchasing a cottage and a plot of ground of moderate size, it is more than probable that the labourer's son would remain in the village, or return to it, and his daughter would come back to the village to be married. We hear how the poor Italian or the poor Swiss leaves his native country for our harder climate, how he works and saves, and by-and-by returns to his village and purchases some corner of earth. This

seems a legitimate and worthy object. We do not hear of our own sturdy labourers returning to their village with a pocketful of money and purchasing a plot of ground or a cottage. They do not attempt it, because they know that under present conditions it is nearly impossible. There is no land for them to buy. Why not, when the country is nothing but land? Because the owner of ten thousand acres is by no means obliged to part with the minutest fragment of it. If by chance a stray portion be somewhere for sale, the expenses, the costs, the parchments, the antiquated formalities, the semi-feudal routine delay and possibly prevent transfer altogether. If land were accessible, and the cost of transferring cottage-property reduced to reasonable proportions, the labourer would have the soundest of all inducements to practise self-denial in his youth. Cities might attract him temporarily for the advantage of higher wages, but he would put the excess by and ultimately bring it home. Even the married cottager with a family would try his hardest to save a little with such a hope before him.

www.libtool.com.cn

The existing circumstances deny hope altogether. Neither land nor cottages are to be had, there are no sellers, and the cost of transfer is prohibitive; men are shifted on, they have no security of tenure, they are passed on from farm to farm and can settle nowhere. The competition for a house in some districts is keen to the last degree; it seems as if there were eager crowds waiting for homes. Recently while roaming on the Sussex hills I met an ancient shepherd whose hair was white as snow, though he stood upright enough. I inquired the names of the hills there, and he replied that he did not know; he was a stranger, he had only been moved there lately. How strangely changed are things when a greyheaded shepherd does not know the names of his hills! At a time of life when he ought to have been comfortably settled, he had had to shift.

Sentiment is more stubborn than fact. People will face the sternest facts, dire facts, stubborn facts, and stay on in spite of all; but once let sentiment alter and away they troop. So I think that some part of the distaste for farming visible about us is due to change of sentiment—to feeling repelled—as well as to unfruitful years. Men have stood out against weary weather in all ages of agriculture, but lately they have felt hurt and repelled, the sentiment of attachment to home has been rudely torn up, and so now the current sets against farming, though farms are often offered on advantageous terms. In the same way, besides

the stubborn facts that drive the labourer from the village and prevent his return to settle, there is a yet more stubborn sentiment repelling him. Made a man of by education—not only of books, but the unconscious education of progressive times—the labourer and his son and daughter have thoughts of independence. To be humbly subservient to the will of those above them, to be docilely obedient not only to the employer but to all in some sort of authority, is not attractive to them. Plainly put, the rule of parson and squire, tenant and guardian, is repellent to them in these days. They would rather go away. If they do save money in cities, they do not care to return and settle under the thumb of these their old masters. Besides more attractive facts, the sentiment of independence must be called into existence before the labourer, or, for the matter of that, the small farmer's son, will willingly settle in the village. That sense of independence can only arise when the village governs itself by its own council, irrespective of parson, squire, tenant, or guardian. Towards that end the power to vote is almost certain to drift slowly.

Nothing can be conceived more harshly antagonistic to the feelings of a naturally industrious race of men than the knowledge that as a mass they are looked upon as prospective 'paupers.' I detest this word so much that it is painful to me to write it; I put it between inverted commas as a sort of protest, so that it may appear a hated intruder and not native to the text. The local government existing at this day in country districts is practically based upon the assumption that every labouring man will one day be a 'pauper,' will one day come to the workhouse. By the workhouse and its board the cottage is governed; the workhouse is the centre, the bureau, the *hôtel de ville*. The venue of local government must be changed before the labourer can feel independent, and it will be changed doubtless as he becomes conscious of the new power he has acquired. Shall the bitterness of the workhouse at last pass away? Let us hope so, let us be thankful indeed if the franchise leads to the downfall of those cruel walls. Yet what is the cruelty of cold walls to the cruelty of 'system'? A workhouse in the country is usually situated as nearly as possible in the centre of the union, it may be miles from the outlying parishes. Thither the worn-out cottager is borne away from the fields, his cronies, his little helps to old age such as the corner where the sun shines, the friend who allows little amenities, to dwindle and die. The workhouse bureau extends its unfeeling hands into every detail of cottage life. No wonder the labourer

does not deny himself to save money in order to settle where these things are done. A happy day it will be when the workhouse door is shut and the building sold for materials. A gentleman not long since wrote to me a vindication of his workhouse—I cannot at the moment place my hand on the figures he sent me, but I grant that they were conclusive from his point of view; they were not extravagant, the administration appeared correct. But this is not my point of view at all. Figures are not humanity. The workhouse and the poor-law system are inhuman, debasing, and injurious to the whole country, and the better they are administered, the worse it really is, since it affords a specious pretext for their continuance. What would be the use of a captain assuring his passengers that the ship was well found, plenty of coal in the bunkers, the engines oiled and working smoothly, when they did not want to go to the port for which he was steering? An exact dose of poison may be administered, but what comfort is it to the victim to assure him that it was accurately measured to a minim? What is the value of informing me that the 'paupers' are properly looked after when I do not want any 'paupers'?

But how manage without the poor-law system? There are several ways. There is the insurance method: space will not permit of discussion in this paper, but one fact which speaks volumes may be alluded to. Two large societies exist in this country called the 'Oddfellows' and the 'Foresters;' they number their members by the million; they assist their members not only at home, but all over the world (which is what no poor-law has ever done); they govern themselves by their own laws, and they prosper exceedingly—an honour to the nation. They have solved the difficulty for themselves.

When the village governs itself and takes all matters into its own hands, in time the sentiment of independence may grow up and men begin to work and strive and save, that they may settle at home. It would be a very noble thing indeed if the true English feeling for home life should become the dominant passion of the country once again. By home life I mean that which gathers about a house, however small, standing in its own grounds. Something comes into existence about such a house, an influence, a pervading feeling, like some warm colour softening the whole, tinting the lichen on the wall, even the very smoke-marks on the chimney. It is home, and the men and women born there will never lose the tone it has given them. Such homes are the strength of a land. The emigrant who leaves us for the back-

woods hopes to carve out a home for himself there, and we consider that an ambition to be admired. I hope the day will come when some at least of our people may be able to set up homes for themselves in their own country. To-day, if they would live, they must crowd into the city, often to dwell in the midst of hideous squalor, or they must cross the ocean. They would rather endure the squalor, rather say farewell for ever and sail for America, than stay in the village where everyone is master, and none of their class can be independent. The village must be its own master before it becomes popular. County government may be reformed with advantage, but that is not enough, because it must necessarily be too far off. People in the country are scattered, and each little centre is naturally only concerned with itself. A government having its centre at the county town is too far away, and is likely to bear too much resemblance to the boards of guardians and present authorities, to be representative of land and money rather than of men. Progress can only be made in each little centre separately by means of village councils, genuinely representative of the village folk, unswayed by mansion, vicarage, or farm. Then by degrees we may hope to see the re-awakening of English home-life in contradistinction to that unhappy restlessness which drives so many to the cities.

Men will then wake up and work with energy because they will have hope. The slow, plodding manner of the labourer—the dull ways even of the many industrious cottagers—these will disappear, giving place to push and enterprise. Why does a lawyer work as no navvy works? Why does a cabinet minister labour the year through as hard as a miner? Because they have a mental object. So will the labourer work when he has a mental object—to possess a home for himself.

Whenever such homes become numerous and the new life of the country begins to flow, pressure will soon be brought to bear for the removal of the mediæval law which prevents the use of steam on common roads. Modern as the law is, it is mediæval in its tendency as much as a law would be for the restriction of steam on the ocean. Suppose a statute compelling all ships to sail, or, if they steamed, not to exceed four miles an hour! One of the greatest drawbacks to agriculture is the cost and difficulty of transit; wheat, flour, and other foods come from America at far less expense in proportion than it takes to send a waggon-load to London. This cost of transit in the United Kingdom will ultimately, one would think, become the question of the day,

concerning as it does every individual. Agriculture on a large scale finds it a heavy drawback; to agriculture on a small scale it is often prohibitory. A man may cultivate his two-acre plot and produce vegetables and fruit, but if he cannot get his produce to London (or some great city), the demand for it is small, and the value low in proportion. As settlers increase, as the village becomes its own master, and men pass part at least of their time labouring on their own land, the difficulty will be felt to be a very serious one. Transit they must have, and steam alone can supply it. Engines and cars can be built to run on common roads almost as easily as on rails, and as for danger it is merely the interested outcry of those who deal in horses. There is no danger. Fine smooth roads exist all over the country; they have been kept up from coaching days as if in a prophetic spirit for their future use by steam. Upon these roads engines and cars can travel at a good fair pace, collecting produce, and either delivering it to the through lines of rail or passing it on from road-train to road-train till it reaches the city. This is a very important matter indeed, for in the future easier and quicker transit will become imperative for agriculture. The impost of extraordinary tithe—the whole system of tithe—again, is doomed when once the country begins to live its new life. Freedom of cultivation is ten times more needful to the small than to the large proprietor.

These changes closely examined lose their threatening aspect, so much so that the marvel is they did not commence fifty years ago instead of waiting till now, and even now to be only potential. What is there in the present condition of agriculture to make farmer or landowner anxious that the existing system of things should continue? Surely nothing; surely every consideration points in favour of moderate change. Those who quote the example of France, and would argue that dissatisfaction must, as there, increase with efforts to allay it, must know full well in their hearts that there is no comparison whatever with France. The two peoples are so entirely different. So little contents our race that the danger is rather the other way, that they will be too easily satisfied. Such changes as I have indicated, when examined closely, are really so mild that in full operation they would scarcely make any difference in the relation of the classes. Such village councils would be very anxious for the existence of the farmer, and for his interests to be respected, for the sufficient reason that they know the value of wages. Perhaps they might even, under certain conditions, become almost too willing partisans of the

farmer for their own best interests to be served. I can imagine such conditions easily enough, and the possibility of the three sections, labourer, farmer, and owner, becoming more closely welded together than ever. There is far more stolidity to be regretted than revolution to be feared. The danger is lest the new voters should stolidify—crystallise—in tacit league with existing conditions; not lest we should go hop, skip, and jump over Niagara.

www.libtool.com.cn

A probable result of these changes is an increase in the value of land: if thousands of people should ever really begin to desire it, and to work and save for the object of buying it, analogy would suppose a rise in value. Instead of a loss there would be a gain to the landowner, and I think to the farmer, who would have a larger supply of labour, and possibly a strong posse of supporters at the poll in their men. Instead of division coalescence is more probable. The greater his freedom, the greater his attachment to home, the more settled the labourer, the firmer will become the position of all three classes. The landowner has nothing whatever to fear for his park, his mansion, his privacy, his shooting, or anything else. What is taken will be paid for, and no more will be taken than needful. Parks and woods are becoming of priceless value; we should have to preserve a few landlords if only to have parks and woods. Perfect rights of possession are not at all incompatible with enjoyment by the people. There are domains to be found where people wander at their will and enjoy themselves as much as they please, and yet the owner retains every right. It is true that there are also numerous parks rigidly closed to the public, demonstrating the folly of the proprietors—square miles of folly. The use of a little compulsion to open them would not be at all deplorable. But it must stop there and not encroach farther. Having obtained the use, be careful not to destroy.

The one great aim I have in all my thoughts is the acquisition of public and the preservation of private liberty. Freedom is the most valuable of all things, and is to be sought with all our powers of mind and hand. Freedom does not mean injustice, but neither will it put up with injustice. A singular misapprehension seems to be widely spread in our time; it is that there are two great criminals, the poor man or 'pauper,' and the landlord. At opposite extremes of the scale they are regarded as equally guilty. Every right—the right to vote, the right to live in his native village, the right to be buried decently—is taken from the unhappy poor man or 'pauper.' He is a criminal. To own land is to be guilty of

unpardonable sin, nothing is so bad; as criminals are ordered to be searched and everything taken from them, so everything is to be taken from the landowner. The injustice to both is equally evident. Anyone by chance of circumstances, uncontrollable, may be reduced to extreme poverty; how cruel to punish the unfortunate with the loss of civil rights! Anyone by good fortune and labour may acquire wealth, and would naturally wish to purchase land: is he then guilty? In equity both the poor and the rich should enjoy the same civil rights.

www.libtool.com.cn

Let the new voter then bear in mind above all things the value of individual liberty, and not be too anxious to destroy the liberty of others, an action that invariably recoils. Let him, having obtained his freedom, beware how he surrenders it again either to local influence in the shape of land or money, or to the outside orator who may urge him on for his own ends. Efforts will be made no doubt to use the new voter for the purposes of cliques and fanatics. He can always test the value of their object by the question of wages and food—'How will it affect my wages and food?'—and probably that is the test he will apply. A little knot of resolute and straightforward men should be formed in every village to see that the natural outcome of the franchise is obtained. They can begin as vigilance committees, and will ultimately reach to legal status as councils.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

www.libtool.com.cn

The 'Lively Fanny.'

COLONEL WALKER O. DODGE, when he had once made his pile, was one of the most generous and open-handed of men. If I choose to be generous and open-handed, a friend or two may get a quiet dinner, a glass of reasonable claret, and a good cigar; my wife may have a new dress, my boy a rocking-horse, or a succession of beggars may receive a succession of sixpences. No expanse of generosity in my bosom can lead to larger results than these, but when Colonel Walker O. Dodge chose to be munificent people heard about it. The Colonel's annual income amounted to something like a quarter of a million sterling. He had one of those prodigious private fortunes which used never to be heard of or dreamed of until the citizens of the United States of America took to raising them. In the Old World a firm or family or a syndicate may make as much money in a single generation—the thing has actually been known—but the private and unaided individual grows the Dollar Tree (*Auriferens giganticus*) to such height, strength, and luxuriance only on the other side of the Atlantic. The wonderful, glistening, rustling tree grew originally —I am speaking of the Colonel's specimen—in Oleoville, Pa., and was now transplanted to a forcing house in New York, where it let fall such a crop of fruit every quarter day that it took quite a little body of men to keep the ground clear, though they swept and shovelled industriously all the year round.

It had more than once occurred to Colonel Dodge that it would be a blessed and joyous thing actually to expend in one year of his life a whole year's income, but he had always been a busy man, and had never found time until lately to think the matter over. He had thought at times of building a magnificent memorial to something, but he could never make up his mind what the something should be, and he had fancied that it would be pleasant to go down to posterity as the founder of a cathedral or some such edifice, but he had been bred a Baptist, and had conscientious scruples. It came to him a year or two ago as a pleasant inspiration to build a yacht, the most magnificent and

gorgeous ever put together, and in it, with the society of fifty chosen guests, to make the tour of the navigable globe. He thought that if he laid himself out to do this with real splendour that he might for once in a way go near the fulfilment of his hope.

www.libtool.com.cn

When Colonel Dodge made up his mind about anything it was not his habit to let the grass grow under his feet, and within four-and-twenty hours of the birth of this fancy he was in conference with a shipbuilder. A week later plans were laid before him, modified, and accepted, and the Colonel and his maiden sister were already discussing the guests to be invited.

'Walker,' said the maiden lady, 'I have a real elegant idea. Suppose we take ten young ladies and ten young gentlemen all in love with each other and all engaged.' The Colonel shook his solemn head at the proposal. 'Wait a bit, Walker,' said the lady. 'There's John and Cecilia, there's Cyrus and Mary, there's Walter and Jane, there's Hiram and Azubah. That's four pairs to start with, Walker, and we've pretty well settled a'ready to ask 'em all. Then there's Clifford and Janet, and Horace and Julia, and then I do declare I'd forgotten James and Sarah, and there's Phil and Clara, and that makes eight. Naow,' said the maiden lady, figuring on her ivory tablets, 'there's eight young ladies with a father and mother apiece, and that's twenty-four; and eight young gentlemen with a father and mother apiece, and that makes forty-eight; and you and me makes fifty, Walker—hold your tongue!—and we'll take Alexander along because the child ought to see the world, and there's luck in odd numbers, and everybody that sets eyes on him's bound to love him.' She paused, a little out of breath, but triumphant and inflexible. The Colonel looked solemn for a moment, and then smiled.

'It *is* an elegant idea,' he allowed. 'Fanny, you are a remarkable woman. 'Tought to be something like a dream, I fancy, to all them young people, and I take it kindly of Providence to permit one man to have the chance of givin' so much innocent pleasure. I am pleased to have a sister capable of thinkin' out so charmin' a scheme. I don't say it may not have to be modified, but the lines are there. And let me tell you,' pursued the Colonel, with a solemn face and smiling eye—which by the way is a very frequent and very pleasing characteristic of manner in a good American—'let me tell you,' said the Colonel, 'that you are not the only member of our family who is capable of nourishin' a charmin' fancy. I have a sort of fancy

of my own.' He nodded sagely as he made this announcement, but nothing the maiden lady could say could induce him to open his mind just then.

The secret came out though when the yacht was built, and the Colonel's sister broke a bottle of champagne over its bows at the launch and named it the 'Lively Fanny' after a little dingy the Colonel had owned when he was a lad, and had christened and painted with his own hand in affection for his only sister. Perhaps when a man loves his sister as the Colonel did he is cut out for an old bachelor; perhaps when a woman loves her brother as the Colonel's sister did she is cut out for an old maid. People said they were too fond of each other and too much devoted to each other's happiness ever to marry; but perhaps, again, they could each have told a sentimental story had they been so minded, a story which would have involved no treachery to brotherly or sisterly affection, but would yet have shown that once on a time they had been willing to be parted from each other. But they were both middle-aged by this time, and both were grey, and gaunt of build. Neither of them had ever been very pretty to look at, and they were thought to be safe from the blind boy's butt-shaft, as if Cupid shot at none but handsome targets. When the yacht was named, and it became known that the Colonel had had it christened after his sister, Miss Dodge's tall and somewhat grim figure would provoke in the sinful a smile, and disrespectful people would say, 'There goes the lively Fanny!' as the maiden lady stalked gravely along the street, or stepped, with exaggerated angularity of movement, from her carriage. But she and the Colonel both took great delight in the name of the craft, the one because it was a sign of brotherly affection, and the other because it pleased his sister, and since the satire from the populace never came to their ears it never hurt them.

In fulness of time the splendid craft was splendidly fitted, and, crowded with such stores as no craft ever held before, she sailed away with her full complement of pleasure seekers, her little army of servants, her picked crew, her doctor, and her admirable band of musicians. And now, no doubt, it would be a pleasant thing, since we are sailing in extremely pleasant summer weather, to make acquaintance with one or two pairs of lovers, and to linger on deck of a moonlight evening in the company of a pair at a time, marking all the pretty little ways of the lady, and the tender and chivalrous devotion of the gentleman; or (in obedience to that growing spirit of cynicism which a lynx-eyed

www.libtool.com.cn

reviewer has discovered in the present writer) tracing the growth of the canker of unfaithfulness, and showing how Clifford left Janet, and Walter left Jane, and so on, until the whole *posse comitatus* of lovers changed partners. But the opportunities for sentiment and cynicism must be alike neglected, and you must be good enough to fancy the 'Lively Fanny' at Portrush on the heels of an extremely exciting adventure.

Mr. Dionysius O'Hara, a native of the city of Dublin, had migrated to the land of the Saxon oppressor, and after a residence of some years in London, had made acquaintance with a retired stockbroker, one John William Dodge, of Bayswater, a good old gentleman of the true stockbroking sort, who knew everything that needed to be known about his own business and was more ignorant of everything outside it than is easily possible to conceive. Mr. Dodge had a daughter, a girl with rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, and red lips, and a bountiful armful of waist; a girl with an innocent, affectionate nature, a healthy appetite, a natural laugh, and a very jewel-mine of a heart in the way of home affections. Miss Dodge had a mother, a fat, homely, smiling, sweet-natured old woman, who was a comfortable prophecy of what her daughter would come to in the space of two score years. Mr. O'Hara had been attracted by the charms of Miss Dodge; Miss Dodge had in turn been attracted by the charms of Mr. O'Hara. The retired stockbroker being appealed to, had made strict inquiry into Mr. O'Hara's financial position and prospects, and finding the result of that inquiry eminently unsatisfactory, had requested Mr. O'Hara not to call again. Then had the roses faded from the cheeks of Miss Dodge, and the kindly laughter from her lips, and the merry brightness from her eyes. Then had her natural appetite forsaken her, and the pearly teeth took to biting nothing but the pale lips to keep them from trembling, and to hold down in her father's presence the fountain of tears which played so freely in his absence. Then also had the once comfortable Mrs. Dodge grown mournful, and the wretched Dodge himself had groaned upon his pillow at her grisly talk of early graves.

'Talk of graves!' cried the unhappy stockbroker, 'I wish I was in mine. I shall never be allowed to go to sleep until I get there.'

'Oh, go to sleep, John,' Mrs. Dodge responded with natural and excusable severity. 'If that's what you want, by all means go to sleep. Perhaps it's natural in a father to think of nothing

but going to sleep while his only daughter's sinking into the tomb. Oh, certainly, by all means go to sleep, John.'

It is characteristic of human nature always to care most for the unattainable, and now that Mr. Dodge had permission to sleep he did not choose to avail himself of it. He began to think in the silent watches of the night—an exercise to which he had never greatly accustomed himself—and in his mind's eye he saw his hearth desolate, and he anathematised the insinuating O'Hara. He did not in the least relent towards him. What right had a man with no money to fall in love with the daughter of a retired stockbroker? and what pity did a girl deserve who allowed herself to fall in love with a man before she had made sure that he could maintain her in honest competence? But though Mr. Dodge was fortified against sympathy by these reflections, he was not altogether pity-proof, and as he stood before his mirror next morning, staring at his own wrinkles, with a hair-brush in either hand, he turned suddenly upon his wife and spoke.

'My dear,' said Mr. Dodge, 'I have been thinking that Fanny might be the better of a little change, and I have been turning things over in my mind. There's Hackett has a yacht he wants either to let on hire or to sell. Now I think a bit of a sea jaunt might freshen her up a bit and do her good. Perhaps,' he added, facing the situation, 'a little change of scenery might drive that Irish scoundrel out of her mind. If something isn't done you'll drive me out of mine between you.'

With no great hope on mamma's part, and no great willingness or unwillingness on the girl's side, the retired stockbroker made all the necessary arrangements, and before the early summer was three weeks older, Mr. Dodge's family was aboard, and bound for a cruise amongst the Shetland and the Orkney Islands.

For a day or two they were all three mournfully unwell, and when Mr. Dodge found his sea legs and his sea stomach Miss Dodge was still a prisoner in her cabin. At last she came on deck, a woeful sight, a sea-green damsel, and she could be persuaded to take no interest in any earthly thing. She ate less than ever, and the brand-new rosewood piano Dodge had expressly bought for her was left untouched, or the gay tunes the poor sad-hearted young thing tried to play quavered mournfully into silence under her fingers, and she would run back to her cabin and cry there until the solicitous mother followed her. The

absent O'Hara had listened to those merry airs, and now their cadences called up the sad phantoms of remembrance.

'John,' said Mrs. Dodge, when the experiment of sea-air had resolved itself into the most dismal and complete of failures, 'it's all a mistake. Fanny doesn't want fresh air. It does her no good. She's breaking her heart over your cruelty.'

'My cruelty?' demanded the miserable man. 'Did you say my cruelty? Go it, Matilda. I am a cruel father, to be sure. That's a cruelty, isn't it?' He indicated the piano. 'This is a cruelty, isn't it?' He indicated the yacht, and the smiling landscape which lay in view through the saloon windows. '*I'm* enjoying myself, ain't I?'

Mrs. Dodge relented a little, and put her stout, wifely arm about his neck.

'You don't mean to be cruel, John,' she said, crying a little; 'but that's how she feels it, poor thing, and she's breaking her heart over it. And if you don't relent, she'll die. The sweetest child—the best——' She could go no further.

'Have it your own way,' said the cruel father. 'Marry her to any blackguard she chooses to take a fancy to. I won't have it said I killed my child.' He had to gulp a little, and though he tried to bluster, perhaps he loved the pale-cheeked little thing his daughter, and longed to see her natural roses bloom again. The end of it all was that they put about and ran into Belfast harbour, and thence wired to Mr. O'Hara, requesting him to join them; and the little Fanny, learning the reason of their change of course from her mother—who, by the way, had promised to keep it a secret and could not—began so to blossom again, and to smile again, and to play and sing so sweetly her old gay ditties, that Mr. Dodge blamed his own precipitancy in yielding, more than a little. In a brief space, Mr. O'Hara having contrived to raise the wind, came over and was taken aboard the yacht, and carried away north, the happy maiden sailing with him to the land of love's full summer. But papa began to have all manner of base suspicions, not understanding, in his dull male mind, how the sudden change from sickness to health had come about, and growing inclined to think that a pretence had been played upon him.

That Dionysius loved Fanny was beyond a doubt. Where is the son of Erin who would not love the daughter of a retired stockbroker, himself being impecunious? Or where, for that matter, is the son of Erin who can resist the soft influence of

feminine charms when they are brought near to him? Let no wrong be done to Mr. O'Hara's susceptibilities. He would have loved any woman who had a prospect of two thousand a year, as Miss Dodge had, and he could have loved Miss Dodge herself without a penny if he had been a millionaire and could have felt that he could afford it. To embrace a pretty girl and two thousand a year in prospective, and present free quarters in a yacht admirably found and fitted—to do all this by putting an arm round one willing and yielding waist was pleasant, and Mr. O'Hara was easily pleased. He talked beautifully, and he was full of poetry. 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,' and 'O'er the glad waters of the deep blue say,'—nobody recited those verses with finer emphasis or sweeter expression. Everything was gay and bright and beautiful, until at evening, an hour out from Portrush, a slight haze came on, and that majestic yacht, the 'Lively Fanny' of New York, ran straight into Mr. Dodge's small craft and cut her down.

There was a prodigious sounding of fog-horns immediately, and boats were lowered with all possible expedition. The big yacht, after describing a liberal arc, got back to the little one and took her in tow; but Mr. Dodge's hired vessel only survived until everybody had been got aboard Colonel Dodge's ark of refuge and most of the valuables had been removed, when she gave a lurch and went down in twenty fathoms of water. I am not casting any imputation on Mr. O'Hara's manliness when I record the fact that he was dry and that Mr., Mrs., and Miss Dodge were all wet through; and it is a fact that Mr. O'Hara magnificently kicked the insolent sailor who declared that he was too frightened to get into the boats, and clung to the wreck in a panic of alarm until the large vessel came alongside.

Mr. O'Hara's dryness gave him an advantage which the others lacked, and while Mr. Dodge and his womenfolk were hurried below to change their dripping garments, Mr. O'Hara remained on deck and distributed his card with an air of great importance—'Mr. Dionysius O'Hara, Barrister-at-Law, Pump Court, Temple,' from which fact sprung up a habit aboard the 'Lively Fanny' of alluding to the wrecked ladies and Mr. Dodge as 'Mr. O'Hara's party.' He expressed himself to the Colonel with much politeness, but told him regretfully that the wreck of the yacht must be made the subject of a Board of Trade inquiry, and the Colonel responded by declaring his intention of paying for the whole shoot, by which Mr. O'Hara understood that

he was ready to make good all damages, and to estimate them liberally. The Irish barrister was the centre of interest on the deck and in the saloon that night, and all vied with all in paying courteous attention to the stranger. Now it goes without saying that everybody had heard of Colonel Dodge, and that the voyage of the 'Lively Fanny' was a matter of public news and interest, her various places of call being specified by special telegram to the London journals and most of the provincial organs. So that when the Colonel presented Miss Dodge to the gentleman who had been so strangely added to the ship's rating, Mr. O'Hara at once knew that he stood in the presence of a lady who was probably a better match than nine in ten of the heiresses of Europe, and he gazed upon her as a man looks upon that which is too good to be attainable. Yet—is the female heart absolutely unassailable when its owner has come to forty year? Is a plain and rather grim-looking woman any less likely than a pretty one to find love-making pleasant? Mr. O'Hara's experiences had been wide and varied, and his impudence was monumental. A woman's heart naturally pines for love—this was his philosophy—a plain woman is likely to meet with less of it than a pretty one, and therefore to value it the more highly when found—a middle-aged woman is always pleased to think herself still capable of inspiring a grand passion. If he could only secure a footing he would dare it, he declared to himself, though he was not such a fool as to drop the steak whilst he plunged into the stream in search of its reflection.

He feigned ignorance of Colonel Dodge's financial position, and he attached himself to Miss Dodge from the first moment. When somebody amongst a knot of the more elderly of the Colonel's guests started playfully the question as to the time of life at which a woman is most charming, Mr. O'Hara boldly declared for the time between thirty-five and forty, and supported his position with Irish eloquence.

'Spring has its beauties,' he said, 'but summer is lovelier; and approaching autumn is lovelier still. At five-and-thirty a true woman has entered upon the full possession of her charrums. If she is beautiful she was never so beautiful as at that happy time, and if mere outward beauty has been denoyed her, her heart and mind are at their best, her nature has roypened and solidified.'

He said much more to the same effect, and if the men smiled and took it for an Irishman's good-tempered and flattering way of saying things pleasant to the people in whose society he hap-

pened to find himself, you may be pretty sure that middle-aged ladies thought none the worse of him for these opinions.

'For me own part,' said Mr. O'Hara, 'though I am an oydoloyser of the six, oy denoy that a woman's chief charrum is her beauty or her youth. The chief beauty of a woman is her intuitive understanding and her power of sympathy. Ye foind these in the young, to be sure, but undeveloped. Forty is the true marriageable age. At forty a lady knows her own mind.'

www.libtool.com.cn

There was a general laugh at this, and everybody admitted that Mr. O'Hara was a gay and agreeable fellow, with a considerable gift of conversational fluency. Addressed to nobody in particular it passed lightly enough, and Miss Dodge, descending to the ladies' quarter, was particularly well pleased with the barrister's conclusions. Before retiring to rest she made a call upon Mrs. and Miss Dodge, and spoke amongst other things of Mr. O'Hara's gaiety. The simple elderly lady and she struck up an immediate friendship, and the story of Mr. O'Hara's devotion was told. Miss Dodge the younger lay asleep, looking exceeding pretty with her flushed face and brown hair on the white pillow under the softened light of the lamp, and Miss Dodge the elder was naturally interested in her story. The identity of the younger lady's name with her own also appealed to her sense of interest and curiosity. The Dodges of Oleoville, Pa., were of old English origin, and the same fountain head may have been found for the English and American branches of the family.

The yacht lay at anchor, with the Giant's Causeway, like a great pier, stretching out to sea in the near distance, and the wild Antrim coast lying beautiful in the solemn moonlight, and all aboard whose business it was to sleep slept well and tranquilly with the exception of Mr. Dodge, whose spirits were perturbed by the loss of the yacht and the singular behaviour of Mr. O'Hara. Taking it all together, he thought so ill of Mr. O'Hara's courage on the one hand, and his politeness on the other (perhaps Mr. O'Hara might have inquired after Mr. Dodge's well-being if he had remembered to think of it), that he meditated a formal quarrel with him in the morning, and was prepared to brave wife and child in the cause of justice. The barrister knowing nothing of this went to sleep and dreamed of dollars, and the little Fanny, so lately shipwrecked, dreamed of Mr. O'Hara. When she awoke rosy and happy in the morning she scarcely knew what to blame for dashing her high spirits, but somehow they were as flat as palled soda water, and just as impossible to stir into renewed

brightness. It would be too silly to be jealous of an old lady like the *other* Miss Dodge, a lady old enough to be her mother, and yet Dionysius did certainly devote himself to that withered maiden with a wonderful assiduity. Perhaps it was a manifestation of that politeness on which his countrymen so much plume themselves, and Dionysius indeed urged as much when the Colonel's sister once or twice led him to the poor little waiting Fanny, and after a little while he strayed away again and took anew to paying compliments to his hostess, and throwing admiring glances at her, and behaving altogether in a way eminently likely to flatter the feelings of any susceptible virgin lady of forty summers. Mr. O'Hara's Irish blandishments were not without effect upon Miss Dodge's mind, as was proved by a little conversation she held with her brother the Colonel that afternoon.

www.fbtoof.com.cn

'Walker,' she said, 'that Irishman's a thoroughpaced bad lot.'

'What's the matter with him?' inquired the Colonel.

'He's engaged, against her father's wishes, to marry that pretty little girl, Walker,' said the lady; 'and do you see how he's behavin'? Have you remarked his conduct?'

'No!' said the Colonel. 'What's he doing?'

'Well, Walker,' said the maiden lady, with a slight blush, 'I am getting a little case-hardened, I allow, but I do feel a bit ashamed for all that. He's making eyes at your dollars, Walker.'

Now be it said that the Colonel was familiar with this complaint, and was disposed to give it less ready credence than he had once been. Not that he ever professed to doubt it, but he thought sometimes that his sister had grown a little too suspicious of the politeness of the male sex.

'I'll lay an eye upon him,' said the Colonel, and he did so. Miss Dodge presented herself on duty where two or three young ladies were busy with sketchbooks, pencil, and colours, transferring the Giant's Causeway and his scenic accessories to paper, and one young gentleman had an easel set up and a square yard of canvas on it, and a wonderful shining assortment of new tubes of colour, and palettes and brushes as yet stainless. The little Fanny was smiling near him, for Dionysius was at her elbow, and the sun shone again as it does in such conditions for tender-hearted young ladies. But the sunshine without and within was doomed once more to be clouded, for the polite Dionysius lost not a moment in sliding to the side of the lady with the dollars. The lady of the dollars received him with unexpected gentleness

and affability, and little by little she moved away from the knot of loungers who surrounded the amateurs of art, Mr. O'Hara following and growing more openly complimentary as he followed. She smiled at his compliments, at some of them she turned her head away;—the poor little Fanny at a distance felt her heart sink and sicken when the dollared lady coquettishly smote Mr. O'Hara with her fan. The Colonel, with his back against the mainmast and a cigar between his lips, smiled outright as he watched the pair together, but his sallow face took another expression when he happened to glance at the little girl and saw how pale she grew and how woebegone the pretty face was.

www.libtool.com.cn

It was a halcyon day for Mr. O'Hara, and the brightest hopes warmed his impressionable heart. He was so thoughtful and considerate as to cast some of his own joy upon the little Fanny, for when her elderly namesake had withdrawn, he devoted himself to his *fiancée* as warmly as ever.

'Dion,' said the girl in tremulous affection and anger, 'why do you pay so much attention to that old woman?'

'Me dorlin',' cried Mr. O'Hara, in tenderest accents, 'I trust I am a gentleman. I hope that me future wife will love me none the less that I denoy meself the charrum of her society in order to be polite to an elderly and unattractive lady whose brother is compelled to entertain the party to which I belong, under circumstances so peculiar, and so likely to be disagreeable to him unless they are softened by the ameliorations of gentlemanly conduct.'

What could any little girl say to that? She felt that she had a right to be happy again, and confessed that she had been foolishly jealous. She owned in her affectionate simple way that she should be jealous of anything or anybody who came between her and her Dion, and her Dion answered sympathetically that he knew the value of her affection and appreciated its tenderness.

'At the pace he's goin',' said the Colonel's sister to the Colonel, 'it won't take him long to do the distance, Walker, and that's a fact.'

'I don't think it will,' said the Colonel in reply.

There is nothing so killing as moonlight when you want to make love, and the insinuating O'Hara was fully aware of Luna's favourable influences. Mr. Dodge had not yet exploded, but was nursing his wrath to keep it warm, and O'Hara knew no more than that he was grumpy, a condition so common with the

retired stockbroker in his relations with his daughter's lover, that Mr. O'Hara disregarded it. If Mr. Dodge were grumpy Colonel Dodge was wonderfully suave and smiling, and his sister was gay and at times languishing. They had music on deck that evening in the moonlight, and Mr. O'Hara did his insinuating utmost.

www.libtool.com.cn

There are undoubtedly men in the world to whom it would not have been easy to slip away from the side of the confiding little woman who clung to Mr. O'Hara's arm, and looked up to him with so tender and timid a smile, but he found no difficulty in it. It was but to say 'Excuse me for a moment, me heart's delight,' and to slip away to the place where the elder Miss Dodge stood expectant of him, leaning her hard elbows on the rail of the vessel and looking at the reflection of the moonlight as it danced and shimmered in the water. The little Fanny stood and watched with a misgiving of which she was more than half ashamed. Surely she could trust her Dion after their interview of that afternoon, and all the kind and reassuring words he had spoken. He had called the wealthy Miss Dodge 'an elderly and unattractive lady,' and though the little Fanny was rather disposed to like the wealthy Miss Dodge, the words had been sweet to her. Naturally she wanted her Dion to think poorly of all womanly attractions but her own. After what he had said to her she would never, never, never be jealous any more. But why did he stay so long, and why did he lean in an attitude of so much tender interest over the figure of the lady? She would not be jealous. Jealousy was a wicked passion surely, and surely there was nothing wicked in this sick sinking at the heart.

Meanwhile Dionysius, not greatly caring to know what emotions troubled the childish breast of his *fiancée*, made warmer and warmer love to the elder Miss Dodge's dollars.

'Oi am afraid,' said the insinuating young man, 'lest ye should catch cold, Miss Dodge. Shall we paece the deck for a whoile?'

There was so tender an interest in the tone that the speech, simple as it was, spoke volumes to Miss Dodge's ears. The vessel swayed ever so little, and when Dion offered the lady his arm as a support there was no reason apparent in the world against her acceptance of his aid. The little Fanny stayed behind with her heartache, and there was shadow beneath the topgallant forecastle. The promenaders paused there, and somehow by cunning accident Mr. O'Hara's hand touched the hand that rested on his arm.

Miss Dodge made no motion of resentment, and the gentleman dared to allow his fingers to rest for a little time. Still Miss Dodge made no motion of resentment, and the thrill of assured victory shot through his heart as he took the bony digits gently and drew them further through his arm. It was scarcely worth while to finesse any longer, and he took to kissing the hand with ardour.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Mr. O'Hara!' said the lady, 'you alarm me.'

'Loveliest of women!' returned Mr. O'Hara, and, with Irish fervour, set an arm about her waist, and kissed the hand anew. Miss Dodge trembled a little and escaped him. 'Ye floy,' said the gentleman, 'loike the startled fawn.'

'I must leave you,' said the lady. 'If you value my regard, Mr. O'Hara, don't follow me.'

''Tis a bitter sentence,' said Dionysius, 'but to hear you is to obey you.' He knew that the style of love-making he employed was a little antiquated, but then so was the lady, and the *dégagé* style could never have won her. Miss Dodge went below, and Dionysius felt himself a conqueror, and sunned himself in the most splendid auriferous dreams.

The rapidity of his success astonished him, and might have led him to have doubts of its reality if he had not had experience of easy conquests. It was not that an elderly maiden lady permitted her waist to be squeezed or her hand to be kissed. That was common enough in his varied knowledge of the sex, and he had kissed more hands and squeezed more waists than I should like to mention. The thing that astonished him was that a lady so susceptible and so prodigiously well to do had never been carried by love's assault before this.

Now whilst he ogled and sighed and the lady yielded to his blandishments, he evolved a scheme so safe and easy that he laughed to think of it. He knew very well that the Colonel might be in the way, and he knew very well that if once he committed himself to the Colonel's sister, Mr. Dodge would only be too glad for a chance to withdraw his daughter. There was just a risk of losing both, but in the identity of the names of the two ladies he thought he saw a way of perfect safety. I wish it were in my power to give you the letter (which was a masterpiece in its way), but unluckily the Colonel burned it. That night Dionysius sat down and penned an epistle which might fall into the hands of either lady and seem addressed to herself, and in it he begged for the companionship of the most charming of her sex on the

trip to the Causeway next morning, when he had something to say on which the whole happiness of his future depended. Now, if he were too precipitate with the dollared lady (you must remember how brief was the time in which he had to move and how delicate his position was whilst he was aboard the same yacht with his two *innamorate*), and if the dollared lady should show his letter to the Colonel, it would be pretty easy to declare that it had been intended for the younger; and if, on the other hand, the recipient of the letter was pleased with it—as he thought she would be—he was pleasantly provided for for life.

He found the elder Miss Dodge's own woman, and he tipped her with a sovereign and bade her give the letter he had written to Miss Dodge—not to her mistress, for he must be able, in view of possibilities, to declare that he was unacquainted with the woman's special position—but simply to Miss Dodge. The woman smiled and took the tip and the letter. She had taken many tips and many letters, as it happened, for Miss Dodge's dollars were not for the first time approached that evening, and she gave the billet to her mistress.

. . . .

'I'll kick him overboard this minute!' said the Colonel.

'Not yet, Walker,' said the maiden lady. 'It's addressed to Miss Fanny Dodge, and there's not a word in it that mightn't have been written to the other Miss Fanny Dodge, and that's where the scoundrel has the pull. But you see that projectin' point of land this side the Giant's Causeway, Walker?' The Colonel nodded. 'You can boot him there, if you like to follow and to be sure that there's no mistake.' The Colonel smiled and lit a fresh cigar.

. . . .

'I should take it as a particular favour,' said Colonel Dodge to Mr. Dodge, 'if you and your wife and daughter would accompany me upon this little trip, sir. I think I shall have something of unusual interest to show you.'

. . . .

'You really meant the note for me, Mr. O'Hara?' said the maiden lady blushing. If she did not blush she hid her face behind her fan, and that did as well. She certainly had some sign of emotion to screen.

'Can ye doubt it, madam?' said Mr. O'Hara. 'Oh, let me throw the cold conventions to the wind—let me call ye Fanny!'

'Who could have fallen in love so soon as you profess to have done?' she asked. 'How am I to believe you?'

'Cruel beauty!' cried Mr. O'Hara; 'why do ye doubt me? I loved you from the hour I first beheld ye.'

'I reckon you may come down now, Walker,' said Miss Dodge.

www.libtool.com.cn

'I reckon I may,' said the Colonel's voice in answer, and as Mr. O'Hara turned with a startled jump, he saw a gaunt figure rise on the rock below which all his ardours had been poured into the dollared lady's ears. The Colonel came leisurely down the uneven stony slope.

'I suppose I may come as well,' said Mr. Dodge, the retired stockbroker, in accents which belied the mildness of his words.

'Ladies,' said the Colonel, 'you had better withdraw. This is a case in which no impression can be hoped for without the aid of gutta percha.'

. . . .

It was one thing to think that Dionysius was true and breaking his heart in absence, and another to know that he was a shameless money-hunter who had been deservedly chastised. An honest young gentleman on the Stock Exchange—he may be something of a phenomenon, but there he is—with a good heart, a decent income, and an unexceptionable moustache, has long since found a way to console the little Fanny, and when the two were married the other day, the bride received as a wedding present such a parure of pearls as no retired stockbroker ever gave his daughter in this world. This was a token of friendship and goodwill from an elderly maiden lady, of whom Mr. Dodge never speaks except as the 'Lively Fanny.'

D. Christie Murray.

www.libtool.com.cn

Lord Lyndhurst.[1]

THIS large and (to many readers) most interesting volume is less a biography of the very eminent lawyer and statesman whose name it bears, than a prolonged speech of counsel for the defence. And though it would be most unfair to say that Sir Theodore Martin has no case, for he has one which is at least arguable, he has not, assuredly, forgot the proverbial instruction to abuse the Plaintiff's attorney.

It was regrettable that Lord Campbell should have left behind him, for posthumous publication, his ill-natured biography of a man (two men for that matter) with whom through many years he had lived in more or less friendly relations. It was not like the old Lord Chancellor's usual amiability; and it revealed a streak in his character which is not shown in his own Life. But it may be frankly said that Campbell's theory of Lyndhurst's character and career is substantially that which was widely accepted among those concerned in the Law thirty-five or forty years ago, when Lyndhurst was Lord Chancellor (not of England, but of Great Britain, as his biographer ought to know) for the third time, under Sir Robert Peel. Justly or unjustly, in jest or earnest, he was continually called Mephistopheles. In certain moods (the writer, as a boy, saw him continually) he looked like the name. Financially and morally, strange stories were current concerning him: though the smoke may have been without the smallest fire. As for his transcendent ability there never was difference of opinion. The Yankee, of Irish extraction, who entered the House of Lords by his own merit and good-luck, the only man who ever bore the title which he made famous and which died with him, was by far the greatest speaker in that assemblage of hereditary legislators.

If earnestness of conviction and consistency of political creed, blamelessness of life and financial solvency were in truth characteristic of this most outstanding man, it can but be said that he was cruelly belied, and that by some of his greatest admirers.

[1] *A Life of Lord Lyndhurst: from Letters and Papers in possession of his Family.* By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. London: John Murray. 1883.

The stories current were not merely the cackle of young Templars: we have heard counsel and solicitors of the highest standing lament over what they stated as facts. Lord Denman, Chief Justice of England when Lyndhurst was Chancellor (was it not yesterday we saw the two, first and second in the procession up Westminster Hall at the beginning of Term?), thought badly of Lyndhurst's honesty: Sir Theodore Martin cannot imagine why. Certainly the Chief Justice knew the Chancellor well, and had known him long. Lord Campbell's estimate (he succeeded Denman as Chief Justice of England) is only too well known. And legal documents, accessible to all, enabled everyone to know whether at a certain stage in his life Mr. Copley paid his debts. The writer remembers hearing a distinguished barrister say that when he was a youth, it used to be said that the letter C, in a certain list, was fully represented by the names of Copley and another, also distinguished, though a good deal less so. Over many years, and into an utterly different mode of life, stories crowd upon the writer's memory. They may have been quite untrue: but young students of law believed them. And it is a serious thing when all these and more are given currency on handsome pages by a man known to be truthful in other things; who filled the most conspicuous places in the law, and who died in the very highest. We will grant the present biographer that these legends, or traditions, ought not to have been perpetuated by Lord Chancellor Campbell, even if they were all true.

Sir Theodore Martin, as a biographer, is above all things *Thorough.* Everything Lord Lyndhurst said or did was right. Everything said or done by anybody who differed from him was wrong. Lord Campbell, we are assured over and over, did not know Lyndhurst intimately or well. This very doubtful assurance is reiterated in a fashion which painfully recalls Mrs. Smith in some little country town declaring 'We don't know the Browns in the least.' But Sir Theodore Martin did not know Lord Lyndhurst at all. Doubtless the only reason why the present biographer names no fault in his hero, is because he could see none. One thing in the Life certainly needs explanation extremely. The last passage in the varied career, when the man of four-score and ten came under the influence of devout and earnest folk, generally Low Church in their views, and grew (we willingly believe) sincerely religious, is related very slightly. The writer could record facts at once most interesting and quite reliable concerning those days: but such matters are too sacred and intimate for the printed page.

It may, however, be said, that it was not that the great lawyer's faculties were enfeebled: when his heart was so touched, his head was clear and keen as ever. But we have in the present Life a portion of a funeral sermon preached by the Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square, the Sunday after Lyndhurst was buried. It seems all right: save for the statement that Lyndhurst's 'repentance was fervent.' This is hard to understand. For if Sir Theodore Martin be right, we cannot see what Lyndhurst had to repent of.

www.libtool.com.cn

We will not be ruffled by controversy. One is rubbed against the grain continually in reading the volume by its polemic tone. Sir Theodore Martin, we know, felt he had to do what he has done. But we wish somebody else had been selected for a task so invidious. It is painful to find a brother Scot accusing the last Scotch Chancellor of malice, meanness and wilful falsehood, in a fashion incapable of acceptance by such as knew Lord Campbell. It was not well that current gossip should be perpetuated: and Sir Theodore Martin, we think, has fully succeeded in proving that a good deal of that gossip was what gossip frequently is. But the character and career of this illustrious man will remain as matter of debate: and conflicting views may be held in entire good faith. Nothing would be easier than to answer a great deal that Sir Theodore Martin has said: and some of his arguments are the weakest we remember ever to have read or heard. We pass wholly away from a painful and unworthy squabble: lamenting much that the late Rector of the University of St. Andrews should have been induced to give a large volume to blackening (so far as he could) the most successful St. Andrews student of the last half-century; and one whom we are able to declare, on evidence which to ourselves is irresistible, to have been (at least in his later years) one of the most kindly of men.

The portrait of Lord Lyndhurst at the beginning of the volume shows the man in his prime, and gives his pleasantest aspect. Even in it, he does not look a man to be trifled with. He became early bald: and that profusion of brown hair is a wig. Towards the end of the book, you have a photograph of the same face, at the age of eighty-nine: but still there is the youthful wig. The writer remembers, as a boy, grieving that he wore it: and one remembers the careful deliberation with which he fixed his hat on his head, when he had taken it off in answer to a young Templar's reverent salutation: all necessitated by that regrettable wig. Once upon a time, that face was seen by the writer on

most days of his life; when his life was one inconceivable now. The awful day came, on which, having waited in Lincoln's Inn Hall to the rising of the Court, the writer (aged fifteen), the hall being entirely deserted for a few minutes, climbed up and sat himself down in the Chancellor's chair; and thence surveyed the prospect and thought it extremely agreeable. Vividly comes back a day, the first day of Term, on which he beheld the procession of Judges in Westminster Hall. There were great men then on the Bench and at the Bar. Abinger was Chief Baron, Tindal Chief Justice of the C.P. Cresswell was a puisne Judge only: the bent figure of Baron Gurney passes, with the keen eyes and the great eagle beak. And the Attorney-General was Follett: Follett who is fast being forgotten: as noble a Roman as was among them all. But the great sight was the Chancellor. In Church dignity, the greatest comes last: humility is the special virtue there. But at Westminster, the Chancellor was first: arrayed in glory: and looking worthy of any conceivable earthly elevation. He was seventy at least: surely there is some mistake in Sir Theodore Martin's statement of his age, which is two years at least less than what we used to believe. Before him went the mace-bearer and the purse-bearer: the long train was borne behind him by some official well paid for the duty by a grateful country. The Chancellor walked very lame, and looked thin and worn: you would not have guessed that he was appointed to live to ninety-two. But the face was not to be forgot. Bodily pain, possibly, on that day exacerbated its expression: but if ever human being looked Mephistopheles, Lord Lyndhurst did so then. One, learned in the law, as the slight figure went by, whispered to the writer just that one word. And yet it is quite certain that in his home, and specially to his mother and his sisters, he was a playful, joyous and affectionate man. But indeed Lyndhurst was at least two different men, and these remarkably unlike one another.

His father came from Boston, U.S.A., to London at the beginning of the American war: while as yet there were no U.S.A. And though a struggling artist, best known by the picture called (by a transparent sham) 'The Death of Lord Chatham in the House of Lords,' he was able to send his son John Singleton Copley to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he was second wrangler, though he had neglected his mathematics: with ordinary diligence he would have been senior wrangler. For he had worked at mathematics just nine months. The father lived in George Street, Hanover Square; in a house in which the famous

www.libtool.com.cn

son lived nearly all his life, and in which he died. Lord Lyndhurst bought the next house also, and made the two into one, suited to his dignified position. But the dwelling in which he lived cannot now be found: the two houses were sold at his death for 18,000*l*., and pulled down to give place to a large new one. This ought not to have been. Young Copley's tastes would have made him an architect: he arranged for himself the throwing-together of the houses: and to the last, visiting any great mansion, took pleasure in showing how much more should have been made of it.

www.ibtool.com.cn

When away, the youth wrote curious formal letters home: though a devoted son, he addressed his mother as *Madam.* He became Fellow of Trinity: and as Travelling Bachelor revisited the United States. One is sick of the question whether he was a Republican in his youth. His father was one. Why might not John have been one; and why should he not change? While in America he proposed to a young lady, who would not have him. Coming home, he practised as a Pleader, under the Bar: it must have been very irksome to one who hated writing. His home life with his parents and one devoted sister was happy: but his prospects in the Law were gloomy: and in his thirty-first year, that he might not lose his fellowship, he thought seriously of the Church. So did Mr. Connop Thirlwall: each was led to a right decision. Copley was called to the Bar on June 18, 1804, being thirty-two, if (as Sir T. Martin tells us) he was born in 1772. The year generally given has been 1770. It was constantly thrown in his face that when called, he was 'a Whig and something more,'—a Jacobin. Campbell and Denman both declared this of their own knowledge: and the Chancellor's contradictions were not quite explicit. He vehemently declared that he had never been a member of any political society: nobody said he had been. And he added that he had been of no political creed at all till he entered Parliament at the age of forty-five: which in that stirring period of the world's history was a singular experience for so wonderfully bright and clever a man,—an experience almost without parallel. But Lyndhurst never declared he had been a Tory before he was forty-five. In these days of rapidly-changing views, the question of his consistency is of less interest. And if Lyndhurst (on his own showing) was not a Tory till he attained that maturity, he was a very decided Tory ever afterwards.

He attended Court with great regularity. We have a touching

sketch of Copley as he appeared at Westminster in those days, quoted from Mr. Burnet:—

'Like Romilly, Copley was destined to remain a spectator 'rather than an actor for many weary years before attracting 'public notice: and I well remember him in the old Court of 'Common Pleas always occupying the same seat, at the extremity 'of the second circle of the Bar, without paper or book before 'him, but looking intently—I had almost said savagely—(for 'his look at this time bore somewhat of the appearance of an 'eagle's)—at the Bench before him, watching even the least 'movement of a witness or other party in the cause, or treasuring 'up the development of the legal arguments brought forward by 'the eminent men who then formed the inner circle of the Bar 'of the learned Serjeants.'

www.libtool.com.cn

Not one of them within a hundred miles in ability of the poor briefless junior who, with a heart sick with hope deferred, sat day after day and year after year behind them: the keen intellect wearing deeper lines in that keen face. The *savage* expression, noted by Mr. Burnet, impressed most of those who saw Copley sitting unemployed in Court. 'I remember him 'well,' said an ancient clerk to the writer, 'sitting in the Common 'Pleas at Guildhall when he was Mr. Serjeant Copley, with not 'very much to do: ah, it was an awfully sour face.' He did not know how near brilliant success was drawing to him: doubtless he had many a day gone home from Court with the feeling that he was a miserable failure. The outspoken Lord Campbell tells us how his heart was nearly broken: the more secretive Lyndhurst kept his sorrows to himself. But they were there: and they looked out from that savage face. The lines they left were there, when the writer used to gaze on him with inexpressible admiration in his pride of place as Lord Chancellor.

But the time and chance which he often thought would never come, came at last: and Copley was far more than equal to them. And they were not so long in coming, after all. For he was called in 1804, being thirty-two (let us accept Sir T. Martin's age); and in 1813, being forty-one, he became a Serjeant-at-law. His rising fame, and increasing income, brought gladness to the house of his father, who was now breaking down in health and in estate, and who died in 1815. He died, burdened with debt. His son took upon himself all the poor painter's debts, and paid them to the last penny. And his sister, who probably never saw the fierce look of the C. P., but knew the loving smile that

gladdened all in George Street, where he managed to dine almost daily, however busy, writes, plainly writing from the heart, that Copley was 'the kindest and best of brothers and sons.' There are many kind brothers and sons. But surely he must have been among the very best of them. How came he to show that truculent look to the world? Ah, there were two men in him, as there are in most men.

It has been said that he did his business at the Bar carelessly. It does not follow that his business would have left him, even had it been so. And it appears certain that he sometimes put on the listless Melbourne manner. In speaking, his rule was never to say a word too much. Writing was painful to him: and he trusted, more and more, to a memory like Macaulay's, like Follett's. He could make a speech extending to hours, crammed with dates and facts and descriptions of machinery, never looking at a note, and never making a blunder. Sometimes an opponent corrected him: the page was turned up: Copley was always right.

Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister. Though not brilliant himself, he knew a brilliant man; and he brought Copley into Parliament in 1818. Of course, when the Premier gave a man at the bar a seat in Parliament, no compact had to be put in words, either as to work or to reward. And now, at forty-six, Copley, hitherto unattached politically, became a Tory. He remained one to the end. He soon spoke in Parliament; where charges of political ratting were thrown in his face, as they were to the close of his career. Next year, he was made Chief Justice of Chester: an anomalous judicial office, held without quitting the Bar. And the same year, 1819, he married, being forty-seven, an attractive widow whose years are oddly stated as 'between twenty and thirty.' Young ladies would say the margin is considerable. It was after this that so distinguished and so moderate a man as Scarlett stated the old charge that Copley had been in earlier times a Jacobin: a charge already made in the strongest terms by Denman and Campbell: Denman, on one occasion, meeting Copley's repudiation with the flattest contradiction the English language supplies. No doubt the sting of the accusation lay in this, that it was suggested that Copley had not honestly changed his belief, but had turned his coat for political preferment. Yet if ever mortal appeared to express the opinions which were necessitated by his nature, it was when Copley preached the doctrines of Toryism. And one has known such a change as that ascribed to Lyndhurst

frankly avowed, with a cheery cynicism, by a highly respectable man. He did not, indeed, become Lord Chancellor. But he became a Judge.

In 1819, still forty-seven, Copley was Solicitor-General: only fifteen years at the Bar. www.libtool.com.cn The eagle-face in the back bench, glaring at the Judge, need not have been, had he but known. He was Solicitor, Gifford being Attorney-General, at the Queen's trial. Sir T. Martin, with pathos, tells how the Ministers felt it went against their 'instincts as gentlemen' to undertake such a prosecution. But the 'first gentleman' insisted: and, we fancy, lived to regret it. Brougham and Denman, every one knows, were the leading counsel for the defence. Denman, in his speech, said something which was understood as likening George IV. to Nero. It is amusing to see how the courtly biographer talks about this: just as if George IV., for his time and place, was not every whit as good as Nero. Copley's 'blood was chilled with horror' at the all but blasphemous suggestion, touching 'all that is sacred and 'venerable in this empire: against the constitution—*against the* '*Sovereign*,' and so on. It may have been necessary for Copley to speak of such a being as George IV. as 'sacred and venerable' in 1820. But to rake up and re-publish that sort of thing in 1883 is a very remarkable proceeding. Those were the days in which Bishop Watson of Llandaff sunk to the lowest point of abjectness when he wrote a crawling letter of congratulation to be laid before the Duke of York on the joyful occasion of his having fought a duel and not been shot. But in this year of grace 1883, you may find Watson's behaviour spoken of as it deserves by a very different occupant of the Episcopal Bench, the eloquent and honest Bishop Thorold of Rochester.[1]

In 1825, Sir John Copley was Attorney-General. And so brilliant were his appearances in Parliament, so outstandingly eminent was he in his party, that some thought he should be the next Tory Premier. Now honours came fast upon him. In 1826, he was elected member for the University of Cambridge. The same year he was raised to the Bench as Master of the Rolls; still retaining his seat in the Commons: an anomalous state of matters, no longer possible. Only for eight months did he hold that office: and in the spring of 1827 he became Lord Chancellor, under Canning. If Sir T. Martin's dates are right, he was only fifty-five. It was not the rocket-like rise of Follett: but it was

[1] *The Yoke of Christ.* By A. W. Thorold, D.D., Lord Bishop of Rochester. London: Isbister, 1883. P. 44.

early for one called to the Bar at thirty-two. He was to have been Lord Ashbourne, but he thought of a very familiar and ludicrous association with the name; and he became Lord Lyndhurst, having no tie whatever to either place. It seems to have cheered him that the Great Seal was committed to him with warm expressions of confidence by so competent an authority as George IV. And the biographer has thought it worth while to record this. There is but one account of his stately appearance in the robes of office. But when he laid them aside, he rushed into mufti in a fashion which scandalised the grave Judges of that epoch. White trousers, tucked into his boots, are specially recorded: and friends and enemies agree in saying that he looked much liker a cavalry officer than a Judge. He soon made Brougham and Campbell King's Counsel: but there was delay and difficulty in obtaining the coveted silk for Denman. The King was King, after all: and he remembered with great bitterness having been likened to Nero. Nor does it seem that the Chancellor risked the royal favour by pressing Denman's claims very urgently: it was the Duke of Wellington who managed matters. 'I've got it for you, Denman,' were the hero's remarkable words: 'but by G—— it was the toughest job I ever had.' But the wrath of George IV. did not prevent Denman from becoming his brother's Attorney-General and Chief-Justice. There are conflicting accounts on the momentous question whether Lyndhurst and Peel ever really liked one another. But it appears quite established that when Sir John Campbell, being Attorney-General, complained to Lyndhurst that he was opposing in the Lords a measure to which his leader had assented in the Commons, the ex-keeper of George IV.'s conscience used the chivalrous and highly-becoming words, 'Peel! What's Peel to me? D—— Peel!' But Lyndhurst, in his first Chancellorship, did one graceful act: he made Sydney Smith a Canon of Bristol.

The Chancellor was, as his biographer puts it, 'careless about money.' But he contradicts the familiar story, that at some State dinner party, certain among the men-servants were sheriffs' officers disguised in livery. Accusations were cast abroad that Lyndhurst had received large sums not easily distinguishable from bribes: and these attacks continued for years. But one is pleased to think that Sir T. Martin is entirely successful in showing them to have been purely calumnious. All parties should rejoice in the clearing of the character of such a man from charges so degrading. Nor need the question be debated as to the con-

sistency of those who yielded Roman Catholic Emancipation. It had to be done: that was plain. And Lyndhurst never pretended to like it. His predecessor, old Lord Eldon, who by his scandalous delays often succeeded in deciding against both parties in a Chancery suit, did not like the prompt goings on now: and would have brought civil war upon Ireland rather than yield the Catholic claims. It was not dignified when one who had occupied the woolsack for more than twenty-five years, ended a speech in the Lords by loudly declaring that he would not be put down by Lyndhurst, 'nor by twenty such.' Quiet men, never exposed to the provocations of fierce debate, do not know what unhappy exhibitions they might have made of themselves. In one instance, Eldon was beyond question right: and in relating the circumstances, Sir T. Martin shows himself abroad in his Church History in a way rather sad in the Rector of a Scotch University. Lord Eldon had stated that 'he had not been able to find that the 'Catholics would admit the Established Church of this country to 'be a part of the Christian Church.' This, Sir T. Martin thinks, was 'not fighting fairly within the house itself.' Lyndhurst, he assures us, could not stand it: and 'it was easy to disprove the 'assertion out of the mouths of the Catholics themselves, and 'the Chancellor did so in a few vigorous sentences.' We do not know what individual Catholics may have said. But every soul of decent education ought to know where to find the authoritative teaching of the Roman Church, which is binding upon all its members. And it is not more certain that two and two make four, than that the Roman Church does not recognise the Church of England, or any other Church of the Reformation, as part of the Christian Church. Lord Eldon was perfectly right: Lord Lyndhurst was grossly wrong. The *obiter dicta* of this or that Roman Catholic are of no account whatever: when they flatly contradict the infallible teaching of their Church. And if you will go to individuals, there is no more illustrious Catholic than one convert who said that not merely he could not acknowledge the Anglican Church to be a church at all, but that he could not imagine how he ever thought it one. Sir T. Martin must glance into the Decrees and Canons of Trent. Any St. Andrews professor could get him a sight of the not very recondite document in question.

All concerned in the Law know how Lyndhurst, on the fall of the Wellington Administration, broke through all tradition by accepting the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer. For reasons not alluded to by his biographer, the step was severely

remarked on: and when Brougham, resigning the Great Seal, proposed to do the like, the outcry which arose made the thing impossible. Certainly Lyndhurst made that court popular with lawyers as it had never been before. The curious relations between Lyndhurst and Brougham after the latter had been thrown overboard, for most sufficient reasons, by Lord Melbourne's Government, are matter of not very pleasant history. We all know what Lyndhurst really thought of Brougham, or at least said of him. 'Well, how long will the Chancellor speak, eh? We shall have some good fun from him. What lies he will tell, and how he will misrepresent everything! Come, let's have our tea, that we mayn't miss him, eh?' Yet Sir T. Martin cannot understand how Lyndhurst got his nickname. And the account of Lyndhurst's part in the legislation as to marriages with wives' sisters is very inaccurate. The history is accurately given in Sir E. Beckett's Life of Bishop Lonsdale of Lichfield. But it is needless to follow further a career so familiar, in its main outlines, to all fairly-read Englishmen. As in Dr. O. W. Holmes' charming story, the serpent nature died out of Elsie Venner with advancing time, so did the Mephistopheles element fade away from the aged Lord Lyndhurst: and only kindness and sweetness, and the most sensitive consideration for the feelings of others, remain in the memory of those who ministered to him at the last. 'Happy? Yes, happy: supremely happy!' these were the final words. The saintliest of human beings have rarely been permitted so triumphant a close.

A. K. H. B.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

Colonus.

εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώρας
ἵκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἔπαυλα, κ.τ.λ.

WAS this the noble dwelling-place he sings,
Fair-steeded, glistening land, which once t'adorn
Gold-reinèd Aphrodite did not scorn,
And where blithe Bacchus kept his revellings?

O Time and Change, of all those goodly things,
Of coverts green, by nightingales forlorn
Loved well, of flower-bright fields from morn to morn
New water'd by Cephissus' sleepless springs,

What now survives? This stone-capt mound, the plain
Sterile and bare, these meagre groves of shade,
Pale hedges, the scant stream unfed by rain:

No more? The Genius of the Place replied;
Still blooms inspired Art though Nature fade:
The memory of Colonus has not died.

G. WOTHERSPOON.

www.libtool.com.cn

Virgil and Agriculture in Tuscany.

AGRICULTURE in Italy, at least in Tuscany, has changed so little since old Virgil sang, that his descriptions would pass muster with any peasant of the present day. The 'hardy rustic' still goes into the woods and seeks for an elm or, by preference, an oak, to fashion into a plough-beam, for a 'stanga' or 'stiva,' *stegola* (handle), not less than eight feet long, and for the earth-boards, called 'orecchi,' *aures* (ears), and also for the share-beams with double backs, called 'dentale a due dorsi,' *duplici aptantur dentalia dorso*, which hold the 'gombere,' *vomero*, or large iron coulter for breaking up the earth, and the 'vangheggiola' or smaller one for making furrows for sowing. On the slopes of the hills of Fiesole the whole plough is often called 'bombero,' instead of 'aratro.' The yoke is rudely made of lime or beech, and the capacious chimney of the peasant's house still affords room for seasoning the wood.

The 'aja,' or threshing-floor is still made solid with potter's clay, and beaten hard. Virgil recommends a huge roller, which is an unknown implement in Tuscany. The careful peasant still picks and chooses beans, maize, and such large seeds one at a time by hand, and the ancient theory that a fine crop of bloom on the walnut-trees indicates a good wheat-harvest still holds as good, witness the well-known proverb:

> Quando le noce vengono a mucchierelli
> La va bene pei ricchi e i poverelli.
> (When the walnuts come in handfuls,
> All goes well for rich and poor.)

I cannot recognise any of Virgil's names for olives, *orchades*, *radii*, or *pausia*, in the Tuscan 'morinelle,' 'infrantoie,' 'rosselline,' 'correggiuole,' or 'pendoline' and 'leccine.' The two first named are also called 'morcai,' because they contain more oil than the others and make more 'morchia' or pulp in the crushing-machine. They are larger olives, but not so aromatic in taste as some of the smaller sorts. The approved way of making an

olive plantation is still to hew an old stock in small pieces for planting, when a young olive-tree springs from the sapless wood:

> *Quin et caudicibus sectis, mirabile dictu!*
> *Truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno.*

www.libtool.com.cn

Pliny says that olive-wood worked and made into hinges for doors has been known to sprout; but on propounding this to a Tuscan countryman I met with extreme disbelief.

Some rash innovators have lately suggested sowing olive-kernels and grafting the young trees; but Tuscans do not like changes and are apt to quote:

> Chi lascia la via vecchia per la nuova
> Sa quel che lascia, non sa quel che trova.
> (Whoso leaves the old road for the new,
> Knows what he leaves, but not what he may find.)

If Virgil found it impossible to enumerate the different kinds of grapes and their names, how much more so is it the case to-day? But his praises of the Falernian wine are well deserved. White Falernian is excellent, and has an aroma and bouquet of its own, withal strong and generous. Tuscany is deservedly proud of her 'Chianti,' and 'Vin Santo' from any respectable 'fattoria' is not to be despised. But the worst of Italian wines is, that you are seldom sure of getting the same class of wine two years running.

The manner of making wine has not changed since the time of Virgil. The white oxen bring the grapes from the fields, in a vat placed on an unwieldy, heavy ox-cart, painted scarlet, to the 'tinaja,' or place where the 'tini' or vats are. The grapes are emptied out into 'bigoncie,' tall wooden pails without handles, which the men carry on their shoulders. The grapes are poured into the immense open vats, where they are stamped upon night and morning by the bare-legged peasants, to prevent the upper stratum of grapes becoming acid by too long a contact with the air. When the fermentation has ceased the clear must is run off; a man gets into the vat and pitchforks the murk into 'bigoncie' again, which are emptied into the winepress. As a pictorial subject this press is delightful, but it is inconvenient and extremely wasteful. Two huge posts of wood support an immense beam, through which works a wooden screw, finishing at the bottom in a square block of wood with two square holes straight through it. Under this stands what is called the 'gabbia' (cage), a round, vat-shaped,

iron-clamped receptacle, made of strong bars of wood. The murk is put into this, and when it is full, 'toppi,' round slabs of wood, like colossal cheeses, are piled on the top of the murk. Then a long pole is stuck into one of the square holes at the bottom of the screw, and to the other end is hooked a rope, which is secured round a turning pillar of wood about eight feet off, with a handle against which three or four men throw their whole weight. Slowly, with many creaks and groans, the huge block of wood descends on the round slabs and the rope curls round the pillar, while from between the bars of the press gushes out a dark, turbid, dirty-looking liquid, which one can hardly believe will ever turn into ruby wine. This operation is repeated by unhooking the rope, lifting the beam out of its hole, and carrying it, on a man's shoulder, to the hole behind, until the murk by sheer physical force is pressed into a compact mass and contains no more liquid.

Virgil's excellent advice about thoroughly seasoning and breaking up the land before planting vines is carried out to the letter in Tuscany, where the ditcher makes a trench at least six feet deep and four feet wide, called 'scasso reale,' which is left open to sun, wind, and rain for six months or a year before it is again filled in, after having been drained in a rough and ready manner by pitching all available stones into the bottom of the trench. The vine-cuttings, 'maglioli,' or, better still, two-year old rooted plants, 'barbatelli,' are then planted two on each side of a young maple-tree destined for their support. If a vineyard is to be made, the quincunx system, recommended by Virgil, is always followed, and you will still hear the head of the gang of workmen saying 'they must be like soldiers, properly in line.' A little further on you will see a sturdy peasant following the plough, and others sowing and hoeing over the field; one at least will be singing a 'stornello' at the top of his voice. Their legs are generally bare far above the knee, and 'nudus ara, sere nudus' is at once recalled to your mind. Down in the valley, by the brawling streamlet, whose course you can trace far away into the blue distance by the double line of tall poplars, glinting in the sun, grow the tall, graceful, blue-green canes (*Arundo donax*). What would they do in Tuscany without the 'canne'? Hedges are mended, young trees staked, and vines trained on 'canne.' They need no care, and are as useful as they are ornamental.

The warning against planting olive-trees in the vineyards, for fear of fire, is no longer regarded; on the contrary, olives are very generally planted in the new-fashioned 'vigne alla francese,'

or vineyards according to the French system, partly because they give very little shade, and partly with an eye to the future, in case the dreaded phylloxera were to devastate Italy, when the unhappy proprietors would have at least their olive-trees to fall back upon. The tree sacred to Pallas will grow on the wild mountain side, in the 'biancana' or white marl, which is so poor that even the vine needs a very large quantity of manure in order to succeed well. Virgil's advice to study the colour of the soil is borne out in the Tuscan proverb—

www.fbtool.com.cn

> Terra bianca, tosto stanca;
> Terra nera, buon gran mena.
> (White earth is soon exhausted;
> Black earth bears good wheat.)

Vines are still planted and trained as in Virgil's day; and, alas! his warning against the 'poison of the hard tooth' of sheep and goats still holds good. Would that all goats had long ago been sacrificed to Bacchus!

The fashion, in Tuscany at least, and I believe more or less all over Italy, is to keep a herd numbering from 10 to 300 sheep or goats at your neighbours' expense. Hedges are ruined, forests denuded of underwood and young trees; and often it is the syndic of the village, or some important person in the commune, who thus sets the law (for there is a law against permitting goats and sheep to injure other people's property) at defiance. Being persons of authority they are not likely to be attacked for breaking the laws they ought to administer.

The care of vines, as Virgil says, is never-ending, the ground must be dug over three or four times in the year, and the clods broken with the back of the hoe. As soon as the labour of the vintage is finished that of pruning begins. If the Tuscans laid to heart what the poet so truly observes—

> Be the first to dig the ground, &c.;
> Be the latest to reap the produce,

the wine would much improve. As a rule the grapes in Tuscany are picked too soon, with a consequent loss of saccharine and alcohol in the wine. The old saying though, 'Fammi povera, ti farò ricco' (Make me poor, I will make thee rich), is being more followed, and the vines are more scientifically pruned and with better instruments.

The propagation of the vines is done in various ways. The

'magliolo,' which I take to be Virgil's *truncus*, is the most used. The well-ripened wood of the long branches of the vine is cut into lengths of about 3 feet; nearly 2 feet is pushed underground with a long iron instrument which has a deep slit at one end, like two fingers. Then there is the 'propaggine' (*propaginis arcus*), which consists in arching a long vine-branch and burying about a foot of it underground. When the roots are formed this is severed from the parent plant; but they say the vine is not so long-lived as when treated in the first-mentioned way.

Cattle are a great resource to the Tuscans, and they take a legitimate pride in the noble white oxen from the Val di Chiana, with small heads and horns, large liquid brown eyes, and soft, fine skins. I have seen a pair at the fair at Prato, standing twenty-three hands high, their beautiful heads all decked with various coloured bits of cloth and small looking-glasses. Round their immense bodies was tied a scarlet ribbon to show off still more their girth. One involuntarily repeated Lord Macaulay's lines—

> And deck the bull, Mevania's bull,
> The bull as white as snow.

The breeding of these cattle is most profitable; they are all stall-fed, as pasture is unknown in Tuscany. It is generally the work of the women and boys and girls to collect the fodder, which varies with the time of year from grass and clover to vine, elm, and oak leaves. The calves are most carefully attended to, and Virgil's advice not to fill the pails with milk, white as snow, but to leave it all for the beloved young, is perforce attended to, as the large white breed are such poor milkers that they have but just enough for their calves. When a milch cow is wanted she is bought from the herds driven twice a year down from the Swiss Alps. But Italians use so little milk and butter, that in any rather out-of-the-way village it is impossible to buy either.

As to the horses, so beautifully described by Virgil that one recognises at once a first-class breed, their descendants are indeed degenerate! The Italian horse, generally speaking, is a wretched animal. Small, ill-made, cow-hocked, overworked and underfed, broken-in and made to do hard work at between two and three years old, he is the type of what a horse ought not to be. The small ponies are the best animals they have now in Italy. They probably owe something to Eastern blood, as their heads, legs, and good hoofs recall the Arab. They are fast and hardy, but generally overdriven, which ruins their paces.

The sheep and goats, as I have before said, are a real pest in Tuscany, and the municipalities are beginning to awake to the damage they commit. The milk-cheese described by Virgil is extremely popular to the present day. The sheep are milked, and the milk is slightly warmed over a fire; some 'presame' is thrown in, which consists of a mixture of rennet and the beard of the wild artichoke. In four hours the milk is set; and large quantities are sold, neatly folded up in a mat of green rushes strung together. It is called 'raveggiolo.' Unless salt is added it will not keep good more than twelve hours. To make the 'raveggiolo' into cheese is a simple operation: it is put on an inclined plane of basketwork and gently pressed with the hands for some time. It seems some of the shepherds have a reputation for making far better cheese than others, and this is attributed to their having hotter hands. I have, though, noticed that a pretty daughter often has a great deal to do with the goodness of the cheese.

The lambs are killed when between twenty-eight and thirty-five days old—a great waste of meat. But Italians as a rule will not eat mutton, and lamb is often passed off as kid, which is considered more delicate.

Bees are usually kept by the monks, and few things are more picturesque and serenely beautiful than an old monastery garden in the spring-time. The double avenues of dark cypresses, and a tangled undergrowth of rosemary, lavender, and China roses, the grass all enamelled with daffodils, primroses, and wild orchises, and the bees busily humming hither and thither, form a picture not easily forgotten.

The hives are almost invariably made of the hollowed trunks of willow trees, closed at the top and bottom with boards, and the cracks filled up with clay; very like what is described in the Georgics.

A village priest, living not far from Florence, has invented a wooden hive of most ingenious fashion, and a way of taking the honey without destroying the combs. Don Giotto has the rare gift of handling bees without having to fear their anger and painful sting. He will walk up to a hive of strange bees, open it, and take out the small inhabitants, who crawl all over him, and seem rather to like being disturbed; while the priest's kindly face beams with pleasure, he being an enthusiastic apiculturist.

Bees were always popular in Italy, and Messer Giovanni Rucellai's 'Le Api' (The Bees) still is a standard work, particularly on account of the beautiful Italian, for the author's notions

about bees are on a par with Virgil's. He wrote 'Le Api' in 1524, and published the first edition in 1539.

Many of my readers must have often compared Virgil with Italy of the present day. The love of home and country, and the strong family affections which are so striking now, are described by the old Mantuan poet, whose 'Praise of Italy' is the most exulting hymn ever written in honour of a country.

'But neither the groves of Media, that land of wealth, nor fair Ganges, and Hermes turbid with its slime of gold, can vie with the glories of Italy. . . . . . Teeming crops o'erspread it, and the juice of the Massic vine; olive-trees possess it, and goodly herds; hence comes the warrior-horse, that proudly bounds into the field; hence the snowy flocks, Clitumnus, and the bull, the chiefest victim, which, often bathed in thy hallowed stream, lead to the shrines of the gods the triumphs of Rome. Here is ceaseless spring, and summer in months where summer is strange. . . . . . Think too of so many glorious cities and laboured works, so many towns piled by the hand of man on steepy crags, and the streams that flow beneath those ancient walls! . . . . . Hail, realm of Saturn, mighty mother of fruits, mighty mother of men!'

JANET ROSS.

The Ice Harvest on the Hudson River.

FEW persons are aware of the extent to which ice enters into the requirements of modern everyday life. As an article of consumption, it has passed from the category of luxuries to that of necessities; and in this it finds constantly new uses and a wider application. The distribution of fish over the inland country would be seriously curtailed were the dealers deprived of ice. The importation of meat from distant lands could hardly be carried on successfully without it; and in the preservation of meat at home it is indispensable in many circumstances. In our food supply ice plays indeed a very important part. Some manufactures require, in certain processes, large quantities of ice, and in this direction the demand is rapidly growing. These are some of the larger applications of ice; but the numerous small uses to which it is put consume in the aggregate a large quantity. How the market is supplied and whence such enormous quantities as are now required are derived is an interesting question worthy of consideration. The home produce of this country forms but a very small proportion of the total quantity consumed here. Our winters are not rigorous enough to produce the thick blocks needed for general use; and the same difficulty of obtaining the product in masses of sufficient thickness has hitherto hindered, if it has not been the sole cause in preventing, the adoption of machinery for the manufacture of artificial ice. Hence it has been found necessary to import all the ice that is dealt in upon the market. For some years the whole supply was derived from Norway, and that country still provides us with two-thirds of our importations. The ice trade with Norway is of recent date, but it has already developed into one of considerable magnitude. The founders of this trade have derived rich profits from their enterprise, and several names might be cited of men who in a very few years amassed large fortunes therein. The late Carlo Gatti, the well-known London restaurateur, was one of these. But notwithstanding the natural advantages of climate and proximity to our own shores possessed by Norway, America has become a formidable competitor with it in the ice markets, not of this country alone, but also of some of the other countries of Europe. In the United States, the need of ice is much greater than in any European country, and the demand for it is rapidly increasing as industries are developed and commerce extended. So large a

demand naturally called into existence an organised system of supply; and as more and more capital was invested in it, the supply soon became equal to the demand and gradually grew in excess of it. The producing companies were thus compelled to seek an outlet for their superfluous stores in foreign markets. It is characteristic of the American to shape his means to the end regardless of old habits and prejudices, and in this matter he was quick to perceive what the requirements of the market were and equally ready to provide for them. The result was that the New York ice companies employed every means that mechanical skill could devise or experience indicate to cheapen production and transport; and having found the size of block that can be most easily dealt with both by the producer and the consumer, they adopted it in all their workings. This convenient size of block and especially the uniformity of dimensions have greatly contributed to lessen the cost of cutting and storing and to win the favour of the buyer. These advantages, combined with greater facilities for production and exportation than are possessed by the Northern countries of Europe, have enabled the distant United States to open up a profitable commerce with the old world. The production and distribution of ice for home consumption constitute one of the most important industries of America.

In the United States as in other countries, and much more than in any other country, ice is gathered and stored in winter by private individuals for domestic use. Ice-houses are everywhere met with; these are often of considerable dimensions and always of good design and construction. The quantity so collected is in the aggregate very large. Artificial ice is also produced in considerable quantities. But all this forms no part of what is called the ice trade, which comprises only the ice which is brought from a distance and which is regularly dealt in as an article of commerce. The magnitude of this trade is seen in the fact that the annual crop gathered and disposed of in this way is about twenty million tons. This was the quantity gathered in the winter of 1882–1883, but the yearly increase is such that in eight years at the present rate even this enormous quantity will be doubled. In the city of New York alone the annual consumption is estimated to be seven hundred thousand tons, with an annual increase of fifteen per cent., so that in eight years the consumption will be about one and a half million tons. When the population of the city is taken into account, the quantity per head will be seen to be astonishingly large. The whole of this

trade is practically in the hands of fifteen companies, who have invested in it very large amounts of capital. One of these, the Knickerbocker Ice Company of Philadelphia, has constantly at work during the summer season two hundred and fifty delivery waggons, and employs eight hundred persons as regular servants. Competition among these companies has led to the systematising of all the operations and the perfecting of the work of cutting and storing. The ice interest has its official organ in the 'Ice Trade Journal,' published monthly at Philadelphia.

The chief source of ice is the Hudson river. The natural conditions are here singularly favourable. It would be difficult indeed to discover another source uniting so many natural advantages as are found together upon a portion of the course of the Hudson. At the mouth of this river is situate the important city of New York, with its fine harbour and its numerous facilities for maritime trade. The river itself is navigable for large steamers up to the town of Albany, a distance of a hundred and forty-seven miles, and for smaller steamboats five miles farther to Troy. Along its banks throughout this distance runs an important line of railway, over which goods may be transported when the river is closed by the winter frosts. Within this short distance of about a hundred and fifty miles the climate changes abruptly, becoming rapidly more rigorous as we ascend towards Albany. While the mean annual temperature of New York is two or three degrees higher than that of London, in the valley of the Hudson the mean temperature is much below that of any part of Great Britain. Intense cold sets in early in December and gradually increases up to the end of January, when Fahrenheit's thermometer often stands as low as zero. Towards the end of November snow begins to fall, and for several months the ground is covered to a depth of two or three feet. During this period the river, whose water is clear notwithstanding its rapid flow, is frozen over. The thickness of the ice varies, with the severity of the winter, from twelve to fifteen inches; this thickness furnishes very convenient blocks, easily handled and yet of sufficient mass to resist rapid melting when in use. The portion of the river whence the main bulk of the ice is derived is that which is included between the town of Troy and a point a little below the mouth of its chief tributary, the Mohawk, a distance of about forty miles. But it is gathered above Troy to the Glen Falls, ten miles higher up the river, and as far down as the town of Kingston, within sixty miles of New York city. The ice companies have not been slow to perceive the advantages offered

by this easily accessible region, and we find them congregated here and dividing the river among themselves over this portion of its course. The traveller who journeys, either by steamboat or by railway, between New York and Albany cannot fail to observe their numerous large ice-houses dotting the banks here and there, sometimes in groups, and sometimes as isolated structures.

www.libtool.com.cn

The gathering in of the ice is called 'harvesting.' The ice harvest lasts about two months, from the beginning of January to the end of February; but sudden thaws, or what in these localities are technically known as thaws, often come to interrupt the operations. The ice can be advantageously worked only when it is 'dry,' and a sudden rise of temperature, though the thermometer may remain below the freezing point, causes a moist, sticky surface. The Hudson valley country is subject to these variations of temperature, sometimes of as much as twenty-five or even thirty degrees within the space of twelve hours. These hindrances, however, occasion the work to be carried on more briskly when the weather is favourable. Thousands of men and a large number of horses are engaged in the operations; and as the ice harvest comes at a time when farm work cannot be carried on, the whole of the hired labour of the locality is employed on the river. The labouring population thus derive great benefit from this traffic in ice, and the companies are able to obtain readily the hands and horse power they need at a minimum cost. The work of harvesting may be said to begin with the new year. The river, which for the preceding two months has been frozen over and deserted, all at once assumes an animated appearance. Men and horses crowd its surface and idlers saunter on its banks. The stranger who visits these spots during the ice harvest will come away with impressions that will linger long on the memory. The broad expanse of dark ice, bordered on each side with snow-mantled banks that rise gently up from the ice surface and stretch away in undulating plains to the white hills in the distance; the throng of men and horses upon the river all busy with the work allotted to them; the continuous hissing of the saws, the volleys of thuds from scores of 'breaking-bars' striking the ice at the same time, and the low grating sound of the ploughs as they cut their way through the hard surface; the sharp, startling crack as a floe is broken away from the firm mass; the loud excited shouts of the workers as the floe frees itself and slowly floats away raft-like with its burden of several men to steer it to shore; the commands of the overlookers, given at the top of their voices, to distant workers in the throng; the call of the drivers as they urge their horses to step with quick clattering

tread over the frozen surface, and the sharp frosty air through which these sounds ring with impressive clearness—all these combine to make up a scene the like of which is nowhere else to be found.

In getting in this harvest of ice, the strictest method is followed; and the means employed are those which experience under these new world conditions has taught to be the most suitable and effective. As soon as the severe cold sets in, the formation of the ice is anxiously watched. It is desired to obtain a thickness of not less than twelve inches of solid, clear substance, and this is most surely brought about when the freezing process goes on continuously. For this reason, a covering of snow is injurious because it protects the surface from the atmosphere. Often, therefore, the removal of the snow becomes necessary. But it has been found that the first heavy snow covering may be profitably utilised by wetting it down. This wetting down or flooding is performed by a number of men with ice chisels, a kind of crowbar with a chisel-like edge, who traverse the 'field' up and down in parallel lines about six feet apart and punch holes through the ice at intervals of six feet as they advance. The weight of the men causes the water to rise through the holes thus made, and to overflow the surface. The snow is by this means slowly reduced, and the water derived from the flooding and the melting of the snow freezes into ice, the lower portion of which is solid and clear, like the mass beneath to which it becomes joined, and the upper portion somewhat porous and opaque. This skin of snow-ice serves to protect the clear mass below from thaws, and it is also useful in giving toughness to the cakes, whereby they are rendered less liable to break in handling. Subsequent snows are removed by means of a 'scraper,' a kind of scoop upon wheels which is drawn over the ice by horses. When the time for harvesting arrives, operations are commenced by marking out the field, as it is called: that is, dividing the surface into blocks. The setting out of the first or base line is done with the greatest care to preserve accuracy, for from this line all the others will have to be set off. At one side of the field two stakes are set up in the ice at a distance of five or six hundred feet apart; between these it is required to draw the base line perfectly straight. A plank with a straight edge and fitted with 'sights' is laid in line with the stakes, starting from one of the latter to work forward to the other. A hand plough, a tool for cutting a groove in the ice, is then run along close to the edge of the plank, which serves to guide the plough as a ruler guides a pen. When the groove has been cut half an inch deep, the plank is moved a

length forward and again brought into line with the stakes by means of the sights on each end. The groove is then ploughed a length farther, and these operations are repeated until the line is drawn from stake to stake. The groove thus formed is next deepened to three inches by means of a form of horse-plough called a 'marker.' These ice-ploughs are provided with narrow, curved, blade-like teeth set one behind another and below a beam, each a little lower than the one before it. The teeth are formed to clear themselves by lifting the chips out of the groove. To mark out the field, it is now required to cover it with similar grooves parallel to this first one, and at a distance apart that will give the size of blocks needed. For the New York market this size is twenty-two inches, and for shippers forty-four inches wide. The marker is placed at this distance from the first groove and rigidly connected to a flat iron bar which is made to run on edge in the groove as a guide to keep the marker parallel with it. A quick stepping horse drags the marker over the ice surface, which is in this way speedily divided by equidistant parallel lines. A second set of grooves, set off at right angles to the first by means of a large wooden square and thirty-two inches apart, are similarly cut to divide the surface into blocks of uniform dimensions. These blocks will thus be rectangular, thirty-two inches in length by twenty-two in breadth, and of a mean thickness of thirteen and a half inches; such blocks contain five and a half cubic feet, and they weigh about three hundredweight. When too great a depth of snow-ice has accumulated, the surface has to be 'planed' to remove the excess. The snow-ice plane consists of a rectangular frame, the longer sides of which are twenty-two inches apart to allow them to run in the grooves already cut. A steel cutter, capable of being set to any required depth, reaches from side to side. Above is a seat for the driver, whose weight assists in keeping the machine steady. It is drawn rapidly over the ice by two horses, cutting away in flat chips the frozen mass to a depth of two or three inches. The next operation is to plough the grooves to a depth of two-thirds of the thickness of the ice. During the progress of the ploughing, a channel is cut to the ice-houses for the purpose of being able to float the detached masses down to the steam elevators by means of which they are lifted from the stream. In making this channel, the ploughs are allowed to cut nearly through the ice, the separation being completed by saws. A narrow strip is in this way cut out and sunk under the main ice sheet to get rid of it, and a wider strip is then cut off and disposed of in the same manner. When the channel has been

www.libtool.com.cn

opened, and the elevators are ready to commence running, the in-gathering of the ice begins. Large floes are first broken out of the grooved mass; these may be ten or twelve cakes in length, and seven or eight in breadth, large enough to sustain the weight of several men. To detach these floes, the end is separated from the main body by means of saws, and the longer side is split off by 'breaking-bars,' or crowbars with a very broad chisel edge. Workmen follow along one of the grooves and plunge this broad, heavy wedge into it at intervals to start a crack, which, by following it up with the bar, may be made to run the full length of the floe. When the separation is complete, the mass floats slowly out into the free water, and is directed through it towards the channel by the men upon it with long ice-hooks or lines reaching to the firm ice. As soon as the floe enters the channel it is attacked by men with long bars, whose work it is to divide it into strips of one or two cakes wide according to the breadth of the elevator. Three men strike together in the same groove and at considerable intervals apart until the strips separate. These strips are then guided into a narrow channel leading to the foot of the elevator, and, as they pass along, two men with chisels six feet long stationed on a wooden platform at the side of this canal separate the cakes by striking lightly in the transverse grooves. The elevator consists of two endless chains running side by side on an inclined plane, the lower end of which dips below the surface of the water; wooden cross-bars connecting the chains at intervals make rectangular spaces or links large enough to admit a cake of ice. The cakes, as they are separated from the long strips in the channel, are pushed forward to the foot of the inclined plane over which this chain is moving, and, being caught by the cross-bars, are carried by them up the incline, till they arrive at an opening in the floor of the latter. Through this opening the cakes drop upon a gently inclined platform or guide-way leading into the building. As they slide down this way, men stationed at various points seize them with ice-hooks and direct them to the spot where they are to be deposited. This packing away of the ice in the houses constitutes a very busy scene, for the cakes follow one another down the guide-ways in quick succession. Sometimes the rate reaches fifty blocks a minute, which gives a weight to be dealt with of seven or eight tons a minute, or from four or five hundred tons an hour. The ice-houses are from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet long, and always forty feet wide, this width being found in practice to be the most convenient. Sometimes, indeed, a much wider house is built; but

www.libtool.com.cn

in such cases it is divided into compartments of forty feet. The average cost of cutting ice and storing it away in the ice-houses is about twenty cents a ton. But this first cost cannot be taken as the basis of an estimate of the final cost to the ice dealer, when it leaves his hands and passes into those of the consumer; for there is a serious loss to be taken into account from melting and breakage. The loss from melting in the houses from the close of winter till the end of the summer season is about twenty-five per cent. and an additional loss of an equal amount is incurred in delivering to customers. Thus only about half the quantity gathered reaches the consumer's hands.

Though the Hudson is the chief source of ice in the United States, large quantities are gathered in other localities. Of these the most important is the Kennebec river in Maine, which furnishes the markets with about a million tons a year. It has the advantage of rigorous winters, and is therefore looked to as a resource when the crop is light upon the Hudson. Several of the principal ice companies of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington have large houses along the stream, whence they supplement their stores gathered nearer their consumers. Easy access for vessels too is afforded by the numerous deep inlets of this locality, a circumstance which gives the river an advantage over some others in the matter of cheap transport. A large proportion of the Kennebec ice is exported to European markets. The Penobscot and Cathance rivers furnish considerable quantities of ice; and about three hundred and fifty thousand tons are annually gathered along the coast. For the San Francisco market ice is largely gathered in Alaska, partly at Sitka and partly at Kodiak, the winter often not being severe enough at Sitka to make thick ice. Besides these chief centres of the ice industry, the numerous lakes existing in some of the colder regions of the United States furnish considerable quantities, so that it is difficult to obtain full statistics of the annual production. It is moreover a common practice of the great ice companies to continue cutting for private stores after their own houses have been filled. At Lake Whitney, near New Haven in Connecticut, for example, more than ten thousand tons were last winter gathered in this way at the low price of forty cents a ton lifted on to the platform by the roadside. The cost of carting to the city, only two miles distant, was from fifty to sixty cents, or more than the cost of cutting and lifting; strong evidence of the perfection to which the system of cutting ice has been carried.

G. G. ANDRÉ.

Madam.

www.libtool.com.cn

By Mrs. Oliphant.

CHAPTER VI.

REGINALD TREVANION of Highcourt had made at thirty a marriage which was altogether suitable, and everything that the marriage of a young Squire of good family and considerable wealth ought to be, with a young lady from a neighbouring county with a pretty face and a pretty fortune, and connections of the most unexceptionable kind. He was not himself an amiable person even as a young man, but no one had ever asserted that his temper or his selfishness or his uneasy ways had contributed to bring about the catastrophe which soon overwhelmed the young household. A few years passed with certain futile attempts at an heir which came to nothing: and it was thought that the disappointment in respect to Rosalind, who obstinately insisted upon turning out a girl, notwithstanding her poor young mother's remorseful distress and her father's refusal to believe that Providence could have played him so cruel a trick, had something to do with the gradual fading away of young Madam Trevanion. She died when Rosalind was but a few weeks old, and her husband, whom all the neighbourhood credited with a broken heart, disappeared shortly after into that vague world known in a country district as 'Abroad'; where healing, it is to be supposed, or at least forgetfulness, is to be found for every sorrow. Nothing was known of him for a year or two. His brother, John Trevanion, was then a youth at college, and as Highcourt was shut up during its master's absence, disposed of his vacation among other branches of the family and never appeared; while Sophy, the only sister, who had married long before, was also lost to the district. And thus all means of following the widower in his wanderings were lost to his neighbours. When Mr. Trevanion returned three years after his first wife's death, the first intimation that he had married again was the appearance of the second Madam Trevanion by his side in the carriage. The servants, indeed, had been prepared by a letter, received just in time to enable them to open hurriedly the shut up rooms, and make ready for a lady; but that was all. Of course, as everybody allowed, there was nothing surprising in the fact. It is to be expected that a young

widower, especially if heart-broken, will marry again; the only curious thing was that no public intimation of the event should have preceded the arrival of the pair. There had been nothing in the papers, no intimation: 'At the British Embassy——,' no hint that an English gentleman from one of the Midland counties was about to bring home a charming wife. And as a matter of fact, nobody had been able to make out who Mrs. Trevanion was. Her husband and she had met abroad. That was all that was ever known. For a time the researches of the parties interested were very active, and all sorts of leading questions were put to the new wife. But she was of force superior to the country ladies, and baffled them all. And the calm of ordinary existence closed over Highcourt, and the questions in course of time were forgot. Madam Trevanion was not at all of the class of her predecessor. She was not pretty like that gentle creature. Even those who admired her least owned that she was striking, and many thought her handsome, and some beautiful. She was tall; her hair and her eyes were dark; she had the wonderful grace of bearing and movement which is associated with the highest class, but no more belongs to it exclusively than any other grace or gift. Between Madam Trevanion and the Duchess of Newbury, who was herself a duke's daughter, and one of the greatest ladies in England, no chance spectator would have hesitated for a moment as to which was the highest; and yet nobody knew who she was. It was thought by some persons that she showed at first a certain hesitation about common details of life which proved that she had not been born in the purple. But if so all that was over before she had been a year at Highcourt, and her manners were pronounced by the best judges to be perfect. She was not shy of society as a novice would have been, nor was her husband diffident in taking her about, as a proud man who has married beneath him so generally is. They accepted all their invitations like people who were perfectly assured of their own standing, and they saw more company at Highcourt than that venerable mansion had seen before for generations. And there was nothing to which society could take exception in the new wife. She had little Rosalind brought home at once, and was henceforth as devoted as any young mother could be to the lovely little plaything of a three years old child. Then she did her duty by the family as it becomes a wife to do. The first was a son, as fine a boy as was ever born to a good estate, a Trevanion all over, though he had his mother's eyes—a boy that never ailed anything, as robust as a young lion. Five or six others followed,

of whom two died; but these were ordinary incidents of life which establish a family in the esteem and sympathy of its neighbours. The Trevanions had fulfilled all that was needed to be entirely and fully received into the regard of the county when they 'buried,' as people say, their two children. Four remained, the first born, young Reginald and his next sister, who were at the beginning of this history fourteen and nine respectively, and the two little ones of five and seven, who were also, to fulfil all requirements, girl and boy.

www.libtool.com.cn

But of all these Rosalind had remained, if that may be said of a step-child when a woman has a family of her own, the favourite, the mother's constant companion, everything that an eldest girl could be. Neither the one nor the other ever betrayed a consciousness that they were not mother and daughter. Mr. Trevanion himself, when in his capricious, irritable way he permitted any fondness to appear, preferred Reginald, who was his heir and personal representative. But Rosalind was always by her mother's side. But for Russell, the nurse, and one or two other injudicious persons, she would probably never have found out that Madam was not her mother; but the discovery had done good rather than harm, by inspiring the natural affection with a passionate individual attachment in which there were all those elements of choice and independent election which are the charm of friendship. Mrs. Trevanion was Rosalind's example, her heroine, the perfect type of woman to her eyes. And, indeed, she was a woman who impressed the general mind with something of this character. There are many good women who do not do so, who look commonplace enough in their life, and are only known in their full excellence from some revelation afterwards of heroism unknown. But Mrs. Trevanion carried her diploma in her eyes. The tenderness in them was like sunshine to everybody about her who was in trouble. She never was harsh, never intolerant, judged nobody—which in a woman so full of feeling and with so high a standard of moral excellence was extraordinary. This was what gave so great a charm to her manners. A well-bred woman, even of an inferior type, will not allow a humble member of society to feel himself or herself *de trop*; but there are many ways of doing this, and the ostentatious way of showing exaggerated attention to an unlucky stranger is as painful to a delicate mind as neglect. But this was a danger which Mrs. Trevanion avoided. No one could tell what the rank was of the guests in her drawing-room, whether it was the duchess or the governess that was receiving her attentions. They were all alike gentlewomen in this gracious house. The poor,

who are always the hardest judges of a new claimant of their favour, and who in this case were much set on finding out that a woman who came from 'abroad' could be no lady, gave in more reluctantly, yet yielded too like their betters—with the exception of Russell and the family in the village to which she belonged. These were the only enemies, so far as any one was aware, whom Madam possessed, and they were enemies of a visionary kind, in no open hostility, receiving her favours like the rest, and kept in check by the general state of public opinion. Still if there was anything to be found out about the lady of Highcourt these were the only hostile bystanders desirous of the opportunity of doing her harm.

But everything had fallen into perfect peace outside the house for years. Now and then, at long intervals, it might indeed be remarked in the course of a genealogical conversation such as many people love, that it was not known who Mrs. Trevanion the second had been. 'His first wife was a Miss Warren, one of the Warrens of Warrenpoint. The present one —well, I don't know who she was; they married abroad.' But that was all that now was ever said. It would be added probably that she was very handsome, or very nice, or quite *comme il faut*, and so her defect of parentage was condoned. Everything was harmonious, friendly, and comfortable outside. The county could not resist her fine manners, her looks, her quiet assumption of the place that belonged to her. But within doors Mrs. Trevanion soon came to know that no very peaceful life was to be expected. There were people who said that she had not the look of a happy woman even when she first came home. In repose her face was rather sad than otherwise at all times. Mr. Trevanion was still in the hot fit of a bridegroom's enthusiasm when he brought her home, but even then he was the most troublesome, the most exacting, the most fidgety of bridegrooms. Her patience with all his demands was boundless. She would change her dress half a dozen times in an evening to please him. She would start off with him on a sudden wild expedition at half an hour's notice, without a word or even look of annoyance. And when the exuberance of love wore off, and the exactions continued, with no longer caresses and sweet words, but blame and reproach and that continual fault-finding which it is so hard to put up with amiably, Mrs. Trevanion still endured everything, consented to everything, with a patience that would not be shaken. It was now nearly ten years since the heart disease which had brought him nearly to death's door first showed itself.

He had rheumatic fever, and then afterwards, as is so usual, this terrible legacy which that complaint leaves behind it. From that moment, of course, the patience which had been so sweetly exercised before became a religious duty. It was known in the house that nothing must cross, or agitate, or annoy Mr. Trevanion. But, indeed, it was not necessary that anything should annoy him; he was his own chief annoyance, his own agitator. He would flame up in sudden wrath at nothing at all, and turn the house upside down, and send everybody but his wife flying, with vituperations which scarcely the basest criminal could have deserved. And his wife, who never abandoned him, became the chief object of these passionate assaults. He accused her of every imaginable fault. He began to talk of all she owed him, to declare, that he married her when she had nothing, that he had taken her out of the depths, that she owed everything to him; he denounced her as ungrateful, base, trying to injure his health under pretence of nursing him, that she might get the power into her own hands. But she would find out her mistake, he said; she would learn, when he was gone, the difference between having a husband to protect her and nobody. To all these wild accusations and comments the little circle round Mrs. Trevanion had become familiar and indifferent. 'Pegging away at Madam, as usual,' Mr. Dorrington, the butler, said. 'Lord, I'd let him peg! I'd leave him to himself and see how he likes it,' replied the cook and housekeeper. No one had put the slightest faith in the objurgations of the master. To Rosalind they were the mere extravagances of that mad temper which she had been acquainted with all her life. What her father said about his wife was about as reasonable as his outburst of certainty that England was going to the devil when the village boys broke down one of the young trees. She did not judge papa for such a statement. She cried a little at his vehemence, which did himself so much harm, and laughed a little secretly with a heavy sense of guilt at his extravagance and exaggerations. Poor papa! it was not his fault, it was because he was so ill. He was too weak and ailing to be able to restrain himself as other people did. But he did not mean it—how could he mean it? To say that mamma wanted to break his neck if she did not put his pillow as he liked it, to accuse her of a systematic attempt to starve him if his luncheon was two minutes late or his soup not exactly to his taste —all that was folly. And no doubt it was also folly, all that about raising her from nothing and taking her without a penny. Rosalind, though very much disturbed when she was present at

one of these scenes, yet permitted herself to laugh at it when it was over or she had got away. Poor papa! and then when he had raged himself into a fit of these heart spasms he was so ill; how sad to see him suffering so terribly, gasping for breath! Poor papa! to think that he did so much to bring it on himself was only a pity the more.

Thus things had gone on for years. When Dr. Beaton came to live in the house there had been a temporary amendment. The presence of a stranger, perhaps, had been a check upon the patient; and perhaps the novelty of a continual and thoroughly instructed watcher—who knew how to follow the symptoms of the malady, and foresaw an outburst before it came—did something for him; and certainly there had been an amendment. But by and by, familiarity did away with these advantages. Dr. Beaton exhausted all the resources of his science, and Mr. Trevanion ceased to be upon his guard with a man whom he saw every day. Thus the house lived in a forced submission to the feverish vagaries of its head; and he himself sat and railed at everybody, pleased with nothing, claiming every thought and every hour, but never contented with the service done him. And greater and greater became the force of his grievances against his wife and his sense of having done everything for her; how he had stood by her when nobody else would look at her, how he had lifted her out of some vague humiliation and abandonment, how she owed him everything, yet treated him with brutal carelessness, and sought his death, were the most favourite accusations on his lips. Mrs. Trevanion listened with a countenance that rarely showed any traces of emotion. She had shrunk a little at first from these painful accusations; but soon had come to listen to them with absolute calm. She had borne them like a saint, like a philosopher; and yet within the last month everybody saw there had been a change.

CHAPTER VII.

When Mrs. Trevanion came to Highcourt, she brought with her a maid who had, during all the sixteen years of her married life, remained with her without the slightest breach of fidelity or devotion. Jane was, the household thought, somewhat like her mistress, a resemblance in all likelihood founded upon the constant attendance of the one upon the other, and the absorbing admiration, rising almost to a kind of worship, with which

www.fibtool.com.cn

Jane regarded her lady. After all it was only in figure and movement, not in face, that the resemblance existed. Jane was tall like Mrs. Trevanion. She had caught something of that fine poise of the head, something of the grace which distinguished her mistress; but whereas Mrs. Trevanion was beautiful, Jane was a plain woman, with somewhat small eyes, a wide mouth, and features that were not worth considering. She was of a constant paleness and she was marked with small-pox, neither of which are embellishing. Still, if you happened to walk behind her along one of the long passages, dressed in one of Madam's old gowns, it was quite possible that you might take her for Madam. And Jane was not a common lady's maid. She was entirely devoted to her mistress, not only to her service but to her person, living like her shadow—always in her rooms, always with her, sharing in everything she did, even in the nursing of Mr. Trevanion, who tolerated her presence as he tolerated that of no one else. Jane sat indeed with the upper servants at their luxurious and comfortable table, but she did not live with them. She had nothing to do with their amusements, their constant commentary upon the family. One or two butlers in succession—for before Mr. Trevanion gave up all active interference in the house there had been a great many changes in butlers—had done their best to make themselves agreeable to Jane; but though she was always civil, she was cold, they said, as any fish, and no progress was possible. Mrs. Jennings, the cook and housekeeper, instinctively mistrusted the quiet woman. She was a deal too much with her lady that astute person said. That was deserting her own side: for do not the masters form one faction and the servants another? The struggle of life may be conducted on more or less honourable terms, but still a servant who does not belong to his own sphere is unnatural, just as a master is who throws himself into the atmosphere of the servants' hall. The domestics felt sure that such a particular union between the mistress and the maid could not exist in the ordinary course of affairs, and that it must mean something which was not altogether right. Jane never came, save for her meals, to the housekeeper's room. She was always upstairs, in case, she said, that she should be wanted. Why should she be wanted more than any other person in her position? When now and then Mrs. Trevanion, wearied out with watching and suffering, hurried to her room to rest, or to bathe her aching forehead, or perhaps even to lighten the oppression of her heart by a few tears, Jane was always there to soothe, and tend, and sympathise. The other servants knew as well as Jane how much

Madam had to put up with, but yet they thought it very peculiar that a servant should be so much in her mistress's confidence. There was a mystery in it. It had been suspected at first that Jane was a poor relation of Madam's: and the others expected jealously when this woman should be set over their heads, and themselves humiliated under her sway. But this never took place, and the household changed as most households change, and one set of maids and men succeeded each other without any change in Jane. There remained a tradition in the house that she was a sort of traitor in the camp, a servant who was not of her own faction, but on the masters' side; but this was all that survived of the original prejudice, and no one now expected to be put under the domination of Jane, or regarded her with the angry suspicion of the beginning, or supposed her to be Madam's relation. Jane, like Madam, had become an institution, and the present generation of servants did not inquire too closely into matters of history.

This was true of all save one. But there was one person in the house who was as much an institution as Jane, or even as Jane's mistress, with whom nobody interfered, and whom it was impossible to think of as dethroned or put aside from her supreme place. Russell was in the nursery what Madam herself was in Highcourt. In that limited but influential domain she was the mistress and feared nobody. She had been the chosen of the first Mrs. Trevanion, and the nurse of Rosalind, with whom she had gone to her Aunt Sophy's during Mr. Trevanion's widowhood, and in charge of whom she had returned to Highcourt when he married. Russell knew very well that the estates were entailed and that Rosalind could not be the heir, but yet she resented the second marriage as if it had been a wrong done at once to herself and her charge. If Jane was of Madam's faction, Russell was of a faction most strenuously and sternly antagonistic to Madam. The prejudice which had risen up against the lady who came from abroad, and whom nobody knew, and which had died away in the course of time, lived and survived in this woman with all the force of the first day. She had been on the watch all these years to find out something to the discredit of her mistress, and no doubt the sentiment had been strengthened by the existence of Jane, who was a sort of rival power in her own sphere, and lessened her own importance by being as considerable a person as herself. Russell had watched these two women with a hostile vigilance which never slackened. She was in her own department the most admirable and trustworthy

of servants, and when she received Mrs. Trevanion's babies into her charge, carried nothing of her prejudice against their mother into her treatment of them. If not as dear to her as her first charge, Rosalind, they were still her children, Trevanions, quite separated in her mind from the idea of their mother. Perhaps the influence of Russell accounted for certain small griefs which Madam had to bear as one of the consequences of her constant attendance on her husband, the indifference to her of her little children in their earlier years. But she said to herself with a wonderful philosophy that she could expect no less; that absorbed as she was in her husband's sick room all day, it was not to be expected that the chance moments she could give to the nursery would secure the easily diverted regard of the babies to whom their nurse was the principal figure in earth and heaven. And that nurse was so good, so careful, so devoted, that it would have been selfishness indeed to have deprived the children of her care because of a personal grievance of this kind. 'Why should Russell dislike me so much?' she would say sometimes to Rosalind, who tried to deny the charge, and Jane who shook her head and could not explain. 'Oh, dear mamma, it is only her temper. She does not mean it,' Rosalind would say. And Madam, who had so much to suffer from temper in another quarter, did not reject the explanation. 'Temper explains a great many things,' she said, but even that does not quite explain. She is so good to the children and hates their mother. I feel I have a foe in the house so long as she is here.' Rosalind had a certain love for her nurse, notwithstanding her disapproval of her, and she looked up with some alarm. 'Do you mean to send her away?'

'Miss Rosalind,' said Jane, 'my lady is right. It is a foe and nothing less, a real enemy she has in that woman; if she would send Russell away I'd be very glad for one.'

'You need not fear, my love,' Madam said. 'Hush, Jane, if she is my foe, you are my partisan. I will never send Russell away, Rosalind; but when the children are grown up, if I live to see it, or if she would be so kind as to marry, and go off in a happy way, or even if when *you* are married she preferred to go with you—I think I should draw my breath more freely. It is painful to be under a hostile eye.'

'The nurse's eye, mamma, and you the mistress of the house!'

'It does not matter, my dear. I have always had a sympathy for Haman, who could not enjoy his grandeur for thinking of that Jew in the gate that was always looking at him so cynically.

It gets unendurable sometimes. You must have a very high opinion of yourself to get over the low view taken of you by that sceptic sitting in the gate. But now I must to your father,' Mrs. Trevanion said. She had come upstairs with a headache, and had sat down by the open window to get a little air, though the air was intensely cold and damp. It was a refreshment, after the closeness of the room in which the invalid sat with an unvarying temperature and every draught shut out. Rosalind stood behind her mother's chair with her hands upon Mrs. Trevanion's shoulders, and the tired woman leant back upon the girl's young bosom so full of life. 'But you will catch cold at the window, my Rose! No, it does me good, I want a little air, but it is too cold for you. And now I must go back to your father,' she said, rising. She stooped and kissed the cheek of the girl she loved, and went away with a smile to her martyrdom. These moments of withdrawal from her heavy duties were the consolations of her life.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Miss Rosalind,' said Jane, 'that you should love your old nurse I don't say a word against it—but if ever there is a time when a blow can be struck at my lady that woman will do it. She will never let the little ones be here when their mamma can see them. They're having their sleep, or they're out walking, or they're at their lessons; and Miss Sophy the same. And if ever she can do us an ill turn——'

'How could she do you an ill turn? That is, Jane, I beg your pardon, she might perhaps be nasty to *you*—but, mamma! What blow, as you call it, can be struck at mamma?'

'Oh, how can I tell?' said Jane; 'I never was clever; there's things happening every day that no one can foresee; and when a woman is alwa, watching to spy out any crevice you never can tell, Miss Rosalind, in this world of trouble, what may happen unforeseen.'

This speech made no great impression on Rosalind's mind at the time, but it recurred to her after, and gave her more trouble than any wickedness of Russell's had power to do. In the meantime, leaving Jane, she went to the nursery, and with the pre-occupation of youth carried with her the same subject, heedless and unthinking what conclusions Russell, whose faculties were always alert on this question, might draw.

'Russell,' she said after a moment, 'why are you always so disagreeable to mamma?'

'Miss Rosalind, I do hate to hear you call her mamma. Why

don't you say my stepmother, as any other young lady would in your place?'

'Because she is not my stepmother,' said the girl, with a slight stamp on the floor. 'Just look at little Johnny, taking in all you say with his big eyes. She is all the mother I have ever known, and I love her better than anyone in the world.'

'And just for that I can't bear it,' cried the woman. 'What would your own dear mamma say?'

'If she were as jealous and ill-tempered as you I should not mind what she said,' said the girl. 'Don't think, if you continue like this, you will ever have any sympathy from me.'

'Oh, Miss Rosalind, what you are saying is as bad as swearing; worse, it's blasphemy; and the time will come when you'll remember and be sorry. No, though you think I'm a brute, I shan't say anything before the children. But the time will come——'

'What a pity you are not on the stage, Russell! You would make a fine Meg Merrilies, or something of that kind; the old woman that is always cursing somebody and prophesying trouble. That is just what you are suited for. I will come and see you your first night.'

'Me! on the stage!' cried Russell, with a sense of outraged dignity which words cannot express. Such an insult had never been offered to her before. Rosalind went out of the room quickly, angry but laughing when she had given this blow. She wanted to administer a stinging chastisement, and she had done so. Her own cleverness in discovering what would hit hardest pleased her. She began to sing, out of wrathful indignation and pleasure, as she went downstairs.

'Me! on the stage!' Russell repeated to herself. A respectable upper servant in a great house could not have had a more degrading suggestion made to her. She could have cried as she sat there gnashing her teeth. And this too was all on account of Madam, the strange woman who had taken her first mistress's place even in the heart of her own child. Perhaps if Rosalind had treated her stepmother as a stepmother ought to be treated, Russell would have been less antagonistic; but Mrs. Trevanion altogether was obnoxious to her. She had come from abroad; she had brought her own maid with her, who was entirely unsociable and never told anything, who was a stranger, a foreigner perhaps, for anything that was known of her, and yet was Russell's equal or more by right of Madam's favour, though Russell had been in the house for years. What subtle antipathy

there might be besides these tangible reasons for hating them, Russell did not know. She only knew that from the first moment she had set eyes upon her master's new wife she had detested her. There was something about her that was not like other women. There must be a secret. When had it ever been known that a maid gave up everything, the chat, the game at cards, the summer stroll in the park, even the elegant civilities of a handsome butler, for the love of her mistress? It was unnatural; no one had ever heard of such a thing. What could it be but a secret between these women which held them together, which it was their interest to conceal from the world? But the time would come, Russell said to herself. If she watched night and day she should find it out; if she waited for years and years the time and opportunity would come at last.

CHAPTER VIII.

This conversation, or series of conversations, took place shortly before the time at which this history begins, and it was very soon after that the strange course of circumstances commenced which was of so much importance in the future life of the Trevanions of Highcourt. When the precise moment was at which the attention of Rosalind was roused and her curiosity excited, she herself could not have told. It was not until Madam Trevanion had fallen for some time into the singular habit of disappearing after dinner, nobody knew where. It had been very usual with her to run up to the nursery when she left the dining-room, to see if the children were asleep. Mr. Trevanion, when he was at all well, liked to sit, if not over his wine, for he was abstemious by force of necessity, yet at the table, talking with whomsoever might be his guest. Though his life was so little adapted to the habits of hospitality, he liked to have someone with whom he could sit and talk after dinner, and who would make up his rubber when he went into the drawing-room. He had been tolerably well, for him, during the autumn, and there had been a succession of three days' visitors, all men, succeeding each other, and all chosen on purpose to serve Mr. Trevanion's after-dinner talk and his evening rubber. And it was a moment in which the women of the household felt themselves free. As for Rosalind, she would establish herself between the lamp and the fire and read a novel, which was one of her favourite pastimes; while Mrs. Trevanion, relieved from the constant strain of attendance, would run upstairs, 'to look at the children,' as she said.

Perhaps she did not always look long at the children, but this served as the pretext for a moment of much needed rest. Rosalind had vaguely perceived a sort of excitement about her for some time—a furtive look, an anxiety to get away from the table as early as possible. While she sat there she would change colour, as was not at all her habit, for ordinarily she was pale. Now flushes and pallor contended with each other. When she spoke there was a little catch as of haste and breathlessness in her voice, and when she made the usual little signal to Rosalind her hand would tremble, and the smile was very uncertain on her lip. Nor did she stop to say anything, but hurried upstairs like one who has not a moment to lose. And it happened on several occasions that Mr. Trevanion and the guest and the doctor were in the drawing-room, however long they sat, before Madam had returned. For some time Rosalind took no notice of this. She did not indeed remark it. It had never occurred to her to watch or to inspect her stepmother's conduct. Hitherto she had been convinced that it was right always. She read her novel in her fireside corner, and never discovered that there was any break in the usual routine. When the first painful light burst upon her she could not tell. It was first a word from Russell, then the sight of Jane gazing out very anxiously upon the night, when it rained, from a large staircase window, and then the aspect of affairs altogether. Mr. Trevanion began to remark very querulously on his wife's absence. Where was she? What did she mean by always being out of the way just when he wanted her? and much more of the same kind. And when Madam came in she looked flushed and hurried, and brought with her a whole atmosphere of fresh out-door air from the fresh and somewhat chilly night. It was the fragrance and sensation of this fresh air which roused Rosalind the most. It startled her with a sense of something that was new, something that she did not understand. The thought occurred to her next morning when she first opened her eyes, the first thing that came into her mind. That sudden gust of fresh air, how did it come? It was not from the nursery that one could bring an atmosphere like that.

And thus other days and other evenings passed. There was something new altogether in Mrs. Trevanion's face, a sort of awakening, but not to happiness. When they drove out she was very silent, and her eyes were watchful as though looking for something. They went far before the carriage, before the rapid horses, with a watchful look. For whom could she be looking? Rosalind ventured one day to put the question 'For whom—could I be

looking? I am looking for—no one,' Mrs. Trevanion said, with a sudden rush of colour to her face; and whereas she had been leaning forward in the carriage, she suddenly leaned back and took no more notice, scarcely speaking again till they returned home. Such caprice was not like Madam. She did everything as usual, fulfilled all her duties, paid her calls, and was quite as lively and interested as usual in the neighbours whom she visited, entering into their talk almost more than was her habit. But when she returned to the society of her own family she was not as usual. Sometimes there was a pathetic tone in her voice, and she would excuse herself in a way which brought the tears to Rosalind's eyes.

www.libtool.com.cn

'My dear,' she would say, 'I fear I am bad company at present. I have a great deal to think of.'

'You are always the best of company,' Rosalind would say in the enthusiasm of her affection, and Mrs. Trevanion looked at her with a tender gratitude which broke the girl's heart.

'When I want people to hear the best that can be said of me, I will send them to you, Rosalind,' she said. 'Oh, what a blessing of God that you should be the one to think most well of me! God send it may always be so!' she added, with a voice full of feeling so deep and anxious that the girl did not know what to think.

'How can you speak so, mamma? Think well! Why, you are my mother; there is nobody but you,' she said.

'Do you know, Rosalind,' said Mrs. Trevanion, 'that the children who are my very own will not take me for granted like you.'

'And am not I your very own? Whom have I but you?' Rosalind said.

Mrs. Trevanion turned and kissed her, though it was in the public road. Rosalind felt that her cheek was wet. What was the meaning of it? They had always been mother and daughter in the fullest sense of the word, unconsciously, without any remark, the one claiming nothing, the other not saying a word of her devotion. It was already a painful novelty that it should be mentioned between them how much they loved each other, for natural love like this has no need of words.

And then sometimes Madam would be severe.

'Mamma,' said little Sophy on one of these drives, 'there is somebody new living in the village—a gentleman—well, perhaps not a gentleman. Russell says nobody knows who he is. And he gets up in the middle of the day, and goes out at night.'

'I should not think it could be any concern of yours who

was living in the village,' Mrs. Trevanion said, far more hastily and hotly than her wont.

'Oh, but mamma, it is so seldom anyone comes; and he lives at the Red Lion; and it is too late for sketching, so he can't be an artist; and, mamma, Russell says——'

www.libtool.com.cn

'I will not have Russell fill your head with the gossip of the village,' said Madam with a flush of anger. 'You are too much disposed to talk about your neighbours. Tell Russell I desire you to have nothing to do with the village news——'

'Oh, but mamma, it isn't village news, it's a stranger. Everybody wants to find out about a stranger; and he is so——'

Mrs. Trevanion gave a slight stamp of impatience and anger. 'You have still less to do with strangers. Let me hear no more about this,' she said. She did not recover the thrill of irritation during the whole course of the drive. Sophy, who was unused to such vehemence, retired into sulkiness and tears, while Rosalind, wounded a little to see that her mother was fallible, looked on, surprised. She who was never put out! And then again Madam Trevanion came down from her eminence and made a sort of excuse which troubled her young adorer almost more than the fact. 'I am afraid I am growing irritable. I have so much to think of,' she said.

What was it she had to think of now above other times? Mr. Trevanion, for him, was well. They had people staying in the house who amused him; and John Trevanion was coming, Uncle John, whom everybody liked. And the children were all well; and nothing wrong, so far as anyone was aware, in the business matters which Mrs. Trevanion bore the weight of to serve her husband; the farms were all let, there was nothing out of gear anywhere. What had she to think of? Rosalind was greatly, painfully puzzled by this repeated statement. And by degrees her perplexity grew. It got into the air, and seemed to infect all the members of the household. The servants acquired a watchful air. The footman who came in to take away the teacups looked terribly conscious that Madam was late. There was a general watchfulness about. You could not cross the hall, or go upstairs, or go through a corridor from one part of the house to another, without meeting a servant who would murmur an apology, as if his or her appearance was an accident, but who were all far too wide awake and on the alert to have come there accidentally. Anxiety of this kind, or even curiosity, is cumulative, and communicates itself imperceptibly with greater

and greater force as it goes on. And in the midst of the general drama a curious side-scene was going on always between the two great antagonists in the household—Russell and Jane. They kept up a watch, each on her side. The one could not open her door or appear upon the upper stairs without a corresponding click of the door of the other; a stealthy inspection behind a pillar, or out of a corner, to see what was going on; and both of them had expeditions of their own which would not bear explanation, both in the house and without. In this point Jane had a great advantage over her adversary. She could go out almost when she pleased, while Russell was restrained by the children, whom she could not leave. But Russell had other privileges that made up for this. She had nursery-maids under her orders; she had spies about in all sorts of places; her relations lived in the village. Every piece of news, every guess and suspicion, was brought to her. And she had a great faculty for joining her bits of information together. By and by Russell began to wear a triumphant look, and Jane a jaded and worn one; they betrayed in their faces the fact that whatever their secret struggle was, one was getting the better of the other. Jane gave Rosalind pathetic looks, as if asking whether she might confide in her, while Russell uttered hints and innuendoes, ending, indeed, as has been seen, in intimations more positive. When she spoke so to Rosalind it may be supposed that she was not silent to the rest of the house; or that she failed, with the boldness of her kind, to set forth and explain the motives of her mistress. For some time before the incident of the bramble, everyone in the house had come to be fully aware that Madam went out every evening, however cold, wet, and miserable it might be. John Trevanion acquired the knowledge he could not tell how; he thought it was from that atmosphere of fresh air which unawares she brought with her on those occasions when she was late, when the gentlemen had reached the drawing-room before she came in. This was not always the case. Sometimes they found her there, seated in her usual place, calm enough, save for a searching disquiet in her eyes, which seemed to meet them as they came in, asking what they divined or knew. They all knew—that is to say, all but Mr. Trevanion himself, whose vituperations required no particular occasion, and ran on much the same whatever happened, and the temporary three days' guest, who at the special moment referred to was young Hamerton. Sometimes incidents would occur which had no evident bearing upon this curious secret which everybody

knew, but yet nevertheless disturbed the brooding air with a possibility of explosion. On one occasion little Sophy was the occasion of a thrill in this electrical atmosphere which nobody quite understood. The child had come in to dessert, and was standing by her father's side, consuming all the sweetmeats she could get.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Oh, mamma!' Sophy said suddenly and loudly, addressing her mother across the table; 'you know that gentleman at the Red Lion I told you about?'

'What gentleman at the Red Lion?' said her father, who had a keen ear for gossip.

'Do not encourage her, Reginald,' said Madam from the other end of the table; 'I cannot let her bring the village stories here.'

'Let us hear about the gentleman from the Red Lion,' he said; 'perhaps it is something amusing. I never am allowed to hear what is going on. Come, Sophy, what's about him? We all want to know.'

'Oh, but mamma will be so cross if I tell you! She will not let me say a word. When I told her before she stamped her foot——'

'Ha, Madam!' said the husband, 'we've caught you. I thought you were one that never lost your temper. But Sophy knows better. Come, what of this gentleman——'

'I think, Rosalind, we had better go,' said Mrs. Trevanion, rising. 'I do not wish the child to bring tales out of the village. Sophy!' The mother looked at her with eyes of command. But the little girl felt herself the heroine of the occasion, and perfectly secure, held in her father's arm.

'Oh, it is only that nobody knows him!' she said in her shrill little voice; 'and he gets up in the middle of the day, and never goes out till night. Russell knows all about him. Russell says he is here for no good. He is like a man in a story book, with such big eyes. Oh! Russell says she would know him anywhere, and I think so should I——'

Mrs. Trevanion stood listening till all was said. Her face was perfectly without colour, her eyes blazing upon the malicious child with a strange passion. What she was doing was the most foolish thing a woman could do. Her anger succeeded by so strange a calm, the intense seriousness with which she regarded what after all was nothing more than a childish disobedience, gave the most exaggerated importance to the incident. Why should she take it so seriously, everybody asked? What was it to her? And who

could hinder the people who were looking on, and knew that Madam was herself involved in something inexplainable, something entirely new to all her habits, from receiving this new actor into their minds as somehow connected with it, somehow appropriated by her? When the child stopped, her mother interfered again with the same exaggeration of feeling, her very voice thrilling the tranquillity of the room as she called Sophy to follow her. 'Don't beat her,' Mr. Trevanion called out with a chuckling laugh. 'Sophy, if they whip you, come back to me. Nobody shall whip you for answering your father. Come and tell me all you hear about the gentleman, and never mind what Madam may say.'

www.libtool.com.cn

Sophy was frightened, however, there could be no doubt, as she followed her mother. She began to cry as she crept through the hall. Mrs. Trevanion held her head high; there was a red spot on each of her cheeks. She paused for a moment and looked at Rosalind, as if she would have spoken; then hurried away, taking no notice of the half alarmed, half remorseful child, who stood and gazed after her, at once relieved and disappointed. 'Am I to get off?' Sophy whispered, pulling at Rosalind's dress. And then she burst into a sudden wail of crying: 'Oh, Rosalind, mamma has never said good-night!'

'You do not deserve it, after having disobeyed her,' said Rosalind. And with her young mind all confused and miserable, she went to the drawing-room to her favourite seat between the fire and the lamp; but though her novel was very interesting she did not read it that night.

CHAPTER IX.

Next day, as they drove out in the usual afternoon hour while Mr. Trevanion took his nap after luncheon, a little incident happened which was nothing, yet gave Rosalind, who was alone with her stepmother in the carriage, a curious sensation. A little way out of the village, on the side of the road, she suddenly perceived a man standing, apparently waiting till they should pass. Madam had been very silent ever since they left home, so much more silent than it was her habit to be, that Rosalind feared she had done something to incur Mrs. Trevanion's displeasure. Instead of the animated conversations they used to have, and the close consultations that were habitual between them, they sat by each other silent, scarcely exchanging a word in a mile. Rosalind was not herself a great talker, but when she was with

this other and better self, she flowed forth in lively observation and remark, which was not talk, but the involuntary natural utterance which came as easily as her breath. This day, however, she had very little to say, and Madam nothing. They leant back, each in her corner, with a blank between them, which Rosalind now and then tried to break with a wistful question as to whether mamma was cold, whether she did not find the air too keen, if she would like the carriage closed, &c., receiving a smile and a brief reply, but no more. They had fallen into silence almost absolute as they passed through the village, and it was when they emerged once more into the still country road that the incident which has been referred to took place. Some time before they came up to him, Rosalind remarked the man standing under one of the hedgerow trees, close against it, looking towards them, as if waiting for the carriage to pass. Though she was not eager for the tales of the village like Sophy, Rosalind had a country girl's easily roused curiosity in respect to a stranger. She knew at once by the outline of him, before she could make out even what class he belonged to, that this was someone she had never seen before. As the carriage approached rapidly she grew more and more certain. He was a young man, a gentleman —at least his dress and attitude were like those of a gentleman; he was slim and straight, not like the country louts. As he turned his head towards the carriage, Rosalind thought she had never seen a more remarkable face. He was very pale; his features were large and fine, and his pallor and thinness were made more conspicuous by a pair of very large, dreamy, uncertain dark eyes. These eyes were looking so intently towards the carriage that Rosalind had almost made up her mind that there was to be some demand upon their sympathy, some petition or appeal. She could not help being stirred with all the impetuosity of her nature, frank and warmhearted and generous, towards this poor gentleman. He looked as if he had been ill, as if he meant to throw himself upon their bounty, as if—— The horses sped on with easy speed as she sat up in the carriage and prepared herself for whatever might happen. It is needless to say that nothing happened as far as the bystander was concerned. He looked intently at them, but did no more. Rosalind was so absorbed in a newly awakened interest that she thought of nothing else, till suddenly turning round to her companion she met—not her stepmother's sympathetic countenance, but the blackness of a veil in which Mrs. Trevanion had suddenly enveloped herself. 'That must surely be

the gentleman Sophy was talking of,' she said. Madam gave a slight shiver in her furs. 'It is very cold,' she said; 'it has grown much colder since we came out.'

'Shall I tell Robert to close the carriage, mother?'

'Oh, no, it is unnecessary. You can tell him to go home by the Wildwood gate. I should not have come out if I had known it was so cold.'

'I hope you have not taken cold, mamma. To me the air seems quite soft. I suppose,' Rosalind said, in that occasional obtuseness which belongs to innocence, 'you did not notice, as you put down your veil just then, that gentleman on the road? I think he must be the gentleman Sophy talked about—very pale, with large eyes. I think he must have been ill. I feel quite interested in him too.'

'No, I did not observe——'

'I wish you had noticed him, mamma. I should know him again anywhere; it is quite a remarkable face. What can he want in the village? I think you should make the doctor call, or send papa's card. If he should be ill——'

'Rosalind, you know how much I dislike village gossip. A stranger in the inn can be nothing to us. There is Dr. Smith if he wants anything,' said Madam, hurriedly, almost under her breath. And she shivered again, and drew her furred mantle more closely round her. Though it was November the air was soft and scarcely cold at all, Rosalind thought in her young hardiness; but then Mrs. Trevanion, shut up so much in an overheated room, naturally was more sensitive to cold.

This was in the afternoon; and on the same evening there occurred the incident of the bramble, and all the misery that followed, concluding in Mr. Trevanion's attack, and the sudden gloom and terror thrown upon the house. Rosalind had no recollection of so trifling a matter in the excitement and trouble that followed. She saw her stepmother again only in the grey of the winter morning, when waking suddenly, with that sense of some one watching her which penetrates the profoundest sleep, she found Mrs. Trevanion seated by her bedside, extremely pale, with dark lines under her eyes, and the air of exhaustion which is given by a sleepless night.

'I came to tell you, dear, that your father, at last, is getting a little sleep,' she said.

'Oh, mamma—— But you have had no sleep—you have been up all night!'

'That does not much matter. I came to say also, Rosalind, that I fear my being so late last night and his impatience had a great deal to do with bringing on the attack. It might be almost considered my fault.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Oh, mamma! we all know,' cried Rosalind, inexpressibly touched by the air with which she spoke, 'how much you have had to bear.'

'No more than what was my duty. A woman when she marries accepts all the results. She may not know what there will be to bear, but whatever it is it is all involved in the engagement. She has no right to shrink——'

There was a gravity, almost solemnity, in Madam's voice and look which awed the girl. She seemed to be making a sort of formal and serious explanation. Rosalind had seen her give way under her husband's cruelty and exactions. She had seen her throw herself upon the bed and weep, though there had never been a complaint in words to blame the father to the child. This was one point in which, and in which alone, the fact that Rosalind was his daughter, and not hers, had been apparent. Now there was no accusation, but something like a statement formal and solemn, which was explained by the exhaustion and calm as of despair that was in her face.

'That has been my feeling all through,' she said. 'I wish you to understand it, Rosalind. If Reginald were at home—well, he is a boy, and I could not explain to him as I can to you. I want you to understand me; I have had more to bear, a great deal more, than I expected. But I have always said to myself it was in the day's work. You may perhaps be tempted to think, looking back, that I have had, even though he has been so dependent upon me, an irritating influence. Sometimes I have myself thought so, and that someone else—— But if you will put one thing to another,' she added, going on in the passionless melancholy argument, 'you will perceive that the advantage to him of my knowledge of all his ways counterbalances any harm that might arise from that; and then there is always the doubt whether anyone else would not have been equally irritating after a time.'

'Mother,' cried Rosalind, who had raised herself in her bed and was gazing anxiously into the pale and worn-out face which was turned half away from her, not looking at her; 'mother! why do you say all this to me? Do I want you to explain yourself, I who know that you have been the best, the kindest——'

Mrs. Trevanion did not look at her, but put up her hand to stop this interruption.

'I am saying this because I think your father is very ill, Rosalind.'

'Worse, mamma?' www.libtool.com.cn

'I have myself thought that he was growing much weaker. We flattered ourselves, you know, that to be so long without an attack was a great gain; but I have felt he was growing weaker, and I see now that Dr. Beaton agrees with me. And to have been the means of bringing on this seizure when he was so little able to bear it——'

'Oh, mamma! how can you suppose that anyone would ever blame——'

'I am my own judge, Rosalind. No, you would not blame me, not now at least, when you are entirely under my influence. I think, however, that had it not been this it would have been something else. Any trifling matter would have been enough. Nothing that we could have done would have staved it off much longer. That is my conviction. I have worked out the question, oh, a hundred times within myself. Would it be better to go away, and acknowledge that I could not—— I was doing as much harm as good——'

Rosalind here seized upon Mrs. Trevanion's arm, clasping it with her hands, with a cry of 'Go away! leave us, mother!' in absolute astonishment and dismay.

'And so withdraw the irritation. But then with the irritation I should have deprived him of a great deal of help. And there was always the certainty that no other could do so much, and that any other would soon become an irritation too. I have argued the whole thing out again and again. And I think I am right, Rosalind. No one else could have been at his disposal night and day like his wife. And if no one but his wife could have annoyed him so much, the one must be taken with the other.'

'You frighten me, mamma; is it so very serious? And you have done nothing—nothing?'

Here Mrs. Trevanion for the first time turned and looked into Rosalind's face.

'Yes,' she said. There was a faint smile upon her lips, so faint that it deepened rather than lightened the gravity of her look. She shook her head and looked tenderly at Rosalind with this smile. 'Ah, my dear,' she said, 'you would willingly make

the best of it; but I have done something. Not, indeed, what he thinks, what perhaps other people think, but something I ought not to have done——' A deep sigh followed, a long breath drawn from the inmost recesses of her breast to relieve some pain or pressure there. 'Something,' she continued, 'that I cannot help, that, alas! I don't want to do; although I think it is my duty, too.'

www.libtool.com.cn

And then she was silent, sitting absorbed in her own thoughts by Rosalind's bed. The chilly winter morning had come in fully as she talked till now the room was full of cold daylight, ungenial, unkindly, with no pleasure in it. Rosalind in her eager youth, impatient of trouble, and feeling that something must be done or said to make an end of all misery, that it was not possible there could be no remedy, held her mother's hand between hers, and cried and kissed it and asked a hundred questions. But Madam sat scarcely moving, her mind absorbed in a labyrinth from which she saw no way of escape. There seemed no remedy either for the ills that were apparent or those which nobody knew.

'You ought at least to be resting,' the girl said at last; 'you ought to get a little sleep. I will get up and go to his room and bring you word if he stirs.'

'He will not stir for some time. No, I am not going to bed. After I have bathed my face Jane will get me a cup of tea and I shall go down again. No, I could not sleep. I am better within call, so that if he wants me—— But I could not resist the temptation of coming in to speak to you, Rosalind. I don't know why—just an impulse. We ought not to do things by impulse, you know, but alas! some of us always do. You will remember, however, if necessary.—Somehow,' she said, with a pathetic smile, her lips quivering as she turned to the girl's eager embrace, 'you seem more my own child, Rosalind, more my champion, my defender, than those who are more mine.'

'Nothing can be more yours, mother, all the more that we chose each other. We were not merely compelled to be mother and child.'

'Perhaps there is something in that,' said Mrs. Trevanion.

'And the others are so young; only I of all your children am old enough to understand you,' cried Rosalind, throwing herself into her stepmother's arms. They held each other for a moment closely in that embrace which is above words, which is the supreme expression of human emotion and sympathy, resorted to

when all words fail, and yet which explains nothing, which leaves the one as far as ever from understanding the other, from divining what is behind the veil of individuality which separates husband from wife and mother from child. Then Mrs. Trevanion rose and put Rosalind softly back upon her pillow and covered her up with maternal care as if she had been a child. 'I must not have you catch cold,' she said, with a smile which was her usual motherly smile with no deeper meaning in it. 'Now go to sleep, my love, for another hour.'

www.libtool.com.cn

In her own room Madam exchanged a few words with Jane, who had also been up all night, and who was waiting for her with the tea which is a tired watcher's solace. 'You must do all for me to-day, Jane,' she said; 'I cannot leave Mr. Trevanion; I will not, which is more. I have been, alas! partly the means of bringing on this attack.'

'Oh, Madam, how many attacks have there been before without any cause!'

'That is a little consolation to me; still it is my fault. Tell him how unsafe it is to be here, how curious the village people are, and that I implore him for my sake, if he thinks anything of that, and for God's sake, to go away. What can we do more? Tell him what we have both told him a hundred times, Jane!'

'I will do what I can, Madam; but he pays no attention to me, as you know.'

'Nor to anyone,' said Madam, with a sigh. 'I have thought sometimes of telling Dr. Beaton everything; he is a kind man, he would know how to forgive. But alas! how could I tell if it would do good or harm?'

'Harm! only harm! He would never endure it,' the other said.

Again Mrs. Trevanion sighed; how deep deep down was the oppression which those long breaths attempted to relieve. 'Oh,' she said, 'how happy they are that never stray beyond the limits of nature! Would not poverty, hard work, any privation have been better for all of us?'

'Sixteen years ago, Madam,' Jane said.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Trevanion's attack wore off by degrees, and by and by he resumed his old habits, appearing once more at dinner, talking as of old after that meal, coming into the drawing-room for his rubber afterwards. Everything returned into the usual routine.

But there were a few divergences from the former habits of the house. The invalid was never visible except in the evening, and there was a gradual increase of precaution, a gradual limitation of what he was permitted or attempted to do, which denoted advancing weakness. John Trevanion remained, which was another sign. He had made all his arrangements to go, and then after a conversation with the doctor departed from them suddenly, and announced that if it did not interfere with any of Madam's arrangements he would stay till Christmas, none of his engagements being pressing. Other guests came rarely, and only when the invalid burst forth into a plaint that he never saw anyone, that the sight of the same faces day by day was enough to kill a man. 'And every one longer than the other,' he cried. 'There is John like a death's head, and the doctor like a grinning waxwork, and Madam—why she is the worst of all. Since I interfered with her little amusements, going out in the dark like one of her own housemaids, by Jove, Madam has been like a whipped child. She that had always an argument ready, she has taken up the submissive rôle at last. It's a new development. Eh? don't you think so? Did you ever see Madam in the rôle of Griselda before? I never did, I can tell you. It is a change! It won't last long, you think, John? Well, let us get the good of it while we can. It is something quite novel to me.'

'I said nothing on the subject,' said John, 'and indeed I think it would be better taste to avoid personal observations.'

'Especially in the presence of the person, eh? That's not my way. I say the worst I have to say to your face, so you need not fear what is said behind your back—Madam knows it. She is so honest; she likes honesty. A woman that has set herself to thwart and cross her husband for how many—sixteen years, she can't be in much doubt as to his opinion of her, eh? What! will nothing make you speak?'

'It is time for this tonic, Reginald. Dr. Beaton is very anxious that you should not neglect it.'

'Is that all you have got to say? That is brilliant, certainly; quinine, when I want a little amusement. Bitter things are better than sweet, I suppose you think. In that case I should be a robust fox-hunter instead of an invalid, as I am—for I have had little else all my life.'

'I think you have done pretty well in your life, Reginald. What you have wanted you have got. That does not happen to all of us. Except health, which is a great deduction of course.'

'What I have wanted! I wanted an heir and a family like other men, and I got a poor little wife who died at nineteen, and a useless slip of a girl. Then my second venture—perhaps you think my second venture was very successful—a fine robust wife, and a mischievous brat like Rex, always in scrapes at school, besides that little spiteful minx Sophy, who would spite her own mother if she could, and the two imps in the nursery. What good are they to me? The boy will succeed me, of course, and keep you out. I had quite as lief you had it, John. You are my own brother after all, and that boy is more his mother's than mine. He has those eyes of hers. Lord! what a fool a young fellow is! To imagine I should have given up so much when I ought to have known better, and taken so many burdens on my shoulders for the sake of a pair of fine eyes. They are fine eyes still, but I know the meaning of them now.'

'This is simply brutal, Reginald,' said his brother in high indignation. He got up to go away, but a sign from Mrs. Trevanion, behind her husband's back, made him pause.

'Brutal, is it? which means true. Give me some of that eau-de-Cologne. Can't you be quick about it? You take half an hour to cross the room. I've always meant to tell you about that second marriage of mine. I was a fool, and she was—— Shall I tell him all about it, Madam?—when we met, and how you led me on. By Jove! I have a great mind to publish the whole business, and let everybody know who you are and what you are—or rather were when I married you.'

'I wish you would do so, Reginald. The mystery has never been my doing. It would be for my happiness if you would tell John.'

The sick man looked round upon her with a chuckling malice. 'She would like to expose herself in order to punish me,' he said. 'But I shan't do it; you may dismiss that from your mind. I don't wish the country to know that my wife was——' Then he ended with a laugh which was so insulting that John Trevanion involuntarily clenched his fist and made a step forward; then recollected himself, and fell back with a suppressed exclamation.

'It is quite natural you should take her part, Jack. She's a fine woman still of her years, though a good bit older than you would think. How old were you, Madam, when I married you? Oh, old enough for a great deal to have happened—eight-and-twenty or thereabouts—just on the edge of being passée then, the more fool I! Jove! what a fool I was, thrusting my head into the bag. I don't excuse myself. I posed myself in those

days as a fellow that had seen life, and wasn't to be taken in. But you were too many for me. Never trust to a woman, John, especially a woman that has a history and that sort of thing. You are never up to their tricks. However knowing you may be, take my word for it, they know a thing or two more than you.'

'If you mean to do nothing but insult your wife, Reginald——'

'John, for heaven's sake! What does it matter? You will think no worse of me for what he says, and no better. Let him talk!' cried Madam, under her breath.

'What is she saying to you—that I am getting weak in my mind and don't know what I am saying? Ah! that's clever. I have always expected something of the sort. Look here, Madam! sit down at once and write to Charley Blake, do you hear? Charley—not the old fellow. Ask him to come here from Saturday to Monday. I want to have a talk with him. You are not fond of Charley Blake. And tell him to bring all his tools with him. He will know'—with a significant laugh—'what I mean.'

She went to the writing table without a word, and wrote the note. 'Will you look at it, Reginald, to see if it is what you wish.'

The patient snarled at her with his laugh. 'I can trust you,' he said, 'and you shall see when Blake comes.'

'What do you want with Blake, Reginald? Why should you trouble yourself with business in your present state of health? You must have done all that is necessary long ago. I wish you would keep quiet and give yourself a chance.'

'A chance! that's Beaton's opinion, I suppose—that I have no more than a chance. That's why you all gather round me like a set of crows, ready to pounce upon the carcase. And Madam, Madam here, can scarcely hold herself in, thinking how soon she will be free.' He pushed back his chair, and gazed from one to another with fiery eyes which seemed ready to burst from their sockets. 'A chance! that's all I've got, is it? You needn't wait for it, John; there's not a penny for you.'

'Reginald, what the doctor says is that you must be calm, that nothing must be done to bring on those spasms that shake you so. Never mind what John says; he does not know.'

'Oh, you!' cried the sick man; 'you—you've motive enough. It's freedom to you. I don't tell you to scheme for it, I know that's past praying for. Nobody can doubt it's worth your while—a good settlement, and freedom to dance on my grave as soon as you like, as soon as you have got me into it. But John has got no motive,' he said again, with a sort of garrulous pathos; 'he'll

gain nothing. He'll rather lose something perhaps, for he couldn't have the run of the house if it were yours, as he has done all his life. Yours!' the sick man added, with concentrated wrath and scorn; 'it shall never be yours; I shall see to that. Where is the note to Charley—Charley Blake? John, take charge of it for www.libtool.com.cn me; see that it's put in the post. She has the bag in her hands, and how can I tell whether she will let it go? She was a great deal too ready to write it, eh? don't you think, knowing it was against herself?'

After this cheerful morning's talk, which was the ordinary kind of conversation that went on in Mr. Trevanion's room, from which John Trevanion could escape and did very shortly, but Madam could not and did not, the heavy day went on, little varied. Mrs. Trevanion appeared at lunch with a sufficiently tranquil countenance, and entered into the ordinary talk of a family party with a composure or philosophy which was a daily miracle to the rest. She checked little Sophy's impertinences and attended to the small pair of young ones like a mother embarrassed with no cares less ignoble. There was an air of great gravity about her, but not more than the critical condition of her husband's health made natural. And the Vicar, who came in to lunch to ask after the squire, saw nothing in Madam's manner that was not most natural and seemly. He told his wife afterwards that she took it beautifully; 'very serious, you know, very anxious, but resigned and calm.' Mrs. Vicar was of opinion that were she Mrs. Trevanion she would be more than resigned, for everybody knew that Madam had 'a great deal to put up with.' But from her own aspect no one could have told the continual flood of insult to which she was exposed, the secret anxiety that was gnawing at her heart. In the evening before dinner she met her brother-in-law by accident before the great fireplace in the hall. She was sitting there, thrown down in one of the deep chairs, like a worn-out creature. It was rare to see her there, though it was the common resort of the household, and so much, in spite of himself, had John Trevanion been moved by the sense of mystery about, and by his brother's vituperations, that his first glance was one of suspicion. But his approach took her by surprise. Her face was hidden in her hands, and there was an air of abandon in her attitude and figure as if she had thrown herself, like a wounded animal, before the fire. She uncovered her face, and, he thought, furtively, hastily dried her eyes as she turned to see who was coming. Pity was strong in his heart,

notwithstanding his suspicion. He came forward and looked down upon her kindly. 'I am very glad,' he said, 'to see that you are able to get a moment to yourself.'

'Yes,' she said, 'Reginald seems more comfortable to-night.'

'Grace,' said John Trevanion, 'it is beyond human patience. You ought not to have all this to bear.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Oh, nothing is beyond human patience,' she said, looking up at him suddenly with a smile. 'Never mind, I can bear it very well. After all, there is no novelty in it to wound me. I have been bearing the same sort of thing for many years.'

'And you have borne it without a murmur. You are a very wonderful woman, or——'

'What do you mean? Do you think me a bad one? It would not be wonderful after all you have heard. But I am not a bad woman, John. I am not without blame; who is? But I am not what he says. This is mere weakness to defend myself; but when one has been beaten down all day long by one perpetual flood like a hailstorm—— What was that? I thought I heard Reginald's voice.'

'It was nothing; some of the servants. I am very sorry for you, Grace. If anything can be done to ease you——'

'Nothing can be done. I think talking does him good: and what is the use of a man's wife if not to hear everything he has to say? It diverts the evil from others, and I hope from himself too. Yes, I do think so; it is an unpleasant way of working it out, and yet I think like the modes they adopt in surgery sometimes, it relieves the system. So let him say,' she went on with a sigh. 'It will be hard, though, if I am to lose the support of your good opinion, John.'

To this he made no direct answer, but asked hurriedly, 'What do you suppose he wants with Charley Blake? Charley specially, not his father, whom I have more faith in?'

'Something about his will, I suppose. Oh, perhaps not anything of consequence. He tries to scare me, threatening something—but it is not for that that I am afraid.'

'We shall be able to do you justice in that point. Of what are you afraid?'

She rose with a sudden impulse and stood by him in the firelight, almost as tall as he, and with a certain force of indignation in her which gave her an air of command and almost grandeur beside the man who suspected and hesitated. 'Nothing!' she said, as if she flung all apprehension from her. John, whose

heart had been turned from her, felt himself melting against his will. She repeated after a time, more gently, 'I know that if passion can suggest anything it will be done. And he will not have time to reconsider, to let his better nature——' (here she paused, and in spite of herself a faint smile, in which there was some bitterness, passed over her face) 'his better nature speak,' she said slowly; 'therefore I am prepared for everything and fear nothing.'

'This sounds not like courage, but despair.'

'And so it is. Is it wonderful that it should be despair rather than courage after all these years? I am sure there is something wrong. Listen; don't you hear it? That is certainly Reginald's voice.'

'No, no, you are excited. What could it be? He wants something, perhaps, and he always calls loudly for whatever he wants. It is seldom I can see you for a moment. I want to tell you that I will see Blake and find out from him——'

'I must go to Reginald, John.'

She was interrupted before she had crossed the hall by the sudden appearance of Russell, who pushed through the curtain which hung over the passage leading to Mr. Trevanion's room, muffling herself in it in her awkwardness. The woman was scared and trembling. 'Where's Madam, Madam?' she said. 'She's wanted; oh, she's wanted badly! He's got a fit again.'

Mrs. Trevanion flew past the trembling woman like a shadow. 'It is your doing,' she said, with a voice that rung into Russell's heart. The intruder was entirely unhinged. 'I never saw him in one before. It's dreadful; oh, it's dreadful! Doctor! doctor! oh, where's the doctor?' she cried, losing all command of herself, and shrieking forth the name in a way which startled the house. The servants came running from all sides; the children, terror-stricken, half by the cry, half by the sound of Russell's voice, so familiar to them, appeared, a succession of little wistful faces, upon the stair, while the doctor himself pushed through, startled, but with all his wits about him. 'How has it happened? You've been carrying your ill-tempered chatter to him. I'll have you tried for manslaughter,' the doctor said.

(*To be continued.*)

www.libtool.com.cn

The 'Donna.'

THE Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions to this fund. The list is complete up to January 3. Subscriptions received after that date will be acknowledged in the March number:—

C. P. A. H. 5s. W. W. 3s. 6d. F. L. (Aberdeen) 2s. 6d. Surgeon-General R. Cockburn 5s Mrs. Fred Hire 2s. 6d. An Old Blue 1l. Burnham Somerset 10s. E. W. (loan unexpectedly repaid) 5l. Lady Worsley 10s. Mrs. Egerton 5l. E. Wolstenholme (Huddersfield) 5s. Mrs. Stark 10s. Amicus 10s. Anonymous 1s. Mrs. Taylor 1l. Miss Aldridge 10s. J. A. W. 1s. T. J. C. 10s. E. Martin 5s. C. A. Durrant 1l. F. H. R. 3l. 3s. Borderer 10s. Mitcham 3s. R. F. 10s. Mrs. Oliphant 2l. 2s. C. W. 2s. 6d. Edwin Stone 5s. E. L. Ealing 2s. 6d. Miss D. Martindale 5s. James Higgs 5s. W. L. Bicknell (whist winnings) 10s. E. B. 2s. 6d. John Ramsay 1l. C. Browne 10s. A Yorkshire Tyke 1l. 'School-girls' 9s. Joy Elizabeth 1l. Miss Day 2l. 2s. Hope Kervain 1s. 6d. Col. Merrick 10s. H. P. 5l. Mrs. George Gibbs 3l. 3s. Mrs. Bedford 5s. 'Susan Nipper' 2s. Per C. Markby—viz. F. C. 1l.; L. R. L. 5s.; E. J. C. 5s.; J. B. 10s.; R. M. 1l.; R. B. Co. 10l.; R. C. 1l.; H. W. 1l.; D. W. 10s.; E. K. 10s.; S. K. 1l.; P. N. 1l.; P. & W. 2l.; L. B. 10s.; W. S. 10s.; E. C. 5s.; E. F. 5s.; F. H. 1l.; M. de M. 1l.; J. M. M. 1l.; E. H. 10l.; L. H. 1l.; W. B. 1l.; C. M. 10s. Mark Lane 2s. 6d. J. D. 10s. W. E. Russell 1l. H. M. 5s. Agnes Reeves 5s. Mrs. Simcox 5s. A. M. C. 1l. M. A. L. 7s. 6d. Don José 10s. Mr. & Mrs. Gibbins 5s. Mrs. Ellis 1l. J. H. 2s. 6d. E. E. H. 2s. 6d. Eveline 2s. 6d. Kingswear 2s. G. E. O. H. 10s. J. W. W. (Nottingham) 5s. H. 10s. E. C. P. Fox 1l. 1s. J. A. W. 1s. A. C. M. 2s. 6d. 'For the Soup Cart' 2s. Mrs. Rivers 7s. Don F. 5s. W. S. 10s. P. J. L. 10s. E. Nosyt 5s. A. M. Garden 1l. Miss Aspland 2s. 6d. Anonymous 1s. M. A. C. 2s. 6d. A. C. J. 5s. J. F. C. 1l. H. B. R. 1l. A. Nichols (monthly) 2s. Miss E. Francis 2s. 6d. E. O. W. 1s. Paranaqua & F. & P. 6s. C. G. Blackader 3l. Mrs. C. Allbutt 1l. 10s. Rev. R. Greene 10s. Pupils of Holt House School, Fakenham 10s. 6d. M. F. 6s. A. Z. 5l. William Lane 2s. 6d. Gen. Sir Beauchamp Walker 5s. E. J. D. 1s. Friends at Hereford 10s. A Christmas Gift 1l. A Friend 5s. J. A. W. 1s. J. E. B. (Camberwell) 1l. A. H. L. (Liverpool) 10s. Henry Trower 5l. J. S. L. 5s. A Christmas Gift to the Don 5s. Rev. F. Wayet (Don) 1l. Hayward 1s. Orion 1s. 6d. G. N. W. (Silverton, 1st donation) 4s. 2d. A. G. G. 2s. 6d. Miss M. Caldecott 3l. A Nottingham Sympathiser 1l. Amicus 1l. Miss Briggs 1l. Mrs. H. Bright 5s. C. E. 10s. H. J. Haines 10s. A Friend 5s. B. M. T. 2s. 6d. E. T. A. 10l. Collected by A. K. L. 1l. 10s. Mrs. Spreckley 10s. F. T. R. M. 2s. 6d. Lewisham 5s. Beckenham 5s. Galloway Cole 10s. V. S. 5s. J. B. M. 1s. W. Anderson 5s. Collected by S. A. 7s. P. E. Johnson 2l. 2s. Mrs. de Gruchy 5s. A. M. H. 1l. Mrs. Bigge 2s. 6d. T. Jones 2s. 6d. W. D. Furley 10s. J. A. W. 1s. Wynnefrede 1s. Miss E. G. G. 11s. 6d. A. S. Main 10s. H. Torres 1l. 2s. 6d. B. L. (Weybridge) 2s. 6d. Miss K. Perfect 1l. 10s. N. K. 5s. Miss C. Banister 5s. M. 2s. 6d. B. M. 10s. L. E. Badley 10s. A. J. Allen 10s. Lady Freake 1l. 1s. J. A. 2l. 2s. E. Boileau Reid, Esq. 5l. Mrs. Hammick 1l. 10s. Mrs. Oswald 1l. Kelvedon, 10s. S. (Ripley) 3s.

From November 1st to December 22nd, 36,092 portions were issued to unemployed labourers. These consisted of 12,740 slices of pudding, 2,520 sausage rolls, 10,752 basins of soup, and 10,080 basins of stew. In some cases a man would buy both a basin of soup and a slice of pudding, but not in the majority of cases. Between 500 and 600 hungry mouths of the unemployed have therefore been fed daily during this period by the 'Don' and the 'Donna.'

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his Correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.

'WEAVE TRUTH WITH TRUST.'

'he term BEST Brussels, as generally used, conveys no meaning or guarantee as to quality; but

WILLIS' BEST BRUSSELS

eing made exclusively of LONG-STAPLED HOME-GROWN WOOLS, especially selected for Durability, and loured with the OLD-FASHIONED GENUINE HONEST DYES, are warranted to be absolutely free from e LOW-GRADED EGYPTIAN or other EASTERN WOOLS, COTTON, JUTE, SHODDY, or ANILINE YES used of necessity in the manufacture of low-priced carpets, and to be FULL five frames.

Sold by all Carpet Dealers and Upholsterers in the United Kingdom.

or the protection of the public, every piece has 'H. R. WILLIS & CO., Kidderminster—BEST' woven at each end.

DARLOW'S MAGNETINE APPLIANCES.

For the Cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Spinal, Liver, Kidney, Lung, Throat, and Chest Complaints, &c. &c.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

STRONGEST, BEST, CHEAPEST.

LLUSTRATED PAMPHLET POST FREE.

TESTIMONIAL.

'SHOTTEN VICARAGE, CASTLE, EDEN.

'Messrs. DARLOW & Co.—Having suffered for many years from general debility, I was persuaded to try your agnetic Appliances. I am thankful to say they have been useful to me, although in an old case like mine a mplete cure could not be expected.

'T. FREDERICK HARDWICK,
'Formerly Demonstrator of Chemistry in King's College, London.'

DARLOW & CO., 443 Strand, London.

FOR A HUNDRED EXCELLENT AND PALATABLE

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Vrite to Messrs. GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS, nclosing a penny stamp for postage, when you will be presented ith a valuable book of 100 pages, bound in cloth and fully lustrated, called

'GOOD THINGS,'

MADE, SAID, AND DONE, FOR EVERY HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

'The book embraces a wide field of usefulness.'—BRITISH WORKMAN.

'Can scarcely fail to prove of service.'—THE ROCK.

PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

Fry's Cocoa Extract

GUARANTEED PURE

'Strictly pure, easily assimilated.'—W. W. STODDART, F.I.C., F.C.S., *County Analyst, Bristol.*

'Pure Cocoa, a portion of oil extracted.'—CHARLES A. CAMERON, F.R.C.S.I., *Analyst for*

VIEW OF MANUFACTORY, BRISTOL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA

Prepared with the celebrated Cocoa of combined with other choice descriptions.

'A most delicious and valuable article.'
STANDARD

SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS
Awarded to the Firm.

ELLIS DAVIES & CO'S PURE TEAS

HIGHEST QUALITY AT WHOLESALE PRICES
Carriage Paid TO ALL PARTS.
1/8 to 3/- per lb.
NEW SEASON'S TEAS HAVE NOW ARRIVED.
WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND CONTRAST WITH ANY OTHERS.
44, Lord St., Liverpool.

THE WONDERFUL VELVETEENS

At 2s. a Yard.

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, Manchester, are the turers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which known all over the world. They are fast pile and every inch is guaranteed.

The price of these beautiful Velveteens, in the most beautiful colours now worn is 2s. a yard quality Velveteen is sold by Drapers at 5s. 6d. a yard.

LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, these Velveteens themselves, and it might them to the Public for 2s. a yard.

LEWIS'S ask Ladies to write for Patterns of ordinary Velveteens. They will then be able themselves whether LEWIS'S of Market Street, praise their Velveteens more than they deserve. Patterns on an ordinary post card. LEWIS'S on all orders to any address in the United Kingdom.

When writing please mention this Magazine.

LEWIS'S, IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

THE "Century" Cashmeres

The "CENTURY" Dress Fabrics, Tweeds, and Cloths

To suit every Season and every Fashion. For Ladies', Boys', & Gentlemen's

ARE THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD

All the leading Dress Journals are unanimous in their praise.

The "CENTURY" Blankets

From 4/10½ to 50/- per pair.

Parcels over £1 Carriage Paid. PATTERNS FREE. Any Length Cut at Mill

ADDRESS IN FULL TO THE

BRADFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

Please mention Longman's Magazine.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

www.libtool.com.cn

No. XVII] Contents [MARCH 1884

PAGE

Jack's Courtship: a Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck. Chapters XIII.–XVI. 449
By W. CLARK RUSSELL

The Development of Cycling 480
By G. LACY HILLIER, Amateur Bicycle and Tricycle Champion, 1881

Ballade of an English Home 495
By A. LANG

'Manager' Goethe 496
By CHARLES HERVEY

A Strange Experience 504
By E. NESBIT

Queer Fishes 521
By JOHN GIBSON

Madam. Chapters XI.–XV. 532
By MRS. OLIPHANT

The 'Donna' 560

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

The Best Security for Civilisatio[illegible] is the Dwelling.—*Beaconsfield.*

www.libtool.com.cn

THE KING OF PHYSICIAN[illegible]

PURE AIR!

'Former generations perished in [illegible] ignorance of all sanitary laws. When th[illegible] **BLACK DEATH** massacred Hu[illegible]dreds of Thousands, neither the victims [illegible] their rulers could be accounted responsible f[illegible] their slaughter.'—TIMES.

HOUSE SANITATION.

Dr. PLAYFAIR, after carefully consider[illegible] the question, is of opiniou that the total pecuniary loss inflicted on the county of La[illegible]cashire from *preventible* disease, sickness and death, amounts to *not less than* FIVE MILLIONS STERLING ANNUALLY. B[illegible] this is *only* physical and pecuniary loss THE MORAL LOSS IS INFINITELY GREATER.—SMILES.

TYPHOID AND DIPHTHERIA, BLOOD POISONS, HOUSE SANITATION.—It is no exaggeration to state that not one-quarter of the dwellings of all c[illegible], high or low, rich or poor, are free from dangers to health due to defects with respect to drainage, &c. &c. . . . These original defects will inevitably entail a loss of health and energy of the occupants of the houses, and [illegible] may go on for years, working insidiously, but with deadly effect. . . . . . . It is painful to know that, after all th[illegible] has been done of late years in the way of sanitary improvements, persons die almost daily, POISONED by the DRAINS that should save life and not destroy it.—SANITARY CONGRESS, Sept. 1882.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR. How few know that after breathing impure air for two and a half minutes every drop of blood is more or less poisoned. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisoned blood, not a po[illegible] but must have suffered injury.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT is the best remedy. It removes fœtid or poisonous ma[illegible] (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, a[illegible] restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, refresh[illegible] and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

'**MANY SICK PEOPLE** looked upon me as a physician. For a long time we had been in the centre of Africa without any medical man. Natives came with all manner of diseases. [illegible] day we had a man that was said to be mad. In some of his fits he had wounded a neighbour with an arrow. Whether he was mad or not, he was evidently far from well, and I gave him a large dose of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The poor fellow came back next morning to tell us that he was better. His breath was no longer o[illegible], and he looked cheerful. We were sorry when our supply of FRUIT SALT was done: it was a favourite both with natives and Europeans, and is much used along the malarious coasts.'

Africana, by the Rev. DUFF MACDONALD, M.A., B.D., vol. ii. [illegible]

A NATURAL APERIENT.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—An unsolicited [illegible]monial from a gentleman, an F.S.A., now above eighty years of age, who writes:—'I have for [illegible] time used "ENO'S FRUIT SALT;" I have found it an effective yet gentle aperient, very beneficial to perso[illegible] sedentary habits, especially such as exercise not the limbs but the brain, and frequently require to assist nat[illegible] without hazardous force. It acts, according to the quantity taken, either as a relieving medicine, or as a coo[illegible] and refreshing drink; and I am convinced that it does not weaken when it stimulates.'

SUDDEN CHANGES OF WEATHER, ANY EMERGENCY, INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS.—DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick-headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c., use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—'A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—ADAMS.

Caution.—*Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked* '*ENO'S FRUIT SALT.*' *Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation.*

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Directions in Sixteen Languages how to Prevent Disease.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Paten[illegible]

MAR 8 1884

www.libtool.com.cn

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1884.

Jack's Courtship.

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOGGINGS.

I TOLD you when I set out that this yarn would be more of a log-book than a regular tale, and though I have kept my facts pretty close down to this point, I have now reached a part where the form of narrative I have chosen will very well serve my turn for a spell. When nothing particular happens, you see, there is no good relating it. Besides, what should all these dialogues, quarrels, descriptions which I have set down signify but steps in the gangway ladder over the side to enable you to step aboard the ship we are going to sail away in before long? If I had asked you to embark at Gravesend at the opening of the tale, I should have had to keep the anchor down and all hands waiting whilst I told you what brought me aboard, and gave you the history of some of the people walking on the poop and explained who I was. No, I've done the right thing, I reckon, in going back and bringing you along with me to the sea (which should be heaving in sight very soon), and in yarning to you as we journey about the causes which drove me on to blue water once more. So now then for an extract or two from my log-book of that date.

The quarrel with old Hawke capsized my spirits badly. It was all very fine for my uncle to pooh-pooh, and say it made no difference. Not to him, I dare say, but to me it was a most distressing circumstance. The old fellow of course had driven away execrating

me. I had defied him, in a manner mocked at him. That was not all. He had found me in mean lodgings, the room full of tobacco smoke, the table ornamented with broken eggshells and such things, and of course the notion of my poverty begotten in him by what he saw, would go further than the worst insults I could heave at his head to force him into extreme measures to end my pursuit of his daughter. I suppose he had obliged Florence to divulge my address, which she had obtained from Sophia. Emily, of course, was at the bottom of it all; and as my uncle had said, my walk with Florence combined with her refusal of Morecombe was more than Alphonso could bear. How did I know that his daughter had not given him reason to believe that she was in love with me? Between ourselves, this was my conviction, and it was like luff-tackles and preventer backstays to me during this rolling and pitching and heaving and wallopping time.

Yet bitterly did I regret that the old fellow had called and found me in. He had manifestly come in hot haste and in a passion; his manner of talking proved that there was no policy, no forethought; he had commanded me to leave Bristol, and threatened me, by heavens! with the police if I had anything more to do with his daughter. Nothing but unreasoning temper could account for such a nonsensical visit as he had paid me; and now he would go home smarting from the shot poured into him by that small-arms man, my uncle, and loathing me for the meanness of my habitation and for my youthful scorn and defiance of him.

Says you, 'And pray what had you to fear from his loathing and all that, seeing that he was bitterly opposed to you before even he had set foot in your lodgings?' Ay, but can't you see, mates, that this quarrel would strengthen his case with his daughter; it would enable him to represent himself to her as an outraged man, to depict me in the basest and most odious colour to her, and to appeal to her feelings as a child? This I say was my fear, and so acute was it that when my uncle went away I determined to write Florence a full account of all that had passed, implore her not to allow her father to prejudice her against me, and then, by hook or by crook, to get the letter put into her hands, though the job should cost me fifty pounds.

The breakfast cloth was upon the table and I rang for Mrs. Chump to remove it. 'Pray, ma'am,' says I, with my temper bubbling like pea-soup in a ship's coppers, 'why did you subject me to the disturbance—which of course you overheard—by refusing to tell the gentleman I was out?'

'Begging your parding, Mr. Seymour, sir, you wasn't out,' she replied, stripping the table in an agitated and distracted manner. 'I couldn't go to tell a lie against my own salvagion to oblige no one.'

'But, don't you know,' cried I, 'that a statement of that kind

is a mere form and *not* a lie, well understood by people and meant to save the rudeness of the truth?'

'My salvagion is first,' answered Mrs. Chump, 'and my consideration is *that*, when I speaks no matter on what.'

'If that's your notion,' said I, 'you'll find it a hard job to be saved, ma'am; for should you live to become an old woman, and I hope you may, I'm sure, you'll go to your grave so loaded with sea-blessings that there is every prospect of your foundering under them; and our hopes are that way,' said I, pointing to the ceiling, 'and not yonder,' pointing to the floor. I then waved her out of the room with a proper sweep of the hand towards the door, and after pacing about for twenty minutes or so, rehearsing what I should say, I sat down to write a letter to Florence Hawke.

I recall picturing her whilst I hung over the note-paper, pen in hand, as being in a most disconsolate state of mind, her eyes red with tears, her looks most forlorn, her father treating her tyrannously, passionately using all sorts of threats, Emily cold and contemptuous and speaking of me only to say something vicious. All this of course was purely imaginary; I mean that I could not know that she was fretting or that her papa was behaving brutally; but every young fellow when he writes to his sweetheart has her before his mind's eye, and addresses her as if she were opposite him; and that was what I did, figuring Florence in the melancholy Mariana, moated-grange-like posture I have described. It was this that inspired my pen and caused me to decant myself. I have no clear recollection of what I wrote, but believe I told her about her father's visit and implored her not to allow any version he should give her of it to prejudice her against me, and asked her never to forget that I loved her to distraction, and would die for her if by cutting my throat or hanging myself I could make her happy. All this I may have written, with a deal of other impassioned stuff, winding up with a hint that if she was miserable she had nothing to do but to hoist a distress signal. It was an impudent stroke. It really meant, 'If your father's treatment makes you wretched here, I am ready to run away with you at a moment's notice.' I wanted her to understand that, to feel that I was a refuge, and so I cocked it in; but I say it was a very audacious, impudent thing for me to imply.

Well, this letter being written, the next job was to get it delivered to her. How was I to do that? I roamed about the little room like a prisoner in his cell, turning over all sorts of notions. The queerest ideas came into my head. What did I think of taking a policeman into my confidence, describing the lady and offering him a sovereign to watch for old Hawke to leave the house, then knock, ask to see Miss Hawke, give her the letter and tell her to say he had called to know if any boys had been getting over Mr. Hawke's walls? What did I think of bribing

www.libtool.com.cn

the family butcher's man to smuggle the letter into Florence's hand under the pretence that it was a list of revised prices for prime joints, and that his master had asked him to see Miss Hawke and nobody else? What did I think of buying a cap or a hat and pinning the letter inside it as if it were the bill, and despatching it in a bag or box to Clifton Lodge? These are samples of the schemes which were hove up out of me by the throes of my imagination. But none of them satisfied me, and I was thrown back upon Sophie. I knew her family would object, that I should be acting dishonestly in asking her to convey the letter, and that she would be acting undutifully in accepting the errand. But you see, lads, it was bound to go somehow or other, and there was no one to manage its transmission with greater skill and secrecy than Sophie. So I went to work and wrote to her, and I better remember this letter than the other. I told her I was rendered desperate by the necessity of communicating with Florence, that I had no friend in the world but dearest Sophie, that I blushed to ask her to do anything in opposition to her parents' wishes, and that I called Heaven to witness if she would oblige me by handing the inclosed letter to Miss Hawke, I would never again ask her to disobey her mamma. This done, I rang the bell and asked Mrs. Chump if there was an intelligent man or boy knocking about anywhere, who for a couple of shillings would immediately deliver the letters (which were under one cover) at my uncle's house. The words which had passed between us made her anxious to oblige; besides, I paid her fifteen shillings a week, and was not to be sneered at. Yes, Mrs. Galloway's boy would be glad to run if he was at home; she'd go and seek him. He was at home, and came back with Mrs. Chump; I gave him the address and he instantly sped away, loudly whistling; and I sat down trembling after my great intellectual exertions.

I passed the rest of the day in a very moping, skulking fashion. I ordered Mrs. Chump to cook me a chop by way of dinner, and found even the lean thing she dished up more than my love-sick appetite could consume. I wandered about the Corporation quays, looked into the shop-windows, and so forth, but was never long away from my lodgings. What tortures of mind I underwent on account of that letter! Would Sophie send it? What would Florence think if she received it? Would she answer it? Would she show it to her papa? Every youth must endure experiences of this kind, I suppose, when he is in love; but I declare that I would rather have half-a-foot of my stature knocked off, or spend ten years of my life in an Atlantic cattle-ship, than go again through the sufferings of that time.

At half-past eight that evening I was in my sitting-room holding a novel in my hand, upside down very likely, when a single knock was struck upon the house door, and Mrs. Chump

looked in and said, 'Mr. Seymour's servant, sir, for you.' I went out and saw Cobb, who flourished his thumb upon his forehead and said, 'Miss Sophie's love, sir, and she sends you this.' It was a letter; I carried it to the candles, and found two inclosures, one from Sophie and the other (sealed in a very little envelope) from Florence. When I saw this latter's handwriting, the bold 'Jack Seymour, Esq.,' with F. H. up in the corner and the familiar goose for a seal, my agitation was so great that the letters quivered in my hand like a flat candlestick in the grasp of a nervous man awakened by unusual sounds in the dead of night. I read it through, and then I read Sophie's, and then I turned to the other, and might have gone on reading them over and over again alternately for an hour or two had I not been interrupted by a modest cough in the passage. I peered and found Cobb erect on the door-mat.

'Why, Cobb,' said I, 'I quite forgot that you were waiting.'

'Is there any answer, sir?' he inquired.

'No,' said I, and I put two half-crowns into his hand. He was humbly thankful, and then went away. Sophie's letter ran thus: 'My dear Jack,—I was actually talking to Florence at our gate when the boy arrived with your note. She had been visiting some poor person and I had been to the library for a novel, and we met opposite our house. I asked the boy what he wanted, and he said he had brought a letter from a gentleman. I looked at it and saw it was addressed to me, which made me rather nervous, for, upon my honour, Jack, I did not know your handwriting. Well, inside I found your letter to Florence, and I said, "Now this is too bad! here is my cousin wanting me to be his postman against mamma's wishes. However, Florence," said I, "as you are *here*, there can be no harm in handing you this," and I gave her the letter. She read hers whilst I read mine. I asked her what you had written. She put the letter in her pocket and answered, "Oh, papa has called upon him, and I am afraid there has been a quarrel. I shall hear all about it when I get home." But there was *more* in your letter than that, I am sure, for there was the prettiest colour in her cheeks, and she could not help smiling—not *disdainfully*—oh, dear no, sir! *quite* the contrary, I assure you. Then she asked me what my letter contained. I told her to read it, as *I* had no secrets; and then I said, "Shall you answer yours?" "I don't know," said she; "he ought not to write to me." "Don't leave the poor fellow in suspense, Florence," said I. "See how he has written to me; he is clearly dying of love. I don't know what he has said to you, and I don't ask; but if it deserves an answer you ought to write, dear." "I couldn't send him a letter by post," said she. "If I write a short note will you forward it to him?" After begging her to write, I felt it would be mean to refuse her; so I said "Yes," intending to

tell mamma when the letter arrived and ask leave to send it you. Well, it came half an hour ago, and mamma said, "You cannot help it, for Florence was with you when Mr. Jack's letter was brought, but it must not happen again." So here you have your sweetheart's letter, and since she appears willing to correspond, the best thing you can do is to get me to ask her how you may write to her in future without trying to make me break the fifth commandment. Yours affectionately, SOPHIE. P.S.—When are you coming to see us and tell me all about your quarrel with Mr. Hawke? What did he say—was he *rude?*'

Florence's letter was shorter and sweeter. 'Dear Mr. Seymour,—Sophie has given me your letter. I am grieved that papa should have called upon you; so many things are done in this world which are quite unnecessary. You need not fear that I shall be prejudiced by anything that can be said. I hope I am able to form my own opinions on people and judge for myself. But I must ask you not to write to me again. I have already incurred my father's serious displeasure, and am anxious to do nothing to offend him. Hardly anything has pained me more in all this trouble than being separated from your cousins, whose society I loved. However, I shall never allow anything to estrange them and me. Whenever I am alone and pass your uncle's house and see Sophie or Amelia I stop and speak, and perhaps on one of these occasions we may chance to meet. Yours truly, FLORENCE HAWKE.'

How this letter may strike you I cannot guess; me it sent slap into heaven. No wonder I gave Cobb two half-crowns; fifty times that money would I have cheerfully paid to the bearer of that ecstatic document. Sly did Sophie call her? Oh, shipmate, is the beautiful plant sly for blossoming? I admit that there was a trifling contradiction between the passage in which she said that she was anxious to do nothing to offend her father and the sentence in which she showed me how I might sometimes meet her. But consider the influences which were acting upon her. If you start the port wheel of a paddle-boat hard ahead and reverse the starboard wheel hard astern, there's no helm that I know which will make the vessel hold a steady course. But, Lord love you! I am not spinning this yarn as an apology for the darling of my heart. Love is a current that has caused many a stronger nature than my lassie's to drag and cut and run. And see here, boys, if a parent don't want his child's anchor to 'come home'—and you know what that means—let him take care to furnish her with good holding-ground in his own character and conduct. And so Amen to that as a piece of briny advice, dedicated to the memory of Alphonso Hawke, and be hanged to him!

• • • • •

And now for a second logging, and much will it surprise you,

I don't doubt. It is something as unexpected in its way as the entry of the Yankee mate, who, being drunk, fell overboard, and when he was fished up and put into dry clothes, staggered to his journal and wrote, 'This day the ship went down, and all hands was drowned but me.'

The entry is this: 'I did not see Florence Hawke again on dry land.'

www.libtool.com.cn

Through no fault of mine, you may heartily believe. Day after day for a fortnight together I would walk to my uncle's house, and when there hang about the front grounds in the hope that Florence would pass. I was honest enough to explain to my uncle why I haunted his premises. 'Come I must,' said I, 'unless you order me out; and, even then, the Queen's highway being as much mine as yours, I shall buy a camp stool and sit at your gate, for I want to see Florence Hawke, and she told me I was likely to see her here, and I don't know what has become of her. She has not written to Sophie; my cousins say they are forbidden to write to her, and amongst you all there is no means of getting any satisfaction.'

'Jack,' replied my uncle, 'you may sit outside or inside my gate and welcome; you may perch yourself on one of the spikes atop of it, if you please; and you are still more welcome to make my house your home and to keep watch for your beauty from your old bedroom window, where, if you'll but say the word, I'll have a telescope mounted for you strong enough to show the dairymaids making green cheese in the moon. But though I don't want to discourage you, as you know, there seems something so fantastic in the game you're playing, that upon my word, if I were you, I'd chuck up the sponge and retire before all this hoping and moping and mooning has made your heart too battered a thing to offer to the next peerless creature ye may happen to light on. What's the good of going on tacking and ratching when wind and tide are against you, and when every board you make finds you further to leeward? Better bring up, man, coil down, and turn in.'

To all which of course I listened with irritable disdain, thanking him for his advice, and assuring him that I would rather miserably perish by the hands of the hangman than abandon the only hopes which now kept me alive.

However, before the fortnight was quite expired Sophie, who was my good angel, managed to get some news for me. She had met a Miss Lloyd, who was a friend of the Hawkes, at the house of a Colonel Coldsteel (the people of Bristol and Clifton will of course understand that all the names in this book are false), and she learnt from this young lady that Florence had been confined to the house by a violent cold that had threatened her with an attack of pleurisy; also that Mr. Morecombe had left Clifton

Lodge, his ankle being sound again; and further, that Miss Damaris Hawke had arrived from Australia on the preceding evening. When Sophie told me this I immediately exclaimed, 'Is it a severe cold, do you think, or is it her papa's cruelty? How are we to know that he is not slowly breaking her heart by his severity?'
www.libtool.com.cn
'Well,' replied Sophie, 'some suspicion of that kind came into my head, and I asked Miss Lloyd several questions. She said that she had not seen Florence for a week, and that when they met she could not help thinking there was something on her mind, for her spirits did not seem good. But there can be no doubt that she is confined to her house by a cold, for Mr. Hawke's doctor attends the Lloyds, and Miss Lloyd heard about Florence from him.'

'But why don't you write; why don't you call; why don't you do something, Sophie?' I cried. 'What is Mr. Hawke to you? Florence is your friend; if you can talk to her out of doors, what should prevent you from sending her a note or a servant to know how she is?'

'I would do so gladly,' she answered, speaking with unaffected concern; 'but bit by bit the story of Mr. Hawke's quarrel with papa in your lodgings has leaked out, and mamma will not hear of our having anything further to say to the Hawkes, unless we meet Florence accidentally, when of course we may speak, she says. I am truly sorry for her sake and for yours, Jack; but we *must* study our dignity.'

I had nothing to say. My aunt's views were quite proper; but it was a bitter hard time for me, mates. I had bargained on meeting Florence again and again, and the disappointment and the not knowing what to do and what was to happen made it, I say, an awful time for me. Would she not think that if I were as devoted as I had sworn I was, that I would move heaven and earth to learn how she was, and to let her know that I was at hand, loving her to distraction, and willing to cut off my head to please her? But there was no mode of communicating with her, no means of learning how she did except from the chance gossip of her friends. Memory, however, is a nourishment on which the little god Cupid will sometimes contrive to keep himself fat, if not comfortable; and, for my part, I had a fair stock of that diet to live on. I almost forget how long I had then been in Bristol, but certainly not very many weeks had passed since I had met Florence for the first time; and during those few weeks there had been enough passages between her and me to enable me to take many a good plunge into memory and emerge always ardent and always resolved from the delightful bath.

I well remember that when I heard that Florence's Aunt Damaris had arrived, and when I had considered a little over that

piece of news, I felt somewhat uneasy, conjecturing, of course, that Hawke's sister would side with him in his wishes about Florence, and that my darling might have to contend with another oppressive influence in this Australian spinster. But on the whole I do not know that thoughts of Aunt Damaris troubled me much. Of Florence's relations I can only recollect thinking of one with constant anxiety, and that was old Hawke. He had not, it is true, the power of preventing his daughter from running away with me if she had a mind to marry me in that fashion; but whilst she remained too loyal to her home to forsake it without her father's consent, she and I were at the old chap's mercy, for he had really nothing to do to effectually separate us but to carry her abroad and go on journeying about with her until he should reckon he had travelled me out of his sphere altogether. I may tell you that the fear that he would act in this way haunted me incessantly, and made me a good deal more cautious than my temper would otherwise have suffered me to behave. I know very well that I would again and again have defiantly rung the bell of Clifton Lodge and asked after Florence; I would have hung about the house; I would have spared no extraordinary pains and expense to communicate by letter with the darling of my heart had I been sufficiently well-to-do to have followed in the wake of old Hawke all over the world—that is, if I ended in driving him out of Clifton. But it was very certain that if Alphonso carried his daughter away from England, I should be 'sewed up,' as Jack says, for want of funds to stick to his skirts. What sort of a pursuit of them through Europe should I have been able to make on something less than five pounds a week? Many a long talk would I have on this subject with Sophie and Amelia, who always tried to persuade me that Mr. Hawke was not a man to leave his home and wander about the Continent with his daughter merely to shake off a young fellow whose attentions were objectionable; but I was not so sure. I would say, 'Yes, but if Mr. Hawke has set his heart on splicing Florence to Morecombe, and if Florence is unmistakably showing by her manner that she has a liking for me, and growing low-spirited and so forth, then in my opinion he is just the sort of man to take strong measures to end (as he might hope) a business that is putting a stop to his queer ambition. Other fathers have done stranger and more troublesome things than taking their daughters away for a year or two in order to warp the girls clear of the men who are not wanted.'

'Ay, but, Jack,' I remember Amelia answering, 'do you think that Mr. Hawke attaches all the significance you think he does to your admiration for Florence?'

'Yes, I do,' said I. 'I told him I wanted to marry his daughter, and I suppose he knows what that means.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'And do you suppose, Amelia,' said Sophie, always at my side fighting for me, 'that Florence has not given her papa to understand that she is fond of Jack? If he thought that Jack's admiration did not signify, why should he have called at his lodgings and requested him to discontinue admiring Florence and leave Bristol?'

www.libtool.com.cn

Amelia had no reply to make to this; but she still declared that in her opinion Mr. Hawke was not so frightened of me as to go abroad with his daughter and leave his home for the length of time that would be needful to make such a measure as that of use.

'I earnestly hope he is not,' said I; 'but we shall see.'

Well, the days rolled on, and never once did I set eyes on Florence nor hear of her. Utterly disheartened, I abandoned the punctual visit I had made to my uncle's house in the hope of finding her talking to my cousins. Nor did I ever encounter her in the streets, though several times I met the Hawkes' carriage, sometimes occupied by Hawke and Emily, sometimes by Emily and a friend, and on the last occasion by an elderly lady with a sharp face and a wide brown hat, whom I privately suspected to be Aunt Damaris, though she was rattled past too quickly to enable me to tell more than her countenance was of a severe and hatchet-like aspect. Over and over again would I ask Sophie or Amelia, and very often my uncle, if there was any news of Florence. They would be one day able to inform me that she was still in Clifton, another day that somebody had said she was better, later on that somebody had said she was quite well, that Miss Jones had met her with her aunt at a circulating library, that Dr. Thompson was at a dinner party at Clifton Lodge and said that Florence was present and looked lovely, and so on; and once my aunt was sure that Florence was with her father in their carriage, but she would not look, as she did not want to catch Mr. Hawke's eye or appear to see him.

Of course whatever there was of mystery in Florence's withdrawal from us was wholly due to my impatience; for I would forget to consider that a week in those days seemed as long as a year, and that for some time she had been indisposed and confined to the house. But I who was half crazy to see her, immoderately jealous to behold her sweet face that I might interpret from it some sign of thought, some hint of expression favourable to my passionate wishes, found a week passed without seeing her as long, as I have said, as a year, and naturally fell into many harassing and distracting conceits respecting her.

'It is all very well,' I said to Sophie, 'for Miss Jones and Mr. Robinson and Dr. Thompson and the rest of them to tell you that she drives and walks and dines and is cured of her cold; but how the deuce is it *I* never see her? How is it *you* don't meet

her? Does she take another road when she calls upon her poor families? Why did she write that she hoped we should meet when she passed your house and caught sight of you, if she meant nothing by it?'

Whereupon Sophie with much good sense explained that in all probability Florence had not felt well enough to call upon her poor families, and consequently had had no occasion to pass along the road in which my uncle's house stood; also that, for anything we could tell, her papa had prohibited her from walking alone, 'in which case, Jack,' said she, 'it would be better *not* to meet; for if she should be with Emily or Mr. Hawke we should have to pass her, which would be very painful and embarrassing to her and us; and if she were with her aunt we might really risk being insulted by stopping to shake hands, for depend upon it Mr. Hawke has poisoned his sister's mind against us all, so that there is no telling how Aunt Damaris might behave were we to meet.'

However, about ten days or a fortnight after the arrival of Aunt Damaris—it is convenient to make the movements of that old lady a scoring-peg in these recollections—I had been dining with my uncle, and was lingering with the others over the dessert, when Cobb, the man-servant, entered with a letter, which he gave to Sophie. She immediately exclaimed: 'It is from Florence!' and read it. You may conceive that I watched her fat face attentively.

'Well,' cried my uncle, 'what does Jack's Delight say? Any loving messages? Does she send me a kiss?'

'Don't be ridiculous, Charles!' exclaimed my aunt.

'She is going to Scotland,' said Sophie.

'What!' I shouted; and I let drop the dessert knife and fork I was plying, and fell back in my chair.

'Don't faint, Jack!' bawled my uncle. 'Amelia, give your cousin a glass of brandy.'

'What is she going to do in Scotland, Sophie?' I asked in a weak voice.

'Read the letter aloud, Sophie,' said my uncle. 'Sing it out, my love. We're all related here, and there are no secrets. Now then.'

Whereupon Sophie read as follows: 'Dearest Sophie,—I am so very sorry to have been able to see nothing of you of late. No doubt you know that I was confined to the house for a week with a violent cold, which at one time the doctor was afraid might lead to an attack of pleurisy, as I suffered a great deal from pain in the side. However, I am now quite well. Aunt Damaris is with us, and she has taken me under her wing. Papa is very glad to have her. Her visit will last about a month or six weeks, and she has made the voyage merely for her health and for the sake of seeing us. I am writing chiefly to let you know that

Aunt Damaris, papa, Emily, and I are going to Scotland to-morrow, though how long we shall be away I do not know, nor can I tell you yet the place we shall stay at, as nothing will be arranged until we have arrived in Edinburgh. At all events, you will know in what part of the world I am. Papa says the excursion is necessary for my health, and it is to be made for me alone. But indeed I am quite well, and do not feel to need any change, and am very sorry to leave Clifton, even for a short time. If I can manage to write to you from Scotland, I will. Meanwhile accept my dear love, and remember me most affectionately to your papa and mamma and Amelia.—Yours sincerely, FLORENCE HAWKE. Do not forget to remember me to your cousin Jack. Is he still at Bristol, and will he remain there *now*, do you suppose?'

'That's all,' said Sophie; and she put the letter into the envelope and passed it to me.

'A woman's meaning is always reserved for her postscripts,' observed my uncle. 'Florence's love to you, Sophie, and her affectionate remembrance to us will not do. Her letter is meant for Jack, and for nobody else.'

'And that is why I have given it to Jack,' says Sophie.

'There can be no doubt,' said my aunt, 'judging from her allusion to Miss Damaris Hawke, that that lady is acting as Florence's duenna.'

'I am sure of it!' exclaimed Amelia. 'My belief is that Mr. Hawke has refused to allow her to walk alone. You will find that her aunt has always accompanied her since she has been well enough to leave the house.'

'How neatly the girl puts it,' said my uncle. '"Aunt Damaris has taken me under her wing." The sentence tells an immense story—long arguments, a few shindies, a mass of abuse of us, scorn and hate of Jack yonder, and, as a result, Aunt Damaris with that boy's sweetheart under her lean arm! But cheer up, Jack—Aunt Damaris' visit is only to last six weeks.'

I had been reading Florence's letter, and now put it in my pocket as my uncle addressed me, and was foolishly depressed, and felt myself haggard and long-faced. 'I told you, Sophie,' said I, 'that Mr. Hawke would carry Florence away. This is but the first step.'

'The first step to what?' my uncle asked.

'Why, to a long tour abroad in the hope of curing Florence of her liking for me.'

'I quite agree with you,' said my aunt; 'and if Mr. Hawke decides upon leaving England, I should never be surprised to hear that young Mr. Morecombe has accompanied him and his daughter.'

'Well, if he goes he can't take his house with him,' said my uncle; 'he is bound to come back sooner or later; so that all

you have to do, Jack, is to lay in a good stock of tobacco and wait here for your friends to heave in sight.'

'Fancy Jack being the first to meet them at the railway station on their return after an absence of three or four years,' said Amelia, laughing. 'How pleased Mr. Hawke would be to see him!'

www.libtool.com.cn

'There's nothing funny that I can see,' exclaimed Sophie, looking at me sympathetically. 'The meaning of it to you, Jack, is that Florence is in love with you, and that her papa thinks he can change her mind by changing the scene. He is very much mistaken; and so long as you can feel that she is faithful it ought to be all the same whether she is in Clifton or Scotland.'

'Sophie, it is really no business of ours, my love,' said her mother mildly but significantly. 'We all wish Mr. Jack every success in his difficult courtship; but under the circumstances there must be some little impropriety in your identifying yourself with it too zealously.'

'I love Florence and I love my cousin, mamma,' said Sophie, 'and I do not like to see them unhappy.'

I jumped from my chair, ran round the table, and kissed her. It was the first kiss I had ever given the dear girl, and a heartier smack of the lips was never administered. 'It is the only way in which I can thank you for your speech, my darling,' said I; and I returned to my chair, leaving Sophie blushing, Amelia rather pale, my aunt alarmed, and my uncle grinning from ear to ear.

CHAPTER XIV.

I RETURN TO LONDON.

Well, sure enough, Florence was carried off to Scotland next day by her papa and Aunt Damaris; with them went Emily, and Clifton Lodge was left in charge of the butler and the housekeeper. Never did I pass such a night as that which preceded my darling's departure. Sleep! Bless your heart alive, mates, never in an all-night job at sea, bending brand-new canvas, amid a whirling darkness of spume and vapour, in the room of the shreds which streamed from hanks and jackstays and boltropes, reducing sail bit by bit, heaving to, standing by for those quarter-deck yells which were never long in coming, was I wider awake. Over and over again I made up my mind to follow her next day —to hang about the station until she and the others arrived, and then jump into the train with them; and I only succeeded in dissuading myself from that suicidal project by vowing that I

would be up and away for the North the instant Sophie was able to tell me in what part of Scotland old Hawke had come to a stand. I must have lighted and extinguished my candle a dozen times that night, for I would bundle out of the sheets and walk about the bedroom, reading Florence's letter to Sophie and looking at her likeness, and then roll into bed again and put out the light in the hope of falling asleep, and afterwards turn to and have another scratch at the lucifer box to satisfy some doubt by taking a fresh squint at the letter, and so on and so on until the sun arose and the blessed dickybirds chirped.

www.libtool.com.cn

The only crumb of comfort I could find lay in what my uncle had suggested—that the letter to Sophie was really meant for me. I was in her thoughts when she wrote, as the postscript proved. Me it was for whom the news of her going to Scotland was intended. That reference to her being under Aunt Damaris' wing was to let me know why she had given me no chance of seeing her. And what was the postscript but like asking me if I meant to forget her because her papa was taking her away? Forget her! as often as I read that sweet P.S. so often would I kiss her likeness; and I desire here to make my compliments to the French gentleman who photographed her on the indelibility of his printing, for had the portrait been an effaceable thing I was bound to have kissed away every trace of my pet's face and figure, ay, as completely as a shower of rain takes the curl out of a feather.

But, oh! in spite of her letter, in spite of the encouragement I found in it, the prospect of her absence, the cooling effect that might be produced in her by my being out of sight, the possibility of young Morecombe forming one of the party, the result of the formidable influence which would now be exerted by the combined powers of Alphonso and Damaris Hawke, rendered contemplation absolutely hideous. I was harassed by a misgiving as heavy as a presentiment that this was but the first of old Hawke's steps, and that the next would carry him and Florence out of the United Kingdom, leagues beyond the reach of my slender purse. No doubt in time the old fellow would return and bring his daughter with him; but suppose Morecombe accompanied them, and Florence, sick of travelling and worried by her aunt and papa, consented to marry him; or suppose in their journeys they met some agreeable young man who'd shove me overboard *out of* Florence's heart; or suppose that travel enlarged her mind to such an extent as to make her admit to her father that though she declined to marry Morecombe she now saw that he was right in his notion that a young seafaring chap on a small income, without prospects or occupation, was not after all quite up to the mark as a match for a young lady who was a beauty and would have a fortune?

But it is a mistake to suppose. Half the misery of life lies in it. They have a good saying at sea: 'Suppose your aunt had whiskers, what a very rum uncle she would make!'

Well, my lads, the Hawke family went away to Scotland that day. I knew they were gone by taking a walk in the afternoon past Clifton Lodge, and observing that the blinds were down as though somebody lay dead in the house.

www.libtool.com.cn

However, before a week had gone by I discovered, now that Florence was three or four hundred miles distant, that my Bristol lodgings were altogether too small and dull to be tolerable. Mrs. Chump became an eyesore; the prospect over the way a mortification every time I looked out of window. I was tired of Bristol city, and though I could have spent another month or two very happily at my uncle's house, where the evenings were always cheerful and the days full of the business of driving and riding and dining, and so forth, yet as I did not choose to return, heartily welcome as I knew I should be, I made up my mind to go to London and await news of Florence from Sophie; for in London I could make time fly faster than ever I could drive it in the country, and all that I desired now was to get rid of the weeks during which Florence was to be absent from Clifton. I announced my intention to my relatives on an occasion when we were all together. They tried hard to persuade me to return to them, but I was firm, I was conscientious, I was highly moral. No! it was a question of delicacy: I desired that Mr. Hawke might fully understand that my aunt and family had no share in the courtship I had undertaken: and with many thanks therefore I declined to be their guest.

'I won't call you a swab again, Jack, because you didn't like it before,' said my uncle, 'but if I knew of another word to express the same thing, dash my wig if I wouldn't bestow it upon you.'

My aunt and Sophie, however, came to my rescue, particularly my aunt, who said that though she was very sorry I refused to stay with them, yet she thoroughly respected the feelings which made me decline.

'And how long d'ye mean to stop in London?' said my uncle.

I looked at Sophie and answered, 'It will depend.'

'What will Florence say when she returns and finds that her faithful shepherd has given up watching the landscape which has been sanctified by the feet of his lovely Chloe?' asked Amelia.

I gave her a nod and a smile, as much as to say, 'Don't trouble yourself: I'll arrange for all that.'

'Jack knows his own business,' said my uncle; 'we have no right to interrogate him, more especially since we have all been prohibited from having a finger in his pie,' looking at his wife.

And so the matter ended, so far as this particular passage was

concerned: though that same evening, being alone with Sophie, I had a long talk with her, in which I gave her all my reasons for not stopping at her house, and then went on to explain that my wits were growing rusty in the Bristol lodgings, which were horribly dull, and that a return to London would freshen me up and enable me to apply myself with livelier spirits, if not with a sturdier resolution, to the job of winning Florence Hawke.

'My programme then is this, Jack, is it?' said she; 'if Florence writes to me from Scotland I am to answer her letter, and to speak of you in it.'

'Yes.'

'What shall I say about you?'

'All that you like—all that I feel, Sophie. Tell her that I grew dull in lodgings, that I have returned to London to recruit my spirits, and to kill the horribly tedious time which her absence makes life to be, but that I shall come back to Bristol by the first train that follows your letter in which you inform me she has arrived.'

'Very well,' said Sophie; 'mamma can't object, for it is really only *news*, and one must say something when one writes a letter. But suppose my epistle should fall into Mr. Hawke's hands?'

'There's a risk in everything,' I replied; 'we must take our chance. If Florence wishes to hear from you—in the hope of hearing about me—I dare say she will manage to receive the letter and keep it to herself.'

'Well, we'll see first whether she writes, and I can then decide how to act by what she says,' exclaimed Sophie. 'And what else must I do?'

'Keep a look-out for my darling—get any news that you can lay hold of, and forward it to me slap!'

'On which you will come to Bristol?'

'Yes.'

'To your present lodgings?'

'Well, I don't know: I'll see about that,' said I.

'And what is your policy afterwards?' said Sophie.

'Why,' cried I, 'to meet her as often as I can, to get her to own that she loves me, to hang on to her with my very eyelashes sooner than let go, and—and—yes, Sophie,' said I, grasping her arm, 'if her father refuses his sanction, if she will consent, to—to——'

'What!' whispered Sophie, looking thrilled: 'not an elopement?'

'A secret marriage,' I exclaimed. 'Why not; would it be the first that had ever taken place? If it is to be pull devil pull baker between Hawke and me, the weakest must be dragged. *I* don't want anything clandestine. Much as I hate marriage ceremonies, with their favours, speeches, dresses, and blubberings, I'd

rather go through fifty weddings with my sweetheart than bolt with her. But if Florence loves me and I love her, and we're resolved to have each other and Hawke won't hear of it, what's the right step? Yield to the old man? Never!' cried I, brandishing my fist.

www.libtool.com.cn

Sophie's fat face was full of emotion. 'Upon my word, Jack,' she exclaimed, 'I believe you'll end in making a real romance of your love. What desperate ideas you have! I'm sure Florence ought to feel very much flattered.'

But let me coil these lengths of plans down, and hang them over the pin they belong to out of the road, for when I come to think how they, like a good many other schemes I have formed in my life, warped me not an inch forward, though all the beef that was in me I applied to the capstan bar as I shouted, I feel ashamed to write them. I want to put nothing but the truth into these loggings, and arrangements that never came to anything somehow don't strike me as facts. You might as well describe dreams or reveries as plans from which as little emerged as would come from an empty eggshell under a sitting fowl. And these, my hearties, are the unpleasantest parts a man can light upon whilst spinning the yarn of his own doings: for nothing proves to him more shrewdly how big a fool he has been in his day, than his having to confess to a foresight which was about as perceptive as if he had tied his head up in a bag. How bigwigs like chancellors and statesmen who want posterity to respect them for their wisdom can have the courage to sit down and write about their lives, hang me if I can imagine; unless, indeed, they make a lie of their yarns by omitting whatever would show that at bottom they were not very much wiser than you or me. But avast now! we've had enough of philospherising, as an old shipmate of mine called all ideas which oblige a man to scratch the back of his head and heave-to for words.

It was about a week after Florence had gone to Scotland that I went away to London. Mrs. Chump was sorry to lose me. I dare say she would have risked her salvation to the extent of saying I was out when I was in had I agreed to stop on those terms. But her lodgings were too small; there was no kind of figure to be cut in them; they were as dull as a forepeak; and so I gave them up for good, having resolved to seek bigger and better-looking rooms when I returned. I pass over the leave-taking from my relations. I wanted to hand over the balance of the fifty pounds my uncle had given me, but the moment I opened my mouth on that subject he fell into a passion, asked me what I took him to be, eyed me from head to foot, and inquired in a cold voice whether I was imposing upon him when I said I had been to sea, since no sailor man would treat a relation so ill as to offer to return a gift. 'That sort of thing,' said he, 'only happens

between sweethearts. When Florence has become thick enough with you to receive your gewgaws, then when you and she quarrel and she sends your Brummagem stuff back, you may pocket it—there's no insult. But to offer to return a gift—not a loan—but a *gift* to a gentleman you're on good terms with—roast me, if you don't deserve to be rope's-ended.'

So I kept the money, nor can I conscientiously say that it went against my grain to do so; for after all, why shouldn't a well-to-do uncle tip his nephew? and what's fifty pounds? Why, I could spend twice that money in a week; and then, faith, have little enough to keep by me in memory of it.

I was pleased to observe that my aunt did not much like saying good-bye to me. I dare say she thought that, on the whole, she had not acted very maternally towards the motherless shellback who had given his heart to a beauty and had no friend, if he had not his relations, to say a word for him or give him a hand. She held on to me when we bade each other farewell, said a hundred kind things, and almost gave me to understand that if I went away counting upon Sophie she was not disposed to baulk my hopes. My cousins accompanied me to the station, and I had a confidential chat with Sophie on the platform, whilst Amelia stood a little apart in respectful recognition of the mission her kind, affectionate, loyal sister had made her own.

'You shall hear without fail,' said she, 'the moment I get the news of Florence's return.'

'And you will write her a letter all about me when you hear from her, and you'll send me her letter, Sophie? And I wish that you would look about at your leisure for some comfortable rooms, nearer to Clifton Lodge than my lodgings were . . .' And I was mumbling on when the guard interrupted me by a loud 'Jump in, please, sir, if you're going.' 'God bless you, Sophie; I shall never forget what you have done and are doing. We shall meet again soon. Good-bye, Amelia;' and in a few minutes Bristol city was astern of me.

CHAPTER XV.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

As well as I can remember, I had been about two months absent from London when I returned to it; though when I entered my rooms and looked about me and thought of the day when my uncle drove up and introduced himself and gave me that invitation to Clifton which had ruined my peace of mind, ay, as completely as if I had committed a forgery or set fire to a church, it seemed that a year, and a very long one too, had

elapsed since then. But I had not been in town a couple of days before I discovered that I should have enjoyed an easier mind had I stopped in Bristol. I had hoped to find the time bowl along; I reckoned upon getting some amusement out of my old town habits, and returning to my courtship the fresher for the change. But I mistook. London I found so insipid that a positive loathing for it came over me. My club was a bore, and the gossip of the men there, their cheap talk about the new actress, Jenkins' last novel, the quarrel between the two Q.C.'s, and the like impertinence, flat, flatulent, and rank. The tragedian I had formerly considered a great artist I found now to be a poor mouthing impostor, a sham made up of hair and gasps, and I remember wishing I had him at sea when his yawling drove me away before the end of the first act.

www.libtool.com.cn

The truth is, I ought to have stopped at Bristol. In London I was peevish, irritable, moody; nothing was congenial; there was no one whose arm I could take and pour out my heart to; I felt the solitude described by Byron when he speaks of a man being alone in crowds, and again and again called myself an ass for not sticking to the country where I could have gone on musing over fell and flood. At Bristol I had Sophie; there was Clifton Lodge to look at; there were spots full of lovely memories. But London! it was all shoving and elbowing in the streets, not even a shop window that I could fix upon as having been consecrated by Florence's gaze, and I had nothing but her adorable likeness to console me. However, since I had come to London I made up my mind to stop until I should hear of my darling's arrival at Bristol, and I did not want my relations to think me capricious and unstable by returning and so making myself out as not knowing what to be at. Meanwhile I wrote to Sophie pretty nearly every other day, venting myself in such a style that I have no doubt, were I now to see my letters to her, I should feel very heartily ashamed of myself. She always answered me punctually, and somehow always managed to make out a long letter, though the dear girl had very little news to give me; but her sympathy was delightful, and she contrived to apologise for Florence not writing to her from Scotland so artfully—she invented so many able excuses for my sweetheart's silence—that for a pretty good spell of time I do not recollect very keenly feeling the disappointment of opening her letters and finding no second inclosure. She might be ill, Sophie would suggest; or perhaps she had made up her mind not to write until she could see her way to receive a reply unknown to her papa, who, of course, was not likely to sanction any correspondence between her and the Miss Seymours; or she might be under a kind of restraint through Aunt Damaris' vigilance.

Well, Sophie's excuses for Florence satisfied me, as I have

said, for a time; but when letter after letter arrived from my cousin without a word from my darling, my soul grew very grievously worried. Her waiting 'in order to see her way to receive a reply unknown to her papa' would not do; it did not satisfy me. She might write, anyway; and if she could not get Sophie's answer without the risk of her father plumping upon it, then let her request my cousin not to address a letter to her. Was Aunt Damaris prevailing? Was young Morecombe with her, and gathering headway? Was absence, instead of making the heart grow fonder, doing the other thing? I arrived at such a pass that I would sometimes say to myself, 'Jack, you fool, it is all up. Your dream is over, my lad. This is your first love affair—you see what it has come to. The girl was never in earnest. She enjoyed your being so and helped you to sink, because all women like admiration, and there's no flattery like a man's love. *That's* real; words may mean anything, but love's a fact, something to lean against, something to catch hold of. What will you do now?' I write light-heartedly of that time; but as a bit of living experience it did this for me: it filled me for the rest of my life with compassion for man or woman who loves honestly and is deceived. There are many human troubles over which the world makes merry, and disappointed love is among them; for that, perhaps, we have to thank the old comedy writers and our latter-day cynics, who are somewhat sensitive in their way, too, though very bitter; but depend upon it, mates, a young, generous, affectionate heart deceived in its first love so suffers as to be a mournful sight. Other loves may follow, the first wound may be healed, the scar effaced, but whilst that wound is fresh the torment is sharp enough to make even a monkey who shall witness it pensive; and I would as soon now think of jeering at the nipping and blasting of the first pure bud put forth by human affection—and God pity the man or woman whose first is not pure—as of ridiculing a person praying, or laughing at a mother weeping over her dead first-born.

However, I had not to wait over long before coming to an answer to my question, What will you do now? for one morning—and this made the time very nearly a month since Florence Hawke had gone to Scotland—there came a letter from Sophie, the bulkiest I had ever had from her, and when I opened it I found four pages of crossed handwriting from Florence, with half a dozen of lines from my cousin, who struck so dismal a note in the very little she said that I am able to recall every syllable of it from the memory of the consternation it raised in me. 'My poor dear Jack,' she began—think of that: *poor* dear Jack!—'it is with deep sorrow I send you Florence's letter. I fear it will greatly affect you, because nobody knows so well as I how fond you are of her. Yet you would not forgive me if I did not keep

my promise to forward any letter she should write. You must cheer up and try to look this thing bravely in the face, and if Florence and you are fated *not* to come together, why, then, what can you do but console yourself by remembering that there are as good fish left in the sea as ever came out of it? Yours affectionately, SOPHIE SEYMOUR.'
www.libtool.com.cn

Lads, I'll not attempt to describe my feeling when I read this. I was all of a tremble, as old chimney hags say. I rushed to the conclusion that my darling had been urged to accept Mr. Morecombe, and was going to be married to him in due course; and the groan that echoed through Sophie's letter resounded down to the very bottom of my soul. I took up Florence's closely written sheet and fell to spelling it over with ashen lips. But as I made my way into the network of words—why will girls cross their letters; is not paper cheap enough?—a sensation very different from the one first excited was produced in me. It was a kind of despair, too, but of the nature of a pure balsam to my heart after the desperate throb that had first wrenched it. The letter was addressed to Sophie and dated at Dunkeld, and my darling began by explaining that she had deferred writing to Sophie until she was able to communicate something positive. 'We have been here a fortnight,' wrote she, 'and in that time I have watched matters gradually shaping themselves to the point we have arrived at, and about which I am at last able to write definitely.' I gathered that there had been a good many 'scenes.' Aunt Damaris had taken her in hand and remonstrated with her for rejecting Mr. Morecombe. The young fellow called upon them in London, but did not accompany them to the North. What Aunt Damaris saw of him delighted her. She was lost in amazement that Florence could refuse so handsome, so well-bred, so aristocratic a youth. 'I will not repeat,' my adorable girl wrote, 'the arguments she and papa have used to try and make me accept a person I *never could* like. Between them they have made me truly unhappy. Indeed, papa seems quite to have lost control over his temper, and never neglects a chance to speak insultingly of your cousin, though I have solemnly declared to him that Mr. Jack Seymour has had no more to do with my refusing Mr. Morecombe than he had with the eclipse of the moon that took place last month. The truth is, dear Sophie, having made me low-spirited and unhappy by incessantly worrying me about Mr. Morecombe, papa and Aunt Damaris have at last persuaded themselves that I am pining with secret love, and what do you suppose they have decided on? I am to accompany Aunt Damaris to Sydney next month! She sails on the 28th in the *Strathmore*, the ship she came in, so that I have three weeks before me in which to return to Clifton Lodge, make arrangements for the voyage, and bid you all good-bye. What will you say to this? and do you ask what *I*

think? Well, dear, I cannot pretend that I am sorry. I am not very happy just now at home. Papa does not, I am sure, mean all he says, but he is crazy about Mr. Morecombe, and I may tell you in *strict* confidence he is afraid of your cousin—how *stupid* men are!—and I have to thank Aunt Damaris for proposing this voyage, which is of course planned with the idea of *clearing my mind* and making it fit to receive the lovely image of Mr. Morecombe. I shall regret to leave Clifton and my friends, but I do not dislike the idea of the voyage. It will be a treat to me to see dear old Sydney again, and I am never happier than when on the broad ocean. How long I shall be away it is quite impossible to guess; eighteen months or two years, I dare say.' There was a deal more in her letter than this, but all that concerns this yarn I have given.

www.libtool.com.cn

Well, as I have said, the truth came as a kind of relief to me after the fears which Sophie's note had excited. I had made up my mind to hear that she was going to be married to Mr. Morecombe; and so passionately did I love her that had that been the news I do believe it would have affected me as much as if I had heard that she was dying. But though the first movement of my mind was comparatively one of pleasure, when I read the letter and found that let her relatives worry and bully her as much as they pleased they could not persuade her to take Mr. Morecombe, yet when my mind received the full meaning of her father's intention to send her to the other end of the world, I felt positively crushed, and sat like a fool staring at the letter in my hand, unable to form any ideas and incapable of understanding more than that some thousands of miles of ocean were to be put between my darling and me, and that many a long month must pass before we should see each other, if indeed we ever again met. As you know, I had for some time feared that a great deal of what would prove bad to me was to happen. I had calculated upon her father carrying her out of England and roaming with her about Europe until, as I have before said, he might flatter himself he had travelled me clean out of her sphere and educated her into a proper conception of the merits of the youth he wanted her to marry; but never had I reckoned upon his sending her to Australia—that is to say the other side of the globe—right away past the Cape of Good Hope and across the Southern Ocean! And yet now that this thing was settled upon, I saw that it was more likely he would send his daughter to her native land along with her aunt, than turn to and make a martyr of himself by hauling her about Spain and France and such countries. Australia sounds a long way off, but even as a sailing voyage it is no serious business, and if Hawke supposed that I was at the bottom of his daughter's refusal of Mr. Morecombe, if he considered that I had made her fond of me, and that the only chance he had to

bring her into his way of thinking was to put the horizon between her and me, then you can't say he was ill-advised in seizing the opportunity of his sister's return to Sydney to despatch his daughter with her to that place.

But as for *me*—what was now to do, mates? For a whole hour, maybe, I sat glaring at Florence's letter; and then something resembling my senses coming to me, I wrote four or five pages to Sophie in which I declared that my heart was broken, that I had a dreadful presentiment upon me that Florence and I were never to meet again, that as to her one day returning, why, if I found three or four weeks insupportable without the prospect of meeting her, how was I to endure her absence for two years with the certainty of being hopelessly forgotten by her long before she returned? In short my letter came very near to being a piece of delirium; nevertheless it did me good to write it, and I took care before sealing the envelope to tell Sophie to endeavour to communicate what I had said to Florence, that she might know what a miserable bruised worm she would leave wriggling on Britannia's soil behind her when she sailed.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER XVI.

A GRAND IDEA.

I DO not know at what hour of that blessed day the glimmer of the notion that came to grow into a determined scheme might have been visible upon my mind; I reckon it would be in the evening. But be this as it may, I was sitting in my lodging with Florence's letter in my hand, when on a sudden I found myself thinking, '*Strathmore*—*Strathmore*—why, that's the name of one of the ships belonging to the employ I was in. She will be an Australian liner too;' and I took up a daily newspaper and ran down the shipping advertisements, and after a little lighted upon this:

'For Sydney direct, taking passengers at through rates to other ports in Australia and New Zealand, for which a separate arrangement must be made, the magnificent composite clipper ship *Strathmore*, 100 A 1, 1,381 tons register, Daniel Thompson, Commander; lying for inspection in the East India Docks. This favourite regular trading vessel is one of the fastest ships in the Australian trade. Her cabins are elegantly fitted and supplied with every convenience, including beds and bedding. She will carry a surgeon. For further particulars apply to Duncan, Golightly, & Co., Fenchurch Street, London.'

This then was the *Strathmore*, sister ship to the *Portia*, my

last vessel, owned by my late employers; and unless there was more than one man of the same name in that service she was commanded by an old shipmate of mine, Daniel Thompson, who had been second mate of the *Montrose* when I was in her as third. Now ever since I had given up the sea as a profession my thoughts and tastes had held so steadily landwards that I don't remember I had once gone so far as even to glance at the shipping advertisements in search of a familiar name, whilst during the three years I had been ashore I was never nearer to the region where the docks of the port of London lie than Leadenhall Street. Nor (perhaps because I stuck tenaciously to the west end of the town) had I in all that time crossed the path of a former shipmate. Stay! three months after I had been ashore I met a third mate I knew, slightly disguised in liquor, in Waterloo Place. He would have lovingly embraced me, but I dodged his arms and sent him off happy with the loan of half a sovereign, which he said would be all the money he had in the world; but he was the only sailor-man of my acquaintance I had encountered since I left the sea.

This long severance from my old life made it seem a great way off, and when I read the name of *Strathmore* and Daniel Thompson, memories which appeared to belong to another world rose up, and I fell a-musing whilst, without the least presentiment of what was to come from this new train of thought, I raked about in the dust of my mind for recollections and constructed a picture with them of my seafaring days. There are a great many miracles in this world, from the animalcule you can't see down to the man so constituted by nature as to be able to raise his foot to a woman; but there is nothing in that line to beat the mechanism of thinking; the way in which the imagination catches hold of the crank of the mind and turns it, bringing up idea after idea, all in a beautiful and logical procession, just as you may see a steam-winch rattling up 'notions' from the hold of a ship at a discharging berth. The sight of that advertisement about the *Strathmore*, and my old shipmate Dan Thompson, sent me to sea again right out of hand, and though I was within a pistol-shot of Regent Street, with the roar of rolling omnibuses and cabs in the air, and the smell of London strong in my nostrils, I was as much upon the ocean as I sat in my arm-chair with the newspaper on my knee and my eyes fixed on the wall, as though the Pacific Ocean was around me and the ship eighty days out. I had boarded the *Strathmore* in Sydney Bay, and as she was built by the firm who had turned out the *Portia* and was constructed on the same lines, was of the same measurement as that vessel and fitted exactly like her, why, you may suppose when I put myself upon her poop in fancy, I saw her as clear as a man might figure the wife of his bosom by recalling her appearance. One thought

www.libtool.com.cn

led to another. I pictured Florence aboard, Captain Thompson mightily taken by her beauty, and giving her his arm for a walk to windward whenever there was seaway enough to make such gallanting reasonable; then the bright picture of the cuddy as I would remember it on fine days came up, with its table agleam with damask and glass, stewards wandering around it, a pleasant company of ladies and gentlemen eating and drinking, and I figured Florence among them, and anon rose the fancy of the breathless tropical evening, the moon in the south, the dew like diamond dust upon the rails and skylights, and Florence standing alone, looking away into the infinite leagues of gloom.

Now it was at this, or at some point of my reflections very near to it, when the sense of her going away and the conception of the unmeasurable miles which would separate her from me when she had sailed, had cut into my heart like a knife, bringing down a whole flood of those internal tears which men who have never wept since they were in petticoats have shed again and again at times of misery in their lives—at this point of my reverie, I say, an idea flashed upon me that caught my breath like a blow in the side; an extraordinary exultation seemed to swell my head to four times its proper dimensions. Do you smile at that, mates? Well, next time you are rendered hysterically joyful, note the sensation in your head and hair. And in a trice I had sprung out of my chair and was walking about the room as hard as my legs would carry me, my cheeks burning with the sudden excitement.

And what do you suppose it was that had put these heels to my spirits and was working in me like a pint of proof rum? Nothing more than the simple question asked by some faculty inside me I'm willing to call divine: *Why don't you go to sea with Florence?* It was a revelation, a grand possibility, and as easy to do as calling a cab and driving to a railway station. How was it that the idea did not instantly occur to me when I read Florence's letter? I'm sure I cannot tell you. I was rendered maudlin and muddy by the news, I suppose, and could only see out of one eye. But now that the notion had come to me it was as simple to understand as boxing the compass, and when I had worked off my delirium by bowling about the room, I lighted a pipe and sat down to trim the noble scheme, and to set the whole matter square and shipshape in my brains.

It was one of those adventures indeed which no man could be better qualified to undertake than a sailor, and in a score of respects might I reckon myself privileged. First of all I had no calling to detain me at home; I was an independent man, and it was all the same to me whether I lived in London or Bristol, or voyaged to Australia. Next I had the means to pay for my passage, which would not impoverish me either, for whether I

stayed at home or went to sea as a passenger I should have to live, and it would not cost me more to live at sea than if I stayed at home. Third, if the Captain Daniel Thompson whose name was advertised as the *Strathmore's* commander was the same person who had been second mate of the *Montrose* when I was in that vessel, then I should be associated with an old friend to whom I could explain the object of my voyage, and whose help I could count upon. I name but a few of the advantages under which I should embark on this adventure. As to what good might come of the voyage, I did not allow that consideration to trouble me. Was it not enough that my scheme promised me several months of constant intercourse with my darling? Conceive my feelings when I reflected upon being locked up in a ship with Florence. Why, down at Bristol, as you know, I was lurking about and could not get even to *see* her; only just now I had sent a long-winded letter to Sophie telling her that I was sure I should never meet my heart's delight again; and here, in a jiffy, comes a scheme which would enable me to be by her side or within sight and sound of her hour after hour, no Alphonso Hawke to loom close at hand and scowl me away, no one to interfere but an aunt who had never set eyes on me, and who should never know, if I could help it, who I was.

The prospect took such complete possession of me that I remained indoors the whole evening, and sat thinking over it far into the night. When at last I went to bed I lay there very restless, picturing the voyage, thinking of my darling and myself at sea, plotting all sorts of courtesies and attentions to Miss Damaris Hawke so as to win her regard, and then fell asleep to dream that I was on a raft alone with Florence in the middle of the ocean, and that we were rescued by a steamboat commanded by Mr. Morecombe, who flourished a telescope upon the paddle-box, and shouted 'Ease her!' and 'Back her!' like any Thames penny skipper.

Next morning I received a letter from my uncle, four lines only, saying that he would be in London on that day, and asking me to lunch with him at the Great Western Hotel. I was very willing to lunch with him, but ought I to open my mind—I mean could I trust him with the secret of my project? Suppose my aunt, influenced by neighbourly feelings, should deem it her duty to apprise Mr. Hawke of my intention to accompany his daughter to Australia. Was that likely? I could not be sure: and not being sure, ought I to jeopardise my noble scheme in the least degree by speaking about it to those who were pretty certain to repeat what I said? These considerations worried me until it was time to start for Paddington, and then I finally decided to sound my uncle first, to talk with a great deal of caution, and to trim as I might find the wind blowing.

www.libtool.com.cn

I found him waiting for me in a private room in the hotel, and when I was ushered in he ordered lunch to be served, saying he was half dead with famine. He asked me how I was, and I inquired after my aunt and cousins; and these civilities being over, he exclaimed, 'I am glad to see you with some colour in your cheek, Jack. I expected to behold a scarecrow—a skeleton with its clothes hanging loose upon it.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Why?' said I. 'Do you think I've been ill?'

'No, no! I judge from what Sophie told me. She had a letter from you this morning—a regular twister. She wouldn't show it me, nor would I have had time to read it, for I barely saved the express by one minute. But she said you were very unhappy, and roast me if you could have made her grieve more had you asked her to your funeral and then hanged yourself.'

'It is true,' said I, 'when I wrote, that I was miserable enough. You know of course that Florence is to be packed off to Australia?'

'When you wrote you were miserable enough? Aren't you so now?' he inquired.

'Yes,' said I, 'very.'

'How's your appetite, Jack?'

'I'm quite ready for lunch,' I answered.

He burst into a laugh and was about to speak, but smothered up his words in a cough as the waiter entered. We took our seats at the table, and whilst we lunched my uncle went away from all reference to Florence and Australia and my misery by telling me the object of his visit to town: which was, I think, for I cannot clearly remember, to buy some building land at Clifton, and he was somewhat lively in his abuse of a solicitor who had left him about ten minutes before my arrival. And yet I could not help taking notice that all the while he was chattering he looked at me as if there was something in his thoughts behind what he was saying. At last, when the waiter had cleared out and left us alone, he fell into a short silence, inspecting me contemplatively, and then says he, 'So, Jack, you are to lose Florence?'

'I hope not,' I replied.

'But you know she's going to Australia?'

'Yes.'

'That's about 12,000 miles off, isn't it?' said he.

'Call it 12,000,' I replied.

'A deuce of a separation is 12,000 miles,' he exclaimed; 'and all water, mind. No railways from here to Australia, my lad: and there's a mighty pause between the posting of a letter and the getting a reply to it.'

'Don't make me utterly miserable, uncle,' said I.

He eyed me with a look made up of amusement and inquisitiveness. 'Do you know,' cried he, 'you don't appear half miser-

able enough. You're like Steele's mute; the more you get the jollier you look. What will Sophie think when I tell her of your appetite, and that instead of being a shadow you seem to be fatter than when I last saw you?'

'She'll think that I'm too much occupied in groping about after daylight to be broken down,' I replied, feeling my way with him, as I imagined.

www.libtool.com.cn

He took another long stare at me, and then cocking his eye in a manner peculiar to himself, he said, 'I wonder what's in your mind? I wonder if what's there resembles what's here?' tapping his forehead. 'I don't believe there's an atom of blarney about your feeling for Florence, and consequently you're a deal too comfortable and pleasant in your behaviour, there's too much satisfaction mixed up in your face not to give one a notion that if you felt yourself up a tree yesterday when you wrote your Paradise Lost of a letter to Sophie—in her hand, man, it looked as long as Mahomet's al Koran—you've managed somehow to slide down out of it since. Am I right?'

I smiled, but made no answer.

'Jack,' said he, laughing, 'we have both of us been sailors, and I'll lay you fifty dollars that we've plumped upon the same notion.'

'What is yours?' said I.

'Why,' cried he, raising his hand and bringing it down upon his knee, 'what could it be, man—if you're in earnest, as I am sure you are—but that you should accompany her to Australia?'

In the face of this I instantly chucked all the considerations which had bothered me clean overboard.

'You have hit it,' I exclaimed. 'That's my intention. If Florence sails for Australia I shall go with her.'

'Bravo!' he shouted, rolling about in his chair in a kind of ecstasy. 'I knew you'd do it—it's the Seymour spirit—a fair grip, and old Nick may shriek for mercy. But think of the same notion occurring to us both! It came slap into me the moment I heard old Hawke meant to ship his daughter off. Oh, I'm wicked to enjoy it—I'm wicked to enjoy it! But, man alive! think of Alphonso's feelings when some little bird whispers to him that Jack Seymour has sailed in the ship that was to have carried Florence away from the rogue's pursuit! He called me no gentleman, d'ye remember.' And he rolled about in his chair until I was afraid that he would capsize head over heels.

I waited until he recovered himself, and then looked at him with a grave face whilst I addressed him in my soberest tone, for the project was a very serious business to me, and I desired that he should take the same view of it, that I might have the benefit of his advice.

'Uncle,' said I, 'I think it will be best to conceal my intentions from my aunt and cousins.'

'Certainly,' he answered; 'I would not have them know it on any consideration. They have concerned themselves enough in this love-bout of yours, and they must not have the least suspicion of your latest scheme. Hawke then may think what he likes.'

'Taking that view, it is a pity,' said I, 'that *you* should know anything about it.'

'Well, I'm not obliged to know,' he answered. 'I sha'n't see you off: and you may change your mind at the last moment for all I am to imagine. But I say, Jack, have you really and seriously planned this job?'

'I have, indeed,' I exclaimed with energy. 'If Florence is to be expatriated I'll share her banishment: and there is not quite enough in a voyage to Australia to frighten me into giving up the girl I love. And besides, there are several points in my favour: the *Strathmore* belongs to my old employ: I know her skipper well; and then the cost of my keep afloat will be less than I should have to spend ashore.'

'But what will you do when you get to Sydney?' asked my uncle, talking as gravely as I could wish. 'Come home again?'

'Not without Florence,' said I: 'that is, if I can make the passage out answer the purpose I have in my mind.'

'I'm not asking questions from any impertinent motives,' said he. 'I don't want you to go and strand yourself t'other side the world. What's the passage money—do you know?'

'A cabin in the cuddy will cost me about sixty pounds.'

'One hundred and twenty pounds there and back—feeding included—say ten months in all. Yes,' said he, 'it will be a cheaper job for you at sea than ashore. Nor could you live so well ashore for one hundred and twenty pounds as you will as a first-class passenger. But don't forget that Aunt Damaris goes with Florence—she has her under her wing—and she will fight with swelling feathers and distended beak if you come within pistol-shot of the girl.'

'Yes,' said I, 'but I shall have the advantage of sparring with her on an element she's not used to, but which has been my cradle. Besides,' I continued, 'I don't know why there should be any fighting. Perhaps my scheme may comprise an *alias*, for if my comfort is to be insured by borrowing a name I ought not to find it hard to fit myself with a good one.'

He held up his hand, laughing. 'Don't tell me too much!' he exclaimed. 'Keep me honest by being reserved, for Heaven's sake! But oh, man, it's a fine scheme—a canny notion! What would I give to be twenty-five, with such a job on hand?' I thought, as he spoke, that I could trace in his look something of

www.libtool.com.cn

the old love of devilry which, my father used to say, had procured his despatch to sea. 'If you *do* borrow a name,' he continued, 'take a big one—something long and fine, with a De in front of it. Nothing like a De—it's even better than a Le. There's a Norman touch about De that makes people think of William the Conqueror. But Florence will know you,' cried he suddenly. 'You can't deceive *her*, unless you make up as a priest or something of that kind. Do you intend *that*, too?'

www.libtool.com.cn

'No,' said I, laughing. 'I must take my chance of Florence keeping my identity a secret from her aunt. If she won't, why then I must brave it out with Aunt Damaris and do the best I can for myself.'

'And the skipper you spoke of—he's an old friend of yours, you say? He'll be knowing you.'

'Oh,' said I, 'if he's the Dan Thompson I was shipmate with he'll keep my secret—he'll help me; I have nothing to fear from him.'

By this time, seeing how thoroughly in earnest I was, he had become as grave as a judge, and the kindly paternal manner I had before taken notice of in him when we talked together at Clifton was now very marked. He said he had been a good deal surprised on hearing of Hawke's intention to send Florence to Australia. It was difficult to understand the motive of so extreme a step. Allowing that the girl was in love with me, we were surely to be kept apart without the intervention of three oceans. But what bothered him most, he said, was this: in sending Florence to Australia her father would be as effectually separating her from Morecombe as he hoped to separate her from me. What was to be made of such policy? Did it mean that Morecombe had withdrawn in disgust, and that Aunt Damaris had prescribed a journey to the other end of the world as the only safe remedy against me? 'Hang me,' said he, 'if I could have the heart to send one of my girls a-trooping in this fashion, even with an aunt. How long is she to be away, d'ye know?'

I answered she had written to Sophie that she might be absent two years.

'And of course she'll bring back the same disposition that she took,' he exclaimed. 'Climate doesn't change the character, and as to the ocean, why the old fellow couldn't choose a worse field for her—no variety, no change to occupy her, to carry her old thoughts away, nothing but just the sort of monotony that most forces the mind in upon itself and sets it feeding upon memory as a monkey munches his own tail. But all this is my friend Alphonso's business, not mine; I dare say he thinks he knows what he is about, and that he applauds his own cleverness. What do *you* mean to do when you arrive at Sydney?'

'I have not troubled myself to think, and don't mean to bother myself until I get there,' said I.

'I reckon you'll be praying for contrary winds,' said he. 'I wish I could invent an excuse to go along with you. I am often feeling as if I want to be sailing round the world. But I say, Jack, you must make sure that your sweetheart sails in the *Strathmore* before hiring a berth. You'd be the biter bit with a vengeance, my lad, to jump aboard and find when you're half-way across the Bay of Biscay that there is no such person as Florence Hawke in the vessel.'

'Never fear,' I replied. 'I don't know if the *Strathmore* calls for passengers at Plymouth; the *Portia* always did. But anyhow, if Plymouth is the last place she looks in to, and Miss Hawke and her aunt are not aboard, you may trust me to get Dan Thompson to put me ashore.'

'Well, well, you know the ropes,' said my uncle; 'there's no use teaching you to suck eggs. Your feet are heavier than your head, and you'll always fall upon 'em, I calculate. I dare say my wife would think I have no right to take the interest I feel in this new move of yours. It's not neighbourly. As a father myself I oughtn't to show a youngster like you any sympathy in this job of dishing a parent's hopes and foisting a son-in-law he objects to upon him. But I can't help remembering, Jack, that you are my brother Tom's son, and I can't help feeling that the peremptory fashion in which that Australian squatter has warned you off, the insolent manner in which he has treated you, who are a gentleman and my nephew, and who has done him no other wrong than paying the handsomest compliment a man can pay a father, I mean hugely admiring his daughter and loving her for herself only, without a single arrier ponsy, as the French say, respecting what she'll be worth in ducats; I say I can't help resenting all this as a derned insult offered to the whole of us Seymours, living and dead, and therefore, my lad, my best hopes accompany you, and if you think any woman bearing the name of Hawke worthy of so honourable a title as that of Seymour, then I'm not a Christian if I don't devoutly wish that when you return you'll bring back Florence with you as your wife;' and looking as if this apology for himself had considerably eased his mind, he shook hands with me, paid the bill, and we separated.

(*To be continued.*)

www.libtool.com.cn

The Development of Cycling.

BY G. LACY HILLIER,
AMATEUR BICYCLE AND TRICYCLE CHAMPION, 1881.

IN an article on 'Cycling as an Intellectual Pursuit,' in the October number of this magazine, Dr. B. W. Richardson passed some severe strictures on the 'record-makers;' but in truth it is to the record-makers, more than to any other section of its votaries, that cycling owes its rapid and vigorous growth, and the attainment of its position as an almost national sport. It is the record-maker who has drawn public attention to its 'possibilities,' and who has demonstrated in the clearest manner its capabilities for further development in the direction of economical transit and carriage. In casting a retrospective glance over the history of cycling we notice that its development was marked at every stage by a series of gradually improving records both on the racing path and on the road.

It occurs to me that whilst I am thus writing in familiar style of 'records' and 'record-making,' some of my readers may not exactly comprehend my meaning. A 'record,' then, is a short or colloquial form of saying 'a best on record,' and a best on record is the best performance, measured sometimes by time, and at others by distance, ever accomplished. Thus Dr. Herbert L. Cortis (amateur champion in '79 and '80) now in the Australian colonies, holds the record for *one mile*, having ridden that distance from a standing start at the Surbiton Recreation Grounds, on June 7, 1882, in 2 minutes 41$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, whilst Frederick Wood of Leicester, the professional champion at all distances, has ridden the same distance, with a *flying* start, in 2 minutes 31$\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, a pace which approaches twenty-four miles an hour!

These records, made upon specially prepared cinder-paths, such as those at the Crystal Palace, Surbiton, Stamford Bridge, and Lillie Bridge, represent the utmost speed hitherto obtained upon a machine under the most favourable circumstances and surroundings, which being (within certain limits of wind and weather)

always the same, make it possible to compare, with considerable approach to accuracy, the performances of racing men, past and present, near or distant. This accuracy of comparison is not attainable in the case of journeys upon the public highways, which vary as to the condition of their surfaces, and as to chance obstructions (such as flocks of sheep or cattle, new metal, &c.), whilst the difficulty of checking the feat is also greatly increased, and accuracy, to one-fifth of a second, so easily reached in path-racing, is not expected or even attempted. Amongst the most notable records credited to amateurs on the path may be placed the following: H. L. Cortis' mile mentioned above; two miles in 5 minutes 36$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds by the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, at Cambridge on May 21, 1879; twenty miles by H. L. Cortis in 59 minutes 20$\frac{1}{5}$ seconds on the Surbiton Path on August 2, 1882; thirty-seven miles in 2 hours exactly by H. F. Wilson at Surbiton on August 25, 1883; fifty miles in 2 hours 43 minutes 58$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds by the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, on the Crystal Palace track, July 29, 1882; and last, but by no means least, the wonderful ride of one hundred miles in 5 hours 50 minutes 5$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, accomplished on July 27, 1883, by Mr. F. R. Fry, a young amateur belonging to Clifton, on the Crystal Palace track. These data demonstrate fully the astonishing powers which a well-built bicycle can give an athlete.

For the sake of comparison I will note here, that the one mile foot-running record now held by W. Cummins of Preston (professional) is 4 minutes 16$\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, also made on a properly prepared running path. The cycling record as noted above being 2 minutes 41$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, whilst the ten miles running record held by L. Bennett (professional) is 51 minutes 26 seconds, as compared with Cortis' ten miles in 29 minutes 30$\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. The running records are practically the fastest records of progression by man's unaided efforts, yet the cyclist can outstrip them with ease. Turning from path contests we find that some fine performances have been done on the road, and these are likely to draw a good deal of attention to cycling amongst those who frequent the highways in preference to the railways.

Short distances are of course not attempted on the road, as the pace would necessarily amount to 'furious riding,' so the would-be record-maker's attention is turned to covering long distances between midnight one day and midnight the next. Such rides require something more than pace for their success; the rider must not only be able to ride fast and well, but he must have the

necessary stamina to enable him to remain for a long time in the saddle, especially during the cold, and often rainy, hours of the night, unlimited determination to keep him going when the long-distance rider's worst enemy, somnolency, attacks him, and general 'fitness' of body, only attained by long and steady training.

On August 16, 1883, Mr. J. W. M. Brown of Long Sutton rode 255¼ miles within twenty-four consecutive hours, on the high road. Leaving Long Sutton at midnight on Thursday, he rode *viâ* Lynn, Swaffham, Necton, Shipdham, to Norwich, sixty-four miles from the start, reaching the latter place at 5.15. Starting again, he, by various and devious ways, visited Market Deeping, Wisbeach, Lynn, Norwich, Holkham, Docking, Thornham, Heacham, Gedney, Peterborough, and Thorney, making up the full distance mentioned above, and his feat was verified by a good many spectators and friends. This performance, which beat all previous records, was considered a very fine one, and it was the fourth time within two months that the plucky rider had covered over 200 miles within the day.

Grand as was the 'record' thus made by Mr. Brown, it was destined to be eclipsed within a very short time; for on October 13, of the same year, Mr. W. F. Sutton, of the London Scottish Bicycle Club, essayed the task with success. Unlike Mr. Brown, who rode over the same road and within a limited district, Mr. Sutton traced out for himself a straight-away course from London to Worksop in Nottinghamshire, following the Great North road, intending to turn back there and get as far as possible on the return journey before the twenty-four hours expired.

Starting from Wood Green at 12.2 A.M. he reached Worksop, distant 141 miles, at 11.10 A.M. Turning round he began to retrace his way to Ollerton (where he stopped for half an hour for dinner, the only lengthy stoppage he made); riding on with great determination he reached Tempsford on the return journey ere the twenty-four hours had elapsed, his full record being 260¼ miles. This at present stands as the 'record,' and when we consider that the distance is farther than from London to Durham, and nearly as far as from London to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, we must clearly recognise the immense value of the bicycle as an aid to progression. I would especially ask horsemen who have hitherto nourished a strong prejudice against 'those velocipedes' to pause and consider whether their steeds, under the most favourable circumstances, could accomplish such tasks.

Energetic tricyclists have also demonstrated what can be done

on their favourite mount, the more modern adaptation of the wheel for those who are without the inclination to mount the giddy heights of the bicycle, and they do not lag far behind the 'narrow gauge' riders in their recorded mileage. Thus Mr. A. Bird, a member of the Speedwell Bicycle Club of Birmingham, has ridden no less than 222 miles within the twenty-four hours on the road from Birmingham to Cambridge on a Humber tricycle, whilst Mr. T. R. Marriott, the captain of the Nottingham and Notts Tricycle Club, has ridden a similar machine 218¾ miles in the same time.

The route taken by the latter rider ran as follows: starting from Caterham Junction, just outside Croydon, to Brighton, thence along the south coast (with a heavy adverse wind against the rider) to Chichester and Southampton; thence on to Romsey, 125 miles, from the start. From Romsey, *viâ* Salisbury and Stockbridge, to Alton, 176 miles; and thence on, *viâ* Guildford, Ripley, Esher, Kingston, and Coombe Hill, to Merton, where he stopped a few minutes before the expiration of the twenty-four hours.

Some of my readers may know the route, or part of it, and when they recollect its hilly nature, especially in the Salisbury district, they will, I feel sure, appreciate the feat. It is also a notable fact that, with but one exception, Mr. Marriott rode every hill *en route* (on a machine geared up to 56 inches); and the one exception was the by no means very steep hill out of Romsey, up which he walked to see if by so doing he would gain any advantage or rest.

The accomplishment of a 'record' is, or ought to be, the *ultima Thule* of the votary of any form of athletics and open contests, enabling riders and spectators to gauge, by practical experiment and demonstration, the merits, not only of men, but of the machines they use. They are of the very greatest assistance in furthering the true development of sport, and they possess in most cases the additional value of attracting the attention of the uninitiated.

Many an individual who has for a long time regarded the silent wheel with anything but a friendly eye, has been forced to change his views on learning, that with the aid of one of these despised machines, an athlete has ridden over 250 miles in one day; and in the same way such feats as that accomplished by Fred Wood, of Leicester, who rode twenty miles in 59 minutes 41⅗ seconds in August last, the first time that distance had

ever been covered in the time in a race for a money stake (as Cortis' performance was done with pace-makers against the watch, a very different matter), attract a large amount of public attention to the wheel-sport.

www.libtool.com.cn

Thus I cannot acquiesce in any view of the sport of cycling which does not admit the full importance of the record-maker; and I believe that the feats accomplished within the last few years by a Wyndham, an Osborn, a Cortis, and a Liles, on the racing-path, have done much to popularise a sport which has also had its practical capabilities on the road demonstrated by such men as Sutton, Brown, Marriott, Bird, Gossett, and Nixon, all of whom have accomplished feats which have made their names as household words in cycling circles all over the world.

We learn, on the authority of a well-known cycling bibliophile and archæologist, Mr. H. Blackwell, Junr., that the first recognisable allusion to anything in the form of a velocipede is to be found in the 'London Magazine' for August 1769, in which is given 'a description of a chaise to go without horses,' by John Vevers; whilst just upon ten years elapsed before another mention (in which, be it noted, the machines are first designated 'velocipedes') was made in the press.

In the 'Journal de Paris' of July 27, 1779, there is 'a description of French velocipedes' by Blanchard and Magurier; and then, again, we lose for no less than thirty years all record of the earlier 'velocipedes.' The year 1819, however, was evidently the date of a strong revival, for it is peculiarly fertile in published allusions to the machine, and it is also noticeable for the first mention of the title by which the first bicycle was best known to our grandfathers, 'the hobby-horse.'

In 1819 the following publications contained references to the wheeled carriages of the period. The 'Monthly Magazine,' vols. xlviii. and xlix., articles on 'The Velocipede or Swift Walker,' 'Manivelociter,' 'Bivector,' and 'Trivector.' The 'Repository of Arts,' &c. for February, in the same year, had an article on 'The Pedestrian's Hobby Horse,' illustrated (the one alluded to above as containing the first mention of the machine under this name). The 'London Magazine,' after a silence of forty years, had an article in its March issue on 'The Patent Accelerator;' and the 'European Magazine,' of the same month and year, had an article on the same subject. Vol. xix. of 'La Belle Assemblée,' May 1819, contained yet another allusion to 'The Accelerator,' which seems to have been well pushed by its maker

or inventor, and the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' in March and following months, contained several articles on velocipedes. Nor was this all, for the wheel sport had become sufficiently popular to warrant the publication of a skit upon its votaries; and this we find recorded by Mr. Blackwell as 'an accurate, whimsical, and satirical description of the new pedestrian carriage or walking accelerator,' by J. Fairbairn, Broadway, illustrated, sixpence. Thus it is in 1819 that we must look closest for the ancestors of our bicycles and tricycles; and from the records which have come to us in the form of the articles above mentioned, we can gather pretty clearly the particulars of the machines in question.

www.libtool.com.cn

Mr. Blackwell possesses a fine collection of the skits and caricatures published from about the year of the advent of the cycle (1819) down to the present time; and the whole collection bears ample evidence of the fact, that the 'velocipede' of the past was a three- or four-wheeled machine, and the dandy-horse, hobby, or draisnene, was a two-wheeled vehicle. This two-wheeled vehicle was the ancestor of our bicycle.

This embryo bicycle is to be found depicted in many a sketch about the earlier years of the present century; and in the hobby- or dandy-horse the wits and caricaturists found a fruitful source of amusement, or opportunity for malice, as the case might be. The dandies, said the wits, rode in their carriages and walked in the mud at the same time, and the published cartoons of the day bear ample evidence to the rage for riding dandy-horses at that period. In France the same thing had already taken place; and the pictures of the day, some of which are to be found in the collection above referred to, contain very sarcastic illustrations of the célérifère as it was called. In one, it is represented as contending against the railway engine of the period, which at that time was almost on a par with the dandy-horse as a butt for ridicule.

The dandy-horse, hobby-horse, célérifère, or draisnene, was introduced into England about the year 1819, or perhaps in 1818, and very soon became as popular in England as it had been in France, with this difference, that the caricaturists had ridiculed it out of use in France, but were unable to effectually do so in England. Its introduction into this country is due to a Frenchman, called by various titles in the articles in the Magazines, such as Baron de Drais, Baron von Drais, M. Breuse, &c. It is probable that his correct name was the Baron de Drais, or de Draise, as he was a Frenchman, and the machine was

frequently called a 'Draisnene' or 'Draisenene.' With the aid of a coachmaker, with the unmistakable name of 'Johnson,' the first 'hobby' was launched in England; and the embryo of the modern bicycle became all the rage. The construction of the machine was exceedingly simple: two small and equal-sized stout wooden wheels were fitted, one behind the other, to a stout bar of wood; the rear wheel was rigidly fixed in a pair of stout iron forks, whilst the front wheel was fitted in a similar pair of forks, which by a clumsy and primitive arrangement, something like that of a bath-chair, could be deflected from side to side, so as to steer the machine. In the middle of the stout connecting bar or 'backbone' was placed a narrow cushioned seat, and in front of it was a raised and padded pommel or cushion, on which the rider threw most of his weight. Seating himself astride, the hobby-rider grasped the steering handle with both hands, and leaning his chest upon the cushioned pommel, stood across the machine, in a position much like that of a man when running. Then he began to run along the ground, placing his weight on the seat and pommel, and with lengthy strides progressing along the road. As soon as a rider became proficient in the balance, as in the modern machine, he was able to 'fly' down hills with his feet off the ground, and could on the level run for some distance with the added impetus of a sharp burst along the road. The pace, as compared with walking or other unaided methods of progression, was remarkable, and doubtless many found the dandy-horse of service as a means of exercise; but its immense weight, clumsy construction, and the terrible jars which its rubberless wheels and springless frame communicated to the system of the rider soon cooled their enthusiasm, and the dandy-horse became a thing of the past. One item is worthy of note at a time when the Post-office authorities are mounting their employés on the modern tricycle. We find that, in 1830, some 'improved dandy-horses' were issued to the postmen of rural districts, and were in use for a few years, until doubtless they became worn out, and were not replaced.

But the ingenuity of inventors and of mechanics would not allow so fine a field for invention to remain long unworked, and the old dandy-horse having demonstrated in a most emphatic and practical manner the possibility of preserving the equilibrium upon two wheels arranged in bicycle fashion, it was not long ere some genius adapted to the hobby the crank action, and the bicycle—crude and unwieldy, but still *the bicycle*—became an accomplished fact.

www.libtool.com.cn

It is more than probable that the first machine fitted with the crank action—in principle the same as now in use—was a tricycle; in fact the first mention of crank action is, we believe, to be found in the records of the Great Exhibition of 1862, when a three-wheeled vehicle thus fitted of the type so common now at pleasure gardens and similar places was exhibited by a firm hailing from Chelsea.

www.libtool.com.cn

Within the next few years, or at any rate prior to 1867, a Parisian firm, Messrs. Michaux and Co., perfected and sent to England a bicycle which was at that period considered the acme of lightness and elegance, and this machine, at first copied and eventually vastly improved upon, became the progenitor of the light and airy vehicles upon which the feats I have mentioned above were accomplished.

It would be tedious were I to trace, item by item, the various minor improvements which were made from time to time in the construction of the bicycle, and which succeeded one another with almost phenomenal rapidity. There were, however, one or two devices, the invention of which marked very important eras in the history of the silent wheel, and which had very much to do with the hold which it has established on its votaries.

The 'boneshaker,' as the ribald cyclist of the present day designates the ancestor of his present bicycle, was mounted by a clean vault into the saddle. The rider, grasping both handles, ran along with his machine and springing from the ground alighted across the backbone. It is needless to say that such a method of mounting an almost springless, iron-tyred, machine was productive of serious results, and the 'boneshaker' bade fair to follow its progenitor, the dandy-horse, into decadence and desuetude. This disaster was obviated by the invention of the step.

This step is an insignificant little piece of iron, usually to be seen projecting from the left-hand side of the backbone of a modern bicycle. Running alongside the machine, the rider places his left foot upon the step and raising himself thereon with the aid of the handles he seats himself with consummate ease on the loftily situated saddle, as comfortably as he would place himself in an arm-chair.

This one invention, however, would not have kept the bicycle moving on its forward path, had it not been for another, no whit less important: this was the application of india-rubber to the wheels, in the form of the well-known 'rubber tyres.' In their original application they were intended solely to break the jar of

the road and thus ease the rider, and they were fitted in a primitive manner to the iron-tyred hickory wheels with marked success, and to the notable comfort of the rider; but their practical adoption soon led to yet a newer departure, and one of vast importance to the success and development of the machine.

The step, as pointed out above, had allowed of the adoption of higher driving wheels, which, however, were of necessity heavier and clumsier than their predecessors, as the jar of the road tended rapidly to disintegrate any but the stoutest and strongest specimens of the wheelwright's art. The application of the rubber tyre, however, allowed the adaptation of an ingenious system of *suspension* to the wheels. A suspension wheel consists entirely of metal, with the exception of the rubber tyres. The rims or iron tyres are frequently hollow, and in them the round rubber tyre is firmly cemented, a number of thin wire spokes are drawn through the rim, and at their outer ends they have heads which are received into counter-sunk holes in the iron rims through which they are passed; the inner end of the spoke has a worm cut upon it and is screwed into a solid metal centre, or hub; a strong tension is then put upon each spoke by screwing it further into the hub, and a light yet strong and true wheel is produced. Were it not for the protection afforded to this fairylike structure by the rubber tyre, the jar of the road would soon destroy it altogether. Its adoption put a new face on the matter, and experiment after experiment has been tried, until at length Messrs. Humber and Co. are able to supply me with a racing bicycle having a front wheel 60 inches in diameter with ½-inch rubber tyres (fully fitted with saddle, spring, pedals, &c. capable of carrying a man of nearly 13 stone in weight), and this machine, the direct descendant in the right line of the hobby-horse of 1819, weighs no more than 27 lbs.

Such a machine is, of course, only built for use on carefully prepared cinder-paths, but a very few pounds of additional weight would make it a sound and safe machine for use upon the road.

The modern tricycle, unlike the modern bicycle, owes but little to its archaic predecessors, the 'tricycle-velocipedes' of the past and the pleasure gardens having, if anything, rather retarded the advance of the modern vehicle in public favour.

The experience which makers of bicycles had gained of the practical manipulation of the various materials which are used in the construction of these vehicles—i.e. the hollow tubing, the roller or ball bearings, the crescent, V, or hollow rims, the solid and hollow spokes, and all the other addenda which go to make up the

successful sum of a modern bicycle—was brought to bear upon this hitherto despised vehicle, and after a time the sterling merits of the modern tricycle caused it to begin to advance in public favour, and it must in all honesty be confessed that the bicycling members of the community had at first much to do with popularising the three-wheeler. The section of riders, who (without being bicyclists) first took it up had no experience to guide them, and were contented with a quiet ride around their home district. Men just too old, or who fancied themselves just too old, to ride the bicycle, were shy of the tricycle because they thought it looked too much like an acknowledgment of age to be seen upon three wheels; but as soon as some of the bicycle riders took to the three-wheeler a very decided reaction set in in its favour.

The earlier machines, although they could not, of course, compare with the machines of to-day, were very much nearer perfection than the earlier developments of the bicycle, because the materials of which they were made had been fully tested and their qualities gauged by their use in the bicycle for some considerable time previously, and the tricycle made a rapid but healthy advance, and has taken a very strong hold upon public favour.

There is no doubt that the cycle is of the very greatest value to the community at large, merely regarded as a means of healthful recreation. To the toil-worn worker in the modern Babylon, the silent wheel affords one of the pleasantest and most economical means of health-seeking. An hour's ride will take him far enough away from the smoke and the din to give him at any rate a glimpse of green fields and an occasional breath of fresh air.

Some thousands of our fellow-toilers all over the country spend their Saturday afternoons rambling away from the towns on the wheel, perhaps to return late on Sunday evening, or early on Monday morning. A visitor to Kew Bridge or Highgate Archway on a Saturday afternoon, will see enough to convince him that the value of the wheel as a healthy means of exercise has been most fully recognised. A vast number of these riders, of both sexes and all ages, will spend their summer holidays on wheels. A glance at the numerous journals devoted to the sport[1] will discover many accounts of such excursions which have been carefully

[1] There are six papers in the United Kingdom devoted *solely* to cycling, the most prominent being the *Cyclist*; there are also two French, one German, one Australian, one Canadian, and two American journals wholly devoted to the wheel, whilst the sporting press devotes a large portion of its space to the sport.

arranged and intelligently undertaken to all parts of the United Kingdom, whilst the English wheelman finds his way all over the Continent. A tour undertaken solely as a pleasure trip, is one of the most enjoyable methods of seeing a country or exploring a district.

www.libtool.com.cn

The ordinary railway tourist, whisked from place to place by train, sees only the stereotyped beauties or 'lions,' and then dashes off again over another long stretch of country to the next 'point of interest,' as directed by his guide book; the cyclist, on the other hand, riding at no mean pace through the district, has opportunities of investigation and sight-seeing which are entirely closed to the railway traveller. Thus the observant cyclist sees not only the points of especial interest, dotted here and there throughout the district he may be visiting, but he also sees to the best advantage the scenery and detail of the country, the system of agriculture, the employments of the people, the growing crops, and the simple habits of the children of the soil—all matters essentially commonplace of themselves, but of especial interest to the visiting stranger.

All these and kindred matters will be noted by the most unintelligent and uninformed cyclist, but they add still more to the pleasure of those whose education, or whose pursuits, enable them to take a keener interest in what they see. The archæologist riding through a district may investigate for himself everything that looks worthy of inspection; the geologist has the fullest scope for the pursuit of his inquiries, and gains a useful and practical knowledge of the contour of the country; the botanist notes with expert eye the flora by which he is surrounded, and the entomologist remarks the insect inhabitants of the fields and hedges. The student of natural history is, if possible, even more especially favoured. Gliding on silent wheel through shady avenues, he often surprises the fauna of a district in their solitude, and perhaps arrests his progress and sits motionless to remark their habits. Often and often have I experienced such a pleasure whilst riding in the woods of Goodwood and along the south coast: pheasants feeding in the open, the mother partridge leading her brood afield, or rabbits flitting along the grass-grown 'rides' have often had, for minutes together, a silent spectator on a tricycle, whose starting again was a signal for the whirring flight of the pheasant, a sudden crouch and dispersal of the partridge brood, or a 'hurry-skurry' of the brown-coated bunnies.

The independence of the wheel is another strong point in its

favour. I have in my mind's eye now the artist whom I met touring in the western counties a year back. His plan was simple: with pallet, canvas, brush, and an easel, which was ingeniously contrived to set up on the frame of the tricycle, he wandered along the by-ways, stopping here and there to snatch a sketch, putting up at the nearest inn as night fell, only to continue his Bohemian and butterfly-like wanderings next day. In another case which came to my knowledge, a husband and wife spent weeks away on a double tricycle, he photographing, she sketching, to their unlimited satisfaction. This photographic work is a great feature in tricycling; complete apparatus can be easily carried on a modern machine, and many riders with such an outfit are to be seen gliding along the country lanes with a keen eye for 'bits.'

Thus two very well-known cyclists, the brothers Bashall, of the Temple Bicycle Club, on a double tricycle, in company with a fellow-clubman, Mr. Wellington, made a lengthy tour from London to Land's End and back, and throughout the whole journey they took many photos of pretty views and other matters of interest as they encountered them. A trip thus illustrated would not soon be forgotten. With the aid of a dissolving view apparatus these riders were enabled to give their club a most enjoyable evening's entertainment by exhibiting a series of portraits and pictures of men and matters intimately connected with cycling, and they are now, I am told, preparing a similar series of photos of the 'Ripley Road'—the direct Portsmouth road passing through Ripley, in Surrey—which, having an excellent surface and a still more excellent hostelry, 'the Anchor at Ripley,' as a destination, is much patronised by the wheelmen of the Metropolis. An entertainment of interest to all London cyclists will doubtless be the result, whilst its accomplishment suggests the feasibility of extending the experiment to more extensive journeys.

Not only does our sport attract all the above specialists, as well as the mere health-seeker, but it includes in its ranks many who have taken to it solely as a means of easy transit or economical carriage in connection with their business avocations. Thus in one case a veteran and persistent rider is a retailer of yeast to the home-baking farmers' wives. Having had the misfortune to lose a pony, just purchased, he took to a tricycle. He carries as much as 40 lbs. of his merchandise upon the machine, extending his journeys over a radius of ten miles, and, using his tyred but tireless steed winter and summer, finds it practically preferable to a pony. Yet another is an insurance agent, who uses the same means of

visiting his district; another is foreman or manager to a traction and agricultural engine loan company, and visits the stack-yards and homesteads of an extensive district in the exercise of his duties upon a bicycle. Nor do the uses of the wheel stop here, for new channels are daily being found for it. In many country districts the postmen are mounted upon tricycles, though these are now somewhat ancient in pattern; and one Coventry firm, Messrs. Singer and Co., have, at my suggestion, constructed a 'carrier' tricycle, with the aid of which a single rider may carry 150 lbs. of goods.

www.libtool.com.cn

The 'carrier' tricycle has a large basket fitted in front, and it is driven from behind by a rider so placed that he can open the basket and distribute its contents. The weight is well distributed, and a good speed can be attained. I have myself carried Mr. G. P. Coleman, of the National Cyclists' Union, who weighs over eleven stone, one mile, from a standing start, in 4 min. 49⅕ sec., on a cinder path; and ere long the evening editions of one of our great daily papers will be distributed throughout the Metropolis by means of the carrier tricycle. Light parcels from the draper's, grocer's, butcher's, &c. will be conveyed in the same way. And as such a large extent of asphalte paving is now to be found in the streets of London, I have no doubt that the experiment will prove a success.

Thus far I have treated solely of the sport itself and of its resources; but it must not be supposed that so extensive a body of English men and women would exist without some body or bodies of their own selection, to rule and keep order in the world of wheels.

It is, I believe, characteristic of the Briton that he likes to be ruled, and cycling is no whit behind the times in this respect. All other branches of athletic sport which flourish in the United Kingdom have their ruling bodies, and so has cycling.

The athlete is ruled by 'The Amateur Athletic Association,' the swimmer by 'The Swimming Association of Great Britain,' and the cyclist has no less than two organisations formed by public action to watch over his interests. These associations are 'The Cyclists' Touring Club' and 'The National Cyclists' Union.' The Cyclists' Touring Club, as its name implies, takes especial care of touring cyclists. In every town of sufficient importance it appoints one of the best hotels as its headquarters, and there members of the club, on production of their tickets of membership, can obtain accommodation at a reduced and special

tariff. In each town the club has a resident representative, who bears the somewhat grandiloquent title of 'consul of the C.T.C.,' and this gentleman—an entirely honorary official—will give full information concerning routes and places of interest within his district to any member of the club; and having on many occasions availed myself of my rights as a club member in this way, I can speak with enthusiasm of the manner in which these honorary officers transact the duties they have assumed.

It will possibly astonish some of my readers when I say that this club now numbers over 11,000 members, distributed throughout the civilised world.[1]

The organisation of the Cyclists' Touring Club is only equalled by that of the National Cyclists' Union, which has been justly termed 'The Jockey Club of Cycling.' This body has a twofold object—to rule the sport internally and to defend its interests with regard to the outer world. Thus, as part of its *internal* work, it promotes, annually, the amateur championships of bicycling and tricycling, these consisting of no less than six contests, at one, five, twenty-five, and fifty miles on the bicycle, and one and ten miles on the tricycle. These championships rank with those of the Amateur Athletic Association and the Swimming Association as the recognised championship contests of this branch of athletics, and it has also formulated rules, now universally accepted, for the governance of racing. The Union possesses full authority in racing matters, and uses its power to keep the amateur section of the sport pure; and to its very careful supervision of the racing path much of the vitality of the sport is due. Outwardly in its relations with road and local authorities, the Union carries out to the full its programme, which pledges it to insure in every way the 'conservation of cycling interests.'

The National Cyclists' Union was formed in 1878, and has since that date done much to further the true interests of cycling. It has taken up many cases of obstruction and assault on cyclists, and these were not few in its earlier days. Prejudiced tollgate-keepers shut their gates in the faces of wheelmen, or demanded absurd tolls. Equally prejudiced carriers and waggoners drove over harmless cyclists; and coachmen, true to their instincts, did their best to drive inoffensive riders into the ditch. In one case the guard of the St. Albans coach lassoed a rider with a cannon ball

[1] The offices of the Cyclists' Touring Club are at 140 Fleet Street.

tied to the end of a rope, and threw him heavily, for which piece of brutality he was inadequately punished with a fine; whilst as late as 1882 the driver of the Brighton coach pleaded guilty to driving some well-known riders into the ditch, and was fined 5*l.*, the latter case being carried through by the National Cyclists' Union. Many similar cases could be quoted.

www.libtool.com.cn

To secure unity and co-operation, the Union has established branches throughout the United Kingdom, and the 'local centres,' as they are termed, rule with extensive powers the districts confided to their charge. This organisation has erected 'danger boards,' i.e. warning notices at the tops of many steep and treacherous hills, bearing the word 'dangerous' in red letters, and the curious may see specimens at the top of Muswell Hill, Harting Hill, in Sussex, Chapeltown Hill, north of Sheffield, and elsewhere. Another matter of equal importance has been the removal, or alteration, at the request of the Union, of such sewer gratings as were placed longitudinally to the road, the openings then being nothing less than 'cycle traps,' and causing serious accidents. In this and in many other ways the National Cyclists' Union has done good work for the sport, and it is recognised in its labours for the cycling weal by all other athletic bodies. At its offices may be seen *free* a complete set of maps and an exhaustive library of reference. Some time back the Right Hon. Viscount Bury, P.C., K.C.M.G., a practical and enthusiastic tricyclist, accepted the presidency, and a notable increase in the number of affiliated clubs, and also of independent members—especially from the tricycling section of the sport—shows clearly that the value of the union, as a ruling body, is now fully recognised.

As cycling, therefore, now possesses a complete and effective organisation, a special press, and a steadily increasing number of supporters, we may look with confidence for a progressive development of its resources both for pleasure and business, during the coming season of 1884.

[1] The offices of the National Cyclists' Union are at 17 Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside, E.C.

www.libtool.com.cn

Ballade of an English Home.

To C. I. E. and M. A. E.

THE painted Briton built his mound
  And left his weary clay
On yonder slope of sunny ground,
  That fronts your garden gay.
The Roman came, he seized the sway,
  He bullied, bought, and sold;
The fountain sweeps his works away,
  Within your manor old!

But still his worn old coins are found
  Within the window-bay,
Where once he listened to the sound
  That lulls you day by day;
The sound of summer winds at play,
  The sound of waters cold,
To Yarty wand'ring on their way,
  Within your manor old.

The Roman passed: his firm-set bound
  Became the Saxon's stay,
Church bells made music all around,
  For monks in cloisters grey;
Till fled the monks in disarray,
  From their warm chantry's fold;
Old abbots slumber as they may,
  Within your manor old!

Envoy.

Creeds, empires, peoples—all decay,
  Down into darkness rolled;
May life that 's fleet be sweet, I pray,
  Within your manor old.

A. Lang.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Manager' Goethe.

IN Lewes's excellent life of Goethe, one chapter is exclusively devoted to an account of the Weimar theatre, while under the immediate superintendence of the author of 'Faust.' The subject, however, is there treated from a general point of view, and with an almost total absence of detail; an omission, doubtless, in a great measure attributable to the non-existence at that period of sufficiently authentic sources of information. Since then, this want has been amply supplied by the publication of two exhaustive and perfectly reliable works, namely: 'Goethe's Management at Weimar' by Pasqué, and 'Leaves from the Diary of an Old Actor' by Genast, whose father had held the post of stage-manager from the opening of the Court theatre in 1791 until Goethe's retirement in 1817. So far as I am aware, neither of these interesting contributions to the dramatic history of that time has hitherto been introduced to the English reader; I may therefore venture to glean from their pleasant pages a few characteristic memoranda of an epoch justly considered as one of the most brilliant of the German stage.

It may briefly be stated, by way of preface, that the first establishment of a Court theatre in Weimar dates from the marriage of the Duchess Amelia in 1757; eleven years later, a company under the management of Koch performed light operettas until 1771, when they were succeeded by Seyler, who, thanks to the attractive co-operation of the celebrated Eckhof and the energetic support of Wieland, reaped a golden harvest during his stay, which was brought abruptly to a close owing to the burning of the theatre in 1774. The arrival of Goethe in the following year, and the accession of the young Duke Carl August, gave a fresh impetus to the growing taste for the drama, and amateur acting became the rage, the principal personages of the Court, including the Duke himself and his mother the Duchess Amelia, taking part in the performances; the only professional admitted to participate in these festivities being the beautiful and accomplished vocalist Corona Schroeter. 'Whoever

showed any talent for recitation, singing, and dancing was pressed into service, and had to work as hard as if his bread depended on it. The almost daily rehearsals of drama, opera, or ballet occupied and delighted men and women glad to have something to do.' A new theatre was www.libtool.com.cn erected by order of the Duchess adjoining her own palace, and opened in 1780; more frequently, however, the forest glades of Ettersburg, or the 'Petit Colysée' at Tiefurt, were the chosen resorts of this patrician company of strollers, who occasionally even extended their wanderings as far as Ilmenau and Jena. Goethe not only wrote pieces for them, but by his acting greatly contributed to their success; and Kotzebue in his memoirs mentions his superb appearance as Belcour in Cumberland's 'West Indian,' 'dressed in a white coat with silver lace, blue silk vest, and blue silk knee-breeches.'

These 'wild days of Weimar' lasted until 1783, when, the menacing state of Europe forbidding any longer dallying in the gardens of Armida, Carl August turned his thoughts to more serious occupations; and Goethe, newly created a privy councillor, was charged by him with the direction of the War Department. In order, therefore, that the theatre, deprived of its usual actors, might not remain untenanted, engagements were entered into with an itinerant company under the management of Belluomo; and for the next seven years regular performances were given by them. These, however, failing to satisfy the public taste, and Goethe having by this time voluntarily retired from official life, the Duke, anxious to procure for him some more congenial employment, resolved on taking the theatre into his own hands, and entrusting its superintendence to the ex-Minister of War. The actors composing Belluomo's company were temporarily retained until more efficient substitutes could be secured, a few of them only being permanently engaged; fresh recruits were industriously sought for in all parts of Germany, and in these negotiations Goethe found an able assistant in his acting-manager the councillor Kirms, who, it may be added, continued to discharge the duties of his office until his death in 1826. At length, May 7, 1791, the reorganised theatre opened with a prologue by the superintendent and Iffland's 'Jager;' the leading characters in both pieces being sustained by three new acquisitions, Amor and his wife (dismissed in 1793), and Becker, who eventually became a valuable member of the company.

Once installed at the head of affairs, Goethe, desirous of insuring the success of his opening campaign, applied himself

earnestly to the double task of forming a repertory, and engaging the best available talent for its interpretation. Each actor and actress was allowed two *débuts*, in order that their abilities in tragic and comic parts might be tried, and—in case of approval—advantageously utilised; an experiment resulting in the gradual improvement of the *ensemble*, strengthened as it was by the substitution of artists of acknowledged merit, in lieu of those who, after a patient hearing, had been rejected as unserviceable. Among the few really promising recruits originally engaged by Belluomo, Goethe had especially remarked a very young girl who had commenced her career at the age of five years, and had been warmly recommended to him by Wieland, and the celebrated actor Iffland; this was Christiane Neumann, a marvellously gifted child, in whose progress he took the greatest interest, personally directing her studies, and sparing no pains with the view of developing her singularly precocious talent. It is related that on one occasion, while she was rehearsing Arthur in 'King John,' her countenance not appearing to him to exhibit sufficient dread at the sight of the irons in Hubert's hand, he seized hold of them, and advanced towards her with so menacing a frown, that overcome by terror she fainted away. This delightful actress, an exquisitely touching Ophelia, and the best representative yet seen of Amelia in Schiller's 'Robbers,' became, in her fifteenth year, the wife of her colleague Becker, and died of a decline in 1797, at the early age of nineteen. If we may judge from an engraved portrait existing of her, she must have been extremely beautiful; that she was beloved and regretted by all who knew her is certain, and by none more than Goethe himself, as is evident from his eloquent tribute to her memory under the name of Euphrosyne.

According to a treaty signed by the former management, the company were bound to give a fixed number of performances every year at Lauchstedt, a small watering-place not far from the town of Halle, where, until 1802, when a regular theatre was built, they acted in what had been originally a barn; from thence they occasionally extended their trip to Erfurt, an excursion seldom attended with much profit to the treasury, the receipts, notwithstanding the low salaries paid to the actors, none of whom were entitled to more than thirty shillings a week, in many instances barely covering the expenses.

In the exercise of his managerial authority, Goethe was a thorough martinet, difficult to please and intolerant of opposition; any infraction of his orders entailing on the offender a rebuke he

was not likely to forget. On the first production of 'Wallenstein's Camp,' Becker, dissatisfied with an insignificant part assigned him, charged Genast to inform his chief that he declined to accept it, upon which the latter flew into a violent rage, and fulminated his ultimatum as follows: 'Herr G'nast' (Goethe was fond of abbreviations), 'tell Herr Becker from me that he *shall* play it, and if he refuses to do so, I will play it myself.' When, on the other hand, he saw that an actor was disposed to do his best, he spared neither counsel nor encouragement; a word of praise from his lips producing the same effect as a tweak of a soldier's ear from Napoleon. When Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.' was in rehearsal, Krüger, who was cast for Falstaff, hardly entering into the spirit of the part, Goethe read it aloud to the assembled company with such extraordinary unction and drollery, that every one present, including the reader himself, was convulsed with laughter. He abhorred bombast and ranting, and strove incessantly to inculcate the necessity of perfect harmony of tone and gesture; above all, he made a point of studying the defects of his actors as well as their qualities, in order that by constant care and supervision he might be able to correct them.

When the famous Esslair was at the zenith of his celebrity, Genast was despatched to see him act with the view of offering him an engagement; unfortunately, the tragic hero was over six feet in height, whereas the lady holding the leading position at Weimar, a very pretty woman, might be accurately described as a pocket Venus. On hearing his envoy's report, Goethe wrote in answer, 'Look out for some one else; a theatrical lover whose sweetheart barely reaches to his waist will never do for us.' By dint of exertion, however, several new additions of good repute were made to the company, none more attractive than the charming Caroline Jagemann, of whom the following anecdote is recorded. She was playing Elizabeth in 'Maria Stuart,' and by some unlucky lapse of memory forgetting that she had to appear in a particular scene towards the end of the play, had already changed her regal costume for that of everyday life, when to her horror she was reminded by the call-boy that 'the stage was waiting.' While she hastily resumed the apparel of the virgin Queen, Cordemann and Vohs, the Leicester and Mortimer of the evening, had just finished their scene, and, warned by a whisper from the stage-manager of what had occurred, proceeded with considerable presence of mind to improvise a dozen lines, which, whether good or bad, at all events served the purpose of gaining time until the welcome

appearance of Elizabeth, who in her hurry had left both crown and mantle behind her. After the performance, Genast related the circumstance to Schiller, who enjoyed it amazingly. 'Ah,' he said in his genial Suabian accent, 'that Vohs is a first-rate fellow, but I should never have thought Cordemann could have done it!'

Goethe made strange havoc with the actors' names by abbreviating them in the bills according to his fancy. Thus Fräulein Petersilie became Fräulein Silie, and Lortzing, Lorzing. His strictness at rehearsals was proverbial, whereas Schiller, on the rare occasions when he undertook the office, was a model of gentleness and patience. Once, and once only, when Haide, the representative of Voltaire's 'Tancrède,' persisted, in defiance of his repeated admonitions, in throwing his arms about like a windmill, he started up in a fury, and overwhelmed the culprit with a storm of reproaches, declaring that in future he would never superintend another rehearsal, and he kept his word. Schiller loved startling effects, and it required all Goethe's powers of persuasion to dissuade him from directing Madame Teller, when playing Lady Macbeth, to smear her hands with red in the murder scene. He was always ill at ease when in the company of strangers, and, unlike his great contemporary, who appeared to consider the homage paid him as neither more nor less than his due, had a rooted dislike, as he himself expressed it, to be 'made a show of,' and was never so happy as when, apart from the busy world, he could pursue his studies undisturbed in the solitude of his chamber.

For a long time after his friend's death, Goethe never entered the theatre, and took little interest in its concerns. When, however, the anniversary of the fatal event came round, he directed that a portion of 'Wallenstein' and the 'Song of the Bell' should be performed, as a fitting tribute to the poet's memory. The house was crowded to excess, the peasants from all the neighbouring villages struggling for places with the inhabitants of Weimar. On the fall of the curtain, the audience silently dispersed, the only voice heard being that of a student from Jena, expressing as follows the sentiments of the rest: 'Schiller, thou wilt live for ever in the hearts of the German people!'

Nothing gave Goethe greater delight than to develop, by precept and encouragement, the talent of promising young actors. He saw at a glance their capabilities, and never rested until his object in bringing them to perfection had been attained. Pius

Alexander Wolff, the subsequent author of 'Preciosa,' found in him a severe critic, but an admirable counsellor, as keenly alive to his pupil's defects as he was indefatigable in his endeavours to correct them. He, and his wife, Amelia Malcolmi, one of the few remaining members of Bellomo's company, stood so high in the favour of their chief, that Wolff, who was naturally ambitious and inclined to lord it over his colleagues, conceived the idea of ousting Genast from his post of *régisseur*, and occupying it himself. This presumption seriously displeased Goethe, who in one of his conversations with Eckermann thus casually alludes to the coolness at that time existing between them. 'I was once,' he says, 'very angry with him (Wolff) for various reasons. He played one evening, and I was sitting in my box: "now," thought I to myself, "you can keep a sharp look-out upon him, for there is not, to-day, a spark of affection within you that can speak out for him and excuse him." Wolff acted, and I kept my sharp eye fixed upon him. And how he did act! How safe, how firm he was! It was impossible to find out in him even the shadow of an offence against the rules which I had implanted in him, and I saw that a reconciliation with him was inevitable.'

Besides the talented couple in question, and others already mentioned, the Weimar theatre, during Goethe's direction, possessed several artists of sterling merit, such as Graff, the original representative of Alba in 'Egmont,' and Wallenstein, Oels, Durand, Genast the younger, and Madame Vohs, whose beauty shone conspicuously in 'Maria Stuart' and 'Turandot.' None, however, bore away the palm from Caroline Jagemann, the bewitching Leonora d'Este in 'Tasso,' and the acknowledged favourite of Carl August, who subsequently conferred on her the nobiliary title of Frau von Heygendorf. And yet, notwithstanding the care and attention bestowed on the performances, the audience, chilled by the presence of the Court, might have been excused if the general effect appeared to them depressing, rather than exhilarating. Applause, as being contrary to etiquette, was tolerated only on extraordinary occasions, while the slightest mark of disapprobation was strictly forbidden, as an unlucky malcontent once discovered to his cost. This occurred on the first night of Kleist's 'Broken Pitcher,' in which by no means lively production one of the actors drawled through his part in so insufferably tedious a manner, that a spectator in the pit, overcome by *ennui*, so far forgot himself as to indulge in an unmistakable hiss. Up started Carl August in a transport of fury, and with a withering glance at

the offender, exclaimed: 'What insolent fellow dares to hiss in the presence of my wife? Hussars, remove him instantly!' In another minute the unfortunate wight was hustled into the street and conveyed to the guard-house, where during a three days' arrest he had ample leisure to repent of his folly. Referring afterwards to this incident, Goethe remarked to Genast: 'Between ourselves, the man was not so very far wrong, and if I had been in his place, I should have been sorely tempted to do the same; but for decency's sake he ought to have waited until he was outside the theatre.'

www.fbtool.com.cn

On certain occasions, however, the usual discipline was relaxed, and notably whenever Schiller's 'Robbers' appeared in the bills; the Court, for some reason or other, never being present at the performance of that drama. On these nights there was invariably a tremendous influx of students from Jena, as enthusiastic as they were ill-mannered, who smoked, drank beer, and sat in their shirt-sleeves in the pit, often interrupting the actors with snatches of Burschen melodies, and applauding or hissing as the fancy took them. Goethe had borne this disorder for some time, but one evening the uproar grew so intolerable that he rose from his seat, and sternly surveying the ringleaders, thundered out: 'People should remember where they are, and behave themselves accordingly.' 'In a moment,' says Genast, 'the tumult was hushed, beer-flasks and pipes were laid aside, coats and jackets hastily donned, and, as if by magic, the rioters of an instant before were transformed into a silent and decorous assembly, quietly retiring at the conclusion of the play, and not recovering their dare-devil spirits until once more on the road to Jena.'

For several years an intrigue, mainly fostered by Caroline Jagemann, had been forming with a view of compelling Goethe to resign his post; the Duke's affection for the latter having long excited the jealousy of the favourite, between whom and the superintendent no very amicable feeling existed. At length an opportunity came, of which she was not slow to avail herself. Early in 1817, an actor named Karsten, the owner of a poodle which had been trained to perform the part of the 'Dog of Montargis,' had already exhibited the animal with great success both in France and Germany. 'The Duke, whose fondness for dogs was as marked as Goethe's aversion to them, was craftily assailed from various sides to invite Karsten and his poodle to Weimar. When Goethe heard of this, he haughtily answered, "In our theatre regulations stands 'No dogs admitted on the

stage;'" and paid no more attention to it.' The invitation having been already despatched, the dog came; and Goethe, declaring that he would have nothing more to do with a theatre where such exhibitions were tolerated, started in a huff for Jena. There he received a note www.libtool.com.cn written in a moment of pique, which in Lewes's translation runs as follows:—

'From the expressed opinions which have reached me, I have come to the conviction that the Herr Geheimrath von Goethe wishes to be released from his functions as Intendant, which I hereby accord.

'CARL AUGUST.'

It is but fair to add that a second letter from the Duke, written almost immediately after, and expressing his regret at what had occurred, paved the way for a reconciliation, and 'the cloud passed over.' No entreaty, however, could induce Goethe to resume a post from which he had been so summarily and unworthily dismissed; and from April 12, 1817, his official connection with the Weimar theatre entirely ceased.

CHARLES HERVEY.

www.libtool.com.cn

A Strange Experience.

I.

THE COMPANION'S STORY.

MINE has been a quiet, uneventful, unromantic life; but in my past, one weird experience stands out in very sharp relief against the dull background of my other recollections, which, to tell truth, are exceedingly prosaic; an experience so terrible that at the time it almost threw me off my mental balance, and even now often fills me with unrest and disquiet by its mere memory.

When I was in my twenty-fifth year, I was suddenly left to face life alone. I looked about for employment, and before many days my attention was attracted by the following advertisement.

'Wanted immediately, a lady, as companion to a young lady who is slightly deranged. The patient is quite harmless and gentle. A comfortable home offered.'

I was not by any means a weak-minded or nervous young woman, and it seemed to me that the slight prejudice which made me shrink from such companionship might easily be overcome. The salary named suited my requirements, and, as my credentials were satisfactory, my application was met by an acceptance, and all the preliminaries being arranged, it was agreed that I should journey down to E—— without further delay.

On the morning of the day on which I had arranged to begin my new life it occurred to me that the train I had fixed on would not get me to E—— before seven o'clock, and that it would be far from pleasant to arrive in the damp darkness of an autumn evening at a station with which I was unfamiliar, and which might be miles from the 'Manor House.'

I therefore decided to go by an earlier train, thinking that it could not possibly make much difference to my employers whether I reached my destination at eight or at four. I knew nothing of the people to whom I was going, beyond the facts that they were the

elder sisters of 'the patient,' and that their references had been all that could be desired. On the way down I amused myself with guesses as to the kind of household I was about to join, and by the time I reached E—— I had formed a pretty little fancy picture of two cheerful, comfortable, middle-aged ladies, and had begun to think that the 'deranged' young lady might after all be only a little peculiar and eccentric, not enough so to make any serious drawback to a quiet and happy life.

www.libtool.com.cn

I got a fly at the station, and with my smaller belongings was packed into it. After what seemed an interminable drive, the conveyance jolted and shook itself down into quietness in front of a closed door, which formed the only feature in a long red-brick wall, high enough to be in itself a very sufficient protection, and further secured by a formidable *chevaux de frise.* My fly-man rang the bell and I alighted. A long interval elapsed without any sign of life from the other side of the door, but when at last he somewhat impatiently rang again, there came a sound of footsteps on the flagged path within, and the door was opened about three inches, while a voice said:

'Who's there?'

'My name is Graham,' I answered. 'I have come to be Miss Tharpe's companion.'

'Oh!' said the voice suspiciously, 'but Miss Graham was not to come till seven.'

'Nevertheless I *am* Miss Graham, and you see I have come at four. I am coming in, so please open the door.'

'Well, I suppose you may come in,' was the ungracious reply, and the door opened. I passed through it, and up the flagged pathway, on either side of which stretched a garden, laid out in brown desolate flower-beds. Some large cedars grew near the house and cast a heavy shade over its long red façade. The whole scene was dreary in the extreme, and, to add to the weird appearance, though no lights were visible in the windows, all the blinds were drawn down, and over the front door the family hatchment was displayed. In reply to my hasty question whether there had been a recent death in the family, the woman who had let me in answered stolidly:

'No, the place is always like this.'

The hall in which my boxes were set down was large and dark, furnished with oaken settles and seats black with age.

I paid the fly-man, and when he was gone looked with anxiety for some sort of welcome, for the tone of the letters I had received

led me to hope that this would be a home in fact no less than in name.

'Are the ladies out?' I asked.

'Yes,' said the old servant. 'They will not be back till six. You had better take your things off, and sit in the library till they return.'

I did as she directed. In the library, which was at the back of the house, were a good fire and two wax candles in ponderous silver candlesticks. The walls were oak-panelled, and the curtains heavy, dark, and handsome. The whole atmosphere was one of decayed magnificence. I leaned back in my chair and put my feet on the fender with a feeling of contentment which not even the mystery shadowed forth by the outward signs of mourning on the house could dispel. The change from the chill damp world outside to this warmth and comfort, the absolute stillness of the place after the hurry and bustle of railway travelling, these were very soothing, and all conduced to a sense of drowsiness which gently stole over me. I yielded to it. I don't know how long I dozed, but when a slight noise—a cinder dropping from the fire, I fancy—roused me again to consciousness, I found that I was no longer alone in the room. Seated on a low ottoman on the other side of the fire, her great grey eyes fixed on my face, was a girl; her hands were clasped round her knees, and her whole body bent forward in an attitude of profound attention. Over her plain white dress fell the splendid waves and ripples of her auburn hair; her complexion was of that clear shell-like tint by which that coloured hair is so often accompanied. She was exquisitely lovely—— But her face? What was there in it that made me shrink involuntarily from her? The deep changeful eyes, the red perfect mouth, the wildrose-coloured cheeks, the whole person of the girl, though of a more complete beauty than any I had ever seen, yet stirred in me a certain indefinable repulsion. Who was she? I had hardly realised where I was for the moment, but at that question I remembered. Of course she was the 'patient,' and the shadow that marred her beauty was the 'derangement' for which I had been prepared. I felt that it would not do to let this repulsion make any further headway, since I was to be the companion of the girl before me, so I crushed it down as well as I was able, and holding out my hand, said quietly:

'How do you do?'

'Hush!' she whispered, taking my hand; 'don't speak too

loud, or Jane will hear us, and she will want me to go away. She does not know I am with you. I told her I was going to my work, but I wanted to come and see *you*. You are to be my companion, are you not?'

'Yes, Miss Tharpe.'www.libtool.com.cn

'Don't call me that,' she said, quickly. 'Call me Isabel.'

'I shall be very pleased to do so, Isabel.'

'That is nice,' she said. 'You have a very pleasant voice. What is your name?'

'Frances Graham.'

'I will call you Frances,' she said, 'if you will let me.'

'Certainly,' I answered, my heart warming a little towards her.

'Now, Frances,' she went on, coming close to me, and twining her arms round my waist; 'I want you to be my friend, and let me love you. You will, won't you?'

Of course I said 'Yes.' How could I do otherwise when her soft cheek was laid so caressingly against mine?

'And you will try and love me? And you will be gentle with me, and not be impatient, and you won't be annoyed if I talk too much of my work? You know it is the only thing I care for, and I must talk about it. No one else ever did any work at *all* like it.'

'What is your work, dear?' I asked, anxious to show interest in what was evidently her one topic.

'Oh, you shall see it presently,' she said. 'There's no hurry; it's always there, you know.'

'What is it like?' I asked.

'Oh, I won't tell you what it is like,' said Isabel gaily, 'because that will spoil the surprise for you; but it's very very beautiful.'

'I shall like to see it very much,' I said, feeling, it must be confessed, but a very lukewarm interest in the matter. I was tired and faint, and hoped that I should not be required to criticise or admire anything before I had been refreshed by tea. Of this, however, there seemed no sign, so I concluded that in this old-fashioned mansion afternoon tea was unknown, and that I should have to wait for the set meal at six, for which the Misses Tharpe were evidently coming home. I sighed.

'Are you *very* tired?' said the girl, who was now kneeling in front of me holding my hands in hers; 'because, if you are not, I think perhaps we had better go and see my work *now*. I have been down here some time, and I don't want Jane to come interfering before you have seen it.'

There was something strangely childlike about her suppliant way of looking up at me. A refusal would only vex her, I thought, so I gathered my tired limbs together and followed her.

She caught up one of the heavy silver candlesticks from the table and went before me through the dark passages, holding it high above her head. Its light fell on the red gold of her hair, whose lustre seemed to brighten the dim house as she passed through it. It seemed a long way. Upstairs, along passages hung with old portraits that seemed to frown on us as we went by; then down a few more stairs; another passage, a door, a short flight of steps, and we were in one of the daintiest little bowers I had ever beheld. Every pleasant device, every charming arrangement that modern decorative art could suggest, were here in perfection, and in strongest contrast to the massive antique grandeur of the rest of the house. I had hardly time, however, to take in more than the *tout-ensemble* of the room, for Isabel caught me by the arm and hurried me through the door on the other side of the bedroom, and into a little boudoir furnished with the same taste which characterised the room we had just left. Fresh flowers, cages of singing birds, plenty of books and needle-work lying about. 'Here,' I thought, 'she surely keeps her work.' But no, she still hurried me on. The door of a third room stood open, and through it we passed into a chamber the fac-simile of the one we had first entered. Only, whereas the other had been neat, this was disordered—rich laces, flowers, and a fan lying strewn on toilet table and floor; only, whereas the other seemed empty of human presence, this did *not*; only, whereas the other little white bed was vacant, smooth, and unpressed, *this* was occupied.

Isabel led me to the bedside. Before us lay what seemed so like herself that I glanced at her to assure myself that she was standing by my side and not lying before my eyes.

The figure on the bed was dressed in a ball-dress of white satin and rich lace, looped up with great wreaths of water-lilies and grasses. Her hair, which I now saw to be fairer than Isabel's, fell over the pillow in heavy curls that almost touched the floor. The eyes had a vacant stare, but they were the grey eyes of Isabel; the cheeks had a deadly pallor, but they had also the rounded contour of Isabel's. Over the neck and bust was thrown a thick white lace scarf.

A growing horror held me rooted to the spot. I could neither speak nor move, for, let me say it at once, the face before me had

on it the plain signet of death. I stood waiting for what should come, and this is what did come.

The girl beside me whispered low in my ear:

'There! Is it not lovely? Look, Frances Graham, this is my work.' She drew the lace from the throat and bosom of the body on the bed, and a minute after threw the candlestick wildly from her, and, as darkness fell on the room, broke into peal after peal of ear-piercing, terrible laughter. But between the withdrawal of that lace and the coming of that darkness was a clear moment, and in that moment I saw most plainly, most unmistakably, all that the scarf had hidden. On that snowy bosom were dark crimson stains, and across that soft throat was a deep red gash.

Then material night deepened to mental darkness, and there came a merciful blank.

II.

THE STEP-SISTER'S STORY.

After the unutterable horror whose end was that blessed loss of consciousness, my first sensation was that of a painful struggle after lost memory; a desperate choking and a wild mad pulsation of my heart, which beat so thickly and so fast as almost to suffocate me. Then, as I began to breathe with greater ease, I abandoned the effort at recollection, and letting my feeble thoughts take their own channel, I began to notice where I was, and with whom.

I was undressed, and lying in a large four-post bedstead in a handsomely furnished old-fashioned room; windows and bed were draped with sombre sage-green moreen hangings. A bright fire burned on the hearth; beside me stood bottles, glasses, and basins. Over against the fire sat a woman's spare angular figure, dressed in deep mourning. A woman with an ashen grey face, white hair, and a hopeless, desolate expression sad beyond description. She sat in a high-backed embroidered chair, and looked wearily into the fire. On her face were deep lines which seemed traced by grief quite as much as by age.

I lay and noticed all this, but the power of movement seemed withdrawn from me. I could not have moved a finger or uttered a sound if my life had depended on it.

The door opened softly and another woman entered, a little

younger in appearance than the one who sat by the fire, but in care lines, in black gown, in white hair she was the same.

'Has she moved, Mary?' said the new comer in a low voice that thrilled me by its suggestion of a resemblance to some other voice I had known (Isabel's, as I know now).

'No, sister Martha,' said the other, raising her faded eyes from the fire; 'she has been like this now for nearly three hours. Has Jane not returned yet?'

'Yes, she has just come in. It is some distance to E——, you know, and Dr. Jaikes was out; but she has brought that new doctor from the High Street, who has the name of a clever young man. He had better come up now, I think.'

I closed my eyes; I felt I could not bear to be called upon to take even the part of a recognised listener in any conversation. Presently a hand took mine, felt my pulse, smoothed my hair back, and a man's voice said—

'Poor child, there has been a severe shock; have you any idea what could have caused it?'

'Yes,' said Miss Martha's voice; 'she has had a very serious shock.'

'We can do nothing more than you seem to have been already doing,' he went on; 'it is best to leave the nervous system to right itself naturally. Perhaps you will tell me what caused this.'

'I will show you,' she said, and the two left the room together.

The lady who had been called 'Mary' came to my side and bathed my temples with vinegar, and presently I heard the doctor and 'Martha' speaking in the next room. My nurse heard them too, and after a moment's hesitation, slipped away to join them, leaving the door ajar.

My nerves were highly strung and my every sense was alert; though their voices were low I heard distinctly every word that was uttered. I could not connect what I heard with what I had seen and undergone, for, in respect of any memory of what had passed in the earlier part of the evening, my mind was utterly blank, though I felt in every fibre of my body the vibration of the horror that had overwhelmed me.

'A dreadful sight indeed,' said the doctor, 'and quite calculated to unhinge a mind more mature and self-governed than this poor girl's. But you will pardon me for saying that it was culpably careless to allow her to visit that room unprepared.'

'Of course we intended to prepare her,' said Miss Martha

distractedly; 'but she came long before the appointed time, and Jane, who had charge of the house, believed Isabel to be upstairs all the time.'

'Can nothing more be done?' asked Miss Mary.

'No,' he answered, 'but with your permission I will remain here for the present in case any change should take place. My impression is that she is conscious at this moment, and may before long recover speech and memory, and need instant attention. If it would not be too painful to you, ladies, perhaps you would not mind explaining to me the necessity for the existence of this horror, which must always be a danger to anyone entering your house without preparation.'

www.libtool.com.cn

A slight pause; then Miss Mary said:

'Sister Martha, tell Dr. Lloyd the story. If he had been longer in the town he would not have needed to inquire. The chatter of servants makes the keeping secret of even a part of the tale impossible, and Dr. Lloyd may as well hear it told truly by you as garbled by the town gossipmongers.'

And Miss Martha obediently began the story. I suppose she had had to tell it before, for her words seemed to come very readily:

'My sister Mary and I were brought up by our father, a widower, who lived here, and when we were thirty and thirty-three years of age he married, to everyone's great surprise, a young and pretty woman. About a year after his second marriage he was thrown from his horse and brought home dead. That night his twin daughters were born, and his wife died. In the midst of our grief at this double loss (for we had loved our father's second wife) the dear little babies comforted us; we called them Edith and Isabel. We gave them all our thought, care, love, and devoted ourselves to bringing them up conscientiously. As they grew up they seemed to fill the whole house with sunshine. They were so sweet, so beautiful, so graceful, so fond of us and so devoted to each other. Perhaps Edith was a thought more beautiful, but then Isabel was so intellectual and brilliant. When the girls were about eighteen Isabel met at a ball in the next county a young man named William Lockwood, who, after a short acquaintance, asked us for her hand. He was of good family, and his people were quite favourable to the match, for no one could help loving our Isabel. She had had some money left her by her godmother, and as he was in receipt of a handsome salary, their position would be one of comfort. The engagement was

quite satisfactory to everyone, and it was expected they would shortly marry and settle down near us. We were all, therefore, much astonished when Mr. Lockwood one day announced that he was going to accept a lucrative situation in India. Isabel could not endure the idea of living there, and begged him to give it up, but he would not. One night we took the girls to a ball at the E—— Assembly Rooms. At about two o'clock Isabel came up to me, and said she was tired and would like to go home. I asked if something else were not the matter, for she looked more than "tired."

'"Will prefers India to me," she said, "that is all. I gave him his choice, and we have parted for ever; he sails to-morrow from S——"

'"Why does he go so suddenly?"

'"A friend of his who had engaged a berth in this ship is unable to go, and Will is going to take his place," she said. So fell the first blow on poor Isabel, without softening, without hope of reconciliation. I went home with her, promising to send back the carriage for Edith and my sister Mary. On the way home she seemed excited and half wandering, and talked in a broken, disconnected way. I am telling you all this to show what it was that first shook her mind, and how this quarrel with the man she passionately loved had partly unhinged her brain, even before the frightful event of which I am about to tell you. I should not have mentioned Mr. Lockwood but for this, and I shall not have occasion to mention him again. He went to India, and I dare say does not know of poor Isabel's condition, for which his cruel conduct certainly laid the foundation. Of the calamity that put the finishing touches to the wreck of her mind he must of course have read in the papers.

'I did not then feel very anxious about Isabel. I thought she was merely feverish and excited, so I saw her safely in bed and bade her good night.

'"Good night, dear sister," she said, "I am quite comfortable now. I hope I shall go to sleep, and not be disturbed all night."

'Poor child! poor child! she *was* disturbed, but how, by whom, by what, we shall never know.

'I went to my room, heard the carriage drive home, heard Mary bid Edith good night, heard the doors close and the house settle down into night's quietness.

'Next morning I would not have the girls called; I thought they must be tired. But at about ten o'clock I had a breakfast

www.libtool.com.cn

tray prepared and carried it up. Isabel slept in the outer room usually, but she was not in her bed. I passed into the sitting-room; she was not there. No doubt, I thought, she is with Edith. She was with Edith. O God, how often have I longed for death's darkness to blot out my remembrance of the sight that met my eyes when I opened the door of Edith's room! On the floor lay Edith, dressed in her white lace dress, just as you saw her upstairs; her long fair hair, wet with dark patches, lay spread over the nightdress of Isabel, who sat on the floor with her sister's head in her lap. Edith was dead, her throat gashed across, and Isabel was mad.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Mad!' said Dr. Lloyd.

'Quite mad: for when we asked her how she had found her sister; if she knew who had done it; how long ago; all she would answer was, '*I* did it of course; can't you *see* I did it?' and not another word could we get from her on the subject either then or at any other time.

'She did *not* do it, of course.'

'Of course not. Why, the girls doated on each other. Besides, ample proofs were forthcoming that some one else had been in Edith's room that night and had done this devil's deed. The police came. Prints of a man's feet were on the garden beds below the window, and the ivy which covers the house on that side was loosened and broken. Edith's jewel-case, which had contained some valuable jewels, was broken open and its contents gone, and on the floor beside her dead body was found a large heavy knife, such as labouring men carry, and which was covered with her blood.'

'The murderer was never found?' asked Dr. Lloyd.

'Never. No one could identify the knife. A tramp had been seen hanging about the house, but though detectives scoured the country far and wide, and though we offered a large reward, from that day to this no word has ever been heard to show in what way one of our darlings lost her life and the other her reason.'

'This is very painful,' said Dr. Lloyd's voice; 'but it does not explain what I saw upstairs.'

'I was about to do that,' replied Miss Martha. 'We sent at once for Dr. Jaikes, who, as perhaps you know, was for years physician at —— Asylum, U.S.A., for, to our horror, Isabel's mania took the form of an absolute refusal to be parted, even for a moment, from the body of her sister. Dr. Jaikes came and

examined her, and tried by gentleness and by severity to induce her to give up the corpse. No! she clung to it with frantic tenacity. To our dismay, Dr. Jaikes affirmed that it would be as much as her life was worth to insist. "If you force her to give way," he said, "she is almost certain to go raving mad, and will most likely destroy herself." "What shall we do?" we asked. He reflected some time, then made a journey to London, returning the same night with a stranger. The police inspector allowed the two to enter the room where the dead girl lay. They remained there some time, and returned the next day and the next. When for the inquest it was necessary to remove Isabel, Dr. Jaikes gave her a strong composing draught, which kept her unconscious for nearly forty-eight hours. We could not understand what Dr. Jaikes meant, until, while Isabel was still asleep, he took us to his house, and showed us—it.'

'"That unfortunate girl," he said, "will now be able to keep ever before her the form of her dead sister. This is a ghastly notion, but it is the only way to keep the girl alive."

'When Isabel awoke, Dr. Jaikes had an interview with her —the funeral had that day taken place—and promised that the corpse of Edith should be restored to her if she would promise never to *touch* it. He told her that if she did so, it would be immediately removed. She did promise, and has kept her word. By covering the face as much as possible, its beauty has been preserved.'

'Upon my soul,' said Dr. Lloyd, 'this Dr. Jaikes is a sharp man, and so must his London friend have been.'

All this I heard as I lay in my bed. I must hear more. For at the last few sentences memory had awakened, and I was able to know that here was the explanation of the terror of that dim bedroom. The explanation! What had it explained? Nothing! How had this doctor preserved the body? Was it embalmed? How had it been recovered after receiving proper burial?

I slid from the bed and staggered across the room, pushed the door wide open, and tottered through it. As I did so, I caught a glimpse, in a mirror, of my own wild white face, framed in its black disordered hair. Dr. Lloyd sprang up and supported me. But for his timely aid I should have fallen to the ground. I gathered my forces and spoke in a hoarse whisper.

'I have heard the story. What is *it*? For Heaven's sake tell me. *How* have you kept Edith's corpse for four years?'

At the words my flesh quivered again, and my hair seemed to

www.libtool.com.cn

stand on end, while every nerve I had trembled expectantly as I awaited the answer.

'Her corpse is buried,' said Dr. Lloyd, tightening his grasp of me. 'What you have seen was never alive. It is her perfectly fashioned, perfectly coloured image—in wax.'

www.libtool.com.cn

III.

THE THIRD STORY.

ANOTHER blank. I believe I had something very like an attack of brain fever. I had recently had sorrows of my own in the loss of those dear to me, and perhaps these had weakened me and rendered me an easy prey to what now struck me down. At any rate, I was ill for some weeks, during which the kindest and most careful nursing was given me. As I got stronger I was able to think out all that had happened, and to form my resolution. So one day, when Miss Martha said:

'I suppose, my dear, you will soon be well enough to leave this sad house,' I was ready with my answer:

'I have no wish to leave you, Miss Tharpe. If you think I can perform the duties you require, I shall be glad to stay here, and I can promise you that there shall be no return of the weakness which has given you all so much trouble. I believe I shall be able to fill the place of Isabel's companion now better than anyone else could do. Your object in advertising was to get some one of about her own age, in the hope of distracting her thoughts, and that I will do all I can to effect.'

Dr. Lloyd was consulted, and he agreed with me that I was quite able to undertake the duties.

'I should advise a daylight visit to Isabel's suite of rooms,' he said, 'as a first test of your powers.'

So when I had grown quite strong, Dr. Lloyd took me up to the room. There, in the pale sunlight of the December noon, I looked upon the wax figure, and, rather to my own surprise, experienced no return of the nervous terror with which I had been prepared to do battle. I think the relief of knowing that this form had never had life, and was therefore not dead, was so great as to overpower any minor feelings.

I touched the waxen features, the chill hand—removed the scarf with a firm touch, and having accustomed myself thoroughly

to the sight, I professed myself ready to begin my work, which I did forthwith, by persuading Isabel to take a walk in the garden, a thing she had never done since her sister's death.

As the months passed on, the liking she had first shown for me seemed to deepen into a passionate attachment which I was glad to meet and encourage, and which I did not scruple to work upon by every means of which I was mistress, in order to draw her attention from that which she still called 'her work.' In a measure I was successful, but after awhile her interest in any new object of my planning would be sure to flag, and she would return with new-born ardour to the contemplation of that gruesome figure in the white lace dress. I managed to persuade her to allow the outward signs of mourning on the face of the house to be removed, and she consented, only stipulating that the blinds of Edith's room should still remain lowered. Since that paroxysm of fearful laughter with which she had first shown me 'her work' (and which was, it seemed, the first she had experienced), her health had visibly declined, and as the days lengthened, and spring's promise filled the air, she grew paler and thinner, and more languid.

Dr. Jaikes and Dr. Lloyd watched the case with interest, and they concurred in the opinion that she could not last many months. Dr. Jaikes was of opinion that her death might be preceded by a lucid interval, and his hope was strong that some clue to the murderer might then be gained. Dr. Lloyd differed from him in this, and declared his belief that only a shock similar to the one which had wrecked her reason would restore it to her, even temporarily.

'Supposing that she did see the murder committed,' he said to me once, 'I believe she would recover sufficient reason to point the murderer out, if she ever saw him again; but that is among the things so unlikely as almost to be impossible.'

But it is not always the most likely things that happen.

Who, for instance, would have thought it likely that Mr. Will Lockwood should, on his return to England after four years' absence, come straight from S—— to the Manor House and ask for Miss Tharpe? I suppose he had seen no newspapers on his outward voyage to India, and by the time he reached his destination the E—— murder had ceased to be common talk, and some other 'atrocity' had taken its place in the minds of men. *Certain it is* that he knew nothing of the tragedy.

Unlikely in the extreme! And yet the most natural thing

in the world for one who had always had the name of a most impulsive man, not to wait to hear news in any roundabout way, but to come straight to his old love's house, to see if she were still unwed.

www.libtool.com.cn

At any rate, one May evening when the Misses Tharpe were out, and Dr. Lloyd, now a very frequent visitor at the Manor House, was sitting in the garden with me and poor Isabel, now wasted to a very shadow, we heard a ring at the garden door. There were never any callers there. It could only be Dr. Jaikes or the Misses Tharpe, so, as the servants were both out, I ran round and opened the door myself.

A handsome bronzed man of about thirty stood in the doorway, and spoke, hat in hand:

'Does Miss Tharpe still live here?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Can I see Miss Tharpe? I am William Lockwood, a very old friend.'

'Come in,' I said, and led him to the library. Then I went and whispered to Dr. Lloyd who the visitor was.

I did not say a dozen words to him, but when I turned round Isabel was gone. Had she gone to the library? We hastened thither. The girl was standing just inside the door, looking at the man who had been her lover with a wild, passionate light in her eyes.

'Isabel?' he said, in a chilled, changed voice.

'Well, Will,' she said, 'you have come back, then? Why don't you ask after Edith?'

'I—you—— Good God! how ill you look!' was all his answer.

'Edith is not ill,' said Isabel, quietly; 'come and see her.'

I made a step forward, with some vague idea of interference, but Dr. Lloyd stayed me with a glance.

'I—perhaps your sister may think it an intrusion,' he stammered, apparently quite oblivious of our presence.

'Oh, no,' said Isabel, 'she won't think that. Come and see her. And you come too,' she added, turning to us. I could not fathom Dr. Lloyd's motive in allowing this gentleman to be subjected to such a shock as this must be; but I obeyed him, and we all went silently after her up the long, winding, endless-seeming passages, through the pretty boudoir, and into the dim chamber where death's image was enshrined.

Isabel entered first, then Mr. Lockwood, and Dr. Lloyd and I

stood in the doorway. I noticed that the young man's eyes, strangely enough, turned first to the window and then to the dressing-table, as he followed Isabel to the bedside.

With a sudden movement of her hand she drew away the scarf from the throat of the body, and left exposed that awful ghastly wound.

www.libtool.com.cn

Lockwood gazed spell-bound for quite two minutes. Then with a wild harsh cry that echoed through the quiet house, he flung himself on his knees beside the bed.

'It isn't true—it can't be real! Oh, Edith!—my life, my darling——'

Dr. Lloyd stepped forward and dragged the man away before the hand he had stretched out had time to touch the wax hand to which he had reached it. He whispered in Lockwood's ear. I suppose told him briefly what *It* was and how It came there, and led him to the door; but as they reached it—

'Stop!' cried Isabel, in a terrible voice; 'you have seen—now you must hear. Though I have known it all along, I could not speak; but now the chain is loosed and I find words. I was mad then, and perhaps I have been so since. *Why* do you think I wanted her body? *Why* do you think I have dragged out my wretched life so long? Because I knew this hour would come. Because I knew that some day he would come back—to her, not to me—not to me, and that this sweet moment of revenge would repay me for all the sufferings of these years. Ask him if he remembers the last time he saw this room. Ask him—— No, ask him nothing. Hold him there, and let him hear how his love, his darling, met her death——'

Lockwood himself looked like death as he sank into a chair near the door and looked at Isabel. The girl's whole body seemed transfigured, instinct with a new full life. Can you fancy the scene at all, reader? I suppose not, for my words are faint to convey any idea of the picture I saw then, and which haunted me day and night for years. The horror on the bed, changeless and unchangeable. The man, as far from it as possible, cowering beneath the glance of the woman, who stood erect and defiant beside the body, still clasping fast in her clenched hand the lace scarf she had withdrawn from it.

'Listen!' she cried, 'listen, all of you—you shall hear my story. You have heard many guesses as to how this,' with a wildly eloquent gesture, 'happened, and *he* has heard none, it seems. Now you shall hear the truth, and he—liar, coward, traitor, villain

as he is, will not dare to say it is other than the truth. Let me think; how was it?'

She paused a moment, and then went on more quietly.

'The night of the Assembly ball I saw William Lockwood—he had been my lover for eighteen months, my ardent lover, if he was to be believed. That night he parted from me for ever—my refusal to accompany him to India being his pretext. I went home very wretched, went to bed, heard the others return, and still could not sleep. Presently I thought I would go into Edith's room and pass the rest of the night with her, my dear sister, my loving companion, who knew all my heart, and who had, in return, no secrets from me. I opened her door softly, lest I should disturb her innocent slumbers; and what do you think I saw? Edith was not in bed, she had not even removed her ball dress. She was standing by the window, her hands clasped round the neck of a man who held her in his arms. That man was my lover, William Lockwood. Let him deny it if he can!'

He could not, apparently. At any rate he did not, but only bent his head lower on his breast, after one sidelong glance at the door.

'I heard him,' she went on, 'remind her of how he had only meant to marry me for my money, how she had always had his heart; and how, after all, his love for her would not let him marry anyone else. I heard him tell her how he was obliged to leave England for a time, of the difficulties he was in, and his urgent need of money; I heard him promise to return and marry her, if she would only wait for him. I saw her give him the jewels off her arms and neck. She handed him her jewel case, but she had mislaid the key; so he took a big knife from his great-coat pocket and forced the lock—it was only a slight affair—and crammed the contents of the case into his pockets. All this I watched through the crack of the door. Then they parted. He kissed her lips, her eyes, her hands, her hair, her throat; and then he left, as I suppose he had often done before, by the window; and when she had watched him out of sight she turned back into the room with a little sob—half of pleasure, half of regret. Then I came in. I suppose she saw in my face that I knew all, for she said half mockingly—

'"I am not to blame, Bell; if you could not keep your lover when you had won him——"

'If she had been gentle, remorseful—but she was not—and I was mad then, whatever I have been since——

'"I shall keep him, though," she went on.

'"Will you?" I cried, and I caught up the knife which he had dropped, and—ah!—you see what I did with it. "He will not kiss your throat again," I whispered to her; and then I knew what I had done, and life died out in me, and I knew nothing more till I found myself holding her head on my knee, and saying over and over again, "I did it—I did it—I did it;" and from then till now I never could tell the rest. It is the sight of you—you devil of treachery—that has given me power to speak out; and here, in God's presence, I charge you with having killed her body and blasted her soul and mine. Ah, sister,' she moaned, her voice sinking to a soft murmur, 'forgive me as I forgive you, and let us both find peace,' and her voice died away as she sank down beside the bed.

'What have you to say to all this?' asked Dr. Lloyd sternly.

Lockwood had been gathering himself together for a final effort, I fancy. He rose and drew himself to his full height.

'Say to it?' he said, haughtily; 'why, that from beginning to end it is the baseless fabrication of a madwoman's brain, and unworthy of a moment's serious attention. I was never in this room in my life before;' and he walked quietly out at the door.

We sprang to Isabel's side, but when we raised her she was quite dead.

Was *all* her tale a wild imagining of her disordered reason?

'Edith—my life, my darling!' Those five words of Lockwood's, spoken involuntarily in the first thrill of his agony and despair, bear witness that it was not.

At least, so think I, and so thinks my husband, Dr. Lloyd.

Does the reader think otherwise?

E. NESBIT.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

Queer Fishes.

THE typical fish is a creature of an elongated oval form, covered with scales, and having fins for limbs. Breathing by gills, it lives in the water and dies out of it, while its 'fishy' eye is suited for seeing through a watery medium. Such is the 'generic image' which naturally rises in the mind when thinking of fishes. It would be difficult, however, to affirm anything whatever of the typical fish which would not be belied in one or other of the many aberrant forms of those interesting animals. Few things are more generally true than that fishes can only live in water, 'a fish out of the water' being synonymous with all that is incongruous and unnatural; yet there are dozens of fishes inhabiting different parts of the world that seem never to be happier than when thus out of their element. Some, indeed, there are that spend the greater part of their lives on land, while a few actually get drowned if prevented from rising to the surface to breathe.

Most people have heard of the Climbing Perch of the Indian region, which gained its name from having been seen by its discoverer on the stem of a Palmyra palm, five feet above the ground, where it was apparently struggling, by means of the spines on its scales and gill-covers, to get higher. As that happened nearly a hundred years ago, and there is no authentic instance of the fish having since been detected climbing trees, the occurrence may fairly be regarded as incidental rather than habitual. There is no doubt, however, that it travels long and far by land, generally in the morning when the dew waters its path, although on one occasion Mr. E. L. Layard met a number of them journeying along a dusty road under a mid-day sun. They are said to form a favourite food of the boatmen on the Ganges, who have been known to keep them alive for five or six days without water, and to find them at the end of that time as lively as when first caught. The typical fish cannot breathe out of the water; but the Climbing Perch can, because above its gills, and in the same cavity with them, lies an organ, composed of a complicated system of thin bony plates, which acts as a lung. The fish was until lately sup-

posed to fill this cavity with water, and to make use of the latter from time to time in wetting its gills, just as the camel in the desert draws upon its internal reservoir of water in order to quench its thirst. This theory, however, has not been able to survive the fact that those who have sought for water in this labyrinthine organ have never yet found it. Many fishes occur in the fresh waters of the Amazon basin which are thus truly amphibious. They all have gills by which they can breathe, like other fishes, in water; but they have also special contrivances for enabling them to respire atmospheric air as well. In some of these it is the intestinal tube that plays the part of lung; in others it is the air-bladder, the efficiency of the latter in this capacity being seen in the fact that it is only necessary to close the passage which connects it with the atmosphere in order to suffocate the fish. One of those amphibious fishes of South America is in the habit of travelling by night in great droves, moving as fast as a man can walk, its only locomotive organs being the spiny ray of its pectoral fins and its tail. Another, inhabiting the swamps of Carolina, travels by leaps, and always, it has been observed, in the direction of the nearest water. Most of these fishes live in ponds and marshes which are liable to disappear in the dry season, and it is in search of fresh waters that they undertake those migrations. There are many parts of the world, however, in which at such seasons this search would be hopeless, and in those cases the pond fishes æstivate, that is, bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of the pools, and there lie torpid till the advent of the rainy season sets them free. In Ceylon the natives, according to Tennent, are in the habit of digging for them, and a friend who had been present at one of those fish diggings informed him that 'the clay was firm but moist, and as the man flung out lumps of it with a spade, it fell to pieces, disclosing fish from 9 to 12 inches long, which were full grown and healthy, and jumped on the bank when exposed to the sunlight.' The Lepidosiren or Mud-fish of tropical Africa similarly buries itself. Forming a hollow in the mud, and lining it with mucus, it there lies, like the kernel in a nutshell, till released by the rains. These clay-balls are often dug up by the natives, and if the inclosing shell be not broken, the fish can be safely transported in them to Europe, and there released by immersion in tepid water. How long this torpid condition may continue is not exactly known, but in India it is believed that they may thus survive for more than one season—tanks that have been dry for several years having

been found to swarm with fish as soon as a sufficiency of water had gathered in them to soften their hardened beds.

The habit of occasionally leaving their proper element is not confined to fresh-water fishes, it is also found in a few marine forms. There are several species of tropical gobies found very abundantly on the Indo-Pacific coasts, especially where mud and fucus abound. They skip about in the mud and seaweed close to the water-line, hunting for insects and mollusks, and so nimbly do they leap on land that it is difficult to catch them. With their great prominent eyes, which they have the power of thrusting far out of their sockets, and with the fore part of the body raised on their limb-like pectoral fins, they present a somewhat frog-like appearance. In the water they prefer leaping along the surface to swimming beneath it. 'I have chased one,' says Professor Moseley, 'in Trincomali harbour which skipped thus before me until it reached a rock, where it sat on a ledge out of the water in the sun and waited till I came up, when it skipped along to another rock.'

The Flying Fishes of tropical seas, of which more than forty species are known, are further examples of fish that leave the water, although it is the bird or bat, and not the land-walking animals, that they seek to emulate. Their pectoral fins are enormously enlarged so as to resemble wings, and in some cases these extend from the gills to the tail. Whether they move their wings in flight or not is still an unsettled question, although the weight of opinion seems to favour the view that they do not. The result, however produced, is that they glide over the surface of the sea at the height of one or two feet above it, often rising and falling in the most graceful manner. They have been observed thus to glide over a distance of from 800 to 1,200 feet in a period of about forty seconds, which is probably the longest time they have been seen 'finning' it out of the water. That they can rise to a much greater height is proved by the fact that frequently at night they fall on the decks of passing ships. There are two widely different groups of flying fish, namely, the 'Flying Herrings' and the 'Flying Gurnards.' The latter have the heavier bodies, but probably also the largest expanse of wing; thus an example before the writer has each of its wing-like pectorals measuring 9 inches in length and 7·2 inches in breadth. Professor Moseley, when on board the *Challenger*, was convinced that he had seen flying gurnards move their wings rapidly during their flight. On one occasion he watched large numbers of a

species with beautifully coloured wings fly along before the boat in which he was collecting, at a height of about a foot above the water, and for distances of 15 to 20 yards; and as they thus flew they appeared to him to buzz their wings very rapidly, reminding him of the buzzing of the wings in the grasshopper.

Poverty, that ever-present factor in the struggle for existence, is said to make people acquainted with strange bedfellows, and the same universal struggle has brought about some curious alliances among fishes. Although there are no true parasites among them, there are many forms which find it to their advantage to get attached to other animals. These either fix themselves to the outside of their host, or, passing within, occupy the mouth or intestinal tube—not, however, as parasites, but in the capacity of lodgers, or messmates, as Beneden calls them. Few sharks are caught in tropical seas that have not one or more sucking fish attached to them. These are feeble little fishes that owe their success in life—for they are found in every sea—to the powerful alliances they form. Unable of themselves to swim either quickly or far, they get attached, by means of a dorsal fin which has been modified into a sucker, to any swift-swimming creature, or even ship, that may come in their way. Thus relieved of the fatigue of swimming, and protected from their enemies by the close proximity of their *attached* host, they are free to devote their energies to the sole purpose of picking up such food as may come within their reach. According to Beneden, the fishermen of the Mozambique Channel utilise the Remora, as it is also called, as a live fishing-hook. Passing a ring to which a cord is attached through its tail, they send it in pursuit of any passing fish or turtle, and should it succeed in attaching itself by its sucker, few hooks are more secure. It was of this fish that the strange delusion formerly prevailed that it was able to arrest the progress of any vessel to which it got fixed. Says Oppian:

> The Sucking Fish beneath, with secret chains,
> Clung to the keel, the swiftest ship detains.

The fishes that make their home in the interior of other animals are somewhat numerous. Considerable numbers of a small species habitually lodge in the ample mouth cavity of a Brazilian cat-fish, living on such crumbs as they can filch from the table of their host. A Mediterranean eel which dwells in the branchial sac of a devil-fish picks up its living in a somewhat similar fashion. The Sea-cucumbers, or Holothurians, are the

favourite home of a curious group of small eel-like fishes known as *Fierasfer.* The commonest of the Mediterranean species measures about 7·2 inches in length, and Professor Emery has seen seven of these fishes enter, one after the other, the body of a large sea-cucumber. They use it, in his opinion, as a habitation or as a refuge from their enemies, getting their nourishment all the while from the sea by pushing their heads out of their Holothurian home. Sea-anemones are also known as fish-shelters. Dr. Collingwood, when sailing in the seas about Labuan, came upon an anemone which measured fully two feet in diameter when its tentacles were expanded. Seeing a small fish hovering over the anemone, and suspecting that there might be more of them within, he began raking about with a stick in the body of the creature, and succeeded in turning no fewer than six similar fishes out of its body cavity. The great sea-jellies, with their dome-like disks and fringe of stinging tentacles, are somewhat suggestive of floating marine homes, and it is found that beneath those living umbrellas crowds of the smaller fishes habitually shelter. A. Agassiz counted no fewer than twenty of them swimming in safety within the fringed circle of a single medusa. Professor Sars, of Christiania, also found that, at an early stage of its growth, the cod in the neighbourhood of the Loffoden Islands avails itself of a similar shelter. In this instance the alliance is supposed to be mutually beneficial; the cod-fry sharing in the minute food which the jelly-fish is able to stupefy by its stinging tentacles; while it, in return, is supposed to relieve its host of certain minute parasites which infest it.

There is a fish often found in the abdominal cavity of other fishes which can neither be called a parasite nor a messmate. This is the Hagfish or 'Borer.' With neither scales nor visible eyes, and with scarcely any appearance of a head, it looks more like a worm than a fish; yet this lowly organised creature inflicts immense injury upon the Norwegian fisheries. It is no uncommon thing for the fishermen of the Loffodens to be compelled by stress of weather to leave their lines and nets in the water for several days, and in such cases they too often find that the majority of the fish caught are totally destroyed by hag-fish. Penetrating the skin of the captured cod or ling, the 'borer,' as it is appropriately called, devours the soft parts in an incredibly short time, leaving, says Sars, 'nothing but skin and bone.'

The typical fish has an unmistakable eye, but there are large numbers of species in which the organ of vision is distinctly

abnormal. Agassiz, in his journey up the Brazilian river Para, found a fish which leapt about in the water like a frog, and which consequently had its eyes as often above the water as below it. It is known as the 'four-eyed fish,' because each eye is divided into an upper and a lower portion by an opaque horizontal line, which gives the effect of two pupils, the one suited for atmospheric and the other for aqueous vision. The eyes of the South American cat-fishes are found in almost every imaginable position in the creature's head, and of immense variety in size, the most curious being those in which the organs of vision—very small in this instance—are placed on the top of the head, so that their owners can only see what is going on above them. Others of the amphibious fishes can elevate and depress their eyes at will. Probably, however, there are no such 'queer' eyes, or eyes with so queer a history, in the entire animal kingdom as those of flat-fishes. These creatures when they first emerge from the egg swim like their neighbours, that is, with the back above and the belly beneath, and at this stage they further resemble other fishes in having an eye on each side of the head. So compressed, however, are their bodies laterally, that when only about a week old they seem no longer able to maintain themselves in the position of a coin standing on its edge. They consequently fall on their side, the side beneath becoming thereafter, to all intents and purposes, the under surface of the fish, and the side above, its back. An eye beneath, however, would be useless or worse—consequently, no sooner does the flat-fish take to swimming on its side than the lower eye begins to travel round, and does not cease moving until it has reached the upper surface in the vicinity of its neighbour. Thus both eyes come to be on the same side of the fish's head. In a few species the eye, instead of keeping at the surface while thus shifting its position, sinks into the tissues of the head, and so bores its way through to the other side, the creature appearing to have three eyes until the opening, on what then becomes known as the blind side, closes over.

Many species of fishes are totally blind; but, as these all live in the darkness of ocean depths or of subterranean caves, the presence of eyes in the absence of light could serve no useful purpose. In the limestone region of the United States there are thousands of miles of cavern, with rivers, lakes, and dry land, the inhabitants of which are for the most part blind. Among the most interesting of the curious forms found in the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and also in the less known Wyandotte Cave of Indiana,

are the blind fishes (*Amblyopsis*). Professor Cope, who recently observed them in the latter, says they came to the surface to feed, swimming in full sight like white aquatic ghosts. Provided the most perfect silence is preserved, there is no difficulty in catching them with the hand; but the faintest sound—such is the acuteness of their sense of hearing—causes them to dart downwards and hide themselves beneath stones at the bottom. That this species was not always blind is proved by the fact that, although its individuals are destitute of external eyes, yet beneath the skin those organs are to be found in a rudimentary state. It may therefore be regarded as tolerably certain that they are the descendants of a seeing fish, which, having by chance got conveyed into those subterranean waters, has gradually had its eyes obliterated through disuse, compensation being found for the loss in the greater development of the other sense organs. It is somewhat remarkable that side by side with those blind-fishes there should be other species, living in the same utter darkness, with well-developed eyes. The evolutionist can offer no other explanation than that those seeing forms may be comparatively recent importations into the cave waters, whose eyes have not yet had time to get atrophied by disuse. The blind cave-fish being thus probably the descendants of species which once lived above ground, it might have been supposed that they would show affinity with forms now inhabiting the surrounding country. Such, however, is not the case with the fishes, although relationships of this sort have been shown to exist in certain other blind animals of those caves. Is it too much to suppose, as the writer has elsewhere stated, 'that the ancestors of these fishes, having been beaten in the struggle for existence, died out, while those of their number which betook themselves to the caves have survived, owing to the less severe competition there encountered; just as the remnants of conquered nations have sometimes succeeded in maintaining their separate existence and independence by retiring to their mountain fastnesses'?

Recent deep-sea dredgings have also proved the existence of blind fishes in 'the caves of ocean.' The rays of the sun are not believed to penetrate beyond a depth of 200 fathoms, but fishes have been found living at a depth of more than two miles. The profound darkness of those abysmal depths is somewhat relieved, however, by the faintly diffused light of phosphorescence given off by countless multitudes of marine animals; and the deep-sea fish are either totally blind, or have huge eyes specially adapted for making the most of the light they have. Dr. Gunther, to whom

the description of the *Challenger* deep-sea fish was entrusted, has found that, in certain of the blind forms, the organs of vision appear to have been superseded by structures, in some cases very large, which he is inclined to regard as producers of light. In this view, these fishes carry phosphorescent lanterns on their heads, which may be used, as torches sometimes are, in attracting towards them the great-eyed species supposed to form their prey. Although the blind fishes cannot, it is true, see the approach of their living food, their snouts are liberally provided with long feelers and other delicate tentacular organs that no doubt keep them informed of all movements taking place over a considerable area. Other deep-sea fishes, some of them blind, others not, have rows of luminous spots running along the lower side of the body and tail, and sometimes also on the snout. Some of these spots, which differ structurally from the others, have been regarded as accessory eyes. Gunther, however, inclines to the view that they are all producers of light. Cut off, as deep-sea creatures thus are, from all participation in the beneficent rays of the sun, they would seem, under the influence no doubt of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, to have become a light unto themselves.

www.libtool.com.cn

Venom is invariably associated in the human mind with snakes, and never with fishes; yet the circle of poisonous animals has lately been extended by the addition, not only of a hitherto unsuspected lizard, but also by several fishes. There is a fish found in Central America the operculum of which is armed with a spine closely resembling the fang of a venomous serpent. The spine is hollow, and communicates at its base with a poison-bag, the contents of which pass through the spine into the wound which it inflicts. The dorsal fin of the same fish is likewise provided with two spines, each of which is similar in structure and function to that already described, and, together, they form the most perfectly developed poison apparatus yet found in the class of fishes. More dangerous, because more common, are two species of fish found in the Indo-Pacific seas. Each of their very numerous dorsal spines is as good (or as bad) as a poison-fang, being provided in every case with poison-bag and grooves for the conveyance of the venom into the wound. The fishermen of the Mauritian and other coasts on which they occur no more think of handling those creatures than they would the venomous sea-snakes of the same region. Sometimes, however, they are trodden upon unwittingly by people wading with naked feet, when they inflict a wound which not infrequently proves fatal. Other fish, as the sting-ray of the

Indian Ocean, and even the sea-spiders or weevers of British waters, inflict wounds, with stiletto-like spines, so severe as to raise the suspicion that the dart is in some sense a poisoned one. If a few fishes are thus venomous when living, a great many more are poisonous when dead. The typical fish is a more or less edible creature; the eating of the forms here referred to, however, frequently proves fatal. These include many of those curious balloon-shaped fish known as globe-fish and sea-porcupines, also trigger-fish and trunk-fish. These may be readily recognised by the peculiarity of their forms; but less recognisable, although equally poisonous, are certain tropical species of herrings and parrot-wrasses. Their deleterious properties are said to be due in most cases to the poisonous nature of their food.

Unfishlike as the possession of a poison apparatus undoubtedly is, it is nevertheless common enough outside of their class. There are at least a dozen species of fishes, however, which are alone among animals in the possession of electric organs—truly the most remarkable weapons in the entire animal armoury. The application of electricity to the arts is one of the proudest achievements of nineteenth-century man; yet those fishes, there is little reason to doubt, applied their electric batteries to the art of capturing their prey long before man had come into existence. That those natural batteries exhibit true electrical phenomena is shown by their currents behaving in exactly the same way as those produced artificially; thus, says Gunther, 'they render the needle magnetic, decompose chemical compounds, and emit the spark.' To receive a shock, it is as necessary in the one apparatus as in the other that contact should be made at two points in order to complete the circuit. The various species of electrically armed fishes are not, as might have been expected from the common possession of so unique a weapon, by any means all closely related. They belong to three widely different groups—namely, rays, eels, and sheath-fishes—which would seem to indicate that electric organs have originated independently in each group. The electric eel of South American rivers is the most powerful of those creatures, growing to a length of six feet, and provided with a pair of batteries containing some hundreds of minute cells copiously supplied with nerves. Although the story told by Humboldt of the Indian method of capturing those fishes by driving the wild horses of the plains into the streams, and keeping them there until the eels had exhausted their electricity upon them, is now discredited for want of subsequent corroboration, it is an undoubted fact that a

vigorous *Gymnotus* will paralyse the largest animals. The torpedoes are the best known of electric fishes, and, although much less powerful than the eel, they are a source of danger to bathers in the Mediterranean and other seas where they occur.

'As mute as a fish' has come to be proverbial, nevertheless there are many fishes which can and do utter sounds more or less musical. The gurnards, one of which is known as the lyre-fish, emit a grunting sound when being taken out of the water—due, it is said, to the escape of gas from the air-bladder; and the herring squeaks under similar circumstances. A fish resembling a sole, found in Siam, is said to attach itself to the bottom of boats, and there give out harmonious sounds. An English traveller, while lately surveying a piece of water in Eastern Siam, watched the movements of certain fishes known as 'Mahsir,' and became aware of a peculiar click or percussive sound frequently repeated on all sides. This he soon found came from the mahsir, one of which passing close to him made several distinct sounds. The noise was loud enough, he says, to have been heard at a distance of forty feet. The Umbrinas of European seas are well known for the drumming sound they make, audible, it is said, from a depth of twenty fathoms. The fishermen of Rochelle, according to the Rev. Charles Kingsley, assert that the males alone make the noise during the spawning time; and that 'it is possible by imitating it to take them without bait.' If this be so, the noise must be regarded as the love-call of the male fish to its mate, and, as such, comparable to the singing of birds during the breeding season.

Like birds also, a few fishes are known to build nests. Most of these are mere hollows in the sand or mud, but, such as they are, they are jealously guarded by their builders—the males, who as soon as the nests are ready try every blandishment to induce the females to enter and spawn in them. A few species, however, build nests which will bear comparison in point of neatness and constructive skill with those of most birds. The fifteen-spined stickleback thus builds its nest of seaweed and corallines. With much skill and patience it weaves about its nest a silk-like elastic cord, spun from its own body, the whole when finished forming a compact pear-shaped structure, from five to six inches in length, in which the female deposits her spawn. In only two instances are female fishes known to take any care of their progeny. In all other cases where any heed is paid to the eggs and fry, it is upon the male that the labour devolves. That they are sometimes not far behind birds in what they will do and dare for their young, was

seen lately in the case of a small perch-like fish inhabiting the streams of Trinidad. A gentleman watching one was astonished to find that on putting his hand into the water, this usually shy fish, instead of making off, made at his hand, striking it with all the might and main of a five-inch fish. He soon, however, discovered the cause of this unwonted boldness in the near proximity of its nest—a structure hollowed out in the sand, about the size of half an egg, and crowded with little fish not bigger than house-flies. On returning next day he found that the parent fish, taking alarm at his intrusion of the previous day, had made another nest some distance off, and had conveyed thither its numerous offspring. Nest-building among fishes is probably not nearly so rare as has hitherto been supposed, the keeping of fish in aquaria having proved the existence of this habit where it had not been previously suspected. While the majority of fishes shed their spawn broadcast on the waters, there are some, not nest-builders, which take other means of protecting their eggs and young. Thus in the two instances above referred to the females attach the eggs to the under surfaces of their bodies; in other two, the males actually carry the eggs in their mouths until they are hatched; while in a whole group of fishes, of which the sea-horse is the best known example, the males receive the eggs into an abdominal pouch, where they are hatched, and, as some maintain, nourished also during their early fryhood.

Widely different as most of the forms here referred to undoubtedly are from the typical fish, a study of their life history and habits shows that their peculiarities in structure and mode of life, if not in every case the direct outcome of their environment, at least harmonise with it, and thus enable them to hold their own in the great battle of life.

JOHN GIBSON.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn *Madam.*

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XI.

ROSALIND TREVANION was a girl who had never had a lover—at least such was her own conviction. She even resented the fact a little, thinking it wonderful that when all the girls in novels possessed such interests she had none. To attain to the mature age of eighteen, in a wealthy and well-known house where there were many visitors, and where she had all the advantages that a good position can give, without ever having received that sign of approbation which is conveyed by a declaration of love, was very strange in the point of view of fiction. And as she had few friends of her own age at hand to consult with, and an absorbing attachment and friendship for an older woman to fill up the void, novels were her chief informants as to the ordinary events of youthful life. It is an unfortunate peculiarity of these works that their almost exclusive devotion to one subject is too likely to confuse the ideas of young women in this particular. In old-fashioned English fiction, and in the latest American variety of the art, no girl who respected herself could be satisfied with less than half a dozen proposals: which is a circumstance likely to rouse painful questionings in the hearts of our young contemporaries. Here was a girl not unconscious that she was what is generally known as 'a nice girl,' with everything favourable in her circumstances: and yet she had not as yet either accepted or refused anybody! It was curious. Young Hamerton, who had been staying at Highcourt at the uncomfortable moment already described, was indeed prone to seek her society, and unfolded himself rashly to her in talk with that indescribable fatuity which young men occasionally show in presence of girls, moved perhaps by the too great readiness of the kind to laugh at their jokes and accept their lead. Rosalind, protected by her knowledge of minds more mature, looked upon Hamerton with a kind of admiring horror, to think how wonderful it was that a man should be a man, and superior to all women, and have an education such as women of

ambition admired and envied, and yet be such a ——. She did not say fool, being very courteous and unused to strong language. She only said such a ——; and naturally could no more take him into consideration as a lover than if he had been one of the footmen. It was not beyond her consciousness either perhaps that Charley Blake, the son and partner of the family lawyer, whom business often brought to Highcourt, contemplated her often with his bold black eyes in a marked and unmistakable way. But that was a piece of presumption which Miss Trevanion thought of as a princess royal might regard the sighs of a courtier. Rosalind had the eclectic and varying political views held by young women of intelligence in the present time. She smiled at the old Toryism about her. She chose her men and her measures from both parties, and gave her favourites a hot but somewhat fluctuating support. She felt very sure that of all things in the world she was not an aristocrat, endeavouring to shut the gates of any exclusive world against success (which she called genius): therefore it could not be this thoroughly old-world feeling which prompted her disdain of Charley Blake. She was of opinion that a poor man of genius struggling upward towards fame was the sublimest sight on earth, and that to help in such a struggle was a far finer thing for a woman to do than to marry a duke or a prince. But no such person had ever come in her way, nor anyone else so gifted, so delightful, so brilliant and so tender as to merit the name of a lover. She was a little surprised, but referred the question to statistics, and said to herself that because of the surplus of women those sort of things did not happen nowadays: though indeed this was a theory somewhat invalidated by the fact that most of the young ladies in the county were married or about to be so. The position altogether did not convey any sense of humiliation to Rosalind. It gave her rather a sense of superiority, as of one who lifts her head in native worth superior to the poor appreciation of the crowd. How the sense of being overlooked should carry with it this sense of superiority is for the philosopher to say.

These thoughts belonged to the lighter and happier portion of her life, and were at present subdued by very sombre reflections. When she walked out in the morning after these events there was, however, a certain sense of emancipation in her mind. Her father had again been very ill—so ill that during the whole night the house had been on the alert, and scarcely anyone had ventured to go to bed. Rosalind had spent half the night in the

hall with her uncle, expecting every moment a summons to the sick-room, to what everybody believed to be the deathbed of the sufferer; and there had crept through the house a whisper, how originating no one could tell, that it was after an interview with Russell that the fit had come on, and that she had carried him some information about Madam which had almost killed him. Nobody had any doubt that it was to Madam that Russell's report referred, and there were many wonderings and questions in the background, where the servants congregated, as to what it was. That Madam went out of nights; that she met some one in the park, and there had long and agitated interviews; that Jane knew all about it, more than anyone, and could ruin her mistress if she chose to speak: but that Russell too had found out a deal, and that it had come to master's ears through her; and full time it did, for who ever heard of goings on like this in a gentleman's house? This is what was said among the servants. In superior regions nothing was said at all. Rosalind and her uncle kept together, as getting a vague comfort in the universal dreariness from being together. Now and then John Trevanion stole to the door of his brother's room, which stood open to give all the air possible, to see or hear how things were going. One time when he did so his face was working with emotion.

'Rosalind,' he said, in the whisper which they spoke in, though had they spoken as loudly as their voices would permit no sound could have reached the sick-room; 'Rosalind, I think that woman is sublime. She knows that the first thing he will do will be to harm and shame her, and yet there she is, doing everything for him. I don't know if she is a sinner or not, but she is sublime——'

'Who are you speaking of as that woman?—of MY MOTHER, Uncle John?' cried Rosalind, expanding and growing out of her soft girlhood into a sort of indignant guardian angel. He shook his head impatiently and sat down; and nothing more was said between them till the middle of the night, when Dr. Beaton coming in told them the worst was over, and for the moment the sick man would 'pull through.' 'But I'll have that nurse in confinement. I'll send her to the asylum. It is just manslaughter,' he said. Russell, very pale and frightened, was at her door when Rosalind went upstairs.

'The doctor says he will have you tried for manslaughter,' Rosalind said as she passed her. 'No, I will not say good-night. You have all but killed papa.'

'It is not I that have killed him,' said Russell; 'it's those that do what they didn't ought to.'

Rosalind in her excitement stamped her foot upon the floor.

'He says you shall be sent to the asylum; and I say you shall be sent away from here. You are a bad woman. Perhaps now you will kill the children to complete your work. We are none of us safe so long as you are here.'

www.libtool.com.cn

At this Russell gave a bitter cry and threw up her hands to heaven.

'The children,' she cried, 'that I love like my own—that I would give my heart's blood for—not safe! Oh, Miss Rosalind! God forgive you!—you that I have loved the best of all!'

'How should I forgive you?' cried Rosalind, relentless. 'I will never forgive you. Hate me if you please, but never dare to say you love me. Love!—you don't know what it is. You should go away to-night if it were I who had the power and not mamma.'

'She has the power yet. She will not have it long,' the woman cried in her terror and passion. And she shut herself up in her room, which communicated with the children's, and flung herself on the floor in a panic which was perhaps as tragical as any of the other sensations of this confused and miserable house.

And yet when Rosalind went out next morning she was able to withdraw herself, in a way inconceivable to anyone who has not been young and full of imaginations, from the miseries and terrors of the night. Mr. Trevanion was much exhausted but living, and in his worn-out, feeble state, required constant care and nursing, without being well enough to repay that nursing with abuse as was his wont. Rosalind, with no one to turn to for companionship, went out and escaped. She got clear of that small yet so important world, tingling with emotion, with death and life in the balance, and everything that is most painful in life—and escaped altogether, as if she had possessed those wings of a dove for which we all long, into another large and free and open world, in which there was a wide delightful air which blew in her face, and every kind of curiosity, and interest, and hope. How it was she fell to thinking of the curious fact that she had not, and had never had a lover, at such a moment, who can tell? Perhaps because it occurred to her at first that it would be well to have something, somebody, to escape to and take comfort in, when she was so full of trouble, without knowing that the wide atmosphere and fresh sky, and bare trees that discharged whenever the

breath of the wind touched them a sharp little shower of rain-drops, were enough at her age to woo her out of the misery which was not altogether personal, though she was so wound up in the lives of all the sufferers. She escaped. That thought about the lover, which was intended to be pathetic, beguiled her www.libtool.com.cn into a faint laugh under her breath; for indeed it was amusing, if even only ruefully amusing, to be so unlike the rest of the young world. That opened to her, as it were, the gate; and then her imagination ran on, like the lawless sweet young rover it was, to all kinds of things amusing and wonderful. Those whose life is all to come, what a playground they have to fly into when the outside is unharmonious! how to fill up all those years; what to do in the time that is endless, that will never be done; how to meet those strange events, those new persons, those delights and wonders that are all waiting round the next and the next corner! If she had thought of it she would have been ashamed of herself for this very amusement, but fortunately she did not think of it, and so let herself go like the child she was. She took her intended walk through the park, and then, as the morning was bright, after lingering at the gate a little went out into the road, and turned to the village without any particular intention, because it was near and the red roofs shone in the light. It was a fresh bright morning, such as sometimes breaks the dulness of November. The sky was as blue as summer, with wandering white cloudlets, and not a sign of any harm, though there had been torrents of rain the night before. Indeed, no doubt it was the pouring down of those torrents which had cleared away the tinge of darkness from the clouds, which were as innocent and filmy and light as if it had been June. Everything was glistening and gleaming with wet, but that only made the country more bright, and as Rosalind looked along the road the sight of the red village with its smoke rising ethereal into air so pure that it was a happiness to gaze into its limpid invisible depths, or rather heights, ending in heavens, was enough to cheer any young soul. She went on, with a little sense of adventure, for though she often went to the village it was rare to this girl to have the privilege of being absolutely alone. The fresh air, the glistening hedgerows, the village roofs, in all the shining of the sunshine, pleased her so much that she did not see till she was close to it a break in the road, where the water which had submerged the low fields on either side had broken across the higher ground, finding a sort of channel in a slight hollow of the road. The sight of a labourer plashing through it, with but little

thought though it came up to the top of his rough boots, arrested Rosalind all at once. What was she to do? *Her* boots, though with the amount of high heel which only a most independent mind can escape from, were clearly quite unequal to this crossing. She could not but laugh to herself at the small matter which stopped her progress, and stood on the edge of it measuring the distance with her eye and calculating probabilities with a smiling face, amused by the difficulty. While she stood thus she heard a voice behind her calling to the labourer in front. 'Hi!' some one said; 'hallo, you there! help me to lift this log over the water, that the lady may cross.' The person appealed to turned round, and so did Rosalind. And then she felt that here was indeed an adventure. Behind her, stooping over some large logs of wood on the side of the pathway, was the man who had looked so intently at the carriage the other day when she passed with her stepmother. Before she saw his face she was sure, with a little jump of her heart, that it was the same man. He was dressed in dark tweed clothes, somewhat rough, which might have been the garb of a gentleman or of a gamekeeper, and did not fit him well, which was more like the latter than the former. She could see as he stooped, his cheek and throat reddened as with the unusual exertion.

'Oh, please do not take the trouble,' she cried; 'it is of no consequence. I have nothing to do in the village.'

'It is no trouble,' he said; and in a minute or two the logs were rolled across the side path so that she could pass. The man who had been called upon to help was one of the farm labourers whom she knew. She thanked him cheerfully by name, and turned to the stranger, who stood with his hat off, his pale face, which she remembered to have been so pale that she thought him ill, now covered with a brilliant flush which made his eyes shine. Rosalind was startled by the beauty of the face, but it was not like that of the men she was accustomed to see. Something feminine, something delicate and weak was in it.

'You are very kind to take so much trouble; but I am afraid you have over-exerted yourself,' she cried.

This made the young man blush more deeply still.

'I am not very strong,' he said half indignantly, 'but not so weak as that.' There was a tone of petulance in the reply; and then he added, 'Whatever trouble it might be is more than repaid,' with a somewhat elaborate bow.

What did it mean? The face was refined and full of expression, but then probably he was not a gentleman, Rosalind thought, and

did not understand. She said hurriedly again, 'I am very much obliged to you,' and went on, a little troubled by the event. She heard him make a few steps after her. Was he going to follow? In her surprise it was almost on her lips to call back William from the farm. www.libtool.com.cn

'I beg your pardon,' said the stranger, 'but may I take the liberty of asking how is Mr. Trevanion? I heard he was worse last night.'

Rosalind turned round, half reassured.

'Oh, do you know papa?' she said. 'He has been very ill all night, but he is better, though terribly exhausted. He has had some sleep this morning.'

She was elevated upon the log, which she had begun to cross, and thus looked down upon the stranger. If he knew her father, that made all the difference; and surely the face was one with which she was not unfamiliar.

'I do not know Mr. Trevanion, only one hears of him constantly in the village. I am glad he is better.'

He hesitated as if he too was about to mount the log.

'Oh, thank you,' said Rosalind, hurrying on.

CHAPTER XII.

'To whom were you talking, Rosalind?'

'To—nobody, Uncle John!' she said in her surprise at the sudden question which came over her shoulder, and turning round waited till he joined her. She had changed her mind and come back after she had crossed the water upon the impromptu bridge, with a half apprehension that her new acquaintance intended to accompany her to the village, and had, to tell the truth, walked rather quickly to the park gates.

'But I met the man—a young fellow—whose appearance I don't know.'

'Oh! I don't know who it was either; a gentleman; at least I suppose he was a gentleman.'

'And yet you doubt. What cause had you to doubt?'

'Well, Uncle John, his voice was nice enough, and what he said. The only thing was, he paid me a sort of a—compliment.'

'What was that?' said John Trevanion quickly.

'Oh, nothing,' said Rosalind inconsistently. 'When I said I was sorry he had taken the trouble, he said, "Oh, if it was any trouble

it was repaid." Nothing at all! Only a gentleman would not have said that to a girl who was—alone.'

'That is true; but it was not very much after all. Fashions change. A few generations ago it would have been the right thing.' Then he dropped the subject as a matter without importance, and drew his niece's arm within his own. 'Rosie,' he said, 'I am afraid we shall have to face the future, you and I. What are we to do?'

'Are things so very bad, Uncle John?' she cried, and the tears came welling up into her eyes as she raised them to his face.

'Very bad, I fear. This last attack has done him a great deal of harm, more than any of the others; perhaps because, as the doctor says, the pace is quicker as he gets near the end, perhaps because he is still as angry as ever, though he is not able to give it vent. I wonder if such fury may not have some adequate cause.'

'Oh, Uncle John!' Rosalind cried; she clasped her hands upon his arm, looking up at him through her tears. He knew what was the meaning in her tone, though it was a meaning very hard to put into words. A child cannot say of her father when he is dying that his fury has often been without any adequate cause.

'I know,' he said, 'and I acknowledge that no one could have a more devoted nurse. But whether there have not been concealments, clandestine acts, things he has a right to find fault with——'

'Even I,' said Rosalind hastily, 'and I have nothing to hide—even I have had to make secrets from papa.'

'That is the penalty, of course, of a temper so passionate. But she should not have let you do so, Rosalind.'

'It was not she. You think everything is her fault; oh, how mistaken you are! My mother and I,' cried the girl impetuously, 'have no secrets from each other.'

John Trevanion looked into the young ingenuous countenance with anxiety: 'Then, Rosalind,' he said, 'where is it that she goes? Why does she go out at that hour of all others, in the dark? Whom does she meet? If you know all this, I think there cannot be another word to say: for nothing that is not innocent would be entrusted to you.'

Rosalind was silent. She ceased to look at him, and even withdrew her clasping hands from his arm.

'You have nothing to say? There it is: she has no secrets from you, and yet you can throw no light on this one secret. I have always had a great admiration and respect for your stepmother, Rosalind.'

'I wish you would not call her my stepmother! It hurts me. What other mother have I ever known?'

'My dear, your love for her is a defence in itself. But, Rosalind, forgive me, there is some complication here. If she will not explain, what are we to do? A mystery is always a sign of something wrong; at least it must be taken for something wrong if it remains unexplained. I am, I hope, without passion or prejudice. She might have confided in me——'

'If there was anything to confide,' Rosalind said under her breath. But he went on.

'And now your father has sent for his lawyer—to do something, to change something. I can't tell what he means to do, but it will be trouble in any case. And you, Rosalind- I said so before, you—must not stay here.'

'If you mean that I am to leave my mother, Uncle John!'

'Hush! not your mother. My dear, you must allow others to judge for you here. Had you been her child it would have been different: but we must take thought for your best interests. Who is that driving in at the gate? Why, it is Blake already. I wonder if a second summons has been sent. He was not expected till to-morrow. This looks worse and worse, Rosalind.'

'Uncle John, if you will let me, I will run in another way. I—don't wish to meet Mr. Blake.'

'Hallo, Rosalind! you don't mean to say that Charley Blake has ever presumed—— Ah! this comes of not having a mother's care.'

'It is nothing of the kind,' she cried, drawing her hand violently from his arm. 'He hates her because she never would—— Oh, how can you be so cruel, so prejudiced, so unjust?' In her vehemence Rosalind pushed him away from her with a force which made his steady, middle-aged figure almost swerve, and darted across the park away from him just in time to make it evident to Mr. Blake, driving his dog-cart quickly to make up to the group in advance, that it was to avoid him Miss Trevanion had fled.

'How is he?' was the eager question he put as he came up to John Trevanion. 'I hope I am not too late.'

'For what? If it is my brother you mean, I hear he is a little better,' said John coldly.

'Then I suppose it is only one of his attacks,' the new comer said with a slight tone of disappointment; not that he had any interest in the death of Mr. Trevanion, but that the fall from the excitement of a great crisis to the level of the ordinary is always

disagreeable. 'I thought from the telegram this morning there was no time to lose.'

'Who sent you the telegram this morning?'

'Madam Trevanion, of course,' said the young man.

This reply took John Trevanion so much by surprise that he went on without a word.

She knew very well what Blake's visit portended to herself. But what a strange philosophical stoic was this woman, who did not hesitate herself to summon, to hasten, lest he should lose the moment in which she could still be injured, the executioner of her fate. A sort of awe came over John. He began to blame himself for his miserable doubts of such a woman. There was something in this silent impassioned performance of everything demanded from her that impressed the imagination. After a few minutes' slow pacing along, restraining his horse, Blake threw the reins to his groom, and jumping down, walked on by John Trevanion's side.

'I suppose there is no such alarming hurry, then,' he said. 'Of course you know what's up now?'

'If you mean what are my brother's intentions, I know nothing about them,' John said.

'No more do I. I can't think what he's got in his mind; though we have been very confidential over it all.' Mr. Blake the elder was an old-fashioned and polite old gentleman, but his son belonged to another world, and pushed his way by means of a good deal of assurance and no regard to anyone's feelings. 'It would be a great assistance to me,' he said, 'if he's going to tamper with that will again, to know how the land lies. What is wrong? There must have been, by all I hear, a great flare-up.'

'Will you remember, Blake, that you are speaking of my brother's affairs? We are not in the habit of having flares-up here.'

'I mean no offence,' said the other. 'It's a lie, then, that is flying about the country.'

'What is flying about the country? If it is about a flare-up you may be sure it is a lie.'

'I don't stand upon the word,' said Blake. 'I thought I might speak frankly to you. Rumours are flying everywhere—that Mr. Trevanion is out of one fit into another—dying of it—and that Madam——'

'What of Madam?' said John Trevanion firmly.

'I have myself the greatest respect for Mrs. Trevanion,' said the lawyer, making a sudden pause.

www.fbtool.com.cn

'You would be a bold man if you expressed any other sentiment here; but rumour has not the same reverential and perfectly just feeling, I suppose. What has it ventured to say of my sister?'

John Trevanion, with all his gravity, was very impulsive; and the sense that her secret, whatever it was, had been betrayed, bound him at once to her defence. He had probably never called her his sister before.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Of course it is all talk,' said Blake. 'I dare say the story means nothing; but knowing as I do so much about the state of affairs generally—a lawyer, you know, like a doctor, and people used to say a clergyman——'

'Is bound to hold his tongue, is he not?' John Trevanion said.

'Oh, as for that, a member of the family is not like a stranger. I took it for granted you would naturally be on the injured husband's side.'

'Mr. Blake,' said John, 'you make assumptions which would be intolerable even to a stranger, and to a brother and friend, understanding the whole matter, I hope, a little better than you do, they are not less so, but more. Look here; a lawyer has this advantage, that he is sometimes able to calm the disordered fancy of a sick man, and put things in a better light. Take care what you do. Don't let the last act of his life be an injustice if you can help it. Your father, if your father were here——'

'Would inspire Mr. John Trevanion with more confidence,' said the other with a suppressed sneer. 'It is unfortunate, but that is not your brother's opinion. He has preferred the younger man, as some do.'

'I hope you will justify his choice,' said John Trevanion gravely. 'It is a great responsibility. To make serious changes in a moment of passion is always dangerous—and remember, my brother will in all probability have no time to repent.'

'The responsibility will be Mr. Trevanion's, not mine,' said Blake. 'You should warn him, not me. His brother must have more constant access to him than even his family lawyer, and is in a better position. I am here to execute his wishes; that is all that I have to do with it.'

John Trevanion bowed without a word. It was true enough. The elder Blake would perhaps have been of still less use in stemming the passionate tide of the sick man's fury, but at least he would have struggled against it. They walked up to the house almost without exchanging another word. In the hall they

were met by Madam Trevanion, upon whom the constant watching had begun to tell. Her eyes were red, and there were deep lines under them. All the lines of her face were drawn and haggard. She met the new comer with an anxious welcome, as if he had been a messenger of good and not of evil.

www.libtool.com.cn

'I am very glad you have come, Mr. Blake. Thank you for being so prompt. My husband perhaps, after he has seen you, will be calmer and able to rest. Will you come to his room at once?'

If he had been about to secure her a fortune she could not have been more anxious to introduce him. She came back to the hall after she had led him to Mr. Trevanion's room.

'I am restless,' she said; 'I cannot be still. Do you know, for the first time he has sent me away? He will not have me with him. Before, whatever he might have against me was forgotten when he needed me. God grant that this interview he is so anxious for may compose him and put things on their old footing.'

Perhaps it was only her agitation and distress, but as she spoke the tears came and choked her voice. John Trevanion came up to her, and laying his hands upon her shoulders gazed into her face.

'Grace,' he said, 'is it possible that you can be sincere?'

'Sincere!' she cried, looking at him with a strange incomprehension. She had no room in her mind for metaphysical questions, and she was impatient of them at such a crisis of fate.

'Yes, sincere. You know that man has come for some evil purpose. Whatever they say or do together it will be to your hurt, you know; and yet you hasten his coming—and tell him you are glad when he arrives——'

'And you think it must be false? No, it is not false, John,' she said with a faint smile. 'So long as he does it and gets it off his mind, what is it to me? Do you know that he is perhaps dying? I have nursed him and been the only one that he would have near him for years. Do you think I care what happens after? But I cannot bear to be put out of my own place now.'

'Your own place! to bear all his caprices and abuse!'

'My own place, by my husband's bedside,' she said with tears. 'When he has done whatever he wants to do his mind will be relieved. And I can do more for him than any one. He shortens his own life when he sends me away.

---

www.fbtool.com.cn

CHAPTER XIII.

The house was in a curious commotion upstairs. The nursery apartments were at the end of a passage, but on the same level with those of Mrs. Trevanion, in which Jane, Madam's attendant and anxious maid, was watching—coming out now and then to listen, or standing within the shelter of the half-closed door. Mrs. Trevanion's room opened into the gallery to which the great staircase led, and from which you could look down into the hall. The nursery was at the end of a long passage, and when the door was open, commanded also a view of the gallery. There many an evening when there was fine company at Highcourt had the children pressed to see the beautiful ladies coming out in their jewels and finery, dressed for dinner. The spectacle now was not so imposing, but Russell, seated near the door, watched it with concentrated interest. She was waiting too to see what would happen, with excitement indescribable and some terror and sense of guilt. Sometimes Jane would do nothing more than open her mistress's door, and wait within for any sound or sight that might be possible. Sometimes she would step out with a furtive noiseless step upon the gallery, and cast a quick look round and below into the hall, then return again noiselessly. Russell watched all these evidences of an anxiety as intense as her own with a sense of relief and encouragement. Jane was as eager as she was, watching over her mistress. Why was she thus watching? If Madam had been blameless, was it likely that any one would be on the alert like this? Russell herself was very sure of her facts. She had collected them with the care which hatred takes to verify its accusations; and yet cold doubts would trouble her, and she was relieved to see her opponent, the devoted adherent of the woman whose well-being was at stake, in a state of so much perturbation and anxiety. It was another proof, more potent than any of the rest. The passage which led to Russell's domain was badly lighted, and she could not be seen as she sat there at her post like a spy. She watched with an intense passion which concentrated all her thoughts. When she heard the faint little jar of the door she brightened involuntarily. The figure of Jane—slim, dark, noiseless—standing out upon the gallery was comfort to her very soul. The children were playing near. Sophy, perched up at the table, was cutting out pictures from a number of illustrated papers and pasting them into a book, an occupation which absorbed her. The

two younger children were on the floor, where they went on with their play, babbling to each other, conscious of nothing else. It had begun to rain, and they were kept indoors perforce. A more peaceful scene could not be. The fire, surrounded by the high nursery fender, burned warmly and brightly. In the background, at a window which looked out upon the park, the nursery-maid—a still figure, like a piece of still life but for the measured movement of her hand—sat sewing. The little ones interchanged their eager little volleys of talk. They were 'pretending to be' some of the actors in the bigger drama of life that went on over their heads. But their little performance was only Comedy, and it was Tragedy incarnate, with hands trembling too much to knit the little sock which she held, with dry lips parted with excitement, eyes feverish and shining, and an impassioned sense of power, of panic, and of guilt, that sat close to them in her cap and apron at the open door.

When Rosalind's figure flitted across the vacant scene, which was like the stage of a theatre to Russell, her first impulse was to start up and secure this visitor from the still more important field of battle below, so as to procure the last intelligence how things were going; and it was with a deepened sense of hostility, despite, and excitement that she now saw her approached by the rival watcher. Jane arrested the young lady on her way to her room, and they had an anxious conversation, during which first one and then both approached the railing of the gallery and looked over. It was all that the woman could do to restrain herself. What were they looking at? What was going on? It is seldom that any ordinary human creature has the consciousness of having set such tremendous forces in motion. It might involve ruin to her mistress, death to her master. The children whom she loved might be orphaned by her hand. But she was not conscious of anything deeper than a latent, and not painful though exciting, thrill of guilt, and she was very conscious of the exultation of feeling herself an important party in all that was going on. What had she done? Nothing but her duty. She had warned a man who was being deceived; she had exposed a woman who had always kept so fair an appearance, but whom she, more clear-sighted than anyone, had suspected from the first. Was she not right in every point, doing her duty to Mr. Trevanion and the house that had sheltered her so long? Was not she indeed the benefactor of the house, preserving it from shame and injury? So she said to herself, justifying her own actions with an excitement which betrayed a doubt: and in the meantime awaiting the

result with passionate eagerness, incapable of a thought that did not turn round this centre. What was to happen? Was there an earthquake—a terrible explosion about to burst forth? The stillness was ominous and dreadful to the watching woman who had put all these powers in motion. She feared yet longed for the first sound of the coming outburst; and yet all the while had a savage exultation in her heart in the thought of having been able to bring the whole world about her to such a crisis of fate.

Jane in the meantime had stopped Rosalind, who was breathless with her run across the park. The woman was much agitated and trembling. 'Miss Rosalind,' she said, with pale lips, 'is there something wrong? I see Madam in the hall; she is not with master, and he so ill. Oh! what is wrong—what is wrong?'

'I don't know, Jane; nothing, I hope. Papa is perhaps asleep, and there is some one—Mr. Blake—come to see him. My mother is waiting till he is gone.'

'Oh! that is perhaps why she is there,' said Jane with relief; then she caught the girl timidly by the arm. 'You will forgive me, Miss Rosalind; she has enemies—there are some who would leave nothing undone to harm her.'

'To harm mamma!' said Rosalind, holding her head high; 'you forget yourself, Jane. Who would harm her in this house?'

Jane gave the girl a look which was full of gratitude, yet of miserable apprehension. 'You will always be true to her, Miss Rosalind,' she said; 'and oh, you have reason! for she has been a good mother to you.'

Rosalind looked at the woman somewhat sternly, for she was proud in her way. 'If I did not know how fond you are of mamma,' she said, 'I should be angry. Does anyone ever talk so of mother and daughter? That is all a matter of course. Both that she is the best mother in the world, and that I am part of herself.'

Upon this Jane did what an Englishwoman is very slow to do. She got hold of Rosalind's hand, and made a struggle to kiss it, with tears. 'Oh, Miss Rosalind, God bless you. I'd rather hear that than have a fortune left me,' she cried. 'And my poor lady will want it all; she will want it all!'

'Don't be silly, Jane. My mother wants nothing but that we should have a little sense. What can anyone do against her, unless it is you and the rest annoying her by foolish anxiety about nothing. Indeed papa is very ill, and there is reason enough to be anxious,' the girl added, after a pause.

In the meantime Madam Trevanion sat alone in the hall below. She received Blake, when he arrived, as we have seen, and she had a brief conversation with her brother-in-law which agitated her a little. But when he left her, himself much agitated and not knowing what to think, she sat down again and waited, alone and unoccupied; a thing that scarcely ever in her full life happened to her. She, too, felt the stillness before the tempest. It repeated itself in her mind in a strange fatal calm, a sort of cessation of all emotion. She had said to John Trevanion that she did not care what came after. And she did not; yet the sense that something was being done which would seriously affect her future life, even though she was not susceptible of much feeling on the subject, made the moment impressive. Calm and strong, indeed, must the nerves be of one who can wait outside the closed door of a room in which her fate is being decided without a thrill. But a sort of false tranquillity—or was it perhaps the calmest of all moods, the stillness of despair?—came on her as she waited. There is a despair which is passion and raves; but there is a different kind of despair, not called forth by any great practical danger, but by a sense of the impossibilities of life, the powerlessness of human thought or action, which is very still and says little. The Byronic desperation is very different from that which comes into the heart of a woman when she stands still amid the irreconcilable forces of existence and feels herself helpless amid contending wills, circumstances, powers, which she can neither harmonise nor overcome. The situation in which she stood was impossible. She saw no way out of it. The sharp sting of her present uselessness, and the sense that she had been for the first time turned away from her husband's bedside, had given a momentary poignancy to her emotions which roused her, but as that died away she sat and looked her position in the face with a calm that was appalling. This was what she had come to at the end of seventeen years—that her position was impossible. She did not know how to turn or what step to take. On either side of her was a mind that did not comprehend and a heart that did not feel for her. She could neither touch nor convince the beings upon whom her very existence depended. Andromeda, waiting for the monster to devour her, had at least the danger approaching but from one quarter, and on the other, always the possibility of a Perseus in shining armour to cleave the skies. But Madam had on either side of her an insatiable Fate—and no help, she thought, on earth or in heaven. For there comes a moment in the experience of

all who have felt very deeply, when heaven, too, seems to fail. Praying long with no visible reply, drains out the heart. There seems nothing more left to say even to God, no new argument to employ with Him who all the while knows better than He can be told. And there she was, still, silent in her soul as well as with her lips, waiting, with almost a sense of ease in the thought that there was nothing more to be done, not even a prayer to be said, her heart, her thoughts, her wishes, all standing arrested as before an impenetrable wall which stopped all effort. And how still the house was! All the doors closed, the sounds of the household lost in the distance of long passages and shut doors and curtains; nothing to disturb the stillness before the tempest should burst. She was not aware of the anxious looks of her maid now and then peering over the balustrade of the gallery above, for Jane's furtive footstep made no sound upon the thick carpet. Through the glass door she saw the clear blue of the sky, radiant in the wintry sunshine, but still, as wintry brightness is, without the flickers of light and shadow. And thus the morning hours went on.

A long time, it seemed a lifetime, passed before her repose was disturbed. It had gradually got to be like an habitual state, and she was startled to be called back from it. The heavy curtain was lifted, and first Mr. Blake, then Dr. Beaton, came forth. The first looked extremely grave and disturbed, as he came out with a case of papers which he had brought with him in his hand. He looked at Mrs. Trevanion with a curious deprecating air, like that of a man who has injured another unwillingly. They had never been friends, and Madam had shown her sentiments very distinctly as to those overtures of admiration which the young lawyer had taken upon himself to make to Rosalind. The politeness he showed to her on ordinary occasions was the politeness of hostility. But now he looked at her alarmed, as if he could not support her glance, and would fain have avoided the sight of her altogether. Dr. Beaton, on the other hand, came forward briskly.

'I have just been called in to our patient,' he said, 'and you are very much wanted, Mrs. Trevanion.'

'Does *he* want me?' she said.

'I think so—certainly. You are necessary to him: I understand your delicacy in being absent while Mr. Blake——'

'Do not deceive yourself, doctor; it was not my delicacy.'

'Come, please!' said the doctor, almost impatiently; 'come at once.'

Blake stood looking after them till both disappeared behind

the curtains, then drew a long breath, as if relieved by her departure. 'I wonder if she has any suspicion,' he said to himself. Then he made a long pause and walked about the hall, and considered the pictures with the eye of a man who might have to look over the inventory of them for sale. Then he added to himself, 'What an old devil!' half aloud. Of whom it was that he uttered this sentiment no one could tell, but it came from the bottom of his heart.

Madam did not leave the sick chamber again that day. She did not appear at luncheon, for which perhaps the rest were thankful, as she was herself. How to look her in the face, with this mingled doubt of her and respect for her, nobody knew. Rosalind alone was disappointed. The doctor took everything into his own hands. He was now the master of the situation, and ruled everybody. 'She is the best woman I ever knew,' he said, with fervour. 'I would rather trust her with a case than any Sister in the land. I said to her that I thought she would do better to stay. Mr. Trevanion was very glad to get her back.'

CHAPTER XIV.

As so often happens when all is prepared and ready for the catastrophe, the stroke of fate was averted. That night proved better than the last, and then there passed two or three quiet days. It was even possible, the doctor thought, that the alarm might be a false one, and the patient go on, if tranquil and undisturbed, until, in the course of nature, another crisis prepared itself or external commotion accelerated nature. He had received his wife back after her few hours' banishment with a sort of chuckling satisfaction, and though even his reduced and enfeebled state did not make him incapable of offence, the insulting remarks he addressed to her were no more than his ordinary method. Madam said nothing of them; she seemed, strangely enough, glad to return to her martyrdom. It was better, it appeared, than the sensation of being sent away. She was with him, without rest or intermission, the whole day and a great portion of the night. The two or three hours allowed her for repose were in the middle of the night, and she never stirred abroad nor tasted the fresh air through this period of confinement. The drives which had been her daily refreshment were stopped, along with every other possibility of freedom. In the meantime there appeared something like a fresh development of confidence and dependence upon

her which wrung the heart of the enemy in her stronghold, and made Russell think her work had been all in vain. Mr. Trevanion could not, it was said, bear his wife out of his sight.

It is a mistake when a dying person thus keeps all his world waiting. The sympathetic faculties are worn out. The household in general felt a slight sensation of resentment towards the sick man who had cheated them into so much interest. It was not as if he had been a man whom his dependants loved, and he had defrauded them of that profound and serious interest with which the last steps of any human creature—unless in a hospital or other agglomeration of humanity, where individual characteristics are abolished—are accompanied. The servants, who had with a little awe attended the coming of death, were half disappointed, half disgusted by the delay. Even John Trevanion, who had made up his mind very seriously and somewhat against his own convictions to wait 'till all was over,' had a sensation of annoyance: he might go on for weeks, perhaps for months, all the winter—'thank God,' they said mechanically; but John could not help thinking how inconvenient it would be to come back—to hang on all the winter, never able to go anywhere. It would have been so much more considerate to get it over at once, but Reginald was never one who considered other people's convenience. Dr. Beaton, who had no desire to leave Highcourt, and who besides had a doctor's satisfaction in a successful fight with disease, took it much more pleasantly. He rubbed his hands and expressed his hopes of 'pulling' his patient through with much unnecessary cordiality. 'Let us but stave off all trouble till spring, and there is no saying what may happen,' he said jauntily. 'The summer will be all in his favour, and before next winter we may get him away.' The younger members of the family took this for granted. Reginald, who had been sent for from school, begged his mother another time to be sure there was some real need for it before summoning a fellow home in the middle of the half; and Rosalind entirely recovered her spirits. The cloud that had hung over the house seemed about to melt away. Nobody was aware of the agitating conferences which Jane held with her mistress in the few moments when they saw each other; or the miserable anxiety which contended in Madam's mind with her evident and necessary duties. She had buried her troubles too long in her own bosom to exhibit them now. And thus the days passed slowly away; the patient had not yet been allowed to leave his bed, and indeed was in a state of alarming feebleness, but that was all.

Rosalind was left very much to herself during these days. She had now no longer anyone to go out with. Sometimes, indeed, her uncle would propose a walk, but that at the most occupied but a small part of the day, and all her usual occupations had been suspended in the general excitement. She took to wandering about the park, where she could stray alone as much as pleased her, fearing no intrusion. A week or ten days after the visit of Mr. Blake, she was walking near the lake which was the pride of Highcourt. In summer the banks of this piece of water were a mass of flowering shrubs, and on the little artificial island in the middle was a little equally artificial cottage, the creation of Rosalind's grandmother, where still the children in summer would often go to have tea. One or two boats lay at a little landing-place for the purpose of transporting visitors, and it was one of the pleasures of the neighbourhood, when the family were absent, to visit the Bijou, as it was called. At one end of the little lake was a road leading from the village, to which the public of the place had a right. It was perhaps out of weariness with the monotony of her lonely walks that Rosalind directed her steps that way on an afternoon when all was cold and clear, an orange-red sunset preparing in the west, and indications of frost in the air. The lake caught the reflection of the sunset blaze and was all barred with crimson and gold, with the steely blue of its surface coming in around and intensifying every tint. Rosalind walked slowly round the margin of the water, and thought of the happy afternoons when the children and their mother had been rowed across, she herself and Rex taking the control of the boat. The water looked tempting with its bars of colour, and the little red roof of the Bijou blazed in the slanting light. She played with the boats at the landing-place, pushing one into the water with a half fancy to push forth into the lake, until it had got almost too far off to be pulled back again, and gave her some trouble, standing on the edge of the tiny pier with an oar in her hand, to bring it back to its little anchorage. She was standing thus, her figure relieved against the still shining surface of the water, when she heard a footstep behind her, and thinking it the man who had charge of the cottage and the boats, called to him without turning round, 'Come here, Dunmore; I have loosed this boat and I can't get it back——'

The footstep advanced with a certain hesitation. Then an unfamiliar voice said, 'I am not Dunmore—but if you will allow me to help you——'

She started and turned round. It was the same stranger whom she had already twice seen on the road. 'Oh! pray don't let me trouble you. Dunmore will be here directly,' she said.

This did not, however, prevent the young man from rendering the necessary assistance. He got into one of the nearer boats, and stretching out from the bow of it, secured the stray pinnace. It was not a dangerous act, nor even one that gave the passer-by much trouble, but Rosalind, partly out of a sense that she had been ungracious, partly perhaps—who can tell—out of the utter monotony of all around her, thanked him with eagerness. 'I am sorry to give you trouble,' she said again.

www.libtool.com.cn

'It is no trouble, it is a pleasure.' Was he going to be so sensible, so judicious, as to go away after this? He seemed to intend so. He put on his hat after bowing to her, and turned away, but then there seemed to be an afterthought which struck him. He turned back again, took off his hat again and said: 'I beg your pardon, but may I ask for Mr. Trevanion? The village news is so uncertain.'

'My father is still very ill,' said Rosalind, 'but it is thought there is now some hope.'

'That is good news indeed,' the stranger said. Certainly he had a most interesting face. It could not be possible that a man with such a countenance was 'not a gentleman,' that most damning of all sentences. His face was refined and delicate; his eyes large, liquid, full of meaning, which was increased by the air of weakness which made them larger and brighter than eyes in ordinary circumstances. And certainly it was kind of him to be glad.

'Oh, yes, you told me before, you knew my father,' Rosalind said.

'I cannot claim to know Mr. Trevanion; but I do know a member of the family very well, and I have heard of him all my life.'

Rosalind was no more afraid of a young man than of an old woman, and she thought she had been unjust to this stranger, who after all, notwithstanding his rough dress, had nothing about him to find fault with. She said, 'Yes; perhaps my Uncle John? In any case I am much obliged to you, both for helping me and for your interest in papa.'

'May I sometimes ask how he is? The villagers are so vague.'

'Oh, certainly,' said Rosalind; 'they have a bulletin at the Lodge, or if you care to come so far as Highcourt, you will always have the last report.'

'You are very kind; I will not come to the house. But I know that you often walk in the park. If I may ask you when we—chance to meet?'

This suggestion startled Rosalind. It awoke in her again that vague alarm—not, perhaps, a gentleman. But when she looked at the eyes which were searching hers with so sensitive a perception of every shade of expression, she became confused and did not know what to think. He was so quickly sensible of every change, that he saw he had taken a wrong step. He ought to have gone further, and perceived what the wrong step was, but she thought he was puzzled and did not discover this instinctively as a gentleman would have done. She withdrew a step or two involuntarily. 'Oh, no,' she said with gentle dignity, 'I do not always walk the same way; but you may be sure of seeing the bulletin at the Lodge.' And with this she made him a curtsey and walked away, not hurrying to show any alarm, but taking a path which was quite out of the way of the public, and where he could not follow. Rosalind felt a little thrill of agitation in her as she went home. Who could he be, and what did he do here, and why did he throw himself in her way? If she had been a girl of a vulgarly romantic imagination, she would no doubt have jumped at the idea of a secret adoration which had brought him to the poor little village for her sake, for the chance of a passing encounter. But Rosalind was not of this turn of imagination, and that undefined doubt which wavered in her mind did a great deal to damp the wings of any such fancy. What he had said was almost equal to asking her to meet him in the park. She blushed all over at the thought—at the curious impossibility of it, the want of knowledge. It did not seem an insult to her, but such an incomprehensible ignorance in him that she was ashamed of it; that he should have been capable of such a mistake. Not a gentleman! Oh, surely he could never, never—— And yet the testimony of those fine refined features—the mouth so delicate and sensitive, the eyes so eloquent—was of such a different kind. And was it Uncle John he knew? But Uncle John had passed him on the road and had not known him. It was very strange altogether. She could not banish the beautiful pleading eyes out of her mind. How they looked at her! They were almost a child's eyes in their uncertainty and wistfulness, reading her face to see how far to go. And altogether he had the air of extreme youth, almost as young as herself, which of course in a man is boyhood. For what is a man of twenty?

ten years and more younger and less experienced than a woman of that sober age. There was a sort of yearning of pity in her heart towards him, just tempered by that doubt. Poor boy! how badly he must have been brought up—how sadly ignorant not to know that a gentleman—— And then she began to remember Lord Lytton's novels, some of which she had read. There would have been nothing out of place in them had such a youth so addressed a lady. He was indeed not at all unlike a young man in Lord Lytton. He interested her very much, and filled her mind as she went lightly home. Who could he be, and why so anxious about her father's health?—or was that merely a reason for addressing her—a way, perhaps he thought, of securing her acquaintance, making up some sort of private understanding between them. Had not Rosalind heard somewhere that a boy was apt to select a much older woman as the object of his first admiration? Perhaps that might furnish an explanation for it, for he must be very young, not more than a boy.

When she got home her first step into the house was enough to drive every thought of this description out of her mind. She was aware of the change before she could ask—before she saw even a servant of whom to inquire. The hall, all the rooms, were vacant. She could find nobody, until coming back after an ineffectual search, she met Jane coming away from the sick-room, carrying various things that had been used there. Jane shook her head in answer to Rosalind's question. 'Oh, very bad again—worse than ever. No one can tell what has brought it on. Another attack, worse than any he has had. I think, Miss Rosalind,' Jane said, drawing close with a tremulous shrill whisper, 'it was that dreadful woman that had got in again the moment my poor lady's back was turned.'

'What dreadful woman?'

'Oh, Russell, Miss Rosalind. My poor lady came out of the room for five minutes—I don't think it was five minutes. She was faint with fatigue; and all at once we heard a cry. Oh, it was not master, it was that woman. There she was, lying at the room door in hysterics, or whatever you call them. And the spasms came on again directly. I pushed her out of my lady's way; she may be lying there yet, for anything I know. This time he will never get better, Miss Rosalind,' Jane said.

'Oh, do not say so—do not say so,' the girl cried. He had not been a kind father nor a generous master. But such was the awe of it, and the quivering sympathy of human nature, that even

www.libtool.com.cn

the woman wept as Rosalind threw herself upon her shoulder. The house was full of the atmosphere of death.

---

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER XV.

RUSSELL meant no harm to her master. In the curious confusion which one passionate feeling brings into an undisciplined mind, she had even something that might be called affection for Mr. Trevanion as the victim of the woman she hated. Something that she called regard for him was the justification in her own mind of her furious antipathy to his wife. And after all her excitement and suspense, to be compelled to witness what seemed to her the triumph of Madam, the quieting down of all suspicions, and her return, as more than ever indispensable, to the bedside of her husband, drove the woman almost to madness. How she lived through the week and executed her various duties, as in ordinary times, she did not know. The children suffered more or less, but not so much as might be supposed. For to Russell's perverted perception the children were hers more than their mother's, and she loved them in her way, while she hated Mrs. Trevanion. Indeed, the absorption of Madam in the sick-room left them very much in Russell's influence, and on the surface more evidently attached to her than to the mother of whom they saw so little. If they suffered from the excitement that disturbed her temper as well as other things, it was in a very modified degree, and they were indulged and caressed by moments, as much as they were hustled and scolded at others. The nursery-maids, indeed, found Russell unbearable, and communicated to each other their intention to complain as soon as Madam could be supposed able to listen to them; if not, to give notice at once. But they did not tell for very much in the house, and the nurse concealed successfully enough from all but them the devouring excitement which was in her. It was the afternoon hour, when nature is at its lowest, and when excitement and suspense are least supportable, that Russell found her next opportunity. She had gone downstairs, seeking she knew not what—looking for something new—a little relief to the strain of suspense, when she suddenly saw the door of the sick-room open and Mrs. Trevanion come out. She did not stop to ask herself what she was to gain by risking an outbreak of fury from her master, and of blame and reproach from every side, by intruding

upon the invalid. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. She opened the door without leaving herself time to think, and went in.

Then terror seized her. Mr. Trevanion was propped up in his bed, a pair of fiery twinkling eyes, full of the suspicion and curiosity that were natural to him, peering out of the skeleton head, which was ghastly with illness and emaciation. Nothing escaped the fierce vitality of those eyes. He saw the movement of the door, the sudden apparition of the excited face, at first so eager and curious, then blanched with terror. He was himself comparatively at ease, in a moment of vacancy in which there was neither present suffering enough to occupy him, nor anything else to amuse his restless soul. 'Hallo!' he cried, as soon as he saw her; 'come in—come in. You have got something more to tell me? Faithful woman—faithful to your master. Come in; there is just time before Madam comes back to hear what you have to say.'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the valet, who had taken Madam's place, 'but the doctor's orders is——'

'What do I care for the doctor's orders? Get out of the way and let Russell in. Here, woman, you have got news for me. A faithful servant, who won't conceal from her master what he ought to know. Out, Jenkins, and let the woman come in.'

He raised himself up higher in his bed; the keen angles of his knees seemed to rise to his chin. He waved impatiently his skeleton hands. The valet made wild signs at the intruder. 'Can't you go away? You'll kill him!' he cried in a hoarse whisper. 'Come in—come in!' shrieked the skeleton in the bed, in all the excitement of opposition. Then it was that Russell, terrified, helpless, distracted, gave that cry which echoed through all the house, and brought Dr. Beaton rushing from one side and Mrs. Trevanion from the other. The woman had fallen at the door of the room in hysterics, as Jane said, a seizure for which all the attendants, absorbed in a more immediate danger, felt the highest contempt. She was pushed out of the way, to be succoured by the maids, who had been brought by the cry into the adjacent passage, in high excitement to know what was going on. But Russell could not throw any light upon what had happened even when she came to herself. She could only sob and cry, with starts of nervous panic. She had done nothing, and yet what had she done? She had not said a word to him, and yet—— It was soon understood throughout all the house that Mr. Trevanion

had another of his attacks, and that Dr. Beaton did not think he could ever rally again.

The room where the patient lay was very large and open. It had once been the billiard room of the house, and had been prepared for him when it was found no longer expedient that he should go up and down even the easy, luxuriously carpeted stairs of Highcourt. There was one large window filling almost one side of the room, without curtains or even blind, and which was now thrown open to admit the air fully. The door too was open, and the draught of fresh cold wintry air blowing through made it more like a hillside than a room in a sheltered house. Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Trevanion stood by the bed, waving a large fan, to get more air into the panting and struggling lungs. On the other side of the bed the doctor stood, with the bony wrist of the patient in his warm living grasp. It seemed to be Death in person with whom these anxious ministrants were struggling rather than a dying man. Other figures flitted about in the background, Jane bringing with noiseless understanding, according to the signs the doctor made to her, the things he wanted, now a spoonful of stimulant, now water to moisten his lips. Dead silence reigned in the room; the wind blew through, fluttering a bit of paper on the table; the slight beat of the fan kept a vibration in the air. Into this terrible scene Rosalind stole trembling, and after her her uncle; they shivered with the chill blast which swept over the others unnoticed, and still more with the sight of the gasping and struggle. Rosalind, unused to suffering, hid her face in her hands. She could do nothing. Jane, who knew what was wanted, was of more use than she. She stood timidly at the foot of the bed, now looking up for a moment at what she could see of her dying father, now at the figure of his wife against the light, never intermitting for a moment her dreadful monotonous exercise. Mr. Trevanion was seated almost upright in the midst of his pillows, labouring in that last terrible struggle for breath, for death, not for life.

He had cried out at first in broken gasps for the woman—the woman! 'She's got something—to tell me. Something more—to tell me. I'll hear it—I'll he-ar it—I'll know—everything!' he now shrieked, waving his skeleton arms to keep them away, and struggling to rise. But these efforts soon gave way to the helplessness of nature. His cries soon sank into a hoarse moaning, his struggles to an occasional wave with his arms towards the door, and appeal with his eyes to the doctor who stood over him in-

exorable. Every agitating movement had dropped before Rosalind came in, into the one grand effort for breath. That was all that was left him in this world to struggle for. A man of so many passions, who had got everything he had set his heart on in life: a little breath now, which the November breeze, the winnowing of the air by the great fan, every aid that could be used, could not bring to his panting lungs. Who can describe the moment when nurses and watchers, and children and lovers stand thus awed and silent, seeing the struggle turn into a fight for death—not against it: feeling their own hearts turn, and their prayers, to that which hitherto they have been resisting with all that love and skill and patience can do? Nature is strong at such a time. Few remember that the central figure has been an unkind husband, a careless father; they remember only that he is going away from them into darkness unfathomable, which they can never penetrate till they follow; that he is theirs, but soon will be theirs no more.

Then there occurred a little pause; for the first moment Dr. Beaton, with a lifted finger and eyes suddenly turned upon the others, was about to say, 'All is over,' when a faintly renewed throb of the dying pulse under his finger contradicted him. There was a dead calm for a few moments, and then a faint rally. The feverish eager eyes, starting out of their sockets, seemed to calm, and glance with something like a dim perception at John Trevanion and Rosalind, who approached. Rosalind, entirely overcome by emotion and the terrible excitement of witnessing such an event, dropped down on her knees by the bedside, where with a slight flickering of the eyelids her father's look seemed to follow her. But in the act that look was arrested by the form of his wife, standing always in the same position, waving the fan, sending wafts of air to him, the last and only thing he now wanted. His eyes steadied then with a certain meaning in them—a last gleam which gradually strengthened. He looked at her fixedly, with what in a person less exhausted would have been a wave of the hand towards her. Then there was a faint movement of the lips. 'John!' was it perhaps? or 'Look!' Then the words became more audible. 'She's—good nurse—faithful—Air?—stands—hours—but——' Then the look softened a little, the voice grew stronger; 'I'm—almost—sorry——' it said.

For what—for what? In the intense stillness every feeble syllable was heard. Only a minute or two more was left to make amends for the cruelty of a life. The spectators held their breath. As for the wife, whose life perhaps hung upon these syllables as much as his did, she never moved or spoke, but went on fanning,

fanning, supplying to him these last billows of air for which he laboured. Suddenly a change came over the dying face, the eyes with all their old eagerness turned to the doctor, asking pitifully —was it for help in the last miserable strain of nature, this terrible effort to die?

www.libtool.com.cn

Mrs. Trevanion seemed turned into stone. She stood and fanned after all need was over, solemnly winnowing the cold, cold penetrating air, which was touched with the additional chill of night, in waves towards the still lips which had done with that medium of life. To see her standing there, as if she had fainted or become unconscious, yet stood at her post still exercising that strange mechanical office, was the most terrible of all. The doctor came round and took her by the arm, and took the fan out of her hand.

'There's no more need for that,' he cried in a broken voice; 'no more need. Let us hope he is gone to fuller air than ours.'

She was so strained and stupefied that she scarcely seemed to understand this. 'Hush!' she said, pulling it from his hands, 'I tell you it does him good.' She had recovered the fan again and begun to put it in motion, when her eyes suddenly opened wide and fixed upon the dead face. She looked round upon them all with a great solemnity, yet surprise. 'My husband is dead!' she said.

'Grace,' said John Trevanion, 'come away. You have done everything up to the last moment. Come, now, and rest for the sake of the living. He needs you no more.'

He was himself very much moved. That which had been so long looked for, so often delayed, came now with all the force of a surprise. Rosalind in an agony of tears, with her face hidden in the coverlid; Madam standing there, tearless, solemn, with alas, he feared, still worse before her than anything she divined; the young fatherless children outside, the boy at school, the troubles to be gone through, all rushed upon John Trevanion as he stood there. In a moment he who had been the object of all thought had abdicated or been dethroned, and even his brother thought of him no more. 'For the sake of the living,' he repeated, taking his sister-in-law by the arm. The touch of her was like death; she was cold, frozen where she stood—penetrated by the wintry chill and by the passing of that chiller presence which had gone by her—but she did not resist. She suffered him to lead her away. She sank into a chair in the hall, as if she had no longer any power of her own. There she sat for a little while unmoving, and then cried out suddenly, 'For the living!—for which of the

living? It would be better for the living if you would bury me with him, he and I in one grave.'

Her voice was almost harsh in this sudden cry. What was it? A lie, or the truth? That a woman who had been so outraged and tormented should wish to be buried with her husband seemed to John Trevanion a thing impossible: and yet there was no falsehood in her face. He did not know what to think or say. After a moment he went away and left her alone with her—what?—her grief, her widowhood, her mourning—or was it only a physical frame that could bear no more, the failure of nature altogether exhausted and worn out?

(*To be continued.*)

The 'Donna.'

THE Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions paid since the issue of the last list:—

H. R. Crocker, M.D., 1*l.* 1*s.* Mrs. Malim 5*s.* Dunblane 6*s.* S. Davis 1*l.* 1*s.* W. M. Clark 2*l.* Miss E. Powell 1*l.* Frances 2*s.* 6*d.* A. Moberly 5*s.* M. A. S. 10*s.* A thank-offering for Don (per the Sisters) 'The Brook' 10*s.* Mrs. Evelyn Ashley 5*l.* Ashford House 7*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Tooth (per Miss Thomas) 1*l.* R. W. S. Moores 7*s.* G. Solly 2*s.* A. J. Crosfield 10*s.* Mrs. Lewis 10*s.* A. J. E. 5*s.* A. E. H. and L. C. L., Plymouth 5*s.* Evening collection, Walkeringham, 9*s.* 2*d.* M. A. T. 1*l.* Ludwig 5*s.* C. B. 1*s.* 2*d.* Anonymous 1*s.* 5*d.* A Barnsley Family 6*s.* 6*d.* Trus. N. Lamb 3*l.* J. D. (Battersea) 6*s.* Southend 5*s.* Miss Walker 3*l.* Lady Surtees 10*s.* Hermit 10*s.* Mrs. John Finlay 1*l.* Per R. A. Sutton (3rd) 10*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Walker (for the Sisters) 1*l.* 1*s.* B. L. (Weybridge) 2*s.* 6*d.*

The total amount received up to the present date is 454*l.* 19*s.* Of this sum 415*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* has been paid to the Sisters. The balance, 39*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, is in the hands of the Editor, and will shortly be paid over. Subscriptions received after February 3 will be acknowledged in the April number.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his Correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

ONLY GENUINE.

ORIGINAL AND

CHLORODYNE

IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR CHOLERA,

COUGHS,
COLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne *must be false*.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY.

GENERAL BOARD of HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME of DIARRHŒA."

To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & CO., *Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, Chemists of His Excellency the Viceroy of India.*

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER,
J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Gt. Russell St. W.C.

FOR A HUNDRED EXCELLENT AND PALATABLE

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Write to Messrs. GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS, enclosing a penny stamp for postage, when you will be presented with a valuable book of 100 pages, bound in cloth and fully illustrated, called

'GOOD THINGS,'

MADE, SAID, AND DONE, FOR EVERY HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

'The book embraces a wide field of usefulness.'—BRITISH WORKMAN.

'Can scarcely fail to prove of service.'—THE ROCK.

PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

www.libtool.com.cn

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

Fry's Cocoa

GUARANTEED PURE

Extract

www.libtool.com.cn

'Strictly pure, easily assimilated.'—W. W. STODDART, F.I.C., F.C.S., *City and County Analyst, Bristol.*

'Pure Cocoa, a portion of oil extracted.'—CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., *Analyst for Dublin.*

VIEW OF MANUFACTORY, BRISTOL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA

Prepared with the celebrated Cocoa of Caracas combined with other choice descriptions.

'A most delicious and valuable article.'
STANDARD.

SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS
Awarded to the Firm.

FOR COUGHS. **HOGE'S HOREHOUND HONEY** FOR COLDS.
FOR SORE THROATS. FOR SORE LUNGS.

'I consider your Horehound Honey the most wonderful remedy I have ever tried, possessing properties which are nothing short of marvellous for cure of sore throat and coughs.
'MARIE ROZE.'

'Your Honey is delicious.—Yours truly, 'ELLEN TERRY.'

Relief Guaranteed. Put up in 1s. 1½d. Bottles.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining it in your neighbourhood, Messrs. W. M. HOGE & CO., 64 King William Street, London, E.C., will post a Bottle to any address upon receipt of price.

THE WONDERFUL VELVETEENS

At 2s. a Yard.

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, Manchester, are the manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now well known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

The price of these beautiful Velveteens, in Black and all the most beautiful colours now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by *Drapers* at *3s. 6d., 4s. 6d.*, and *5s. 6d.* a yard.

LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, manufacture these Velveteens themselves, and it might almost be said give them to the Public for 2s. a yard.

LEWIS'S ask Ladies to write for Patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens. They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS'S of Market Street, Manchester, praise their Velveteens more than they deserve. Write for Patterns on an ordinary post card. LEWIS'S pay Carriage on all orders to any address in the United Kingdom.

When writing please mention this Magazine.

LEWIS'S, IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

20 PRIZE MEDALS. 20 PRIZE MEDALS.

WILLIAM SUGG'S PATENTS

THE 'CHRISTIANA' FLATFLAME and 'LONDON' ARGAND

GAS BURNERS,

Sun Burners, Street Lamps, Ventilating Lights, Water Heaters, 'Charing Cross' Gas Fires, &c.

W. SUGG & CO. Ld. { Factory—Vincent Works, Westminster, S.W. / Show Rooms—1 & 2 Grand Hotel Buildings, W.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS, OR WHEN TRAVELLING BY ROAD OR RAIL

W... IGHT AT CHARING CROSS AND SEE THEM

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

www.libtool.com.cn

APR 7 1884

No. XVIII] [APRIL 1884

Contents

PAGE

Jack's Courtship: a Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck. Chapters XVII.–XIX. 561
By W. CLARK RUSSELL

A New Theory of Sun-spots 587
By R. A. PROCTOR

Steeple-chasing 604
By ALFRED E. T. WATSON

A Mad Parson 614
By JULIAN STURGIS

The Macready Riot in New York 636
By W. C. MILLER

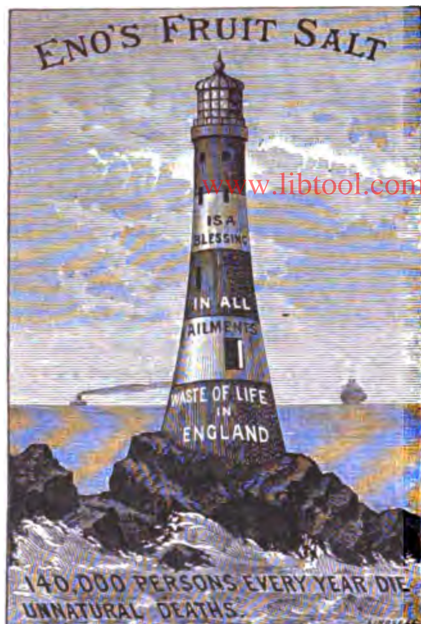
A Pilgrimage to Selborne 644
By T. E. KEBBEL

Madam. Chapters XVI.–XX. 653
By Mrs. OLIPHANT

The 'Donna' 682

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

'Misery and Crime are the Children of Bad Sanitary Conditions.'



'MASSACRES IN THE SOUDAN OR AT HOME.'

We look with horror on the late massacre at SINKAT, yet we allow massacres from bad Sanitary Laws worse than

WATERLOO

to occur once a month in our midst (which can be prevented) almost without a protest.

www.libtool.com.cn

FOR THE MOST PRACTICAL MODE of preventing disease, read a large illustrated sheet given with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

THE FRUIT SALT (one of Nature's own products) keeps the blood pure and free from Fevers, Feverishness, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Liver Complaints, &c.

THOUSANDS OF MILES IN INDIA.—'For many years I have found ENO'S FRUIT SALT of the utmost value in the hot and dry seasons, also in the monsoons. I have travelled some thousands of miles in India during the last thirteen years, and in all the various changes of climate I have found ENO'S FRUIT SALT the most refreshing beverage I could get, especially after long, heavy marches, and other fatiguing duties, to which the British soldier of late has been exposed to. I have always been able to keep a supply of the FRUIT SALT on hand, and could obtain it in most stations. My dear wife, during her travail, found it to be the most useful thing that could be obtained. Many others here have found ENO'S F UIT SALT better than any beverage yet in the Indian market. I am yours &c., A WARDER, Central Military Prison, Poonah, Bombay, January 30, 1884.—To Mr. J. C. ENO.'

THE REGION OF THE ETERNAL FIRE.—Charles Marvin, in his account of a journey to the Petroleum Region of the Caspian, says, 'It was anticipating history a bit; but there is very little doubt that before long it will be possible to do the journey from London to the Caspian—a distance of over 2,500 miles—in a week. . . . . Any medicines the traveller may require can easily be obtained at the chemists' shops in Russian towns. . . . . above all, a few bottles of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, perhaps the best medicine in the world for the Caspian region, where the heat and dust occasionally provoke symptoms needing a gentle and invigorating treatment.'—From NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE.

SICK HEADACHE.—'I write to tell you of the wonderful good "ENO'S FRUIT SALT," has done me. For years past I have been a constant sufferer from severe HEADACHE, and all the medicine I tried did me no good—nothing I could get seemed of any use. At last I was induced to try your "FRUIT SALT." I confess I was very unwilling to do so at first, but after I had taken it a few times I felt so much better, that I continued to take it. I am happy to say that I very rarely have a headache now, and when I do feel it coming on, "ENO'S FRUIT SALT" soon gives me relief. I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to you for your wonderful Fruit Salt. I always recommend it, as I think it cannot be too well-known. To avoid any annoyance from publicity I only give my initials.—I am, yours faithfully, K. W. M.—To Mr. J. C. ENO, February 25, 1884.'

SUDDEN CHANGES OF WEATHER, ANY EMERGENCY, INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS.—DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick-headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c., use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—'A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—ADAMS.

Caution.—*Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked* '*ENO'S FRUIT SALT.*' *Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation.*

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Directions in Sixteen Languages how to Prevent Disease.

[illegible] only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

APR 7 1884

www.libtool.com.cn

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1884.

Jack's Courtship.

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE 'STRATHMORE.'

A GOOD proof of the interest my uncle took in my proposal to ship along with Florence and go to sea with her was in a letter I received next morning from him, enclosing a cheque for one hundred pounds. 'My dear Jack,' he wrote, 'the accompanying money will enable you to pay your passage out, and lay in a stock of shirts and toothpicks for the voyage. Let us have no thanks—no nonsense. Just pay the draft into your bank, if you have one, and belay all jaw about it unless you want me to think you a swab, which is a term I think you object to. You'll be giving us a call soon, I hope. Yours, Uncle.'—There also arrived a long letter from Sophie in answer to the lamentations I had poured out to her two days before. The dear girl had evidently taken a great deal of trouble in writing this reply, for there were no less than seven quotations from five poets, whose works it must have been no joke to her to overhaul for the lines, all of which were very apt and very fully bearing upon the state of my heart; and moreover she was exceedingly poetical on her own account, as for example, when she assured me that love was a plant which tears were invented to keep green, and that if Florence and I were truly attached, Mr. Alphonso Hawke might cause all the seas of the world not only to roll between us but over us without washing

away our affection. She gave me some news which was more interesting to me than the poetry, namely, that Mr. Hawke, his sister and daughters, had arrived at Clifton Lodge on the previous day, and that a Miss Booth had told her that Colonel Jones had said to her father that Mr. Hawke had told him that his daughter would be leaving Clifton for Australia in about three weeks' time. I say that this news was interesting to me because it proved that up to the present, at all events, no change had come over the spirit of Alphonso's intentions.

www.libtool.com.cn

I wrote a few words of thanks to my uncle for his handsome gift, and a letter to Sophie, the production of which afflicted me with a lively sense of hypocrisy, as, in order not to excite suspicion, I had to write as if Florence's going rendered me inconsolable. However, if it is possible to conceive any sort of deception forgivable, I think mine was, ungrateful as it might appear, for it was practised at the request of my uncle, who very properly did not want his wife and daughter to have any knowledge of the blow I was aiming at old Hawke's schemes.

Two days after my chat with my uncle at the hotel, I determined to take a run down to the East India Docks and have a look at the *Strathmore*. But first I thought it advisable to call on my way at the offices of the Company, and ascertain if Aunt Damaris and Florence had booked their passage. Arrived at Fenchurch Street I entered the offices of Duncan, Golightly, & Co., and as I stood at the broad counter, behind which half a dozen of clerks were hard at work, the sense of my old life came up in me so strong that I felt as if my calling was still that of a sailor, and that I was here to obtain a berth. There was one old chap I remembered, the others were strangers. The old fellow looked at me through his spectacles, but did not recognise me, and went on with his work. A young man came to the counter, and I said, 'You have a ship advertised to sail on the 28th?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Does she call at Plymouth?'

'No. Passengers must embark at the Docks or Gravesend.

'I expect some friends will take cabins in that vessel, and if they go I shall accompany them. Is your cuddy full?'

'No, sir; there are still three cabins vacant.'

'Give me the names of the people who have already booked, will you? I want to know if my friends are among them.'

'What are their names, sir?'

'Miss Damaris Hawke and Miss Florence Hawke.'

He looked at a pile of letters, and presently pulled out a sheet of paper, gilt-edged, adorned with Alphonso's old gander, and after glancing over it said, 'Miss Damaris Hawke and Miss Florence Hawke, No. 6 cabin. The first-named lady arrived home in the vessel last voyage, and occupied the cabin she now applies for.' He then laid a plan of the saloon before me with the

cabins numbered. There was a row of six cabins of a side and two aft, the one on the port side being the captain's; the two forward berths facing each other and coming just under the break of the poop were occupied respectively by the first and second mates. 'This, then,' said I, putting my finger on No. 6—that is, the one next the captain's, right aft—'is the cabin that has been taken by the two ladies you name. Which are the berths still to let?'

He indicated them.

'I'll go and have a look at the ship,' said I. 'What's the charge for one of these cabins?'

'Sixty-two pound ten.'

'Do I get the cabin to myself for that?' I asked. He answered that that would depend. The Company only guaranteed exclusive use on payment of such and such a sum (I forget what it was). 'I'll save my money and take my chance,' said I, 'of there being more cabins than passengers, in which case of course I shall have the berth to myself?' He answered, 'Yes, certainly.'

'Are the ladies sure of taking No. 6?'

'Sure,' he replied. 'Half the passage money was sent with the application.'

My heart came into my throat when I heard this.

'Tell me now,' said I, 'if the Captain Thompson whom I see advertised as the commander of the *Strathmore* is the Daniel Thompson who was some years ago second mate of your ship the *Montrose*.'

He went to the clerk in the spectacles and repeated my question. The old fellow said 'Yes,' without looking up.

'Is he in London?' I inquired.

'Yes, sir, and if you're going down to the Docks at once you'll probably find him about. If you like, I'll accompany you and show you the ship.'

I thanked him and said I believed I could find my way there without assistance, and so quitted the office. I was in joyous spirits as I made my way to the railway station in Fenchurch Street. The fact of the cabin having been secured for Aunt Damaris and Florence, and half the fare paid, made me realise the meaning of the adventurous job I was upon to a degree I had not approached before. For three months certain should I be associated with my darling, week after week, day after day, and my heart beat high in me as with the rapidity of thought I drew a score of pictures of our rapturous communion, in gales and calms, in heat and cold, under skies of brass and nights soft and sweet with moonlight and dew. And a mighty vigorous imagination I must have had even to come near to anything poetical in Fenchurch Street Station. The roadway was filled with a crowd of grimy fellows, turnpike sailors, loafing scarecrows as bad as the worst specimens of the raga-

www.libtool.com.cn

muffins I have seen shivering in shipping-yards and scrawling their hatred of captains and owners upon benches and whitewashed walls. It took me back some years when I got upon the platform and looked at the people who were waiting for the train; mates in velvet waistcoats, skippers with red faces and a consequential strut smoking cigars, seamen of divers nationalities, some with white bags, some with all they had in the world wrapped up in a red or blue handkerchief; Dutchmen grunting like pigs, negroes with a bland grin on their black faces as they stared about them, and English Jack, drunk, shoving, and noisy. I say the sight took me back some years, and it wanted little to persuade me that my chest and bedding were aboard, and that I was bound along with the others for the 'pier-head jump.'

www.libtool.com.cn

Presently a Blackwall train arrived, a lot of people tumbled out, and I took my seat in a first-class carriage that smelt like the parlour of a public-house after a night's orgy. Just as we were about to start, the door was flung open and a man bundled in. I was full of thought and hardly glanced at him. Presently he said, 'Very genteel rolling stock they have on this line, sir. But I suppose anything's good enough for sailors. Do you object to my lighting a pipe to kill the fragrance in this atmosphere?'

'Not at all,' said I, looking at him hard, struck by his voice, in which I fancied I could catch a note that was familiar to me.

He was a rather short squarely built man of about forty-five years of age, with reddish whiskers and beard that half circled his face as though you should cut a grummet of rope in half and pass it under your chin with the ends against your ears; his face was the reddest I ever saw on a man, and rendered peculiar by the colour lying in lines and blotches, so that when you took a close squint at him, his skin seemed to be covered with a red lace veil with the meshes thickened in places. He had fine honest laughing eyes and a heartily cheerful expression of countenance, and was in his way the completest figure of a merchant seaman one could imagine, dressed in dark blue cloth and a cap with a shovel-shaped peak to it. Finding me staring at him, he began to stare at me, meanwhile groping in his side pockets for his pipe and tobacco. At last I said, 'Six years ago I was shipmate with a second mate aboard the *Montrose* named Daniel Thompson. If you are not he, then you are the devil.'

'Daniel Thompson is my name,' said he, 'and six years ago I was second mate aboard the *Montrose*, and—why, heart alive oh! you're Jack Seymour!' and, with a sailor's warmth, he flung down his pipe and tobacco-pouch, jumped into the seat opposite me, and grasped both my hands. 'Think of my not knowing you!' cried he. 'But then you've grown a moustache and you're a foot taller, and who the blazes would recognise Jack Seymour in those shore-going duds?'

'This is a strange meeting, Thompson,' said I. 'Will you believe it—I was actually bound in quest of you. I am going to the docks to have a look at your *Strathmore.* Do you know I am thinking of sailing with you?'

'Sailing with me!' he exclaimed, letting go my hands and returning to his pipe; 'why, I heard that you had knocked off the sea some years ago—come into an estate—and was living up to the hammer somewhere or other.'

'Oh!' said I, laughing, 'don't suppose I'm going to sea with you as a sailor. I'm thinking of taking a cabin in your ship for a voyage to New South Wales. I saw your name in the advertisement as skipper, and just now called at the office of the Company to make sure of you. They told me I should find you aboard.'

'I hope you'll come with me; I hope you'll come!' cried he in his hearty fashion. 'We'll find many a yarn to spin together—many a talk over old days. But what in the name of Moses takes you to sea again, even as passenger? Didn't you get enough of salt water in your time? Only let somebody leave me an estate,' said he, lighting his pipe, 'and there's never a house-agent in the United Kingdom who could find me a dwelling deep enough inland.'

'I'll tell you presently why I am going to sea again,' I replied. 'But first let's hear of yourself. Are you married? are you saving money? how long have you been skipper?'

He answered these questions by a story that carried us to Blackwall, but though I kept on nodding and saying 'Oh!' and 'Really!' and 'Indeed!' I am sure I did not give his yarn all the attention he believed it was receiving. The truth is, my mind was so busy with my own affairs that I could think of nothing else; though I took in enough of what he said to gather that he was married and had a couple of youngsters, that his wife had a trifle of money, and that he had commanded the *Strathmore* two years.

We sallied forth arm in arm, he jabbering incessantly, and, after walking a bit, came abreast of a ship whose name I did not need to inquire. I stopped to have a look. There in front of me lay the counterpart of the vessel in whose heart I had passed many a long month; whose mastheads I had watched swaying under stars which no northern dweller ever beholds, whose massive shrouds had shrieked back the refrain of the Cape Horn hurricane, whose topmost canvas had glimmered like dissolving wreaths of vapour amid the breathless gloom of the hushed tropical night.

'What are you stopping for?' shouted Thompson. 'What do you see that you're staring aloft? Anything wrong there?'

'See!' cried I; 'why, the picture of my old life, Daniel; the old business of the lonely watch, the streaming decks, the bunk under which I used to grope for my boots when the horrid shout

of "Eight bells!" awoke me from dreams of feather beds and soft tack and mutton-chops for breakfast. What a jolly life the sailor's is, Thompson! Why, I'd rather be a rat in your lazarette than go through it again; and yet, hang me if the sight of that craft of yours don't infuse a sort of tenderness into me, too, though, for all I know, her iron ribs may be only one degree removed from the ore, and her timber planking as rotten as an old Stilton cheese.'

'Don't you go and make any mistake of that kind, my young friend,' exclaimed Thompson. 'Rotten! Why, as a matter of strength, the Tower of London's a joke to that ship; and as to her angle frames being one degree removed from the ore, there's nothing wanting but a little grinding to convert them into the loveliest razors in the world. But come aboard, man, come aboard!' and we stepped along the plank over the side and sprang on to the deck.

A dock is to a ship what a dressing-room is to a lady, and you must expect dishevelment until she sallies forth into her ocean-world, when you will find her dressed in the latest fashion, painted and sparkling, and dropping many a handsome curtsey as she goes. The *Strathmore's* topgallant and royal yards were down, all her sails unbent, and the running gear unrove; the yards were braced fore and aft, there were lumpers at work in her hold, and grimy faces grinned at you over the combings of the main hatch; a crane alongside was slinging cases of merchandise into her, and her main deck was a surface of straw, dirt, wet, and what sailors call raffle. But just as a pretty wench with tousled hair, dirty face, befouled frock, and little toes peeping out of her yawning boots, preserves her prettiness and takes the eye in spite of her squalid attire, so did the *Strathmore* offer to the experienced gaze every point of a handsome, powerful clipper ship, notwithstanding her grimy decks, her disordered yards, the nakedness of her upper spars, her rigged-in jibboom. She was, as the advertisement about her said, a composite ship—that is, built of iron frames covered with wood. She was slightly longer than the *Portia*, with a trifle less of beam, and had the reputation of being a very fast sailer, though what is termed a wet ship. This indeed might have been guessed by looking at her bows, which were almost like a yacht's, with hardly any perceptible swell or 'flaring.' Her lower masts were painted white; she had channels, though even then those appendages for spreading wide the lower rigging were going out of date, and chequered sides—a broad white band running the length of her, broken with painted ports, so that with her square stern decorated with a row of cabin windows, short royal mast-heads, and exceedingly square yards, she might at a distance have passed for a frigate.

Thompson, however, gave me very little time to look about:

www.fbtool.com.cn

for after taking a squint down the main hatchway and bawling out some question to the people below, he again seized my arm and walked me into the cuddy, as the saloon under the poop was formerly called. This was a fine sweep of cabin, most handsomely decorated, with maple panellings and stanchions cased in satin-wood, superbly fluted and gilded, whilst as much as was revealed of the mizzenmast was cased so as to resemble a Corinthian column, abaft of which a pianoforte was secured. A very handsome staircase led into the steerage on the lower deck, and on either side were the cabins or berths; whilst overhead were two large skylights, racks full of glass for the tables, globes for gold-fish, together with a row of brightly burnished swinging trays hanging over the tables, which were shaped like the letter T, one running athwartships atop and the other coming down nearly the whole length of the cuddy. I am no upholsterer or house decorator, and cannot talk to you about this interior in such a way as to make you understand what a radiant, breezy drawing-room of a place it was; but I often recall it and other passenger ship saloons I have peeped into when I hear of the splendours of the present age in that way, and wonder that there should be so much brag about us, really as though in magnificence of marine decoration we had gone leagues ahead, and clean out of sight of our ancestors; the truth being that many a long year before my time, in the days of John Company's ships and the castle-like West India traders, the cabins, hired by old Nabobs and opulent planters at an immense cost, were a perfect blaze of costly furniture, as let noble Tom Cringle certify, who, in speaking of a vessel that he boarded of 500 tons, rattles away about panels fitted with crimson cloth, edged with gold mouldings, and superb damask hangings before the stern windows and side berths, and plate-glass mirrors, and brilliant swinging lamps, and a splendid grand piano, and a rudder-case richly carved and gilded to resemble a palm tree, 'the stem painted white and interlaced with golden fretwork, like the lozenges of a pine-apple, while the leaves spread up and abroad on the roof,' and so on and so on. Faith, I often think there is a deal of the swab in our natures: we barely allow our forefathers the smallest merit, and, standing on tiptoe, crow as if we bantams were the only Cochin-chinas creation had produced. Why, who shall swear that at this moment some poor little creature is not writing a book to prove that Trafalgar was a twopenny business, and that it would need the blue-jackets of the present day to make a *battle* of that job? Is not Shakespeare overrated, and is there no poet amongst us capable of better work? Is Wellington a patch upon the living splendid generals whose breasts are one glorious constellation of medals and orders?

But let me haul off from these distracting reflections before I lose my temper and grow personal; for hang me if I'm not already

in the humour, mates, to give you an idea of what honest disgust sounds like! Well, as I have said, Daniel Thompson marched me through the cuddy, past the mizzen-mast, and the piano, and the stove, into his cabin, the door of which he closed, and overhauling a locker took from it a box of cigars and four fat bottles, and then producing some glasses, pointed to the cigar-box and afterwards to a chair, and said, 'Now, Mr. Jack Seymour, make yourself at home, sir.' This I did without parley, helping myself to a glass of excellent liquor and lighting a cigar. He did likewise, and in a few minutes we lay sprawling upon the lockers talking like brothers.

www.libtool.com.cn

'This is the sort of cabin to go to sea in, Daniel,' said I, casting my eyes round; 'room to grope about in when something you want fetches away and gets lost, and a good view of the world out of those back windows. Is the cabin alongside just as roomy?'

'Just the same size,' he answered.

'They told me at the office that it's taken by a Miss Damaris Hawke.'

'Oho!' said he, 'that's the lady that came home with us this time, and she's going out with us again, eh? She's a rum old fish; only wants a pea-jacket to make her a sailor. Coming on deck one night in the tropics she stepped aft and found the man at the wheel nodding, whereupon, hang me, Seymour, if she didn't take him by the arm and shake him, and ask him if he knew where he was going. The man fell to abusing her—he was a little Dane—and the shindy brought the second mate to them. I laughed till I cried when he told me the story, and ever after the hands called her Lady Damn-her-eyes, and put her into their songs. D'ye know her?' said he suddenly, as if struck by my face.

'Thompson,' said I, 'I'll tell you all about it—why I'm interested in Miss Damaris Hawke, why I'm going to Australia, why I choose this ship. But it's a profound secret, Daniel: a matter that concerns my very senses, for if I'm dished I shall go mad. On your honour as an old shipmate you'll stow what I'm about to tell you as deep down into your silence and confidence as it'll go?'

'Well,' he replied, laughing, 'so long as it don't involve any scuttling or stranding or firing job, you may trust me.'

Thereupon, without any further preface I told him the whole story. How I had gone to Clifton on a visit to some relatives and fallen in love with Florence Hawke: how her father wanted her to marry another man named Reginald Morecombe, whose offer she had refused: how Aunt Damaris had arrived from Sydney and, as I supposed, recommended her brother to send Florence with her to Australia as a good way of getting rid of me: how, as I had no occupation, nothing in the world to do, I had made up my mind to go to Australia with her, and how my resolution had

been completed by discovering that the ship whose name Florence had mentioned was commanded by an old shipmate and friend.

He listened as attentively and gravely as if I was talking to him on freights and bills of lading, and when I had done said, 'I understand, Jack; but is the girl worth the trouble you are going to take?' www.libtool.com.cn

'Stop till you see her,' said I.

'Is she fond of you?' he asked.

'I think she is,' I replied.

'And I suppose,' said he, 'that you reckon upon getting her to promise to marry you on your arrival at Sydney.'

I nodded, for there was no use in telling him that this voyage was only undertaken by me as part of a somewhat forlorn courtship.

'I'm afraid,' said he, 'you'll find the aunt a big mouthful as a pill. Does your sweetheart know you intend to join her?'

'No; nothing has been said—nobody but my uncle and you are aware of my intention. I'll get you to tell her I'm aboard when we're clear of the river.'

He grinned and exclaimed, 'I suppose you don't mind trusting me now that you know I have a wife. I wondered at your curiosity when you asked me if I was married; but I understand your fears. I was a very suspicious man myself when I was in love.'

I laughed as I looked at his jolly bright-red face, and observed the self-complacency in it.

'But,' continued he, 'you're giving me, as skipper of this vessel, a rum commission. I hope when I've told her you're aboard you'll do the rest of the business yourself. I'm no hand at messages. I never could talk soft, and when I asked my girl to marry me, all I could find to say was, "Susie, shall we get spliced? Say the word, and when you're ready there'll be a cab at the door with me in it." After all,' said he, 'plain talk is better than romancing. A woman knows what you mean when you sheer alongside of her, and would much rather you should speak out than humbug with her hands and keep her waiting.'

'Your views are very correct,' said I. 'But every man has not your sense. Daniel, there's one thing I shall have to do. I wish it were not necessary, but I don't see my way without it.'

'What?' he asked.

'I shall have to ship under an assumed name. I'll tell you why. Aunt Damaris has never seen me; but she would instantly guess who I am if she were to hear of me as Jack Seymour; and if she's a person capable of giving a seaman a talking to, you may depend on it she would furnish me with even less opportunity of being with my darling than I should find if we all remained at Bristol.'

'That's quite true,' said he. 'If you ship as Brown or Jones, you can talk and walk with your sweetheart without exciting the aunt's suspicions—unless, indeed, you pile on your attentions too thick.'

'I'll not do that,' said I; 'at all events, whilst she's looking.'

'There's no reason,' said he, 'why you shouldn't take an alias. It's the usual thing with murderers, and forgers, and thieves, and why not with lovers? But I say, Seymour, whatever surname you take, please stick to your Christian handle, for I'm sure to call you Jack when I'm not thinking, and if you ship as Alfred or William, the slip will be awkward.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Let's settle a name at once,' said I. 'Give me something that'll come easy to you.'

'Anything in two syllables will do for me,' he answered; 'what do you think of Johnson?'

'Too common,' I replied. 'If Aunt Damaris resemble her brother, she respects blood—you know what blood is, don't you, Daniel?'

'I've heard of it,' he replied. 'It belongs to the upper circles, don't it, and is rarely to be found in anything much lower than a squire.'

'As I was saying, if the aunt respects blood it'll be worth while to impress her. I wish you'd allow me three syllables, Daniel.'

'Well, I don't mind three,' said he; 'but whatever it is, let it be pronounced as it's spelt. We brought home a man last voyage called Majoribanks. When I saw the name written, dash my wig if I didn't think he was in the army, and I kept calling him Major Banks until, growing annoyed, he rounded on me with, "Excuse me, Captain, my name is Marchbanks." No doubt the correct thing to do with a major is to make him march,' said he, grinning from ear to ear over his vile pun, 'but if major's to be called march, why isn't it spelt march?'

'What do you think of Trevelyan?' said I. He reflected, and said he doubted if he should be able to remember it, and asked me to give him something in the nautical line. But nothing that I could think of as belonging to a ship or the sea would satisfy me; so, after a number of suggestions, we fixed upon Egerton, as having an aristocratic sound and being easy to pronounce.

On the whole, my friend did not seem so much astonished by my scheme as I had expected; but this might be because sailors see so many strange things, and pass through so many curious adventures, that the faculty of being amazed is soon worn out in them. We continued for some time talking about the voyage and Miss Damaris Hawke and other matters; and I then went to look at the unlet cabins, and, after peering and considering, decided upon taking No. 4, it being the roomiest of those which remained

unhired, and for that reason safe to choose on the chance of some fellow sharing it with me.

'Will you come aboard in the docks or at Gravesend?' asked Thompson.

'In the docks,' I replied. 'If the Hawkes don't join you at Gravesend, we may take it that they are not going to Australia in the *Strathmore*.'

'Ay,' he replied, 'for when we leave Gravesend we go clean away to Australia, I hope. You may certainly take it as you say, that if they don't join the ship at Gravesend they've either postponed the voyage or abandoned it.'

'Then, of course, I shall go ashore again,' said I.

'What!' cried he, 'forfeit your passage-money and the delight of eighty or ninety days of sea and my society!'

I laughed and said, 'But there's no use supposing they won't come. Hawke's not a man to send your Company a cheque unless he meant to get something for it.'

'If it is to depend upon the aunt,' he said, 'you need not fear of being disappointed. She likes the ship and she likes me, and I now recollect that when we were in the Channel she asked me if there was any chance of my taking the same mates and stewards next time, as she thought the former very *safe* gentlemen to sail with, and the stewards she considered extremely attentive. That looks as if she had made up her mind even then. Depend upon it, she'll come if she can.'

I asked who the mates were, but he gave me names which were unknown to me. I then took a turn over the vessel, and having spent pretty nearly two hours aboard, I bade my old shipmate good-bye, begging him as he valued my happiness and prospects to behave with extreme circumspection when I joined the vessel; never on any account to let it be supposed that I had been at sea as a sailor, but to let the passengers imagine that he called me Jack because we had known each other as boys; and I wound up by asking him to come and spend a day with me at the West End. But this he said he could not manage, as his wife and children were in the country, and he meant to pass a few days with them, and when he returned his hands would be too full of business for visiting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOODWINKING.

I WILL spare you an account of the thoughts with which I beguiled my ride home and the various reflections which kept me as restless as a buoy in a seaway. So far everything had been plain sailing; Daniel Thompson had proved to be my old shipmate, and

the man of all others whom I would have chosen to go to sea with on such an errand as mine; a berth had been secured by Aunt Damaris and Florence, and half the passage-money paid; and the only fly in this pleasant pot of ointment with which I was greasing the *ways* of my courtship was the fear that at the last moment Hawke might change his mind and keep Florence at home.

www.libtool.com.cn

However, my business was to go on steering a straight course and take my chance of the wind holding steady; and accordingly, on my return home from the docks, I forwarded the necessary deposit money to Duncan, Golightly, & Co. for cabin No. 4, and signed myself 'John Egerton,' feeling a trifle uncomfortable perhaps as I did so, though surely my conscience was needlessly sensitive, for I was as guiltless of all wrongdoing in assuming a name as any actor who puts on a wig and runs upon the stage and calls himself the Duke of Gloucester.

A few days after I had visited the *Strathmore* I went down to Clifton. Hearty as was my respect for my uncle's character, I never could think of him as a man capable of holding his peace, and I was in constant fear that he would betray my project to his wife, and that the news would reach Florence, and perhaps old Hawke. But I was mistaken; he was as secret as the grave. He had not only not given his wife or daughters the least hint of the truth, but he assured me that he had done his best to dismiss the thing from his own mind, that he might humbug his conscience into believing that he was as ignorant as the others.

'I want,' says he, 'to be able not only to look but to *feel* innocent when the truth comes out, so that should Mr. Hawke call upon me or send me an impertinent letter, I shall be able to talk to him with the sense of being an injured man.'

This policy in him suited me perfectly, and I begged him to ask me no more questions about my schemes, 'for the more I talk,' said I, 'the more you are obliged to know; whereas if nothing be said you cannot be sure, even whilst we now converse, that I am still bent on going to Australia.'

'You're right,' he replied, 'and so we'll confine ourselves to Punch and Judy or the weather;' though for all that his curiosity was so sharp set that I believe he would have been glad to take his chance of his conscience had I offered him the least encouragement to make inquiries.

However, as I have said, it answered my purpose very well to keep him silent and ignorant. I was a bachelor, but I knew what married people are, and how if a wife comes to suspect that her husband is hiding anything from her she will never rest till she has it out of him. But I had a very difficult part to play with Sophie; so difficult that it drove me back to London next day and determined me to visit them no more this side my voyage, though but for that I should have been glad to eke out the time

that remained by spending a week at Clifton, where I could have kept myself posted in all the latest news about the Hawkes' movements. The fact is, both Sophie and Amelia expected to find me miserably disconsolate, and I reckoned that Florence would either suspect my sincerity as a lover or guess that I had some scheme on hand if I was not reported to her by my cousins as being broken down. Consequently I had to put on the look of a man whose heart is bleeding, and no harder job did I ever undertake, especially whenever my uncle, who saw into my motive, was looking, for there would be a grin in the cock of his eye that made a sentimental countenance an enormous achievement.

Yet somehow I managed so well that my cousins honestly believed I was in a wretched state of mind, and Sophie did all she could to cheer me. She told me (the moment she had an opportunity of speaking to me alone) that she had met Florence soon after her return from the North in company with her sister, who was in a bath chair, and had walked with her for nearly half an hour, scarcely noticing Emily, who was very cool, and talking to Florence in order to get all the news she could for me.

'I hope you told her,' said I, in my most melancholy manner, 'that her going to Australia was an awful blow to me.'

'I did, Jack,' she replied. 'I said that if your heart was not broken outright it was because you believed that separation would not alter her, and that she would bring back the same loving loyal heart she took with her and renew your chance of proving your devotion. "Before I come back," said she, "I dare say he will have found out that he mistook his feelings; he is very young, Sophie. And indeed," said she, sighing *so* prettily, Jack, "he ought not to wait nor give me a thought when I am gone, for who knows whether I shall ever return?"'

I groaned so heavily at this that for the moment I was afraid from the look Sophie gave me that she considered it almost too full of anguish to be honest. But an uneasy conscience is always putting wrong constructions upon things.

'I answered,' continued Sophie, 'that though you were young you were old enough to be staunch, and I begged her not to leave England without giving me some token for you to remember her by—something for you to go on wearing until she came back.'

'What did she say to that?' I asked.

'Why, that she would send me something for you; it hasn't come yet, but the moment it arrives you shall have it.'

This moved me to a degree that made the tremor in my voice real enough. Indeed I was as much touched by this proof of Sophie's fidelity to me as I was stirred and affected by Florence's promise as an indication that I had made greater progress into the darling's heart than I had dared to hope. I squeezed my cousin's hand and thanked her tenderly for her suggestion to

Florence, and then asked if there was any chance of Mr. Hawke changing his mind and keeping his daughter at home. No; she was afraid that there was no chance at all. Florence had told her that every preparation was being made for the voyage, their cabin was secured and they would join the ship at Gravesend. She said that Florence could not make head or tail of her father's resolution; she never remembered speaking about me or behaving in any way to account for such an extreme step as sending her all the way to Australia. The suggestion came from Aunt Damaris, and was immediately seized by Mr. Hawke; and she could not account for his conduct, for his willingness to lose her society at home and subject her to the risk of a long voyage, unless something more than Mr. Jack Seymour was at the bottom of her father's reasons for sending her away.

'Did she give you any idea of what that something more might be?' I asked very anxiously.

'No, she has no suspicion. For my part, I believe her father's sole motive is to separate her from you. She declares that she has never said anything about you to him to account for his alarm. But how does she know? Feelings will leak out insensibly; her father may see more than she herself suspects she shows or even possesses. The wonder to me is that Florence should make no stand; that she shouldn't bluntly refuse to be driven to the other end of the world. But I suppose she is sincere when she says she likes the idea of revisiting Sydney, and no doubt she is not very happy at home just now: and then, again, she shows proper dignity in coldly and uncomplainingly obeying her papa and accompanying her aunt. And who knows, Jack, that she would not be willing to go to the North Pole if by making such a journey she could get rid of that worrying, fortune-hunting creature Morecombe?'

At this point we were interrupted and had to break off; nor was I sorry, for it was desperately hard to maintain an air of misery when alone with Sophie, whose sympathy was bound to render her uncommonly shrewd: and besides, conjectures as to Hawke's intentions were exceedingly unprofitable, seeing that all I required to be satisfied upon was, that Aunt Damaris and Florence meant to sail to Sydney in the *Strathmore*.

Well, lads, as I have said, I returned to London next day, because I was but a clumsy hand at masquerading, and was sure that my cousins would find me out if I did not look sharp and haul off. Sophie seemed a good deal struck by my impatience to be gone, and expressed her surprise that I did not stay, if only for the chance of seeing Florence before she left England.

'Do you think,' cried I, 'that I could say good-bye to my darling who leaves with a misgiving that we may never meet again? Sophie, I could not control myself—the trial would be

too much for me. No! tell her, should you meet, why I hurried away: and above all let me have whatever she desires me to remember her by when you get it.'

Whether this satisfied Sophie I did not trouble myself to find out. I knew that whatever might be her thoughts I should right myself when she came to hear that I had sailed with Florence in the *Strathmore*, and meanwhile my business was to keep my plan secret. So before leaving my relations I told my uncle not to expect to see me at Clifton again, as the obligation to play a hypocritical part was altogether too hard, and I felt that every sham sigh I heaved was an outrage upon Sophie's affectionate, faithful nature.

www.libtool.com.cn

'All right, my boy, do as you please,' said he; 'but I hope you'll send us a letter from Gravesend to let us know you're gone.'

'Certainly!' I answered.

'And, on reflection,' he continued, 'I think you had better address your letter to *me*, telling *me* your motive in going, and so on, as though I knew nothing about it. It will be something to flourish before old Hawke should he trouble me; and it will throw your aunt off the scent, for I don't want her to know that I was all along in your confidence.'

This I promised to be sure to do, and then as we were alone I bade him good-bye, for unless he came to see me in London we should not meet again before I sailed. I had never said farewell to my father when I started on a voyage with more emotion than I felt as I held my uncle's hand. And yet so far as words went it came, between us, to no more than a brief 'God bless you.' Nevertheless I had to linger awhile to recover myself before seeking my aunt and cousins; and though there was little apparent significance in my manner as I took my leave of them, I assure you it was a bitter wrench to say good-bye to Sophie lightly, as though we were to see each other soon, when, could I have had my way, I should have hugged her, and told her we might not meet for months, and perhaps years, and thanked her again and yet again for all that she had done for me, for all she would like to do for me, for her loyal good wishes and sisterly pride in me.

And now having got back to London, nothing remained but to lay in a stock of such articles as I required for the voyage, and wait for the 28th of the month to arrive. I had not many arrangements to make: indeed, the list was completed when I had bought a good box upon which I had 'John Egerton' painted, and put my clothes and purchases in it, and when I had given notice to quit my lodgings to the landlady. And note here: it took me over half an hour to persuade the woman that I was in earnest, and bound to the other end of the world. I was so much a part of her house that she had come to look upon me as she did her front door and staircase, and when she understood that I was in

Florence, and then asked if there wa… upon the floor and wept
changing his mind and keeping hi…
was afraid that there was no … post brought me a small parcel,
her that every preparation w… contain a little square box and a
cabin was secured and the… locket with a wisp of gold-brown hair
said that Florence cor… letter was from Sophie telling me that the
resolution; she never … heart's parting gift. 'I may tell you,' wrote
in any way to acco… … quite implied she would have liked to give
the way to Austr… … which you may judge she is not a little dis
and was imm… … and perhaps *pained*, by what I had to call your "in-
account for … to bid her good-bye. However, if she understands your
home and … and you are satisfied, it is not for me to lecture you, though
thing … I may as well declare, if I were going to Australia and my lover
father' … had not the heart to say farewell to me, I should leave with the
… feeling that if I chose to fall in love with somebody else across
be? the sea, I might do so safely.'

This was a snub to my tremendous young sincerity that set me gaping to speak out, but I restrained myself on reflecting that in a very few days both she and Florence would know the truth. So all that I did was to acknowledge the receipt of the locket in a few lines, saying that my heart was too full to write at length, and that the only answer I could return to her reference to my incapacity to say good-bye to Florence was to ask her to wait until my darling girl came home, and then judge whether I had remained staunch, and whether my behaviour was of a kind to justify Florence in falling in love with anybody else.

This letter being posted, I purchased a riband for the locket, and hid the little keepsake away under my waistcoat, so proud and happy in the possession of this thing that I cannot recall my delight without sorrowfully reflecting that before I could ever again enjoy pleasure so pure my boyish heart must return to me, and I must be loving my first love as I loved her then, when the morning of life was around and the shadows upon the dew leaned into the west.

CHAPTER XIX.

I EMBARK.

Monday, September 28, 18—. This was the day fixed for the sailing of the *Strathmore*, and I had ascertained from the owners, to whom I had forwarded the balance of the passage money, that if I meant to join the ship in the docks I must be on board not later than eleven o'clock in the morning. I had sent my luggage down on the previous Friday, and, Monday being arrived, I bade my landlady farewell, and, armed with a large carpet-bag

-ere stowed the few conveniences I immediately re-
-ed into a cab and was driven to Fenchurch Street
had so much time in which to thoroughly think
ution I had formed to accompany Florence to Sydney,
chance of what might follow when we were landed on
-ian soil, that, now that the hour I had so long looked
-ward to was arrived and I had practically embarked, as I may say, on my wild and singular undertaking, I set about the job of joining the ship with the same cool deliberateness of mind I should have possessed had I been going in her as mate for seven or eight pounds a month, or as a passenger bound on some commercial errand.

www.libtool.com.cn

It was about half-past ten o'clock when I reached the ship, and the scene of life raised up in me such a flavour of my old calling that I felt as if I had no business to be going leisurely aboard, but ought to be tumbling about the decks, shouting out orders, and seeing all ready for hauling out of dock. The *Strathmore* was now in regular sea-going trim, loaded down to well above the line of her yellow sheathing, all yards across and the sails bent, the long-boat full of live-stock, the hencoops along the poop crammed with poultry; huge squares of compressed hay (which flung a farmyard smell upon the air), secured near the main rigging, blue peter floating lazily at the fore, the Company's house flag at the main, and the English ensign at the peak. The main deck was full of people, steerage and 'tween-deck passengers and their friends conversing in groups, and waiting for the inevitable signal for separating. The scene was a familiar one to me, and yet I found myself, as I stepped over the gangway, glancing with perfectly fresh interest at the old picture of here a young woman silently crying; there a family of father, mother, and little children gathered round the aged couple who had made a weary journey to see the poor hearts off, and who would find the return home wearier still; yonder an ill-clad man standing with his arms folded, looking at the ships which lay around, his haggard face giving you a good image of the dejected, doubting, harassed mind inside him. The *Strathmore* was not an emigrant ship, but she had accommodation in her 'tween decks, between the steerage bulkhead and the mainmast, for a few poor people who were charged emigrants' fares and went out as emigrants; and, consequently, her deck on this day presented all the interest of an emigrant vessel: and I don't know whether in all this world there is any sight to equal the scene a ship bound on a long voyage offers just before the steam-tug lays hold of her, and whilst passengers and their friends are mingled on her decks. There are the little children gaping about them full of wonder; there are relatives holding on to one another's hand in a grasp that once relaxed may never again be felt; you hear sounds of sobbing and

the painful echo of laughter between, the hoarse voices of men, the sharp feverish chatter of women striving to put as much talk as might fill up a day into these last ten minutes; and dock officials yell directions to Jack who is sprawling about on the forecastle, drunk, and singing and grinning and lurching here and there, with a kind of defiant rolling, as if he would have you take notice that he for one doesn't mean to make a blubbering job of this leave-taking; whilst overhead the great spars and masts tower into the dusty blue and look ponderous pieces of furniture now that all the sea-gear is rove and the sails bent and rolled up; and they set you thinking of the pallid heights of canvas they will be presently uprearing, and of the night that shall come down by-and-by upon the distant sea, amid which this same ship will be heaving slowly, with never a sound rising from her heart wherein those men and women and children shall be slumbering, with a thousand fathoms of water betwixt them and the bottom of the black profound whose surface is full of starlight.

I ran my eye along the poop, but did not see Captain Thompson, and as the mates were strangers to me, I thought I could not do better than turn to and set my cabin in order, and write a letter to my uncle ready for posting at Gravesend. There was nobody at that moment in the cuddy, though I could hear a stir in the steerage, the sounds coming very plainly up the hatchway. I stood a moment looking along and, thought I, 'If I could see one of the stewards now, I would ask him if the Hawkes' luggage was in their cabin;' then I said to myself, 'Better not ask questions, Jack, for you never can tell what may not set Aunt Damaris putting two and two together. Look for yourself.'

Whereupon, putting my bag upon the table, I marched to No. 6 cabin, knocked, received no answer, tried the handle, found the door unlocked, and peeped in.

A single glance was enough: one side of the cabin was full of boxes, parcels, &c., with Miss D. Hawke and Miss F. Hawke plainly painted or written on them. The sight of these traps was the same as seeing the owners, so far as the certainty of their sailing in the *Strathmore* was concerned; and closing the door, I came away, picked up my bag, and entered my own cabin.

The light was feeble, owing to the scuttle or window being in the shadow of the quay wall, but, nevertheless, I was able to see that I was not to have the cabin to myself. Luggage that did not belong to me stood near my box, and in the bunk under mine was a collection of articles including a waterproof coat, a gun-case, a bundle consisting of an umbrella, a walking-stick, a sword-stick, &c. I was a good deal disappointed, as I had reckoned upon being alone. Evidently the *Strathmore* was taking out a full complement of passengers. The consideration now was, what

sort of companion was I to have? A cheerful, amiable fellow, whose society would be a pleasure, or a sea-sick growling old hunks whose company would be a perpetual affliction?

I peered at the things in the bunk, and then noticing a name painted on the top of a box somewhat resembling mine, I bent down to see what it was, and read in large white letters:

www.libtool.com.cn

'Reginald Morecombe, Esq.,
Cabin Passenger. Per *Strathmore*.'

I could hardly credit my senses. I stood up and stared around me, then took another squint at the card, and, lost in amazement, looked at the traps in the bunk, and came once more to the card. 'Reginald Morecombe!' There it was plain enough, and I stood erect, absolutely dumbfounded. But, stop! how was I to be sure without seeing the fellow that *this* Reginald Morecombe was Florence's admirer? Might there not be another man of that name among the millions who populate Great Britain, and through the operation of one of those strange conjunctions of circumstances which sometimes happen in this life, might not he have chosen the *Strathmore* to sail to Australia in, and had the half of my cabin allotted him? I examined the boxes, but not being able to see inside them, I found nothing more suggestive than the name. I then overhauled the traps in the bunk, but there was nothing to be learnt by looking at the gun-case and the macintosh. Nevertheless, though I could not have taken my oath that my companion would prove Mr. Hawke's young friend, I was so perfectly convinced in my own mind he was nobody else, that I was as much confounded, annoyed, and nonplussed as if I had entered the cabin and found the man in bed in it.

Was this the explanation of Hawke's singular willingness to send his daughter away on a long voyage? Did he hope by boxing up her and Morecombe for three or four months in a ship that the young fellow would succeed in worrying the girl into accepting him? Was it Aunt Damaris' scheme? *She* would be here, at all events, to help the youth, and her house would be open to him at Sydney. And did Florence know he was to accompany them? If not, why there would be positive *baseness* in her father's scheme to make the *Strathmore* a mere trap for her. But if, on the other hand, she knew all about it, why did she keep the news from Sophie? Why had she sent me a keepsake to remember her by, and messages to cherish, when all the time she was aware that she was going to Australia in company with the man whom her father had chosen for her to marry?

I sat on my box with my forehead in my hand and my mind in a whirl. Voices were bawling on deck, feet were stamping

overhead, people were moving about in the cuddy. I knew by the cries which reached me that we should be warping out of dock in a few minutes, and such was the state of bewilderment into which I had been flung by the conviction that my cabin-mate was to be no other than Hawke's young friend, by the astonishing pertinacity old Hawke was exhibiting, by the determination of Mr. Morecombe, who was going to abandon society for sea-sickness and a long voyage in the hope of winning Florence, and by the fear that the girl had all along known he was to join her and her aunt, that I declare for some moments it was just the spin of a coin whether I should jump ashore, send for my traps at Gravesend, and drop all thoughts of Florence as completely as I abandoned the voyage.

www.libtool.com.cn

This was my mood, when, casting my eyes towards the bunks, which were built one above the other, the absurdity of the situation in which Morecombe and I would be placed by occupying one cabin and sleeping one atop of the other, struck me; I burst into a fit of laughter and roared so lustily that I came very near to choking. And nothing, I believe, could have done me more good; the flood of merriment seemed to cleanse my mind and leave room for the old devil-may-care spirit to assert itself again.

Without more ado I opened my box, bundled such things as I required to have at hand into one of the two small chests of drawers with which that cabin was furnished, and then, pulling out a writing-case, began a letter to my uncle. When it came, however, to using a pen and collecting my thoughts, I found I was rather too agitated to say much. I opened by telling him I was going to Australia, and why, as though he had known nothing of my intentions, and then went on to say that I was on board, that the Hawkes' luggage was in their cabin, and that some baggage labelled 'Reginald Morecombe' was in *my* cabin. I could not yet positively declare that this Reginald Morecombe was Hawke's friend, but I would let him know in a postscript when the man came aboard at Gravesend. 'If he proves to be Florence's admirer,' said I, 'you will understand, and especially will Sophie appreciate, the profound cunning old Hawke exhibits by this manœuvre. I only hope that Florence is ignorant of the plot: unhappily I shall not be able to tell you how this is, for I am not likely to see her until we have been some time under way. If in my postscript I inform you that my cabin companion is *the* Reginald Morecombe, please take the earliest opportunity of letting old Hawke know that I have sailed in the *Strathmore*.' I then wound up by thanking him for his kindness, and begging him to ask Sophie's forgiveness of me for concealing from her my intention to accompany Florence, and brought my letter to an end with a proper sentimental flourish.

Having finished that job, leaving the envelope open for the postscript I had promised, I put on my hat and shoved my head out of the cabin-door to see who might be about before boldly issuing forth, since for all I could tell Florence might have come aboard whilst I was below. True, I had understood she was to join the ship at Gravesend, but her aunt might have changed her mind and chosen to start from the dock: anyhow, I could not be sure, and the very last thing I wanted was to plump up against the darling unawares, and frighten her before her aunt or anybody else into a betrayal of our being 'auld acquaintance'; and so, I say, I peered out cautiously, saw a group of persons talking near the companion steps, and an under-steward in a camlet jacket rubbing the table. But there was nobody I knew in sight; I therefore walked on to the main-deck, and found to my surprise that we were out of the dock and in the river, and that a tug had got hold of us and was canting our head towards midstream.

I walked a short distance forward so as to be able to see who was on the poop before going there. Most of the 'tween-deck and steerage folks were below, but a few had clambered on to the bulwarks, and a knot of them stood on the forecastle waving their hats and handkerchiefs to their friends who stood on the walls and pierheads watching the noble ship start. I took a good look aft, and seeing nothing but strange faces, saving Dan Thompson, who stood alone listening to the bawling of the mud pilot, and watching, without of course taking any part in the busy scene, I mounted the poop ladder and went up to my friend.

'Hallo, Jack!' cried he, gripping my fingers heartily; 'I was only just now thinking of you and wondering whether you were aboard. When did you come?' I told him. 'Whisper,' says he, 'what's the name I am to call you by? Confound me if I can recollect it; something to do with edge, hadn't it?'

'Egerton—Jack Egerton,' I replied; 'and for heaven's sake, Daniel, don't go and forget it. Think of edging down; that's nautical, you can't forget that.'

'No, no, Egerton—Jack Egerton—I have it now,' said he. 'Be easy; Egerton's the word.'

'Since I've been aboard,' said I, 'I've been rendered doubly anxious by one of the most bothersome things happening that ever you could imagine. I was in hope of getting a cabin to myself, and I find I'm to have a companion.'

'Well, and what does that mean?' cried he, with a broad grin on his jolly nautical red face; 'merely that Dan Thompson's a mighty popular skipper, beloved of ladies and gentlemen. Would you have me sail with unlet cabins? And besides, how many bunks does an old lobscouser like you want to sleep in?'

'That's not it,' I replied; 'I don't object to a companion. But guess who he is to be?'

'Pooh, pooh! out with it, man; how the dickens can *I* guess?

'When I spoke to you of the business that's bringing me on this voyage, did I tell you,' said I, 'that there was a young chap named Morecombe wanted by my sweetheart's father as a husband for my pet.'

'Did you?—may be, may be. And what then?'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Why, smother him, Daniel, his luggage is in my cabin—he's to be—not my bedfellow, thank heaven, but he is to lie in the bunk under me. The old man has hoped to make a rat-trap of your ship for his girl. He's planned the voyage for her, that young Morecombe may be in her company all the while you keep at sea and after you've set us ashore. And as if that's not enough,' cried I, savagely dwelling upon the baseness of the plot (as if I, lads, were the most innocent of beings, and not in the smallest degree working out a very much more audacious scheme), 'he's to share my cabin and I'm to have the privilege of hearing him snorting under me in his sleep for seventy or eighty days.'

Daniel burst into a loud laugh. 'What'll you do, Jack?' he exclaimed, 'since he's to be under you, will you contrive to smother him one night? Your bunk-planks are movable, you know, and there's nothing to prevent you coming down upon him. Pity your mattress isn't a feather bed;' and he broke into another long guffaw.

At this moment the pilot roared out an order to the wheel, and my friend ran to the rail to peer at something ahead, and there he stood, clean forgetting all about my troubles and thinking only of his ship. It was scarcely the right moment to bother him, though I was determined, before we brought up at Gravesend, to have my way with him in something I required him to do. So I hauled off and went and sat on the edge of the after skylight to think a bit, and to have a look at what was going on. And plenty there was to see, as there always is on the Thames, which is the noblest river in the world to my mind. I have been upon African and Indian and South American rivers, and beheld a thousand strange and shining beauties, and in China have slept on a rushing stream amid a crowd of wobbling and straining junks, with a glimpse of temples beyond the outlandish trees, and a soft wind sighing under the sharp hard blue of the sky, and smells about as aromatic as the materials which go to the making of a plum-pudding. But the scenery of the Thames is the work of human hands, and that's the impressive part of the noble old stream. Gaze along it in an atmosphere of yellow light, when magnitude and vagueness are given to the leagues of waterside structures, and when objects gloom upon the dun horizon and cheat you with the idea of immensity by the remoteness they take. The *Strathmore's* flying-jibboom was looking right over the square stern of the tug, and we were swarming down the bend which

bears the polite name of Bugsby's Reach. And hereabouts was no lack of life on that day; there were half a score of big vessels in this Reach coming or going, whilst lighters crept by broadside on, tugs sped along in quest of towage jobs, passenger steamers drove through the steel-coloured water, with a glancing of silver at their keen stems, and a whirl of snow sluicing in a broad current from under their counters. I took notice of a big India steamship leisurely making for Gravesend, trim as a man of war, her sides and funnel spotless, her scuttles winking like stars in her as she coiled her ebony length along the southern sunshine and rounded eastwards into Woolwich Reach, whilst, towing past her for London, there came a small full-rigged ship from the other side of the world, her brave little hull covered with scars of the conflicts she had fought in distant seas, her canvas clumsily rolled up, her gear grey from constant wetting and drying, and the crew on the forecastle pointing out to one another the familiar scenes ashore.

This is one of the contrasts the noble river gives you. And look yonder at the familiar Thames wherry, with the old waterman resting on his oars and squinting over his shoulder at the passing tug in whose tumble, as the steamer rushes past, the little boat flounders and wallops, and sets the old chap's oars flourishing like a pair of knitting-needles in a woman's hand, whilst his hat shortens and enlarges with the reeling as if he wanted to show all observers what an optical illusion was like. And hark now to the panting of that little screw tug that heads up river with a chain of deeply-laden coal barges in her wake, and see the lazy grimy villain atop of the dirty heaps, in shirt sleeves, a pipe in his mouth, and his sooty face to the sky.

Our voyage was begun on a fine bright day, if so be the hauling out of dock for Gravesend can be called the beginning. We were too near London for the azure overhead to be rich, but there was a gay autumn tone in it, with a lightening of the blue into a kind of silver over the furthest reaches of the south shore, against which every tree, house, and curve of land took a delicate black outline like a sketch in ink. The sunshine poured full upon our ship and put fiery lines into the yellow topmasts and topgallant-masts, and notched the skylights and the brasswork with flashing white stars; and the soft wind that followed carried the smoke of the tug along with us for a space until we rounded into Galleons Reach, when the dark coil floated away in a bluish shadow over Plumstead Marshes. There was a constant coming and going of figures upon the main deck, with sad-hearted faces overhanging the rail watching the passing land, and some drunken horseplay of sailors upon the forecastle, where stood the chief mate of the ship ready to echo the pilot's orders to the tug.

A few of the cuddy passengers had joined the vessel in the

docks and sauntered about the poop. I took notice of what was unmistakably a newly married pair; they kept together arm in arm, and the husband showed his wife the card in the binnacle, the pump for washing down betwixt the mizzenmast and the skylight, the quarter boats and the captain's gig over the stern, with the air of a man who meant to get his honeymoon out of everything that came in his road. There was an elderly gentleman of a stern cast of countenance, who walked about with his hands behind him, and every now and again he would come to a stand and cast a look aloft in a manner that made me suspect he knew the difference between the head-pump and the poop-downhaul. I afterwards found him to be Captain Jackson, R.N., going to Sydney, with his wife, on some government business. There were other persons standing about the poop and looking at the brilliant river-show, but I did not give them much attention, having more interesting subjects to occupy my mind with. And do you ask me if there was any yearning in my bowels after the old city we were leaving in our wake, and the soil that was dropping astern fathom by fathom as the tug hauled us onwards? Not an atom, my lads. Had I been leaving a wife or a mother, or some one dear to me, why then of course my face would have been as melancholy as the longest and yellowest of the visages among the third-class passengers. But I was outward bound, in the vessel that was to carry the darling of my heart to Australia. I was going for a sail around the world, not as a poor devil who had to haul upon ropes or keep a look-out with his eye against a snow-squall, but as a cuddy passenger who was to eat the best that was in the ship, sleep in all night, and go below when it rained. If I was thoughtful, it was because I was puzzled and worried by the discovery that young Morecombe was going to make one of our happy family, not because I was leaving England, or because I was afraid of being sea-sick.

Well, by-and-by we were abreast of Erith, floating pleasantly along, the sky hollowing over our mastheads into a deeper tint, and the ship making a noble show upon the broadening stream, with a certain rugged heavy appearance aloft that handsomely fitted her deep trim and the appearance of the men and women who stared over her bulwarks. An outward-bounder she was from the vane above the truck to the line of white water which the wheels of the tug swept under her glittering figurehead and along her glossy bends, and I sat looking at the massive yards lying square upon the towering masts, and at the fretwork of shadows cast by the fore shrouds upon the galley and the long-boat, and thought of one day when the North-east Trades had breezed up into half a gale of wind, and when I leaned over the jibboom with my hand upon the outer jibstay and saw such another vessel as this rushing at me under a maintopgallant sail

www.libtool.com.cn

set over a single-reefed topsail, sending the surges boiling far ahead of me with every downward crash of the shearing cutwater and flinging a continuous roll of thunder upon the gale out of the iron-hard hollows of her white canvas.

Thompson had been talking to a middle-aged lady with an Irish accent, and when they separated I went up to my friend and said, 'Daniel, can you listen to me for three minutes?'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Certainly,' he answered; 'I must apologise for interrupting you just now, but didn't you notice the dumb-barge right in the road of the tug? Those things are the curse of the river. Captains' lives are made up of nothing but actions brought against them by barge owners. What is it you have to say, Seymour?'

'Egerton, man—Egerton! Didn't I exhort you not to mistake?' cried I.

'Look here, Jack,' says he, 'Egerton be blowed! I shall never be able to remember it, and therefore to make sure I must call you Jack and nothing else. You can say I'm a cousin, if you like, a foundling adopted by your parents, a foster-brother, half a twin, anything you choose. But I'll bungle Egerton as sure as your name's Seymour; so Jack it must be between us, and I'll leave you to account for the familiarity.'

'If you can't call me Egerton, then I must be Jack,' said I; 'there's no familiarity, and consequently any accounting for it would be a mistake. And now I'm going to ask you to do me a favour. When we reach Gravesend and I catch sight of Miss Hawke coming aboard, I must go and hide, for fear that, should she see me, her astonishment might lead her aunt to suspect who I am.'

'But don't the aunt know you?' asked Thompson, who had evidently forgotten the story I had given him in the docks.

'No,' I answered. 'She has never seen me nor have I ever set eyes on her. Morecombe I once caught sight of, but I am unknown to him.'

'And does Miss Hawke know you?' said he.

'Why, hang it all, my good Daniel,' cried I, 'didn't I tell you that she was half in love with me, that I was passionately in love with her, and making this voyage for the sake of being with her and in the hope of inducing her to marry me?'

'Yes, yes, I remember now,' he added; 'and what is it you want me to do? You said something about hiding.'

'I said that when Miss Hawke heaves in sight I must go below. You must take the very first opportunity you can find to tell her privately that I am on board and beg her not to show any astonishment when I appear, and that you will introduce me to her as though I was a stranger.'

'What sort of a girl is she? I'm willing to oblige you,' said he, 'but hang it, Jack, you're now asking me to take liberties. What will she think when I beg her not to be astonished?'

'Do you think, Daniel,' said I, 'that I am likely to place an old friend like you in a false position? She will think that you are behaving very kindly to us both in cautioning her against allowing her surprise to betray me to her aunt.'

He took a few short turns up and down in front of me, with his good-natured red face working as though he was rehearsing the thing, and then said, 'Well, there can be no harm; I'll do this. When she arrives and a chance comes, I'll say, "There's an old friend of mine aboard—an old shipmate—named Jack Seymour!" She is sure to sing out, "What, Jack Seymour!" and I'll answer "Yes. He tells me he has the honour of your acquaintance, and has asked me to let you know he's aboard, in order that when he turns up you mayn't be frightened."'

'Not frightened, Daniel,' said I; 'surprised. All the rest will do capitally.'

'Surprised, then,' he continued. 'And then I'll say, "for reasons I've not troubled myself to ask, he tells me he's shipped under the name of Egerton, but as I can't reckon upon always remembering that name, I shall call him Jack. It's not my business," I'll say, "to inquire into names. All I've got to do is to carry my ship and the people in her safely across the ocean." I'll say that, Jack, to satisfy my own mind; no harm in it, I hope?'

'None whatever.'

'And what else is there to do?' said he.

'Why,' I replied, 'you can tell her that I've asked you to introduce me to her.'

I saw he did not like that, but instead of declining he said, 'What d'ye want to be introduced for? Go plump to her and ask her what she thinks of the weather. People don't stand on shore-going ceremonies at sea. You ought to know that, Jack.'

'Never mind that part of the job, Daniel. If you'll just tell her I'm aboard, and let me know when you have given her the news, I shall be eternally obliged to you.'

'All right, my lad, I'll do that,' said he, clapping me on the shoulder and laughing in my face; and then, taking a look round, he said something to the pilot and went below.

(*To be continued.*)

www.libtool.com.cn

A New Theory of Sun-spots.

www.libtool.com.cn

OF all the phenomena presented to the contemplation of astronomers, sun-spots are at once the most impressive and the most mysterious. On the face of that resplendent disc they seem, at a first view, mere dark marks of little import or interest. To the astronomers who first observed them, Fabricius, Scheiner, and Galileo, they were mere stains on the surface of an orb which earlier astronomers, confident in half-knowledge, had regarded as absolutely without spot or blemish. But so soon as their real features are noted, and the real dimensions of the sun's orb considered, their amazing significance is revealed; while, when their movements are examined, and the strange laws noted according to which they wax and wane in frequency, they are found to present problems as mysterious as they are fascinating.

I am about to advance a theory about sun-spots, or rather about their more salient features, which at least serves, whether right or wrong, to associate together some of the most remarkable facts which have been discovered respecting the sun and his surroundings.

Let us first consider the nature of that surface in which sun-spots make their appearance, and the phenomena which they present.

We are apt to regard the visible surface of the sun as if it were either the actual surface of this globe, or, at least, very near to that surface. On a little consideration, however, of the facts known to us, it will appear that this view is not correct. Strangely enough, the earth under our feet tells us the nature of the interior constitution of the sun, while the face of the sun himself even veils from view what lies deep down below it. The crust of the earth, studied by geologists, has spoken in the clearest terms of many millions of years of sun work at the sun's present rate of emitting heat and light. We may shorten our estimate of the time by assigning to the sun a greater activity in past times than now, or lengthen it by assuming that of yore he worked less effectively; but the result remains the same so far as our present inquiry is concerned; for it is the totality of sun

work, not time, we have to consider. Dr. Croll, of Glasgow, has shown, if not conclusively, yet with such high degree of probability that it would be far less safe to reject than to accept his conclusions, that the earth's crust tells of at least 100,000,000 years of sun's work. Sir Charles Lyell accepted the evidence as to all intents and purposes decisive.

www.libtool.com.cn

Yet if this is so, a great difficulty immediately presents itself. The sun's energy in emitting light and heat results, so far as can be seen, almost wholly from the action of gravity in drawing in towards the centre the matter which forms the great aggregation we call the sun. That mysterious power which resides in matter adds this other reason to the reasons already strong, which make it the mystery of mysteries, that in it lies 'the promise and potency' of light and heat throughout the universe itself. Dr. Ball has already explained in these pages (LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE for November) how the contraction of the sun's mass provides, so to speak, for the constant expenditure of energy. But we can ascertain precisely how much energy could have been derived from the contraction of the sun's globe to its present apparent size, supposing its mass strewn with tolerable uniformity through an orb of that size. Of course the larger the original volume of the sun, the greater the amount of energy which might thus have been produced. But let us assign to the original globe of the sun the greatest possible volume—infinity of space. Of course the idea is not admissible as a conception, but it can quite readily be dealt with mathematically, and will manifestly give us a superior limit to the length of time we wish to determine. We find, in using this infinity of space, that the period deduced is but about 20,000,000 years. Taking, instead, an extension all round over half the distance separating the sun from the nearest star, we get very nearly the same result.

Here, then, there is manifestly something wrong. Our earth tells us one story, the sun seems to tell us another, I reject as absolutely inadmissible the suggestion for removing the difficulty by supposing that our sun's globe was formed by the collision of masses which had before been rushing with enormous velocities through space. All such ideas of collision appear simply preposterous to the astronomer who apprehends how enormously the distances separating star from star exceed the dimensions of individual stars. There is only one way of removing the difficulty, viz. by recognising the fact that the sun's apparent globe differs very much in size from his real globe. If the process of con-

traction has gone on very much farther than it seems to have done, then we can readily explain the awful vistas of past time of which our earth's crust tells us. We may safely conclude from this one argument alone that the sun's real globe is very much smaller than the orb we see.

www.libtool.com.cn

But there is other evidence to the same effect. Professor G. H. Darwin has shown clearly that unless the central part of the sun were very much more compressed and dense than the parts near (say within fifty or a hundred thousand miles of) the apparent surface, there ought to be measurable flattening of the sun's polar regions. Now it is absolutely certain that there is no such flattening. All the observations made at Greenwich, Paris, Vienna, Washington, and other great observatories, agree in proving this. Therefore the central part of the sun is much denser than the outer parts, and doubtless the real globe of the sun is very much less than the globe we see.

There is also another proof of the same important fact in the behaviour of the spots themselves. It will fall presently under our notice.

What, then, is that visible surface which lies as a luminous veil far above the real surface of the solar globe?

The telescope shows the general surface of the sun as formed of multitudinous small round objects, intensely bright on a background which, though really bright, appears by contrast dark. These objects are only small in the sense that they look small as seen even with the most powerful telescopes. In reality, they average two or three hundred miles in length and breadth. Regarding those of nearly circular form as in reality spherical, the surface of one of these clouds (if so we are to regard them), 200 miles in diameter, would be about 125,000 square miles; so that in comparison with all such terrestrial objects as we can actually see and measure, they are of enormous size.

Now we can readily form an opinion as to the nature of these cloud-like masses—the so-called solar *rice-grains*—by considering what the spectroscope has told us about the vaporous atmosphere in which they float. This complex atmosphere indicates its presence alike in telescopic survey of the sun and in photographs of his disc, by the well-marked darkening towards the sun's edge. Analysed by the spectroscope, it is found to contain the vapours of iron, copper, zinc, aluminium, titanium, sodium, magnesium, and many other terrestrial elements, chiefly metallic. In other words, in the atmosphere of the sun the metals have the

same position which the vapours of water have in our own air; so intense is the heat of the sun that iron, copper, zinc, and so forth (doubtless, in reality, all the metals, though not all in sufficient quantity to indicate their presence) are turned to the form of vapour. The clouds, then, that float in the atmosphere of the sun, are clouds in which drops of metal play the same part which drops of water play in our own clouds. We may describe the solar rice-grains, in fact, as mighty metallic clouds.

www.libtool.com.cn

But here I would call attention to a consideration which seems to me of great importance in all inquiries into the sun's condition. The laws of gaseous pressure and density, as determined by experiments on the earth, are either modified under the conditions which exist in the sun, or else we cannot possibly regard the region of absorptive vapours certainly existing around the visible surface of the sun as of the nature of an atmosphere. From spectroscopic analysis we know that the pressure at which hydrogen exists just outside the sun's surface is much below the pressure of our atmosphere at the sea-level, yet certainly not so low as the thousandth part of that pressure. And whatever opinion we may form as to the effect of the intense heat prevailing close by the sun, we cannot overlook the influence of the enormous force of gravity at his surface. Under this force, more than twenty-eight times the force of gravity at the earth's surface, an atmosphere constituted like our own would double in pressure for every one-eighth of a mile of descent. Suppose that at the sun's surface a vaporous atmosphere such as he seems to have, an atmosphere constituted as the vaporous matter around him undoubtedly is constituted, doubled in pressure only once for every ten miles of descent. Then within the range of about 400 miles through which the sun's vaporous atmosphere has been observed (during total eclipse) to extend, there would be forty doublings, or the pressure, certainly not less than one-thousandth of our air's pressure, would be increased to more than *one thousand million times* the pressure of our air at the sea-level. Under such a pressure it would no longer be vaporous at all. Could it remain so, and obey the laws of gaseous matter, it would be many thousands of times denser than the densest metals known to us. Most assuredly no such pressure exists either at the sun's surface or thousands of miles below it. We can see to a depth of some 10,000 miles in the case of certain of the larger sun-spots.

We seem forced to the conclusion that the real atmosphere of the sun does not come anywhere near the surface we see, which,

according to this view, would be regarded as formed of cloudlike masses each with its surrounding of vapour, kept around it by such attractive energy as must necessarily reside in enormous aggregations of metallic globules such as these clouds must be. I am aware that this view will seem so strange, so unlike any that has heretofore been held, as to appear very daring. Yet it is infinitely more daring to overlook the enormous physical difficulties involved in the assumption that a continuous atmosphere surrounds the sun to a height of many hundreds of miles, while at the highest part of that self-luminous atmosphere the pressure is comparable with that of our own atmosphere at the sea-level.

www.libtool.com.cn

Be this as it may (for the question has no direct bearing on the theory I am about to present), it is certain that under the action of various forces the solar rice-grains arrange themselves into groupings of varied form, in such sort that the general surface of the sun, when studied with a telescope not sufficiently powerful to show the separate rice-grains, presents a mottled aspect. Photography, which, as skilfully applied by Dr. Janssen, gives us the best views yet obtained of the details of the sun's surface, shows another reason for the mottled aspect, in the existence of a sort of network (varying even in form) of misty streaks where the rice-grains, though visible, are much less clearly defined than elsewhere. These blurred regions will doubtless find their explanation hereafter, as their changes of form come to be more closely studied.

But yet again, the surface of the sun is disturbed by forces producing more marked movements of the solar clouds. These get driven together into closely-packed streaks which, even in telescopes of very moderate power, are visible as exceedingly bright objects. They are the so-called *faculæ* (named thus by Hevelius), from the Latin word for a torch, because of their brilliant aspect.

It is, however, when yet greater disturbances affect the cloud-laden region which forms the visible surface of the sun, that solar spots make their appearance. A region of disturbance, where many faculæ are seen making the sun's surface look like a froth-streaked sea, shows suddenly in the middle of a dark region, round which the faculæ appear at first as parts of nearly circular arcs. But they pass farther and farther away from the region of disturbance, the dark centre of which becomes better defined, and is presently seen to be bordered by a well-defined fringe of less darkness. Under close telescopic scrutiny this fringe (called

the *penumbra*), which, though less dark than the central part (called the *umbra*), is darker than the general surface of the sun, is seen to be marked by streaks extending radially from the centre of the nearly circular spot. Larger and larger the spot grows, gradually losing its circular form, but still well rounded on all sides. The centre is found to be darker than the rest of the *umbra*, appearing, indeed, absolutely black, but not necessarily so, since the glowing lime-light appears absolutely black when on the sun's disc as on a background. This central darkest region is called the *nucleus*.

After remaining, sometimes for several days, sometimes for weeks or even months, a spot begins to show signs of breaking up, if one can speak of the breaking up of what really indicates the absence, not the presence, of matter. It loses its rounded form, becoming perceptibly pear-shaped. Large portions of the facular regions around break their way in upon the sun, chiefly on the edge, which remains more rounded, forming often bright bridges—usually curved—from side to side of the spot. On either side of the smaller part (the stalk end of the pear) larger but less brilliant masses seem to move in upon the spot as though to cover it over with portions of the cloud-laden surface which had before been outside. These masses, as they move on, usually show widening dark streaks between them; and it is very noteworthy that on either side of these dark streaks there can be seen bright threadlike objects akin to the radial streaks around the umbra. But in the meantime these streaks, which had been originally radial and tolerably regular, have been tossed hither and thither as if irregular currents swept them in different directions. From the great masses thrown in on the dark background of the spot multitudinous filaments seem to stream in all directions, like fringe upon a storm-tossed banner.

More and more violently—pell-mell, as Secchi used to say—the luminous masses rush in upon the spot region. At last it is completely covered over, though bright facular streaks show where the great opening had been, and where intense disturbance is still going on. Sometimes these streaks break apart and a fresh spot is formed; and it has happened that twice or thrice a spot has been as it were renewed in this way. But usually the facular streaks become less and less marked, until at length the region where the spot has been can be in no way distinguished from the surrounding parts of the sun's surface.

Such is the history of a spot of the larger sort. Occasionally

there are peculiarities affecting the progress of some particular spot. For instance, there was the wonderful Cyclone Spot, seen by Secchi in 1857, the whole area of which was swept round as if by some mighty tornado. Again, there have been spots where a double tornado www.libtool.com.cn seems to have been in progress, the two whorls moving in opposite directions. In yet other cases there has been a whirling motion affecting the central part of the spot region in one direction, at one part of the spot's career, and in the contrary direction later. Other evidences also of exceedingly violent motion have from time to time been observed.

In smaller spots less marked signs of varying disturbance are noticed. The history of a small spot is comparatively uneventful. The chief interest in these lesser markings resides perhaps in the circumstance that to the unpractised observer they look very much like small planets in transit. For my own part I may express my conviction that every recorded case of intra-mercurial planets seen in transit is to be thus explained, from the case of Lescarbault's Vulcan down to the case of Vulcan's supposed return as seen in China; though the last-named is the only case in which a photograph of the sun chanced fortunately to have been taken at the right time, proving unmistakably that what had been described as unquestionably a planet, moving like a planet and unlike a sun-spot, was nevertheless a small sun-spot after all.

But there are yet some other circumstances which must be noted before we proceed to consider a theory of sun-spots.

The spots are limited to two zones on the sun's surface, corresponding to the sub-tropical and temperate zones on the surface of the earth. The existence of such zones implies necessarily the occurrence of rotational motion, whereby the position of the sun's poles and equator has been determined. It has been, in fact, by observing the spots that the axial position of the sun and his rate of rotation have been ascertained. But the movement of rotation, which seemed a comparatively simple matter when the first rough observations of Galileo and his contemporaries were in question, presents itself now as a complex phenomenon; for spots in high solar latitudes are found to indicate a rotation rate different from that determined by the observation of spots near the equator. The difference is so great as to become most perplexing when its real significance is considered. Judged by spots in the highest latitudes where spots have been seen on his face, the sun seems to rotate in about twenty-eight days. Judged by spots as near the equator as any have been

seen, he seems to rotate in about twenty-four days. His real globe cannot well rotate save as a whole and in a single period; yet, judged by what looks like his surface, his equatorial regions seem to rotate seven times, while the mid-zones of his northern and southern hemispheres rotate only six times. Regarding the slower rate for a moment as the true rate of the sun's rotation, it would appear as though the visible equatorial regions gained one entire rotation on the surface beneath them in 168 days. Now the sun's circumference is in round numbers about 2,660,000 miles, so that the mere gain of the whole equatorial zone takes place at the rate of nearly 16,000 miles per day, or about 650 miles per hour. Thus, viewing the varying rotation rate at the surface, we should have to recognise the existence of the most stupendous and far-ranging hurricane the mind can conceive.

www.libtool.com.cn

We may fairly find in this amazing mobility another and simpler proof of what we have already seen to be demonstrated by subtler evidence, the vastness of the distance which separates the real surface of the sun from that visible surface which we call the photosphere.

One other point remains to be mentioned. The spots, besides being limited in space, are limited also in time. They cannot always be looked for with any probability that they will be seen. At this present time there are many spots on the sun's face. But if he is watched week after week during several coming years, it will be found that the spots grow fewer and fewer till none are seen. Then several weeks, or mayhap months, will pass during which no spots and few faculæ will be seen, when the mottling will be scarce discernible, and the darkness near the edge will be much less marked than usual. Then the spots will begin to return, will become more and more numerous till they attain their maximum frequency. Then they will diminish till they disappear, then return, then pass away again, and so on continually, waxing and waning with a sort of rhythmic flow. But the oscillation is not uniform. The average interval between two successive epochs of greatest spot frequency is a little greater than eleven years, but the interval has been as short as eight years and it has been as long as sixteen years.

Such being the most striking peculiarities of the sun-spots, let us see whether they can be associated together, some or all of them, by any theory as to the way in which these great openings in the luminous cloud region are formed.

In the first place, it may be fairly assumed that the real seat of the disturbance seen when a spot appears lies below the visible surface of the sun. There are, indeed, similar circumstances which seem at a first view to suggest that the disturbance has its origin from outside. If the spot period were of constant length, one might be led to suppose that some as yet undiscovered comet, having a period of about eleven years, and followed by a train of meteoric attendants, travels in an oval orbit intersecting the outlying cloud envelopes of the sun, and periodically with its flight of meteoric followers breaks through the region of luminous clouds. There are also certain peculiarities of sun-spots, noted by the late Mr. Richard Carrington, which have been held to indicate an external origin. But as none doubt that the real energies of the sun reside in that concealed mass which lies within the photosphere, hidden by a veil through which man can never hope to penetrate, and as the spots by their size and movements tell of most energetic disturbing forces, we must, it would seem, look for their origin where alone such forces are at work.

www.fbtool.com.cn

Again, if the origin of the spots is below the photosphere, and at the real surface of the sun, as the distance between this surface and the photosphere is enormous, we can hardly imagine any way in which forces exerted at the surface can affect the photospheric cloud region, unless they are directed with great energy radially from the sun's surface. In other words, it would seem that the forces at work in producing sun-spots are eruptional.

Now if we conceive the outburst of masses of strongly compressed and intensely heated gases from below the sun's real surface, and trace the result of their uprush, we are led to recognise certain phenomena, which certainly correspond well (be this explanation true or not) with what is seen on the sun. Even if the theory is incorrect, it has its value in thus associating together, as will be found, the various facts known about sun-spots, the coloured flames, and the solar corona.

Let us suppose that a great eruption begins deep down below the visible surface of the sun, imprisoned gases bursting their way forth, and in their outburst driving masses of solid or liquid matter like missiles through the distant photosphere. As the compressed vapours travelled onwards to regions of diminishing pressure, they would expand, cooling in the process, and drive away from all round the region where they reached the visible surface the clouds which had covered that region. At the beginning there would be a central space, from around which the

clouds were thus cleared over a continually widening area. Moreover, regarding the visible surface as part of a cloud stratum of great thickness (certainly not less than 10,000 miles in depth), it is clear that the constantly expanding masses of vapour, in their upward rush, would drive the higher parts of the cloud region farther apart than the lower portions. Thus looking squarely into the opening, from outside, as when we look at a spot near the centre of the sun's face from our terrestrial standpoint, we should obtain slant views of the cloud stratum.

www.libtool.com.cn

Now the clouds which had before been spread uniformly over the scene of disturbance, being driven away from it upon the surrounding region, would necessarily be packed closely together, and so would form luminous streaks all around the spot—the faculæ, which, as we have seen, surround the disturbed region. The penumbra would show what lies underneath the photosphere, but not in its normal condition; for the mighty uprushing and side-thrusting masses of vapour would displace all parts of the cloud stratum, even as the outer parts are displaced and made to form facular streaks. Still we can form an idea, from the aspect of the penumbral fringe, respecting the normal condition of the inner parts of the solar cloud region. The radiating streaks, which are manifestly slant streaks of luminous matter below the clouds, seem to tell us clearly of streaks which had been vertical before the disturbance. We may compare what we see round the spot to what one would see in looking down upon a field of wheat (from a balloon, suppose) over a part of which a small but violent whirlwind was passing. All round the centre of disturbance the stalks of wheat would be driven aslant, and we should see them sloping radially around that centre. The ears of wheat belonging to the storm-bent stalks would be driven closer together than the ears elsewhere over the field, and so would form circular streaks around the region of disturbance, and outside the slant radial streaks. These circular streaks of compressed wheat-ears would look brighter than the rest of the field if the ears were in their golden prime. So the glowing solar clouds, urged together by the expansive action of the vapours poured into the spot region, form streaks looking brighter than the surrounding surface; while extending from them inwards, towards the spot's centre, are seen the streaks of luminous matter which before had been vertical. What these vertical streaks may be is not very easily determined. They may be down-rushing streams of molten metal from the sun's metallic clouds, or they may be uprushing columns

of glowing metallic vapours, capped by the clouds (as in our own air uprising streams of aqueous vapour are capped by cumulus clouds), or they may include both forms; however they are to be interpreted, it is certain they exist.

After a while the eruptive forces cease; the ejected vapours for a while continue to extend themselves around the region of disturbance, but not long. All the forces now called into action are such as tend to fill in again, and cover over, the region which had been disturbed. As the surrounding cloud-covered regions strive to rush in, contests arise between the in-rushing masses and the vapours within the spot region. In these conflicts cyclonic action may arise, and usually does. Sometimes a single cyclonic whirl is generated; at other times two or more, which may be in the same or different directions; while at yet other times, changes in the conditions under which the conflicts take place may cause a cyclone in one direction to be replaced by another in the contrary direction. Again, the enclosed vapours would maintain a better resistance and preserve the rounded form of the spot on that side towards which their motion urged them. On the other side, where the resistance would be less effective, cloud-laden masses from the solar photosphere would break in, or rather would be drawn in; and around this part of the disturbed region the photosphere would be more disturbed than elsewhere, and in many parts would be broken up.

The masses thus flung over or projected towards the region of the spot would be agglomerations of the luminous clouds with their vaporous surroundings and their filamentous appendages, which, in the more quiescent parts of the sun's surface, are usually (it may be presumed) nearly vertical. A mass of clouds driven onwards as by a mighty but irregular hurricane would show its filaments as streamers from a wind-tossed pennon, as these luminous thread-like forms actually appear. Not parallel here, as around the edges of a yet youthful spot, the filaments would present an appearance more nearly resembling that of our cirrus clouds, with their wild mare's-tail streaks tossed seemingly hither and thither by the varying currents in our upper air. Indeed, Professor Langley, to whom we owe decidedly the best views of the various features of the sun's surface yet drawn, finds every form of solar cloud illustrated in the clouds of our own air. But though we may thus find illustrations of solar features, we must not imagine that therefore we have necessarily their true analogues. The vast difference of scale must be carefully kept in recollection. The

solar clouds, which seem simple rounded masses of luminous matter, are in reality vast cloud balls, two or three hundred miles in diameter; and doubtless, could we see them more clearly, would show amazing irregularities of structure where our present telescopes show uniformity. The filaments merely look like the thread-like forms which we see in our cirrus clouds; in reality they are forty or fifty miles in breadth, and some of them are fully 10,000 miles in length. Nothing that we know about our clouds enables us to form the merest guess as to the condition of such vast masses, such long streamers as these, or even to say that they are single masses or continuous streamers at all. And apart from all this, the intense heat which pervades the whole material of these seeming clouds and seeming streamers assures us that they are as unlike our clouds and cloud streamers in condition as they are in volume.

www.libtool.com.cn

All that we can here say is that the sun-spots behave as though they were produced by the uprush of masses of vapour, caused by eruptive action far below the visible surface; for all the phenomena presented by a spot from its first formation to its final disappearance correspond to what might fairly be expected to result from such a process of formation. In passing, however, it may be noted as strong evidence in favour of the theory that sun-spots are due to the action of forces working below the visible surface, that they are regions of darkness and not of increased brightness. If sun-spots are produced in the way I have suggested, there would result great cooling from the expansive action of vapours which had been enormously compressed. On the other hand, if sun-spots had their origin from without, the bringing to rest of matter, meteoric or cometic, which had before been travelling with enormous velocity, would necessarily be accompanied by the generation of heat. Since the spots by their darkness and by the spectroscopic evidence of powerful absorptive action tell us that they are regions of cooling and not of greater heat, we may reasonably and safely infer that they are due to the action of forces working from within expansively, and not from outside with effects of compression.

But now let us see whether we may not find other evidence bearing on this theory of sun-spots, by looking outside the sun's surface for the effects, even as we have looked below for the cause of the disturbance to which they are due.

So soon as the coloured prominences had been shown by Lieutenant (now Colonel) Herschel, Janssen, Rayet, and others, to be

great masses of glowing gas, it became possible to observe them without waiting for total solar eclipses. Shining with special tints only, their light could, by spectroscopic dispersion, be brought into rivalry with only such light from the surrounding sky, or even from the sun himself, as is one of those tints. The totality of sunlight overwhelmingly surpasses the totality of prominence light; but red light from a prominence is not overwhelmingly surpassed by the red light of the same or very nearly the same tint, either from the sun or from the sunlit sky close by him. Thus, by keeping out all light save that of this special red tint of hydrogen, or if preferred the orange-yellow tint of helium, or either the indigo or the greenish-blue tint of hydrogen, the shapes and movements of the great coloured flames can be discerned and watched.

www.fibtool.com.cn

Now the most interesting of all the results which have followed from the application of this fertile method of observation has been the division of the coloured prominences into two definite classes. First there are the cloud-like prominences, which in form and movement closely resemble the clouds of a wind-swept sky, or sometimes of a sky comparatively calm. Secondly, there are the jet-like prominences, which by their form (their initial form at any rate) and by all their movements show that they are due to eruptive action.

The cloud-like prominences appear around all parts of the sun's edge, which is equivalent to saying that they occur at all parts of the sun's surface. In this respect they are like the solar clouds and the faculæ. They are apt to be somewhat larger and more numerous opposite the spot-zones, which amounts to saying that they occur in greater relative frequency, and attain a greater average size, over the spot-zones. In this respect they resemble the faculæ. It seems likely therefore that if (as is most probable) there is some connection between the coloured prominences and the phenomena of the sun's surface, the faculæ are the features to be specially associated with the coloured prominences of cloud-like form. These cloud flames attain sometimes an enormous size and height, reaching sometimes eighty or even a hundred thousand miles above the sun's surface. They are less brilliant than the eruptive prominences, and though their movements (or rather their apparent changes of form) are sometimes amazingly rapid when compared with the movements of terrestrial clouds, yet they show nothing like the rapidity of motion observed in the prominences of jet-like form. The cloud flames may be looked for at all times, whether the sun shows many spots or few, or none;

but they are apt to be rather more numerous when there are many spots.

The eruption prominences, on the other hand, are never seen except opposite the spot-zones, or, in other words, they never exist except over these zones of the sun's surface. Moreover, the jet prominences are only seen when there are spots on these zones; and though this has not yet been actually established by observation, there are strong reasons for believing that an eruption prominence is never to be seen except above a solar spot. Their occurrence only over the spot-zone, and at a time when there are visible spots, suffices of itself, however, to prove that they are intimately connected with the occurrence of that particular kind of disturbance which results in the breaking up of the photosphere and the formation of sun-spots.

www.libtool.com.cn

This being so, it becomes probable, on *à priori* grounds, that by studying the jet-like prominences we may obtain information about sun-spots, and *vice versâ*, that any true theory we may be able to form respecting sun-spots will throw some light on the nature of the eruption prominences.

These jet-like protuberances are generally smaller, brighter, and better defined than their cloud-like brethren. They have usually been regarded as actual eruptions of glowing hydrogen; but this view seems as incorrect as would be the idea that the smoke and products of chemical action flung from the mouth of a cannon are the real missiles ejected. We may, indeed, by noting the behaviour of the glowing hydrogen in the eruption prominences, obtain clear and decisive evidence that it is to the smoke from a cannon they are to be compared rather than to the ejected missiles. We see lofty columns of the glowing hydrogen at first as though they had themselves been flung forth as mighty streams of gas from the sun's interior; but a few minutes later the upper parts of these columnar streams spread themselves out into cloud-like forms, much as the smoke which at first rushes straight enough from the mouth of a cannon begins presently to expand into cloud-formed masses. Such, for instance, was the behaviour of a mighty spiral column of glowing hydrogen seen by Zöllner as far back as 1870, and pictured in my treatise on the sun. Here was a column 32,000 miles in height, so that four globes like our earth, placed one upon the top of another, would not have reached to the summit of this long column. How unlikely, on the face of things, that a rare gas such as the hydrogen then seen (for, by the spectroscopic method of observation, its

density could be determined and was found to be small) could be ejected through resisting vaporous matter to so enormous a height. But even could this have happened, it is certain that after rushing *thus far* the hydrogen would continue to ascend in jet-like form, not begin to spread into cloud form just where the jet-like motion would have become possible in consequence of the greatly diminished resistance.

www.libtool.com.cn

If any doubt could remain after the consideration of such cases, it would be removed by the phenomena presented during the celebrated eruption witnessed by Professor Young in 1871.[1] On that occasion a long low-lying cloud of glowing hydrogen was torn into shreds by a tremendous outburst which occurred below. Long filaments of hydrogen were seen travelling upwards so swiftly that their motion was actually discernible, a circumstance very unusual, and meaning a great deal at the sun's distance. Higher and higher these filaments of hydrogen seemed to rush, until at last they had attained the enormous height of 210,000 miles (at least)[2] from the sun's visible surface. Even at that enormous height they did not cease to ascend; they simply lost their lustre and became no longer discernible.

From a calculation based on the observed time in which this enormous distance seemed to be traversed, I determined the velocity with which the matter ejected on that occasion crossed the visible surface of the sun at certainly not less than 300, and probably not less than 500 miles per second. Now the filaments of glowing hydrogen by no means presented the appearance of bodies rushing with enormous velocity through a resisting atmomosphere. On the contrary, they were long irregular streaks of luminous gas, pointed in front (with reference to the direction of their motion) as well as in the rear. I do not think they can possibly be regarded as the missiles then ejected. Their motion was probably apparent only, not real. I take it that when one of these filaments was seen apparently advancing with enormous velocity upwards, what was really happening was this: A solid or liquid mass was rushing upwards, tearing its way through whatever hydrogen lay along its track, and thus leaving behind it a trail of glowing hydrogen, growing at the upper end as the missile

[1] Eruptions of a similar character have been witnessed since, but that was the first that had ever been seen.

[2] They may have passed much farther away than this, for the distance measured was the apparent distance; and if their course was aslant to the direction of the line of sight, the real distance was certainly greater, and may have been much greater.

advanced, and losing length at the rear end as the imparted heat passed away, and so appearing to advance—even as the trail of a meteor seems to advance, though in reality the luminous matter forming that trail has not passed onwards; but the meteor passing onwards has caused atmospheric regions continually farther and farther forwards to become luminous.

www.libtool.com.cn

It is tolerably obvious that on this occasion there was an ejection of matter solid or liquid (or if vaporous, then of great density) at velocities so great that the ejected matter could never return to the sun. A velocity of about 360 miles per second is the greatest the sun can control in matter at his surface. In this case the ejected matter probably crossed the sun's surface at a velocity far exceeding this, and is now travelling, with velocity constantly diminishing but never to be entirely lost, into the remote depths of interstellar space. It is difficult to see how so enormous a velocity as this could have been acquired or imparted below that mobile surface which we call the photosphere. Professor Young has suggested that the sun is a gigantic bubble, and that beneath the skin (really the enclosing strata) of this bubble the forces of outburst may be restrained until they acquire the energy necessary to expel matter at the observed rate of ejection. But everything in the behaviour of the great eruption prominences speaks of an origin much more deep-seated than the inner layers of the photospheric cloud regions. Doubtless it is at and below the real surface of the sun that the eruptions occur by which missiles are ejected through the solar cloud envelopes, to pass in some cases but a few thousand miles higher, in others hundreds of thousands of miles away through the heart of the corona, and in yet others beyond the very limits of the solar system itself.[1]

Lastly, in the corona itself we find evidence of the action of eruptive or repulsive forces in the solar spot region, though indirectly rather than directly. There is, indeed, direct evidence of some such action in the greater extension of the corona opposite the spot-zones. But the indirect evidence is stronger. The light of the corona, under spectroscopic analysis, is found to be partly reflected sunlight, partly inherent light due apparently to two sources—first, incandescent solid and liquid matter in the

[1] It is noteworthy that in 1864 Mr. Sorby, of Sheffield, was led by the microscopic study of meteors to the belief, or rather to the conviction, that they had once been either in the interior of our sun, or of a body in the sunlike state; while the late Professor Graham, of London, was led to a precisely similar conclusion respecting the Lenarto iron meteor, by the quantity of hydrogen which he found occluded within its mass.

neighbourhood of the sun, and secondly glowing gas. The lines of glowing hydrogen show that this gas is present in the corona at times, if not always, though assuredly not as the component of a gaseous atmosphere extending from the sun to the distance of even the inner bright corona. But it is noteworthy that the lines of hydrogen have only been seen or have only been bright at a time when there have been many spots on the sun's face, and therefore at the season when eruption prominences appear. It seems reasonable to infer that at such times the eruptive or repulsive action of which the jet prominences give evidence leads to the ejection or repulsion of meteoric and cometic matter through the hydrogen present in the corona, and consequently to the heating of the hydrogen in such degree that its bright lines show under spectroscopic scrutiny.

It seems certainly noteworthy that so many phenomena presented by the sun-spots themselves, the coloured flames, and the corona, accord so well with a theory originally advanced only as a suggested way of interpreting certain features of the solar spots. Whether the theory is sound or not, it serves conveniently to associate a number of highly interesting facts respecting these phenomena of the sun and of sun-surrounding space.

R. A. PROCTOR.

www.libtool.com.cn

Steeple-chasing.

THERE is something so manly, so English as we Englishmen are pleased to understand it, about the sport of steeple-chasing, that its decadence would be a matter for much regret. Chasing has just that sort of danger about it that Englishmen like to encounter, a danger which skill and courage, as a rule—except in the case of untoward accidents, which may happen to the most peaceful of men while stepping into a hansom cab—will surmount; and one may permissibly talk of Englishmen in this connection, because the sport has never been popularised abroad. It very frequently happens that a man not only owns a chaser, but rides him. On the telegraph boards at meetings where cross-country events are being decided, 'Owner' is a familiar adjunct to the number of the horse on the card; and in this respect chasing appeals to the sportsman more directly than racing on the flat.

After all, what has the owner of a racehorse to do with his property, at least in a very great many cases? Mr. Saddlington or Lord Cropper is congratulated on the victory of his chestnut colt, or the gallant struggle of his bay filly, but what has Saddlington or his lordship done to achieve these gratifying results? Very often just nothing at all, except, indeed, writing an occasional cheque, which is not an intellectual or difficult performance in a general way, supposing that a man has a balance at his banker's—when some one who has not this luxury obtains money for his cheque, ingenuity of a more or less reprehensible character may have been employed. A man's trainer advises him as to the purchase of the animal, a well-bred youngster with make and shape to recommend him, or a recognised performer, as the case may be. The trainer has the sole charge of the horse during its preparation, he points out where the chances of winning races are best, where it shall be entered and where struck out. He conveys it to the scene of action, often hires a jockey, gives him instructions how to ride, tells the owner what prospects of success there are, and often—if unfortunately the owner bets—

drops a suggestion as to how much it will be safe to risk in that ever-whirling Charybdis, the betting ring.

The chestnut wins, and Mr. Saddlington is discussed as if the whole thing had depended on his knowledge and dexterity; or the bay loses, and men condole with Cropper, or perhaps inquire among themselves how so notorious a donkey can expect to win races. But with a chaser it is different. Cropper can probably ride; if he can't he thinks he can, which is to a great extent, at least so far as the fun is concerned, the same thing. He goes down to his training quarters and has a spin over the fences. It may be that he is going to steer his own animal in the race for which it is being prepared, and if so he will very likely be in the saddle when the trial takes place, supposing always that the horse is tried; for some good judges hate trying horses if they can do without it; that is to say, so long as they see that the chasers have their action, are well in themselves, and have done enough work, they are content. But probably Cropper likes riding trials. He takes some friends down to see it, to whom he explains why he came off at the open ditch—no fault of his, of course—if any little mishap of that sort should occur, and who cheerily 'have their pony on' out of affection for old Cropper, when he comes out gaily in his colours on the day of the race. The trainer has been told that he is 'on fifty to nothing' (need it be explained for the benefit of any reader that this means he is to have 50*l.* at no risk to himself in the event of victory?); and as he sees his lordship riding at the first fence he looks grave, as if inwardly speculating on the present market value of the wager.

All owners are not like this, it need hardly be said. There are men who know as much about horses as their trainers, whose advice a trainer would seek, not out of compliment, but for its real value. Sometimes, too, the owner of the chaser is really a horseman, who can hold his own against all professional rivals; or, again, he may be a man who has never jumped a gap or a sheep hurdle in his life; but the owners described are typical, and as a rule the owner of the chaser, supposing that his years do not exceed forty or his weight eleven stone, has more direct connection with and knowledge of his property than the owner of the five-year-old who has been let into the Cambridgeshire at 6st. 7lbs.

The nature of chasing has altered since our forefathers, mounted on their favourite hunters, had spins against each other

www.libtool.com.cn

in the course of a run, and were prone to magnify the excellence of their steeds, or, perhaps, the capacity of the steeds' riders, after dinner. At this period fences are very apt to grow remarkably in height. That jump out of the plough *was* a good-sized one at twelve o'clock in the morning. There was an awkward ditch on the take-off side, the landing was indefinite, and the binders made jumping it necessary—an attempt to run through would have resulted in a turn over, it could not be else. But it was not the enormous place it presents itself to the imagination of the man who jumped it when he recalls it to memory after having passed the claret, not for the first time. It was not so high by nearly two feet as he now supposes, and his estimate of the ditch is excessive; he forgets too that he by no means liked the look of it when he saw what was before him, and that he was unaffectedly glad when he had landed, not sitting down in his saddle quite as he would like, on the other side. He only remembers that he did get over in safety, and he does not think—when the decanters are round again, and he hears his neighbour hinting that *he* did great things in jumping out of a certain lane, a jump that a boy might have cleared on a Shetland pony—that anybody in the Hunt could have followed him. It may have been the horse, it may have been—perhaps, he thinks, it was—the rider; but he is fully satisfied that the pair are invincible, so satisfied that he is ready to back his opinion and make a match on the spot.

By some such reflections as these it was that steeple-chases were originated in former times. Matches grew up in the course of discussion about the events of the day's sport after hounds—and probably the older generation of sportsmen were more careful to ride after hounds instead of over them. Sometimes, indeed, the men could not wait till morning to decide the question, for more than one case is on record where a party of sportsmen have risen from the table and started off on a steeple-chase forthwith, putting white garments—may one say shirts?—over their coats, so that competitors might be visible, and a man who was down might not be jumped on unnecessarily in the shadow. The deciding of such races must have had a serious tendency to perplex the judge.

In these days steeples had something to do with steeple-chases. Courses were not marked out; that came later, and the regulation 'steeple-chase course' of the present day later still. Some distant point was fixed on—four, five, eight, it might have been ten miles

off (unnecessarily and cruelly severe chases of twice ten miles are recorded), and to this the riders made the best of their way. The hunters that ran these races were, as regards the question of speed, very far inferior to the chasers of to-day, which latter are almost invariably thoroughbred; most believers in the past flatter themselves that there was wonderful superiority of endurance about the old-fashioned hunter, that is to say, that he could 'stay' at racing pace better than our horses, casts-off from the flat, as they often are. The latter are not trained to stay exceptional distances; if they were, a fair proportion of them would probably do so. Nevertheless, one cannot but regret the contests of a bygone age, and admit that there was more of the real spirit of sport in them than in the fashionable Sandown chases of to-day—infinitely more.

Pluck has in no way decreased. Not long since a good man who is still to the fore, Mr. Arthur Yates, broke his collar-bone on the way to the post for a four-mile steeple-chase, but took so little notice of the matter that he rode his race and was beaten only by a short head. On another occasion, the same rider, after a bad fall, caught his horse by the tail, and, getting somehow into the saddle, won in a canter. The sound horsemanship of Mr. J. M. Richardson, the delicate handling of Mr. Arthur Coventry, were probably never approached by the good men of half a century back; yet there was something about these old chases which calls for special admiration.

So much more tax was laid on a man's resource. He had not to jump so many regulation fences, but to find his way over the country. Discretion aided him, or want of discretion stopped him, as the case might be. He had ground of all sorts to cross, and here his judgment was tested—how best to get over the plough; whether it was a good thing to ride a little out of the line, where the going was heavy, to splash down that watery furrow; how to manage the ridges, whether to chance that boggy piece, and dash boldly through it or to cast about for firmer ground. To weigh all this, and to pick good places at the jumps—the country was a stiff one, but a man did not select ugly places for the sake of crossing them—showed that knowledge of the real sport which one cannot but admire. A man mounted on his own horse, set to perform a task like this, and performing it successfully, awakens a sentiment of esteem which is not extended to Saddlington, when one of his horses, a failure on the flat, which looked like jumping, and has been half schooled over fences, gets home in front of three animals

www.libtool.com.cn

a shade worse than himself over two miles of a modern steeple-chase course.

Chasing used to be nearly allied to hunting; now it is a sort of offshoot of racing. We have seen how chases were got up in the hunting field, and how the consequence was a struggle over so many miles of country—fair hunting country, as a matter of course—and generally 'owners up.' But this sort of thing did not last. A well-bred hunter doubtless held his own in most cases against a coarser-bred animal; but the thoroughbred was superior to all. An owner, we will say, had a horse which disappointed him continually under Newmarket rules.

'What's to be done with him?' the owner says when, after having been fancied and backed, he has run third, an outsider winning, with the first favourite second.

'Well, sir, he's got a turn of speed, and he looks like jumping. He might win a hurdle race?' his trainer suggests.

'See what you can do with him, then,' is the owner's reply, and the disappointing one is put into schooling for hurdles, or, if he jumps well but is not very speedy, for the more advanced game.

This was what frequently happened just after it had been discovered that an extended interest was being taken in chasing, that people would flock to a place where a steeple-chase was announced, and that, being unable to see what took place when a contest was held over so many miles of straightforward hunting country, these people would pay for places on a stand, near which also a betting ring had been set up. The area of view was circumscribed, and so the course became short. To fit these exigencies some of the fences had to be made, and they were made easy. The cast-off from the flat was taught to jump them, and when it came to galloping the true hunter had no chance against him. Running such horses was evidently a good speculation. More of them joined in the game, the pioneers having been successful; steeple-chase courses of the artificial pattern were made up; the clerks of these sought entries; steeples had by this time nothing to do with steeple-chasing; courses were constructed to favour the racehorses at the expense of the hunters, because the former were ousting the latter from the field.

Thus steeple-chasing, that is, steeple-chasing proper, declined. Courses sprang up, or, it should rather be said, were made up, in all directions, and the clerks of these courses lived on their success, and laid themselves out to secure as many horses as possible; it is natural, however regrettable, that they should have

made their courses more and more easy, half-schooled chasers being more plentiful than the finished article; for it takes a long time to teach a steeple-chaser his business. Jumping fences in the hunting-field is one thing, jumping them at racing pace is quite another. Most men who have had any experience of country life know how the hunter jumps. As he sees the fence before him, he usually shortens his stride, goes at it in a more collected form, pauses more or less as he takes off, and, having made his effort, slightly pauses again on landing. These pauses would just lose a man the race over a country, and the great thing is to teach chasers to collect themselves when at full speed, to get away from their fences, to go at them with the slightest possible diminution of pace, and to be off on the other side without dwelling. To do this so as to win races is a matter which requires much time and much practice. What are called natural jumpers are all well enough, but nature does not take steeple-chasing into consideration when she helps her equine children on the way they should go.

It is an interesting sight to see the young horse being taught the business in which it is hoped that he will shine. He has good shoulders and good quarters, the two essentials for a chaser, and in fact, to employ the technical phrase, 'looks like jumping.' Kindness, patience, and good 'hands' are the requisites in the teacher—a good seat is understood, for most boys in training stables have this. Few young horses hit upon just what is wanted at first. To begin with, they generally make too much fuss about it, clearing each little fence in their nursery ground as though it were the water jump in a real steeple-chase, just as after a career over the dangerously easy fences of the average modern course, they get careless; for this paradox may be taken as a fact: the more easy a course is, the more dangerous it is likely to prove. If steeple-chase courses were what they should be, only steeple-chase horses would run over them—that is to say, horses that had been duly schooled and taught their business; and these fences would require so much jumping, that the rider would be forced to pull his horse together to steady him, and make him go at the obstacle in collected form, instead of galloping at and 'chancing it.'

Here, however, is our young one coming—we had almost lost sight of him. He is to have his first gallop at racing pace over his training ground, having been through his course of schooling

and acquitted himself well. We will take our place by this fence and watch.

The big brown is a well-known chaser who wants a gallop; the grey mare is a hunter—a genuine hunter by profession—who is to be run at a local meeting, and is let into the spin to see what pace she has; and the bright chestnut, on which the trainer himself has mounted—after seeing him carefully fitted with 'boots' lest he should cut or overreach—is the novice. The spacious downs are dotted with made-up fences, forming a circle some mile and a half round. Away to the right are the grand stand, the disused telegraph board, the weighing room, and other buildings belonging to the course where the annual meeting is held; their present deserted aspect makes a striking contrast to the busy scene with which they are usually associated. A string of some thirty sheeted horses are walking round and round; and up the slope surmounted by the plantation, grown to protect horses from the weather, whichever way the wind may be, half a dozen others are moving at a brisk canter. It is that familiar scene, the racehorse at home.

But the three have started off, and near the first fence. They come to it in a line, but the brown is over first, and, moreover, is away first; more is not perceptible, except that he evidently has the lead when they have landed, a lead soon wrested from him by the impetuous young one, whose rider does not violently haul at his head, but lets him go on for a little way almost as he pleases, and then quietly draws him back again to the others. They near the fence where we stand, and now we shall see what they can do. The brown has taken hold of his bit, not to run away, but to lean on his rider's hand; the grey on the left is evidently galloping her hardest, though her companion is going easily within himself; the young one speeds along, his hind legs well under him, and as they near the fence, he pricks up his ears to take in, as it were, what he has to do. The thud of their hoofs on the soft turf is unchecked. Here they are! The brown, with no perceptible effort in rising, glides over the fence. It is firmly made up, as he knows, and he jumps it with nothing to spare, but safely enough. How he picks up his legs it is not easy to say, for the twigs seem to brush his girths as he crosses over. The pace is altogether too fast for the hunter. She is flurried and gets right under the guard rail in front of the fence, and this she knocks with all four feet, so that at this jump, when by an effort she is safely over, she pauses more than at the former. The youngster is across

before her. He gives his head one shake, rushes at it, is well over, and off again on the other side so quickly that five or six strides beyond he is level with the brown, which rose a length in front of him. The old one is, perhaps, a trifle slow with age, though he still wins chases, and what he lacks in speed is to a great extent compensated for by the cleverness with which he fences. As for the hunter, it is already evident that only in the most moderate company can she hope to hold her own.

www.libtool.com.cn

The amateur trainer is very apt to make blunders about his horse's ability, because he does not know what will happen to him when it comes to racing, as in the case of the grey mare just introduced. At home she has been reckoned something out of the common. As it seems to her owner, who has nothing by the side of which to test her merits, she gallops very fast indeed. She never dreams of refusing or turning her head when sent at a jump, and his early ambition to win a race with her at a local hunt meeting has grown till he has come to regard her as well able to hold her own in a chase at some popular course. For this reason he has induced the trainer of our young one to let him have a turn against something with a reputation; but as he watches, with all his partiality for the old mare he cannot but perceive that the home efforts were sadly delusive, and that when it comes to the real thing she is altogether out of her element.

Let us canter across and take up a station at the spot where they are to finish. They near the last fence, and the young one is a couple of lengths ahead. Except that he is a little too eager, he comes over in grand style, taking off, indeed, six or eight feet too soon, and jumping big, but none the less easily and cleverly. The brown slips over in his almost mechanical style, and then, for this is a race, his rider tries to overhaul the chestnut; but though the old horse answers to the call as best he can when the rider's whip is raised, the leader, hardly out of a canter, holds his own, his trainer turning his head to see what the followers are doing. As for the hunter, she has lumbered up to the last fence, stopped almost dead from sheer distress, gamely thrown herself over, landing anyhow, and is coming on at the best pace she can raise, which is a very bad one, far in the rear. The young one promises well. The grey is a hunter and not a racehorse, which to all intents and purposes the chaser of to-day must be.

The old kind of sport has not quite died out, but it would be pleasant to see it more common. Local hunt meetings over natural countries chosen in some part of the hunt, with occasion-

ally a point-to-point race—which is the veritable steeple-chase—are still held, and a good deal of fun surrounds them. Not that the word fun describes the affair from Fluffyer's point of view, when the last act of the comedy is reached. Fluffyer is one of the men who are most fond of hunting in the summer when there is none. Few men possess more pairs of top boots, and he has his own opinion as to how he will look in a racing jacket. Of course there is a dinner to arrange preliminaries. 'Quid non ebrietas designat?' Horace asks—the noun is used in its mildest and most innocent significance—and at least it gives Fluffyer rosy hopes of victory. What a simple thing riding over a steeple-chase course is!—to the looker-on, that is to say, and at the moment Fluffyer is imaginatively standing aside to note the victory of that famous jacket, or, to be accurate, the jacket that is to become famous. Enter a horse? Of course he will. He would not miss the chance on any account. Chasing is simply the best sport he knows, until, time having passed, the eventful day has arrived, he is mounted and has almost forgotten the brilliance of the jacket in a feeling of amazement at the marvellous way in which the fences have grown. He has known the country for years, but never knew the jumps to be so big, and not only so big but so ugly; for he forgets that as a rule he has tried the gates or taken his turn at a gap. These are not now available. Instead of picturing victory he actually begins to wonder whether he will get home safely. The amazing coolness of experienced riders who are accustomed to riding chases, and are not in the least disturbed at the magnitude of the task before them—as he supposes, for in fact it is a very ordinary course—in no way comforts him. He has had misgivings more than once of late, and the consequence of all this is that he nervously wrestles down his horse after scrambling clumsily across the first two obstacles.

One of the chief causes of the temporary decadence of chasing arises from the patronage given to hurdle racing. It is a simpler thing to jump hurdles than to jump a country; there is less wear and tear for horses, and a great deal more money to be won. Several of the prizes are very handsome ones. At the present time there are more good horses running in hurdle races than was ever the case before, and fields for chases are as a rule very small, for the hurdle racer is an immature chaser, and if in his immaturity he pays best, why go on with him? Chasing is the nobler game, but much schooling over a country destroys a horse's speed, and speed is wanted for hurdle races, in which the perfect competitor

gallops, taking his hurdles in his stride, and as it were disregarding the flights altogether.

It has been seen how steeple-chase courses were cut down to suit horses that were not steeple-chasers. In the new Grand National Hunt Committee, the governing body of the sport, a disposition exists to restore courses till they more nearly approach what they should be, a fair hunting country. Meantime, owners who really care for the sport and who do not recognise its genuine characteristics over existing courses, where everything is sacrificed to speed, and an attempt is made to make speed dangerous by insisting on a 'trappy' jump, an open ditch cut away abruptly before a fence, which would be much safer if it were made much bigger with a guard rail in front of it, must console themselves with attempts to win the Liverpool Grand National, run over a course that is big enough to suit anybody, or that essentially sporting affair, the Grand National Hunt Steeple-Chase, the venue of which changes every year, but in which the condition is that horses must never have run in a chase before; so that—for considerable honour and glory attach to success—men are tempted to keep and school their horses entirely for the hope of winning this race.

Of late, for various reasons, steeple-chasing has somewhat languished, but the spectacle is too picturesque and popular, the sport too characteristically English, to make reasonable the fear that it can ever die out.

ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

www.libtool.com.cn

A Mad Parson.

CHAPTER I.

MR. CLAUDIAN FAIRHOLME woke in the darkness of the night. It was the last night of spring or the first night of summer; and through the open window the silent air came, and with it all the warm life of the garden. Claudian was glad to be awake; the moment was delicious; he knew that he had only to let droop his drowsy lids and he would sleep again, and sleep sweetly, in that delicately odorous air. Presently in the outer silence some liquid notes were uttered; the dark walled garden, full of the night and of the bloom of lilacs and the first green of ancient trees, had found a voice; a nightingale was singing. Mr. Fairholme turned his head upon the pillow just so far that both ears might be open to the bird's music. Yesterday there had been rain—a soft continuous rain, which had washed away the last harshness of winter—and Claudian in the rain had felt sad. Yesterday he had been expecting visitors, and it was only too likely that they would disturb his admirable life. But after the rain had come this exquisite night; and his visitors were sleeping under his old high-pitched roof; and his life seemed admirable still. Murmuring a Greek line about the nightingale, Claudian Fairholme was aware of his eyelids falling softly. *Πανδαρέου κούρη*, his lips murmured,

> χλωρηῒς ἀηδὼν
> *Καλὸν ἀείδῃσιν ἔαρος νέον ἱσταμένοιο,*
> *Δενδρέων ἐν πετάλοισι καθεζομένη πυκινοῖσιν.*

He smiled as he tasted the freshness of the Greek words, and smiling fell asleep. The nightingale went on singing.

The morning was worthy to follow the night; a light wind, almost too gentle to be wind, came from the west to meet the dawn, and the blue of the sky was soft. In the room next to Claudian's, his guest and friend, a man of like years, turned once or twice uneasily in the morning light, and then woke with a start. He sat up in bed and stared at the window with eyes

strange and stern. His head was big and rather bald; his beard was long, untrimmed, and thin, and through it one might see the sensitive lips set close together. Out in the garden, where it was a rare day for growing, there was a great babble of birds; but the good gentleman did not hear them. His ears were attentive only to the cawing of the rooks, who were seriously busy in the big elm before the window. From his bed he could behold their solemn trifling, their ponderous playfulness. Now one funereal bird and now another alighted heavily upon a slender twig, which was by much too small for him. Then would he topple forward and topple backward, clumsily balancing himself until he fell off into air; then would he fly in a short circle, and come back with a caw to try a higher and a slenderer twig. 'They are like parsons,' cried the newly-awakened gentleman with a great voice; 'ha! ha!' As he spoke aloud, the wide, sensitive mouth seemed to writhe behind the thin veil of the moustache and wavy beard, and a sharp line appeared in one lean cheek between the long nose and the corner of the lip. His laugh seemed to mock the cawing of the rooks, which moved his merriment, but it had less dignity. He stopped his laughter short and jumped from his bed. He shouted in his bath; he rubbed himself with a rough towel, as if it were a gymnastic feat. 'Ha! ha!' he cried; 'I am warm.' He rushed about the room and got himself into his clothes.

www.libtool.com.cn

As soon as he was dressed he ran down the old oak staircase, and wellnigh fell headlong into the cool tiled hall, where the old Persian rugs are spread. Then he tugged at the handles of the front door till by chance it opened, and he sped into the sweet air of the new day, and drew deep breaths with rapture. With long nervous fingers he tugged his thin and wavy beard; he seemed to be opening his mouth by this rather elaborate process. Then he went quickly round and about the nicely-ordered shrubberies of the garden; and since the gate was locked he impetuously climbed the wall and all but dropped upon a party of small children who were playing in the lane. The children fled in amazement. To ease their fears he stood and bellowed after them, like Achilles in the trenches, but they fled the faster. So down the lane he went the other way, for he would not frighten these unreasonable infants more; and stopping not for the scent and loveliness of hawthorn all in bloom, he came out upon the smooth green where the old Cathedral stands. There was the old Cathedral, cool and grey in the fair cool light, solid and stately,

spacious and high, and enduring for generations; and there the strange visitor stood still at last, and glared. Then he shook a lean brown fist at the great Cathedral, and went back to breakfast. Though this gentleman had been a parson, the Cathedral seemed none the worse.

www.libtool.com.cn

Claudian Fairholme came down to breakfast before the return of his old friend, but the room was not empty. There, making tea, was his old friend's daughter, very cool and pleasant to look upon, with her neat, ruffled brown head bent above the teapot. The window was open behind her, and on the smooth lawn were shadows of trees, and here and there a thrush took three hops and seemed to listen. Claudian stood still in the doorway with a little gasp of pleasure. It was the sort of thing he liked. A girl at a breakfast table on a very fine morning was appropriate; he had a keen sense of the fitness of things. This child of his old friend was almost a stranger to him. As she looked up he noticed for the first time that she had very pretty eyebrows. When she smiled, she showed her small regular teeth; but her lip came down closely over them when she had done with her smiling; this gave her rather a determined look for one so young. She greeted Claudian Fairholme with a business-like nod; and then, as if she remembered that he was her host, she came towards him with an inquiring look about the pretty eyebrows. 'I declare I forgot,' she said, 'that I wasn't making tea at home. I don't know what I was thinking about, for we haven't such a lovely room as this, and our teapot is such a battered old thing.'

Claudian felt a little shy in the presence of this self-possessed young lady. It struck him that he had almost forgotten how to talk to ladies; and that this was perhaps the one unfortunate effect of that life of scholarly leisure which he had chosen for himself a few years ago. It seemed absurd that he should feel shy where a young girl showed no sign of shyness. She was not shy. She nodded to a chair as if she would ask him to be seated; and when he obeyed her nod, she gave him a cup of tea, which seemed even better than he gave himself on other mornings; and yet Mr. Claudian Fairholme was very particular about his tea. She looked at him with interest, and asked him questions about the place and people; and since he was slow in answering, she began to tell him, instead, of the place where she had lived, and of the people whom she knew. It was the gossip of a quiet country neighbourhood, of which he had known something in days gone by. She thought that she ought to entertain

her host as well as she could. 'The Blackhams had just settled to give something,' she said, 'when we left—theatricals or a ball—I don't know which. The Lelands have not given anything at all this year; old Mr. Leland says he really can't afford it. Freddy and Tommy and Dicky have all muffed for the army. It's really dreadful!' She was very emphatic.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Ah, I remember the Lelands,' said Claudian courteously; 'a very slipshod family.'

'Yes, it's quite dreadful. I can't think how they are allowed to go on so. Mrs. Leland is very much to blame.' She spoke judicially, and her upper lip expressed grave disapproval. Claudian thought that she was very funny with her verdicts, which she delivered without a trace of animosity; she spoke as if it were her duty to express an adverse opinion. She looked comically young as a moralist; but her little air of decision and her coolness were undeniably pretty. 'I like Freddy Leland,' she continued, 'and Dicky is a nice boy. I don't like Tommy at all. I think it's a great pity that Carry is allowed to go on as she does.' She looked severe; Claudian waited for further light on Carry Leland, but the moralist had set her lips, and would say no more about Carry. 'Of course you heard all about the wedding,' she said.

'I don't know,' said Mr. Fairholme; 'what wedding?'

'Delia Wentworth's,' she said with a look which was almost a rebuke. 'You remember Delia Wentworth, of course.'

'Is that Theodore Wentworth's daughter?'

'Of course,' she said, with pity for his uncertain mind. 'It was such a pretty wedding, but you never saw such a composed bride. She wouldn't go away because she hadn't had enough breakfast!' Claudian, who was uncertain whether he was meant to express admiration or disapproval, smiled rather feebly. 'Richard kept hurrying her, and she wouldn't go; and they as nearly as possible missed the train. Richard was so nice; he gave me my dog; I should have liked to bring him with me, but papa said he'd disturb you; he wouldn't have disturbed you a bit he's the cleverest pup in the world.'

'Richard?' asked Claudian vaguely.

'Richard!' she cried with a quick, musical laugh at his vagueness, 'no; my dog, which Richard gave me. Richard was the bridegroom. Isn't it wonderful that a bride can be so composed as Delia was? I know *I* shall be dreadfully frightened.' Claudian looked at her with surprise, but she was quite cool and grave.

'Are you going to be married?' he asked.

She laughed again at his dulness. 'I mean, whenever I am married,' she said. He smiled and nodded. 'Can't I do anything while I am here?' she asked presently. 'Do they have penny readings? There is a town, isn't there?'

www.libtool.com.cn

'A very small town, and very sleepy. It sleeps under the shadow of the Cathedral. I don't think they have any readings at any price.'

'What a pity!' she said. 'I could have played something. Do you play?'

'I play a little,' said Claudian softly. 'I am very fond of music. Do you sing?'

'I haven't sung since my cold in the winter; but we might have played duets. I get through duets very well.'

This had an ominous sound in the ear of Claudian. 'You get through duets?' he said softly.

'Oh yes,' she said; 'if I get out in a duet, I just stop and try to get in later.'

'Oh!' he said softly.

Suddenly, as Claudian was looking idly at his fair young guest, he saw a more intent look come into her face. She had heard the front door open before he had heard it, and she knew in an instant that her father had come back. The front door was banged, there was a mighty rattling in the umbrella-stand, a quick step in the hall, and the enthusiast entered. He looked hot and tired, and the veins on his temples were even more sharply marked than usual. He wrung his host's hand, dropped into a chair, passed a hand over his shiny skull, and then dragged his nervous fingers down through his long beard. His daughter brought him a cup of tea, and Claudian, watching her, felt sure that for all her little chat she had not forgotten to keep the tea good for her energetic parent. Claudian fancied that she regarded her father with a mixture of admiration and responsibility; he thought that she seemed even more attractive for her deeper gravity; he wondered if his old friend knew what a pretty child his daughter was.

CHAPTER II.

It was afternoon in Claudian's garden. The light breeze of the morning had sighed itself away, and the shrubberies were almost silent; it was a drowsy hour. Even the enthusiast was

lowered to a softer mood, though he was very much in earnest. His eyes were fixed eagerly on the friend of his youth, whom he had always admired above all other men. The friend of his youth was pensive, but interested. He felt a revival in him of that interest with which the enthusiast's schemes had inspired him in their old Oxford days. The enthusiasm of other people was always attractive to Claudian. It is true that his friend's schemes had assumed a wholly different shape; but the enthusiasm was still there. At Oxford Ferdinand had been a high-churchman, and had besought his friend daily and eagerly to be ordained with him, that together they might convert the world. Now Ferdinand would shake his fist at Cathedrals, and as he sat with his friend in the garden, he exhorted him to descend into the arena and fight for the sacred cause of Democracy. Democracy, a social democracy shot through and through with poetry, was the present food on which the enthusiast nourished his enthusiasm. He was bent fiercely on loving everybody; and woe betide the luckless wight who refused to be loved. He thought, as he had thought in their old undergraduate days, that nothing was wanted for the triumph of his new faith but the aid of the gallant and gifted Claudian, of whom he always expected so much.

'Throw in your lot with us,' he cried. 'I have given up the stolid country life for ever. Do the same; come to London with me.'

'I can't bear London,' said Claudian, looking at the nice grass beneath his feet. 'What do you expect to find in London?'

'Men and women,' said Ferdinand.

Claudian smiled faintly. 'You know that I go a long way with you,' he said.

'Not far enough! Not as far as London.'

'I am a natural democrat,' continued Mr. Fairholme, with the smile which generally accompanied his introspection; 'I am blind to differences of rank. The finest gentleman of my acquaintance is a gipsy who passes my garden wall every year on his way from the New Forest. He comes a little out of his way to see me; he brings a forest freshness with him, a tonic, a flavour of Arden. I once knew a duke, and he was a snob.'

'I should like to know the gipsy,' said Ferdinand with fervour; 'we might travel with him in the summer.'

'You and your daughter?'

'You and I. I want to bring you down, down to the smell of the wholesome earth, to the flavour of a struggling humanity.

Oh, Claudian, it's not enough to sit staring at your foot in a garden. It is time to move.'

'Move? Where?'

'Everywhere! Come and hunt your fellow men. Track them with me to their dens and their drinking shops, their music halls and their beds in dry arches. Spring upon them and swear brotherhood.'

'Do you think they'd like it?'

'They would like it from you. You are the man we want; I have known it always. With your charm of manner you can win anybody. The drunkard, the thief, the poor scum of the gutters, would be your brothers and sisters!'

Claudian looked doubtful. The enthusiast went on with growing warmth: 'And then, with your genius—you were always our genius, you know—you could strike the keynote and make the world ring. I don't know how; I won't ask how. Only throw open your close nature, and take it all in. Take the whole world in, men and women, suffering and sinning. And when you have absorbed it all, rise up some morning and shout the battle-cry. Something great must come of it—a revolution—a book—something to change the world. It is your task, for you have the highest genius.'

Claudian was pleased; he was glad that the admiration of his old friend had not cooled.

'Politics have belonged to a class,' said the enthusiast after a pause; 'they must belong to humanity. They have been the game of the old; they must be the work of the young. It is for the vigorous young man to go down and preach brotherhood in the beer shops and blind alleys; it is for us to awaken the people, and with the people's strength to wrest the power from the old fossils at Westminster.'

Claudian's attention had wandered a little; but he noted a phrase which pleased him. 'Those old fossils at Westminster,' he repeated softly smiling. It was spring, and there stirred in Claudian Fairholme a new life and youth. He smiled at the old fossils. He felt himself a strong man and a young man. His eyes wandered away again to where, at the far end of the garden, a slight figure came from the shadows. 'Ut flos in septis,' he murmured,

> Secretus nascitur hortis,
> Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
> Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber—

'You must come to London with me,' said Ferdinand; 'I can do something, and you can do far more. You will be David, and I Saul; but even I can do something.'

'Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ,' murmured Claudian, whose eyes still rested on the far end of the long garden.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Yes, continued the enthusiast, 'I can do something; I have proved it. Even at Nessborough I made a disciple; you'll see him to-night.'

'What?' asked Claudian, whose attention was attracted abruptly.

'Didn't I tell you about Arthur Leeson? It has been very interesting. You would have thought him a mere butterfly; he acted and danced and had a ridiculous little tenor voice. But now he has felt the faith, and is changed. For the last two months at Nessborough he came to me almost daily. He asked to be allowed to come here; I couldn't refuse my disciple.'

'But I fear my little house is full,' said Claudian, who could not bear to be inhospitable.

'He will sleep anywhere,' said the enthusiast with conviction; 'anywhere—under a haystack or the eternal stars—anywhere. He has felt the divine fury too; he—ah! Look! by Cæsar, the coincidence is amazing! He is here!' The enthusiast looked at his friend with triumph, as if Arthur Leeson had been brought from heaven by a democratic eagle. Claudian lifted his eyes and saw the young man coming over the smooth grass. He looked with interest, for he was an amateur of youth. He had liked always to watch a young man halting on the border of the world of men, his foot delaying and his heart yet tender with the dreams of boyhood: he had pleased himself with wondering whither this one or that would go in this 'bright pathetic world.'

As he looked at this young man, whose step was light on the grass, he said to himself that his looks at least were in his favour. He had a manner gay and confident, a little silky moustache, and an attractive smile. He pressed Ferdinand's lean hand in his; and then he turned to Claudian with a manner eloquent of apology. 'Don't get up, I beg,' he said; 'please don't disturb yourself.' He had more manner than most young Englishmen—but this is not a strong statement. With his close-cropped dark head, and the thin black line on his upper lip, he was not unlike a foreigner, and he was apt to move his hands a little as he spoke. 'One must respect one's seniors,' he continued, smiling—'grave and reverend seniors.' He looked from one to

the other like a man who expects to be fascinating. Claudian expressed pleasure at his coming, and Arthur Leeson held up his hand in deprecation. 'I must pay my respects to your daughter,' he said lightly to Ferdinand. Claudian thought that the newcomer was too like a light comedian. He looked after him as he walked away towards the garden's bound. He did not like the back view. He said to himself that the back of this young man's head was poor and the ears coarse. Even the enthusiast showed no excessive elation at the coming of his one disciple. When his eyes met Claudian's both men looked away with a guilty feeling; for each was conscious that he had looked to see if the other showed any marks of age. The playful phrase 'grave and reverend seniors' was in the thoughts of both; and to Claudian at least there suddenly recurred that other speech of the enthusiast about 'old fossils.'

CHAPTER III.

'Why, Onions,' he said, slapping his manly thigh, ''ow ever are yer? I never should have known yer! What have yer done to yer whiskers?'

The young man thus playfully addressed as 'Onions' made no reply to the question of the whiskers. He was of a cautious character, and he suspected that some irony lurked under this interest in a delicate and pampered growth. He looked sideways at his friend Henry under the curly brim of his hat, and replied curtly to the question of his health.

'I'm toppin', thank ye,' he said.

Then the two young friends looked at each other in silence, but with a knowing air, as if each were playfully considering where he should hit the other; and then Henry, who was of the more festive nature, nodded sideways to a plate-glass window adorned with a picture of a cat and a barrel, and another of a popular comedian, and 'Shall we adjourn?' asked he. The cautious Onions was nothing loth.

The two friends turned out of the crowded thoroughfare, where the lamps showed dull in the air of a rather foggy evening; and as the door swung behind them they were in the glare of the gas. A long, narrow slit of a room ran backward from the street, and seemed to be more than half filled by the counter, with its row of tall white china handles all shining in the yellow light. Behind

these brilliant handles stood Polly, and stood idle too, for all the long, narrow slit before the counter was empty. All the men in the place had passed on through the open door into the close little room beyond. Henry greeted Polly with a jaunty familiarity which did not drive away the slight cloud from her brow. She drew a glass for him and another for Onions, who had left the ordering, as he meant to leave the treating, to his friend. Henry was raising his glass with a friendly wink, when he stopped short. From the inner room a fine voice burst suddenly into eloquence.

'Gormed if there ain't that old parson again!' cried Henry with enthusiasm.

'Yes; and a sin and a shame it is too,' said Polly, 'to make game of the poor gentleman.'

There was a babble of voices when the poor gentleman burst into deep-toned eloquence, but it stopped in a moment with a few isolated cries of ''Ear 'im!' ''Old your bloomin' noise!' and with some cheerful encouragement addressed to him as 'Johnny' or 'Guv'nor,' for they all knew by experience that to call him 'Parson' was to dry up the current of his strange eloquence. It was the enthusiastic Ferdinand who was speaking, and the enthusiast was in his most enthusiastic mood. He had passed beyond the bounds even of zealous exhortation. He was magniloquent, almost poetical; his chant verged on the dithyrambic.

'Even the duke is a man,' he was saying, 'and the poacher. We must not despise the duke nor the poacher. And the duchess is a woman, and so, for all their high heels and their laces, are the beautiful ladies in their drawing-rooms. At night I stand in the crowd on the pavement; I feel myself pushed and jostled by the rude crowd; and I am happy. A striped awning is stretched from the doorway, and the beautiful ladies walk in, gracious, lovely, with diamonds and laces; and they too are my sisters. A stately man-servant stands by the door with his hair powdered, calm, polite; and he is my brother. In the scullery is a maid-servant with a dirty apron washing dishes. The musicians begin to play in the white saloon; the countesses are dancing. They and the scullery-girl are sisters; they too are of the joy of the whole earth.' Henry nudged Onions; he had never heard the old gentleman in such force. The room was full of young men of the same stamp. As Ferdinand paused they rattled their glasses. 'Let the countesses work in the kitchen, and let the kitchen-maid dance to the fiddles,' continued the enthusiast, 'turn and turn about. There is nothing beautiful but work. It is the

dignity of honest labour which I proclaim. I see the labourer in the field! he straightens his back and lifts his eyes to the setting sun; the hour of rest comes; he wipes his brow with the back of his hand, and pushes up the short wet hair. His sister washes plates in the kitchen; she too is dignified and beautiful.' Henry winked at the cautious and irresponsive Onions, and then distributed winks about the room as the enthusiast became eloquent again. 'Nothing is vile,' he cried; 'my body is not vile. I am delighted with my body. That, at least, is divine. I strip myself naked on the sea sand; I breathe deep of the salt of the sea; I shout to the strong wind, my brother, and to the seagull, my sister. The salt wind kisses me; I fling open my strong arms; I embrace the joy of the world; I feel that all men are my brothers. I will go into the slums and find them; I will push myself into palaces and exclusive clubs and find them. Everywhere will I seek my brothers. Beauty is not for the few, but for the many. I promise to you all beauty, and truth, and love.' Visions of Margate floated before the eyes of the young men; they murmured applause.

The enthusiast was intoxicated by the vigour and rhythm of his own language. He had forgotten where he was and to whom he spoke; he seemed to be addressing the universe; he abandoned himself to a divine influence; he was but vaguely conscious of the rappings and murmurs of applause. All around him, filling the tawdry room, were young men lolling at ease, and the smoke of cheap cigars and the fumes of brandy and water. The young men took their pleasure rather gravely, wearing for the most part a merely knowing air and a look of contempt for the rhapsodist; but ever and anon, when something in his speech admitted of a double meaning, one or other would utter a hoarse croak, and the slow wink went round.

The enthusiast, now fairly launched on the full tide of extraordinary eloquence, might have chanted his democratic strain for an hour more; but he was interrupted by the arrival of his daughter. The young girl, who was dressed in her darkest clothes, came quickly in from the crowded street, and, after one inquiring glance, which Polly, from behind the counter, answered with a sympathetic nod, walked straight into the room where her father was instructing the generation. She had been there before and she was not afraid. Moreover, she was not unattended; she was followed by Arthur Leeson. The young man's dress clothes were covered by an overcoat, of which the collar was turned up; his face

was anxious and annoyed; one could see that he had not half finished his expostulations. The girl never flinched before the atmosphere of strong drink and cheap smoke; she did not seem to notice the critical looks of the youth. She went straight to her father, and touched his arm with authority. The enthusiast stopped short in his speech, and stared at the girl. Then in a moment, as if he remembered who she was, and forgot where they both were, he tapped her cheek pleasantly. 'Is it time already?' 'Yes,' she answered. 'Well,' he said, looking round him with a large friendliness; 'I dare say I shall find my friends here to-morrow.'

A strange silence had fallen on his audience. They had not changed their easy lounging attitudes, but yet there was a certain constraint; for all their knowledge of the world, the presence of this soberly-clad young lady made them shy. Some muttered in answer to the enthusiast, and others laughed rather awkwardly. Arthur Leeson glared and bit his lip; he was disgusted; he had danced attendance in the place on previous nights, but it became more and more distasteful to him. As he parted from the girl on the doorstep of her temporary home, he asked with impressiveness, 'When can I see you to-morrow morning?' She looked at him for a moment, thinking; then she named an hour, and followed her father, who was eagerly but vainly seeking the match-box in the umbrella-stand.

CHAPTER IV.

THE girl was moving about the room and putting things in their places when Arthur Leeson came. She had made the shabby London lodgings almost pretty by her little arts. She looked grave as she heard the young man's light step on the stair. As she opened the door for him, she held her finger on her lips: her father was sleeping heavily in the next room after a night made restless by the excitement of his evening bursts of oratory. Arthur, who had walked nimbly from his home rehearsing persuasive speeches by the way, was put out by this necessity of speaking in a low tone, on which he had not counted. But after a moment he recovered himself, and he even felt that he could be doubly tender and persuasive as he almost whispered in the girl's ear. He had decided, as he came, that he would begin by speaking of her looks. 'You look tired,' he said, as she drew her hand from his,

'Thanks; I'm perfectly well. You want to speak to me about something?'

As she asked the question rather curtly, he put up his two white hands with tender deprecation. 'I wish I had the right to speak to you without reserve,' he said.

'You may say just what you like, Arthur. I am sure you won't mind my setting the room to rights while you talk.'

She began to move about again, and he followed her gently with a great deal of tender interest in his expressive eyes. Presently he sighed; and then, with the air of one who puts aside all lighter thoughts, and faces the difficult problem like a man, he began to speak. His speech was in the happy mean between ease and solemnity.

'I do wish,' he said, 'that you would give up following your dear father to these places. Ah! don't speak yet,' he added more quickly, for she had turned upon him with a set face. 'Don't speak yet,' he begged; 'you must think how impossible it is for you to continue running about in these dreadful places, among these dreadful people. You don't mind my speaking about this? I felt that I must say it.' He was like a persuasive doctor with a nervous patient, or soft young schoolmaster with a self-willed pupil; he felt himself full of sweet reasonableness.

'You may say just what you like,' she said; 'it won't alter me in the least. As long as my father chooses to go to these places, I shall go to fetch him. There is no one else to bring him home. I can't think how you should suppose for a moment that I should not go to find my father.'

'A young lady—alone! You know that such a thing has never been heard of.'

'Then it will be heard of now,' she said, with a laugh which was unnaturally high. 'I suppose you've come to tell me that you won't come with me any more. Of course you know best about that; you are perfectly at liberty as far as I am concerned.'

'My dear—my dear, I do wish—I do wish you would listen to a little reason about it.' He smiled tenderly as he offered this suggestion.

'I don't wish to listen to reason. Really, it's not the least use talking to me about this. I should be very much to blame if I did not do as I do. I know perfectly well what is my plain duty; there's no more to be said.' She looked him straight in the face, and after a moment's silence she added, 'I must understand, then, that you won't come with me any more.'

'It is terribly perplexing and painful,' he said; 'you must see that it has an extraordinary look. I might get the worst reputation at the office.'

'I don't pretend to judge for you. You would be very much to blame if you came with me when you didn't think it right.'

He stood silent for a minute with a look of regret and perplexity, and then he spoke again with becoming hesitation. 'If I only might hope,' he said—'if you would allow me only a little hope that you might some day reward me—make me the happiest of men?' He seemed to expand into a beaming and radiant lover as he uttered the familiar phrase; he seemed to be speaking across the footlights.

She looked at him with grave surprise for man's weakness. 'You promised me not to talk of that again until I gave you leave. I can't think how you can speak of it to me now; you know perfectly well that I will not think of anything but of my father, till he gives up this—this——'

'Ah, I see that you are determined to misjudge me,' he said sadly.

'I don't wish to judge you at all; I think that everybody must judge for himself. I only want to know just where I am. If I can't count on you any more, I must take the housemaid with me when I have to go out in the evening, or go alone.'

'You can't go alone,' he said quickly; 'it's out of the question. Only think what might be said.'

She allowed herself to smile a little with a slight disdain. 'You will be late at the office,' she said.

He had an admirable temper. He still looked at her with mute expostulation. 'It is terrible for me too,' he said; but she only smiled again. There was sorrow in his tone, though not more than is consonant with genteel comedy; he was no longer sprightly; his neat figure drooped, expressive of regret. 'It is terrible,' he said again; 'it has been noticed at the office.'

'Then I shan't expect you this evening.'

'I don't know what to say.'

'It is quite enough if you think you ought not to come. I can't think why you should hesitate. Of course you must do what you think right.'

'I am so dreadfully sorry,' he murmured. 'I do hope you will think better of it, and give up this—this running about in these dreadful places. Will you promise to send for me, if I—— I am so dreadfully sorry.' He slid out of the room; he almost fell on the narrow dark staircase; he was dreadfully upset.

'I can't think,' she cried, 'how men can be so—so——' She could not finish her sentence; she stamped her little foot on the threadbare carpet, and then her firm lip began to quiver like a little child's. Her eyes were full of tears, but she pressed her hands on them with all her might, and when she took them away her cheek and forehead were white with their pressure. She smoothed her hair at the glass, and found some comfort in the process. She was not surprised. She had recognised the possibility of this desertion, and had determined what she should do next if Arthur Leeson failed her. Without a minute's delay, she got out the telegraph-form which she had kept ready for this emergency, 'Please come to my father,' she wrote. Then she took a shilling from her little store, put on her bonnet, and hurried to the neighbouring office, whence she despatched her telegram to that old friend of her father, Mr. Claudian Fairholme.

www.libtool.com.cn

As, when a small steam launch with shudder and noise and black smoke has jerked and hurried through a tranquil reach of Thames, far behind it the stream is still disturbed with long heavings, so after the visit of his old friend and his old friend's daughter, was the peaceful life of Claudian Fairholme moved by slow waves of recollection. The studies which had absorbed him lost their charm; he began to wonder for the first time if it were really worth while to complete another translation of the Odes of Horace. He did not sleep so well as usual; but, though he woke in the middle of the night, he did not hear the nightingale. As the summer grew warmer and richer, the songs of birds were rare, and the nightingale was dumb. Χλωρηῒς ἀηδών, murmured the wakeful Claudian, but from the thick leaves of trees no bird, daughter of Pandaros, Hellenic romantic and modern, would charm the listening ear of Master Faustus Fairholme. Some trouble had touched Claudian, and the deep joy of summer was tremulous with a deeper melancholy. He began to wonder if men grew old more quickly in solitude. Once in a quiet corner he assured himself that his gardener was not near, and then quickly and breathlessly vaulted over a gate. After that he felt better for a time. He had never thought about losing his youth, and now he supposed that he had lost it. Certainly he could not class himself with Arthur Leeson; and after all he did not wish to, only he began to ask himself whether his excellent gardener would be a wholly adequate companion of his declining years. When he found that he looked at his honest and sober gardener with a certain distaste, he felt sure that something was wrong with him; he wondered if

he needed change of air. Sitting listless in his garden with his long legs stretched out before him, Claudian was debating where he should seek change, when he saw his servant coming with a telegram. 'Please comb to my feather,' was written therein; but Claudian, who is a very clever man, understood the message in a moment. He gathered himself together and stood upright; he squared his shoulders and looked at the man with eyes which were slowly growing brighter.

'Pack clothes for a week,' he said, 'and borrow the Dean's dog-cart. I go to London by the next train.'

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER V.

It was a great evening in the little room behind the bar. The chance customer, who turned out of the crowded street to ask Polly for a glass, glanced with curiosity at the closed door, from beyond which came the sound of a full voice, rising and falling with a monotonous sing-song. The voice was the voice of the enthusiast, or at least was strangely like it. Certainly the enthusiast was not speaking; he could not have spoken if he would. He sat with his wild eyes fixed on the talented declaimer, as if the maintenance of his self-control depended on the fixity of his gaze. Even in that atmosphere of smoke and spirits and genial humanity, his face was cold and grey. The line in his cheek was sharp as if cut with a knife, and the lips behind their thin transparent veil of moustache were pressed together with a constant effort. Even yet he could hardly believe his ears. It seemed impossible that these young men, on whom he had been sure that he was exercising an ennobling influence, had got in a fellow to mock him. He had been confident that he was winning the hearts and teaching the minds of the young men of the people: he awoke in the midst of red or sodden faces, grinning over the new turn of the joke. And the joke was not wholly bad. The talented youth whom the enthusiast's friends had brought in was well worthy of those music-hall honours for which he longed. His cheeks and chin were fat and swarthy; his body was round and short; he might have been fed from the cradle on sausages and mashed potato. His little shiny moustache, though it grew on his upper lip, had the appearance of a theatrical property. He bore himself with a great deal of dignity; it was only his right eye which

was permitted to twinkle. Among his mates he had a great reputation; and when he had sat quiet in a corner for two evenings, he was able to offer a remarkable imitation of the enthusiast in his more inspired moments. He avoided his model's eyes, while his own right eye moved round the room and collected the respectful sympathy of his friends. His friends beamed and chuckled in the heated atmosphere. 'Let the wise man,' the humourist was saying, 'let the wise man shut his mouth, and let the bloomin' idiot go up on the platform! Let the judge stand in the dock and think, and let the habitual criminal have a turn at the judge's wig! O Law Courts old and new, O policemen, O police vans, O police horses, should we not all have a turn with you? Duchesses throng around me; they beg me to dance with them; they go on their knees to me; I will dance with the duchesses. I will dance too with the chimney-sweeps. The chimney-sweep shall dance with the duchess; I will *balancer* opposite with the scullery-girl. Adieu, and *au revoir*, O enchanting scullery-girl! Let us meet again at the Marble Arch, for that too is divine.'

The rhapsodist paused, and there was a burst of laughter and applause, the tinkling of glasses and a rush of admiring comments. Only Ferdinand seemed to have no proper appreciation of the humour: in humour there is every variety of taste.

'Covent Garden Market!' said the performer, in the enthusiast's most impressive tone—'Covent Garden Market! Onions, potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, asparagus French and English (*O bon jour*, French asparagus, my brother!) Good vegetables and bad musty vegetables! Good sellers and bad musty sellers! And yet are the bad musty good, or better than the good. I devour the bad musty vegetables. O bouquets for misses and for the opera-girls! Empty waggons and full waggons, empty baskets and full baskets, empty people and full people! O Covent Garden Market! O dirt and smell and slime indescribable! I describe you all, I love you all, I wallow in you all. I too am a vegetable. I am likewise an animal, and an angel. Cool and sweet is the dewy grass, and the shore of the sea. Cool and sweet is the crowded London street. I strip myself naked in the grass, on the shore of the sea, in the crowded street. I am free and naked; the policemen run me in. Them also do I call brothers!'

There was a howl of laughter led by the most humorous and intelligent of the party. Ferdinand looked round for the first time, and his eyes were full of agony; he hid his face in his

hands. A minute later he started at a touch on his shoulder; he looked up and saw his daughter, and he tried to smile. The girl, standing straight with her hand upon her father's shoulder, looked round on the assembly with open dislike and scorn. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!' she cried, with a stamp of her little foot. Some of the young men sniggered; and Claudian Fairholme, who had stopped a moment by the open door, strode to the girl's side, on fire with a wild wish to decrease the urban population. Into his mind came stirring words—'Over my head his arm he flung against the world.' He was ashamed of feeling heroic, but he wanted to shake somebody into unconsciousness for only daring to look at her. And they did look at her, all those reddened or pallid boys with mean eyes. She cared nothing for their looking, all her care was for her father; she helped him to his feet and began to lead him away. Yet she could not help looking prettier for the flush of anger, and the young men stared at her from under their hat-brims, bold, yet ashamed, ashamed of their shame, and on the verge of proving their superiority to women by some show of insolence. As she went out with her hand in her father's hand, a young half-drunken hero, who was nearest to the door, sent forth a sort of crowing laugh, and added a term of endearment. In an instant, Claudian, who was covering his friends' retreat, had the young sinner by the throat. Whirled like a feather from the chair, and wavering on the points of his toes, with his face the colour of a ripening mulberry, the youth croaked for help. The room was in an uproar. The girl and her father were passing through the shop, and Claudian retiring backwards in the same narrow passage used the body of his victim as a shield. The dissipated youngsters pressed upon him, and Claudian thrust against them, with both arms, the helpless bulk of their comrade. There flashed through his mind a thought of the bow of Ulysses; he shouted and hurled his burden at them, and they fell back before it. Then in a moment, into the clear space between the hero and the foe, flashed Polly the barmaid.

'Ain't you ashamed of yourselves?' she cried out lustily, and the sobered youth fell further back before her with a sudden thought of the police. Claudian laughed aloud, and came back a step to wring Polly's hand.

'There, get along, do!' said the maiden, and Claudian went.

Outside there was a four-wheeled cab, and the girl was waiting to see if he were safe.

'I will come and see how he is to-morrow,' said Mr. Fairholme at the cab window; and there looked out at him a little face illumined by the gaslight, and he saw that tears were shining on the long eyelashes.

'Curse me!' said Claudian in his teeth, as he strode down the street, and felt his eyes wink. He was English enough to swear at himself when he found that he was a man of sensibility.

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER VI.

CLAUDIAN gave all his time and the best of his thoughts to the help of his old friend and schoolfellow. Before Ferdinand had recovered from his crushing blow he was carried away from London; and when he looked up again and felt the first slight interest in his whereabouts, he was in the best arm-chair of Mr. Fairholme's study. His daughter was amazed by Claudian's energy, and declared again and again that she could do nothing for her father. Again and again she suggested, though somewhat faintly, that they should finish their visit, but she was met by the firm refusal of her host. It appeared that he would even detain them by force, and risk the legal consequences. Even his gardener, busy in the high-walled academic garden, felt that a change had come over Mr. Claudian Fairholme.

Claudian attended the enthusiast with unceasing devotion and consummate tact. He gave him silence and rest; he followed his excellent cook into her very kitchen, with directions and prescriptions of food; he gathered from a mass of journals every tale which showed that somewhere in the world of struggling men and women were virtue and valour and love. When his friend was in his darkest mood he left him alone. Gradually the dark moods grew shorter and less dark. Slowly the enthusiasm crept back to the enthusiast, and the shadow of despondency passed slowly away. And then Claudian made his great suggestion. He proposed that Ferdinand should express his political faith in a big book, and asked that he might be allowed to be a fellow-worker with his old friend. The heart of the enthusiast leapt up like fire. The dream of his boyhood had been that Claudian and he should do some noble work together. He had never doubted that his friend had genius, and that with him he might move the world. Mountains seemed a little thing; it was the world which

was to be shoved a little in the right direction. After all, there was nothing like a book. A book, as Claudian said, might be read by millions. Perhaps not at once, as Claudian admitted, but if not to-day, then to-morrow; if not to-morrow, in fifty years. Perhaps centuries hence it might instruct and cheer a brighter and a better generation. There was to be a book; that was a great fact, and who could dare to limit its possible influence? The enthusiast's eye grew bright again. He looked afar off, and beheld the procession of the ages, while Claudian pushed silently under his nose the most tempting paper and a bundle of the best quill pens. So the two friends went to work at the big book, and the enthusiast throve on it like a silkworm on a mulberry leaf. Like a spider of genius he sat and spun a beautiful and symmetrical web, which seemed like woven moonshine, while Claudian brought fragments of old books and new journals for his nourishment. And Claudian worked well and cheerfully, and found his weekly wages in the growing vigour of his friend and the gradual effacement of the sharp lines in his cheek. And if Ferdinand was so full of zeal that he never thought of gratitude, he had a daughter who was grateful, and who made no secret of it, but spoke her thanks and wonder frankly and prettily.

It was well that Claudian Fairholme found his reward in the growing health of his friend; for while the faith of the enthusiast waxed with each day's work, the faith of his colleague waned. Each morning he felt more and more like an aëronaut's boy, whose privilege it was to fill the big balloon. Very like to a big balloon seemed the book on which he worked so zealously. In the book was an ideal society—a world as it ought to be.

'All men shall be born free,' said Ferdinand. 'All men shall be equal,' said Ferdinand. 'Each man shall love all other men with a love just less by one hundredth part than the love which he has for himself.' This arrangement was necessary to prevent an extravagant society in which A sacrificed himself with passion to B, B to C, and C to A, every man pursuing his neighbour with loathed benefits, and flying in terror from his neighbour's kindness. The enthusiast demanded but three laws, and he would show you a world in which it was worth while to live. Only three small anchors were needed for the big balloon; but the anchors seemed to Claudian to be fixed in the morning dew, and he looked that the balloon, being full of gas, would float beyond the earth's attraction and into the rare atmosphere of Saturn, where, as a

great orator knows, general propositions about human action are absolutely true. Claudian, after helping with the bellows, found it necessary to go into the village and talk to the men and women, or to the boys and girls; or to go to afternoon service in the great Cathedral, or—and this was best of all—to discuss household affairs and her father's health with the enthusiast's daughter. For the rest, he grew more and more firm in the belief that no man could be free, that no two men were equal, and that the love for your neighbour could not be always the same, nor measured with a nice exactitude like doctor's stuff. Such indeed was the effect of his labours, that at some moments he was inclined to go straight into Parliament, and there and then to take his part in the tinkering which a healthy, ancient, and illogical society so frequently demands. He was glad as a boy that the big book did his friend so much good; he swore to himself that he would spare himself no effort till it was finished; and he registered another secret vow that the big book should be published—at his own expense, if necessary—and that the enthusiast should never know. So months rolled away, and the great work grew. Nor was this the only thing which grew, for when the nightingale came back, there was love too in the garden.

The girl was a little impatient. She had been moving about with a basket and garden-scissors till she was tired of being alone. She pulled off her little gauntleted glove, and pulled it on again; she stood still and looked at the open window of the study. Then Claudian came out through the window, and her lip showed her little white teeth, and she put down her basket that she might put both the little garden gloves into his big hands.

'How is he getting on?' she asked, with the pretty eyebrows raised.

'Like a house on fire,' said Claudian, looking down at her with pride.

'I never should have believed it—never!' she remarked emphatically.

'What shouldn't you have believed?'

'That I should let *anybody* take care of him for me.' She nodded towards the study.

'And take care of you too,' he suggested. 'Do you remember,' he added, as they moved away down the garden, 'the morning when you came here first, and made tea for me, and told me all the gossip about our friends at Nessborough, about dances, and pups, and boys, and weddings?'

'I was very shy,' she said gravely, 'and that was why.'

'Oh, you were shy, were you? I thought it was I who was shy.'

'How silly!' she said; 'how could you be shy? You are——'

'An old man,' he suggested. 'You didn't think then that you would promise to marry an old man, did you? Do you remember how you abused some girl for being too composed a bride?'

'It must have been Delia Wentworth,' she said. 'I never did see anyone so calm; but I am sure I didn't abuse her. You ought not to say that I ever abuse anybody.'

'I wonder if you will be a beautifully composed bride, or will exhibit a becoming agitation. What is the proper manner for an elderly bridegroom?'

She looked up at him not smiling at all. 'I think you are exceedingly silly,' she said; 'it's very wrong of you to call yourself old.'

'I am old enough to be your father.'

'That has nothing to do with it.' As she looked up at him, she remembered the swaying youth in his fist, and her lips relaxed into a smile.

'I am young,' he said; 'I am absurdly young; I am just twenty. As for you, you are not grown up, I hope; you are absurdly small; you are too small to be married in a big Cathedral.'

She deigned to return no answer. Presently the enthusiast came to the study window and looked into the garden. He stood staring and drawing the fingers of his left hand down through his long thin beard; but neither his daughter nor his devoted friend saw him. Nor did they care, as they strolled together in the monastic garden, whether a nightingale were singing or a goose cackling. The wonder and the beauty of the world touched the heart of the enthusiast, and his eyes were filled with tears.

JULIAN STURGIS.

www.libtool.com.cn

The Macready Riot in New York.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

EARLY in the autumn of 1848, Mr. Macready paid another, and, as it proved, a final visit to the United States. He appeared in New York in October, at the Astor Place Opera House, for a few nights; after which he made a highly successful tour of the principal cities of the Union, returning to New York the following spring. It was announced that he would appear in a round of Shakesperean characters, opening on May 7 in Macbeth, always a favourite part of his, and undoubtedly one of his finest impersonations.

A most unfounded and absurd rumour had obtained currency in the city that the ill success Mr. Edwin Forrest, the American actor, had met with in England a short time previously, was attributable to jealousy on the part of Mr. Macready, who, it was asserted, had exercised the influence he was supposed to possess with the dramatic critics of the leading London journals, to induce them to review Mr. Forrest's performance unfavourably. The partisans of the American tragedian, fully believing this to be the case, determined to avenge what they conceived to be the wrongs of their countryman by driving Mr. Macready from the stage.

Notwithstanding that this intention was openly avowed, and it was well known throughout the city that a serious disturbance might be anticipated on the night in question, the municipal authorities, with strange supineness, took no other measures for the enforcement of order than placing three or four additional policemen on duty at the Opera House.

Even before the curtain rose, from the general aspect of the house it was palpable that a very considerable proportion of the audience in the amphitheatre and parquet had come there for the express purpose of creating a riot, since, under ordinary circumstances, the prices of admission would have been such as to deter members of the 'rowdy' class, to which they evidently belonged, from visiting the Opera House, even had not the

general character of the performances which took place there been *caviare* to them.

Mr. Macready's entry upon the stage was the signal for an outburst of the wildest uproar. Not only was he greeted with a perfect storm of hisses, but every opprobrious epithet the vocabulary of the Bowery Bhoy—and it is an extensive one—affords, was levelled at him. Nor was this all, for, in a few minutes, sticks, bottles, and other missiles were thrown from various parts of the house; and, finally, three or four heavy chairs were hurled from the amphitheatre on to the stage. Perceiving that it was hopeless to attempt to obtain a hearing, and that his longer presence on the scene would not only endanger his own life but imperil those of the other performers, Mr. Macready retired. Satisfied with having effected their object, the rioters, as soon as the curtain fell, quietly left the theatre, and dispersed to their several homes.

The following day the respectable portion of the press was unanimous in its condemnation of the outrage to which Mr. Macready had been exposed. Nor was this all. Several of the leading citizens of New York, indignant at the insult offered to an eminent foreign artist, and conscious of the stigma that would rest upon the community were he permitted to be driven from the city by mob violence, convened a meeting to decide what steps it would be advisable under the circumstances to take. The result was that a committee was formed, and a letter drawn up and addressed to Mr. Macready, in which regret was expressed for the indignity that had been offered him, and an emphatic pledge given that if he would reconsider his avowed intention of not again playing in New York, and would consent to repeat his performance of Macbeth on any evening that might be agreeable to him, the amplest measures should be taken to prevent the recurrence of the disgraceful scene of the previous night.

Mr. Macready, although deeply hurt by the unprovoked attack that had been made upon him, consented, at the urgent solicitation of several personal friends, to return a favourable answer to the communication of the committee, and fixed the following Thursday for his reappearance at the Opera House.

On the Wednesday placards were exhibited in various parts of the city, headed 'An Appeal to British Seamen.' They purported to emanate from the Anglican residents of New York, and they called upon the English sailors belonging to the vessels lying in the harbour to support their countryman against 'a clique of

American ruffians.' The language was in fact, throughout, that of studied insult to the native population, and was well calculated thoroughly to irritate those against whom it was directed.

The following morning there were to be seen in all the leading thoroughfares another set of handbills, professing to have been issued in reply to those of the 'insolent foreigners.' In these latter ones it was asserted that the crew of the Cunard steamer, then lying at the wharf in Jersey city, had threatened with violence all who ventured to express disapproval of the performance at the 'aristocratic' Opera House, and 'working men' were urged 'to stand by their rights.'

www.libtool.com.cn

It may be stated here, that the 'Appeal to British Seamen' and the 'Reply' to it both emanated from one and the same source, and were simply an ingenious *ruse* on the part of those who instigated the disturbances to exasperate the populace against Mr. Macready—a design in which they were only too successful. This was at a later period most conclusively demonstrated during the trial of 'Ned Buntline,' one of the rioters, who was proved to have been the individual who gave the printer the order for *both* the placards.

In consequence of the serious aspect affairs had assumed, a large body of police was instructed to attend at the Opera House on the Thursday evening; and, in the event of this force proving inadequate for the preservation of order, the 7th Regiment, New York State Militia, two troops of horse of the 8th Regiment, and a squadron of Hussars were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to appear upon the scene should their presence be deemed requisite.

The block of buildings in which the Opera House then stood forms a small right-angled triangle, whereof the base rests upon Broadway, the perpendicular upon Eighth Street, and the hypothenuse upon Astor Place. The theatre was situated at the junction of Astor Place and Eighth Street, and was consequently exposed to attack both in front and rear. For some time before the doors opened, a crowd assembled on the Astor Place side of the house, in the composition of which the 'rowdy' element was decidedly prominent. In anticipation that an attempt might possibly be made by the mob to force an entrance into the theatre, some fifteen or twenty policemen were stationed at the doors in Astor Place, by which alone the public were admitted; those on Eighth Street being on this occasion closed and barred.

Matters were in this position when, accompanied by a friend,

I arrived at the Opera House. On the wall was a notice stating that all the tickets had been sold, but having purchased ours earlier in the day, we presented them and were admitted without difficulty.

The house inside was filled in some parts, although not crowded, but in the amphitheatre many of the seats were vacant. The general appearance of the audience was respectable—more so than I had anticipated—and at first I hoped that no serious attempt would be made to repeat the disgraceful tumult of the preceding Monday.

The first two scenes of the play passed off quietly, with the exception that a vociferous welcome was accorded to Mr. Clarke (an American), the Macduff of the evening. The entrance of Macbeth in the third scene was, however, the signal for a perfect storm of cheers, groans, and hisses. The whole audience rose, and the greater proportion of it, who were friendly to Mr. Macready, cheered, waving their hats and handkerchiefs. A considerable body of malcontents, nevertheless, in the parquet, second tier, and amphitheatre, hissed and hooted with equal zeal.

The tumult lasted some ten or fifteen minutes, and then an effort was made to restore peace by a board being brought upon the stage upon which was written 'The friends of order will remain quiet.' This silenced all but the rioters, who continued by their clamour to drown all sound of what was said on the stage. Not a word, in fact, of the first act of the play could be heard by anyone in the house. But as no personal violence was offered the performers, the police seemed to consider themselves not justified in interfering to prevent the manifestation of what Lovelace, in 'Clarissa,' styles 'tumultuous disapprobation' on the part of the audience. Towards the close of the act, however, the chief of police made his appearance in the theatre, and by his orders all those individuals who were active in fomenting the disturbances were one by one removed from the auditorium.

This took some little time, a very determined resistance being offered by several of the rioters. Still, before the close of the second act so many of them had been ejected that something of the play could be heard. As the inside of the house became quieter, the wild uproar of the mob without was distinctly audible. The crowd grew more and more violent, heavy stones being continually hurled at the windows on the Astor Place side of the theatre. One after another was smashed, and pieces of brick and paving-stone rattled in a heavy shower upon the balcony and

lobbies, until the Opera House resembled rather a besieged fortress than a place dedicated to the amusement of a civilised community.

The third, fourth, and fifth acts of the play were given in comparative quiet, so far as the audience was concerned, although the din and uproar without grew momentarily more deafening. Still the performance went on. At the words of Macbeth—

> I will not be afraid of death and bane,
> Till Birnam *forest* come to Dunsinane—

the audience caught the allusion, and cheered heartily. The phrase, too—

> Our castle's strength
> Will laugh a siege to scorn—

was loudly applauded.

In spite of the constant rattling and crashing of stones and other missiles against the boards by which it had been sought to protect the windows, and the fierce yells of the infuriated mob without, the tragedy was played to the end, and the curtain fell. Mr. Macready was, of course, called out, as were also several of the other performers.

Some apprehensions—in which I confess I shared—were entertained that when the audience quitted the house they would run the risk of being roughly handled by the crowd, which, aware that all those individuals who were unfriendly to Mr. Macready had been ejected from the theatre, would necessarily regard those who had sat out the play as his partisans. When, however, the doors on the Eighth Street side of the building were thrown open to afford egress to the audience, I, in common with others, was agreeably disappointed to discover that the street, which in the earlier part of the evening had been filled by the mob, was perfectly empty, a cordon of soldiers being drawn across either end of it.

The audience was directed by the police to take the turning which led to Broadway, as in the direction of the Bowery the crowd was some thousands strong, and it would be difficult, not to say dangerous, for anyone to attempt to make his way through it. As, in conformity with this advice, we all hastened down the street, and passed into Broadway, a volley of musketry was fired on the Astor Place side of the Opera House. The majority of those persons who had composed the audience quickly sought

safety by turning into the side streets. But some few—myself amongst them—whose curiosity was stronger than their fears, hurried on to the corner of Broadway and Astor Place, where a full view could be obtained of the tragedy that was then being enacted in front of the theatre. But before describing the scene which then met my eyes, I must briefly narrate what had previously occurred.

www.libtool.com.cn

It appears that the mob, which during the early part of the evening had not committed any acts of actual violence, contenting themselves with hooting every well-dressed person who entered the theatre, had, as the darkness increased, grown bolder, and had proceeded to break the street lamps in Astor Place and to smash the front windows of the Opera House. By an unlucky accident it so happened that a sewer was being constructed in the Bowery, near Eighth Street, and large heaps of cobble-stones were lying for some distance on either side of the roadway, affording the crowd a practically inexhaustible supply of missiles with which to carry on their attack.

The police finding themselves quite incapable of maintaining their ground against the overwhelming numbers opposed to them, the military were sent for. The cavalry arrived first on the ground, and there can be very little doubt that had they been well mounted and properly trained, they might have cleared the street without the necessity of shedding blood. They were, however, neither one nor the other, and being saluted with a shower of stones as they endeavoured to ride through Astor Place, the frightened animals they bestrode became unmanageable. Some of the men were unhorsed, and the others found that, so far from being able to act on the offensive, it was as much as they could do to keep their saddles. In a few minutes, in fact, all order and discipline were lost, and the officer in command of the troop, perceiving the utter inability of his men to cope with the crowd, withdrew them, the rioters saluting the soldiers with ironical cheers as they rode off.

Shortly afterwards the 7th Regiment (infantry) arrived on the ground. It was barely three hundred strong, but it enjoyed, and justly, the reputation of being the best drilled corps in the whole city. The men formed on Astor Place, and in view of the menacing aspect of the mob, they were ordered to load with ball cartridge. They then wheeled round into Eighth Street, and proceeded to clear it between Broadway and the Bowery, driving the rioters before them with levelled bayonets. Having posted a

guard at either end of the street, the troops marched back to Astor Place and attempted to repeat the same manœuvre there, but unsuccessfully. They did, indeed, force the people back some little distance, but the crowd—which numbered at least twelve or fifteen thousand persons—was too strong for them, and being assailed by a shower of missiles from all directions, the soldiers were compelled to fall back upon the side walk in front of the Opera House, where the walls of the building afforded protection to their rear. Whilst occupying this position, not only did heavy stones continue to be thrown, but shots from pocket pistols and revolvers began to be fired at them. Captain Shumway received a ball in the leg, and the cheek of General Hull was grazed by a bullet. As man after man fell out of the ranks, badly hurt, the exasperation of their comrades became intense, and repeated demands were made that they should be permitted to fire on the rioters. This was, however, for some little time refused. At last, after an ineffectual attempt had been made by both the Sheriff and the Recorder to address the crowd, in the faint hope of being able to induce the people to disperse without having recourse to sterner measures, the troops were ordered to act on the offensive. The men were instructed to fire, in the first instance over the heads of the crowd, and they did so. The rioters perceiving, as the smoke cleared away, that no one was hurt, and believing that blank cartridges only had been, or would be used, were irritated rather than dismayed by this demonstration. With fierce execrations they rushed upon their adversaries, in the expectation that they would be able to crush them by sheer force of their numerical superiority. The peril of the troops was imminent, and they fired a second time, but on this occasion, point blank at the mob. In so densely packed a mass of human beings nearly every shot told; several of the rioters were killed, whilst numbers were more or less severely wounded.

It was at this juncture that I and those who accompanied me reached the corner of Broadway and Astor Place, where a spectacle met our eyes which I, for one, shall not easily forget.

The crowd, evidently roused to frenzy by the fall of their comrades, advanced to the attack with reckless hardihood. The front rank of the soldiers received the rioters with levelled bayonets, the second line firing from behind. For some minutes the conflict was of the most determined character. Showers of missiles rained upon the troops, who replied at intervals with volleys of musketry. The street lamps had been extinguished,

and the darkness was only broken every now and again by flashes from the guns of the soldiery. Then, for an instant, could be seen the vast assemblage of people surging to and fro in wild excitement, whilst savage yells and hideous imprecations mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying.

www.libtool.com.cn

Finally the crowd, whose stock of stones had become exhausted, fell back upon the Bowery for a fresh supply. Perceiving their purpose, and that a renewal of the attack was imminent, General Sandford drew his men up across Astor Place, with orders to fire obliquely in the direction of the open space at the intersection of the Fourth Avenue and the Bowery, where some thousands of the rioters were congregated. The soldiers fired a volley, and with such fatal effect, that the mob, thoroughly cowed at last, broke and fled, leaving twenty-two men dead upon the ground. How many, in all, were wounded, was never exactly known, as those who were not mortally hurt were, in most instances, carried off by their friends; but the total number of casualties must have been at least a hundred. Of the soldiers, strange to say, not one was killed, but several were severely injured.

Thus ended the most serious theatrical riot that has ever occurred in any city of the United States; the result, however, being to teach the 'rowdy' classes a lesson they were not likely readily to forget.

It only remains to add that Mr. Macready quitted the theatre as soon as it was ascertained that the mob had been dispersed; and, as his remaining in New York would have exposed him to considerable personal peril, he left the city at once for New Rochelle, escorted by a party of friends. He passed the remainder of the night in that village, and in the morning started for Boston, whence, a few days thereafter, he sailed for England.

W. C. MILLER.

A Pilgrimage to Selborne.

www.libtool.com.cn

A SHORT TIME AGO I had an opportunity of visiting a scene the features of which had long dwelt in my imagination, though I had never yet been able to bring the accuracy of the picture which it formed out of them to the test of personal observation. In the middle of last January, however, finding myself at the town of Alton, not more than five miles distant from the peaceful old Hampshire village which the loving hand of its native historian has immortalised, I resolved no longer to postpone my pilgrimage to what must always be known to posterity as White's Selborne. I started from Alton on foot, about eleven in the morning, the day being all that could be desired—a cloudless blue sky, the air freshened and nothing more by a slight frost, and all the range of woods which spread along the ridges of the downs just tinged with that hazy purple flush

That shows the year is turned.

All the way, on the right-hand side, the ground slopes down to a little valley, threaded by a narrow brook, rising again at the distance of a mile or two into the long hills which at Selborne turn abruptly southwards, and of which the Selborne Hanger forms the elbow. You see little or nothing of the village till you are quite close to it; for it lies in a little bottom, into which the Alton road descends by a steep decline—not the old rocky lane which was literally the only channel of communication with Alton in the last century, and which is now disused, as are the lanes on the other side of the village in the direction of Liss and Petersfield, but a good modern road—from which, however, little is visible but the church tower and one end of the Parsonage, which lie on some rising ground to the left.

On this side of the Parsonage the ground sinks abruptly into a narrow dingle, divided by the infant stream which forms the north-west boundary of the village; and White used to delight himself with imagining how easily this green knoll might be made to represent a fortified position.

High on a mound th' exalted gardens stand;
Beneath deep valleys scooped by Nature's hand;
A Cobham here exulting in his art
Might blend the general's with the gardener's part;

Might fortify with all the martial trade
Of rampart, bastion, fosse, and palisade;
Might plant the mortar with wide threatening bore,
Or bid the mimic cannon seem to roar.

Invitation to Selborne.

www.libtool.com.cn

Approaching Selborne from this quarter, we have the Hanger immediately to our right, running parallel with the south side of the village, and rising to the height of about three hundred feet. Keeping straight up the village street, we are confronted by a high garden wall, forming one side of a road turning towards the Hanger. Inside this wall is the kitchen-garden of 'The Wakes,' as the house is still called, in which the old naturalist lived; and a few yards further on, and facing the street, is the north side of the house itself, and the entrance from the road. Leaving it behind us for the present, we come upon a wide open space upon our left, which we at once pronounce to be the 'Plestor,' for the origin of which we must refer our readers to the historian, and above this again lies the church and churchyard, in which still stands the enormous yew-tree, twenty-five feet in girth, the finest, I think, I have ever seen. Beyond the church, on the same side of the way, is the principal village inn, the 'Queen's Arms,' and beyond this again the other little stream which, rising from a spring in the Nore Hill, forms one branch of the river Wey, and bounds the village on the east, as the other one does upon the west. The road out of Selborne in this direction leads to Woolmer Forest, Temple, the Priory Farm, and Blackmore, now the property of Lord Selborne.

Before, however, we reach the little bridge which spans the tiny brook, we observe a kind of cart-track to the right which seems to lead up to the Hanger, and, consulting a labourer on the subject, find that it is so; and, having now got a general idea of the village and its bearings, it is time to examine it more particularly. I feel that I am bound to climb up the Hanger, and turn down the path accordingly; but when I get to the foot of the hill, I see that my work is cut out for me. A winding path called 'the zigzag,' literally corresponding to the name, has here been cut in the side of the hill; and as it is nearly perpendicular, and yesterday's rain and the morning's frost combined have made the chalk as slippery as ice, by the time I arrive at the top I am not sorry to sit down upon a stile and rest. White himself had either made, or caused to be made, another road up the hill called the Bostal, which I could not find, and in his time the whole village was divided into the two rival factions of Zigzagians and Bostalians.

From a cottage close by a very civil old lady now emerges and offers to describe the prospect. I am here, it must be premised, standing at the eastern extremity of the Hanger, with the village behind and below me on the left, and the long line of the Sussex Downs in front. It seems to have been from this point that White took the view which he describes in his 'Invitation:'

> Romantic spot, from whence in prospect lies
> Whate'er of landscape charms our feasting eyes.

And it was here, we learn from the same poem, that he and his friends used to come to drink tea on a fine summer's evening. The old lady has her lesson by heart. That bold swelling hill thickly covered with wood on our right front is Nore Hill, 'that noble chalk promontory,' as White calls it. Straight before us is Temple, where are still some vestiges of a preceptory, described at length in the antiquities of Selborne; and beyond lies ''Oolmer Farst,' as our guide pronounces it, where she tells me that when a child she used often to go 'a hurting,' which means, being interpreted, Woolmer Forest, and gathering whortleberries or bilberries. There is the broad, flat, sandy, heathery tract, which, in White's time, was entirely uncultivated, and full of game and wild fowl. One of the principal ponds which he describes has been drained. But Woolmer Pond, 'the vast lake,' as he calls it, is still there, though invisible from the summit of the Hanger, whence the traveller looks down only on a bare brown expanse gradually terminating in highlands which bound the horizon to the east. That abrupt, broken point of hill just opposite in the extreme distance is Rake Down in Sussex, and the one which seems to nod to it on the left is Blackdown, not far from Haslemere: still further to the left is Hindhead; and the two peaks just visible on one side of it are the Devil's Jumps. Hard by, though of course not visible from Selborne, is the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the reader will remember how Nicholas Nickleby and Smike, plodding along the Portsmouth road, walked upon the rim of it, and read the inscription on the stone commemorating the murder once committed there.

Still ranging round towards the left, the eye falls on Farnham Holt and the village of Kingsley, and nearer home again, on a corner of Lord Selborne's park, on the Priory Farm, and on a low woody dingle, as it seems at this distance, leading up to it, once a favourite walk of Gilbert White's, and still known as 'The Liths' or 'Lyths,' otherwise 'bends' or winding paths. In the first edition of the book there is an engraving of the 'Short Lyth,' with

www.libtool.com.cn

gentlemen and ladies standing and sitting in the foreground, the full wigs and long canes of the former not looking very much in harmony with the landscape. Where the Priory Farm now stands was the site of Selborne Priory, of which the old lady can only tell us that 'they have dug up a many things there for burying folk,' and that great multitudes of people go to see it in the summer-time. She went on to say that I ought to come again in the summer myself, and undertook to make tea for me, if I would, near the spot, as I conjecture, where White himself used to make it. So giving her the required promise, and having drunk my fill of the landscape, which White must have loved as Wordsworth loved the English lakes, and Walter Scott his grey hills—as only one can love such things who is thoroughly in sympathy with nature and nature's works—I turn my back on ''Oolmer Farst' and proceed westward along the summit of the Hanger, looking down upon the village at intervals through the leafless beech-trees, and searching for some other mode of descent than the one by which I came up.

Presently I hear sounds of talking and laughing near at hand, and come upon a group of village girls in a spot which would have fascinated Linnell: a little broken glade with its felled trunks lying among patches of brushwood, and hemmed in by the tall beech-trees, whose smooth glistening stems of grey russet and yellow stretch far away into the sylvan gloom. The girls, who are gathering firewood, can show me no regular path down the hill; and I have let myself down as well as I can with the help of an ash stick which I have just cut, steadying my steps where it is possible against either the trees themselves or their 'old fantastic roots,' and gradually arriving at the bottom without any serious misadventure. The Hanger, as I have said, is about three hundred feet high, very steep, and perhaps three-quarters of a mile in length. It forms the northern slope of Selborne Hill, which stretches a long way in the opposite direction, and at each end it just overlaps the village, from which it is separated by a strip of cultivated land some three or four hundred yards in breadth. It is covered from end to end with beech-trees, which, as they are very close, are not very large in the girth, but which, looked at from the outside, must in summer seem a solid wall of green. A footpath runs along the bottom just inside the wood, and from this I think some of the prettiest views of the village are to be obtained: one in particular I noticed, where the church tower, and the great yew-tree, and a portion of the Parsonage-house mingle themselves with the

mossy thatched roofs of some barns and cottages, into a very picturesque group. But it is now nearly two o'clock. I have yet to see the house, the garden, and the church, and, though last, not least, to obtain some modest refreshment after my fatiguing scrambles. I strike away to the village once more, and make the best of my way to the 'Queen's Arms.'

www.libtool.com.cn

While consuming the cheese, bottom crust, and Hall's Alton ale which this hostelry affords, I question my host about the village and its traditions; but he knows nothing, and thinks I had better consult the sexton, whose father and grandfather were both sextons before him. In the meantime, however, I must see 'The Wakes,' which, having stood empty for some time after the death of its late owner, Professor Bell, has now again a tenant, who very courteously showed us over the whole house, in which most of the old rooms are still left, though the arrangements of them have been altered, and the whole has been considerably enlarged. What was the kitchen in White's time is now the present occupier's study, looking out upon the garden and the Hanger. What was White's study is the drawing-room, floored and panelled with oak just as he left it; but the west wall has been pulled down, and a large additional space taken into the room, which nearly doubles the size of it. On the garden side it has been refronted, and this is that new part of the house which alters the general effect of it so much. On this side, too, was White's 'new parlour,' now the dining-room; to which he refers in his letters to his brother, while his old dining-room, looking towards the village street, is now the kitchen —a most comfortable-looking room, in which it is easy to imagine the old gentleman sipping his glass of port or punch, or that famous strong beer brewed with rain water, which was so highly appreciated by his neighbours; and ruminating on the various sights and sounds which had greeted him during the morning: the appearance of the first swallow, the first note of the missel-thrush, or the strange fancy of his guinea-fowls for roosting on the tops of high trees during a hard frost. His dinner hour seems to have been about three o'clock, and it was in this very room that he was just sitting down to dinner almost exactly a hundred years ago—to be more particular, on June 5, 1784—when the great thunderstorm burst over Selborne, and the hailstones broke all his north windows. His bedroom is now used as a nursery.

On the south side of the house the view is very pretty. The lawn and garden run down to a low fence dividing them from a large paddock of about twenty acres, dotted over with fine old trees, and running close up to the Hanger, which bounds the

prospect. From this side the house looks almost like two houses. At one end, to the right, is the old gable covered with creepers and untouched by the hand of renovation; to the left is the new red brick front, where are the dining-room and drawing-room of the present owner; yet the whole effect is not bad, and when time has toned down the colours, and fresh creepers have had time to grow, it will probably be as pretty as it ever was. In the garden is White's sundial, and in the paddock, about a hundred yards from the garden, are the remains of his summer-house. A narrow bricked path about a foot wide laid down by White himself leads across the grass from the garden to the summer-house, which also was the work of the naturalist's own hand. This summer-house, though now in ruins, is a very interesting relic, as what there is of it is quite unaltered. The very table at which he used to sit, a little round piece of oak, once supported by a single claw, lies broken in two upon the floor. The sides are lined with moss and heather as fresh as on the day he died; and though the wind has blown off the roof, and levelled one of the trees by which the sides were supported, it is still propped up by an ash, a maple, and a holly, which keep it from tumbling down altogether. The iron railings by which it was surrounded have been torn down, and it has a desolate and forlorn appearance. But it requires no effort of the imagination to restore it as it was when our dear old friend used to trot down his little brick path on a summer morning, spectacles on nose, and the newly-arrived packet from Pennant or Barrington in hand, to study at leisure what they had to say about his theories of migration; about the habits of the chaffinch or the reed-sparrow; or to concoct, perhaps, an answer to any crude hypothesis which might have been incautiously suggested to him on the subject of fieldfares.

I stood and gazed at the old summer-house and the little brick path with immense interest and attraction, and felt myself for the first time really in the presence of Gilbert White as he lived and moved among his own contemporaries. His square-skirted coat, knee-breeches, and ribbed worsted stockings; his square-toed thick shoes, his wig, his loose cravat, his spectacles, his cane, were all before me. My eyes became moist, and I turned slowly away to look for Timothy, whom I almost expected to find 'made up' for the winter in some 'dry wholesome sunny spot in the fruit border.' To the kitchen garden, at all events, I wended my way next; and that must be very little altered from what it was in the days when Timothy roamed about it, screening himself from the sun under a large cabbage leaf or 'the waving forest of an

asparagus bed.' There is the same wall, I make no doubt, which in 1773 produced '10 dozen lovely peaches and nectarines.' Here were his cucumber frames; and here what remains of the 'fine sloping laurel hedge,' another favourite haunt of Timothy, which was so damaged by frost in 1784. But to enumerate all the objects which I recognise or seem to recognise in this hallowed spot would carry me far beyond my limits; and it is time I said a few words about the *genius loci* himself.

www.libtool.com.cn

It is difficult in these days to realise the complete seclusion of a place like Selborne a hundred years ago, or the difference which time has wrought both in its social and its natural productions. In bad weather it must have been almost isolated; and even when the roads were passable the experience of the majority of its inhabitants did not probably extend beyond the two quiet little towns of Alton and Petersfield. We can gather the best idea of what such a village must have been from the 'Raveloe' of Silas Marner, and it is easy to understand how in this

Rural, sheltered, unobserved retreat

White's days glided tranquilly away, 'with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons.' It would be hard to find a better exemplification of that happy rural life depicted by the ancient poets than we find in the blameless and untroubled existence of this amiable man. *Fortunate senex*—to whom was allotted neither riches nor poverty, a secure and certain home in the house of his fathers, abundant leisure for the prosecution of his favourite studies, and, greater boon than all, to grow old among the scenes of his childhood—

Felix qui patriis ævum transegit in agris;
Ipsa domus puerum quem vidit, ipsa senem.

This is that 'sweet monotony' extolled by George Eliot as a deeper source of happiness than all the variety in the world; and it is this undisturbed repose, this confirmed tranquillity, by which the life of the last century was prominently distinguished from our own. In those blissful days of non-improvement no landmarks were removed, either moral or material; and a man could rise every morning and go to bed every night in the happy confidence that all around him would be the same to-morrow as it was to-day, and for what he knew to the end of time. It seems probable that some such moral atmosphere is necessary to the growth of men like Gilbert White. For it is not only the closeness of his observation and the extent of his knowledge in natural history which delight us in his pages. The tone of satisfaction and con-

tentment which they everywhere breathe; a love of, and devotion to, nature, unbroken by that strife and trouble of the outer world which nowadays penetrates to the remotest recesses of our island; the image, in short, of a perfectly happy man which they constantly reflect, contribute at least an equal share of the pleasure which they inspire.

It is this peculiar combination which constitutes the charm of White's Selborne, and enables us thoroughly to enjoy a walk with him in the woods or in the forest without sharing all his scientific curiosity. He possesses, too, a quiet humour of his own, not seldom found in similar characters, which appears most frequently in his more familiar letters, and only glimmers very faintly, even if it is visible at all, in his natural history. As an example of what we mean, we would instance his account of his hayrick in a letter to Mr. Barber in 1786, and Timothy's letter to his former mistress, which is quite in the style of the *Spectator*. He is said to have been a taciturn man, of rather retiring manners; and few anecdotes or reminiscences of his private life survive among the representatives of his family. But his character and habits have been perpetuated for ever by his own hand, and creep into our study of imagination during a stroll through his beloved Selborne 'as though he lived indeed.'

Were he to rise from the dead, he would find the fauna of the district much changed. The village boys would look in vain for a raven's nest in 'Losels,' and the kite has wheeled himself away to far remote regions. I remember that many years ago I saw a wild raven, the only one I ever did see, in the woods near Trotton, at no great distance from Selborne. But his voice had a sound of 'never more' in it even then; and he has croaked his last by this time, I should think, through the whole district. White tells us that a large flock of wood-pigeons used to haunt the Hanger from November to February. I saw none about the fields in January, though of course there must be wood-pigeons—ringdoves I mean—at Selborne as in every other part of England. But with the multiplication of guns and the decrease of the beech woods their numbers have probably diminished. He mentions what I can corroborate myself, that a flock of wood-pigeons, when disturbed at roost, make a noise like thunder when they rush out in a body from the tree-tops. I remember once stopping to light a pipe under a long avenue of elm trees one pitch-dark winter's night, and the sudden roar of wings as I struck the match was quite appalling. It appears from White's book that the stockdove—the real wood-pigeon with no white ring round his neck—did not

breed about Selborne; and that White was very uncertain whether it built at all in England. But Professor Bell found a nest in the hollow of an old pollard ash, and I have known one myself in a similar situation. The rooks, however, I suppose, are as numerous as ever, and I saw them in the evening wending their way towards the large woods at Tisted just as White himself describes them.

www.libtool.com.cn

It now only remained for me to discover the sexton and view the interior of the church, which had but lately been restored. I found in this official a very civil and intelligent guide, but even he could tell me little of what I was in search of—the personal appearance, habits, and conversation of the Rev. Gilbert. His grandfather, he said, had known him well; but all that he had overheard was that he was 'a square-built man of what you'd call medium statue,' and that he was 'very quiet.' During the last seven years of his life he took the duty for the Vicar, and regularly read prayers and preached. My companion, however, remembered his niece very well, Miss Mary White, who lived in the house after her uncle's death, down to 1839, when the property was bought by Mr. Bell. There is nothing very remarkable inside the fine old church, which consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles. It contains several monuments to the White family, and one to Gilbert in the chancel. The pew in which he sat was in the middle of the nave; and the grave in which he now sleeps is on the north side, distinguished by a simple stone with the letters G. W. engraved on it.

The Plestor was formerly much larger than it is, and the old oak, which was blown down in 1703, stood within what is now the churchyard. A sycamore now stands in the Plestor, which the sexton thought must have stood there in White's time. But I did not see this part of the village to much advantage, as the ground had been poached up by carts during the restoration of the church, and still bore a rather squalid and uncared-for look.

It was now four o'clock, and I had a six-mile walk home to my friend's house on a short winter afternoon: so, as I had expended my three hours to pretty good advantage, though of course I had not seen nearly all which a lover of Gilbert White would wish to see, I dismissed my cicerone, and, turning my back on the village, set off again up the hill to Alton. I need not carry my adventures any further, and only hope my readers will not think me an egotist if I mention the lively satisfaction with which I sat down to a well-earned dinner, and gave my entertainers the benefit, in two senses, of a thoroughly well-spent day.

T. E. KEBBEL.

Madam.

www.libtool.com.cn

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVI.

'THE mother might have managed better, Rosie—why wasn't I sent for? I'm the eldest and the heir, and I ought to have been here. Poor old papa—he would miss me, I know. He was fond of me because I was the biggest. He used to tell me things. I ought to have been sent for. Why didn't she send for me, Rosalind?'

'I have told you before, Rex. We did not know. When I went out in the afternoon he was better and all going well; and when I came back—I had only been in the park—he was dying. Oh, you should be rather glad you were not there. He took no notice of any one, and Death is terrible. I never understood what it was——'

Reginald was silent for a little. He was sufficiently awe-stricken even now by the sensation of the closed shutters and darkened house. 'That may be,' he said, in a softened voice, 'but though you did not know, she would know, Rosie. Do you think she wanted me not to be there? Russell says——'

'Don't speak to me of that woman, Rex. She killed my father——'

'Oh, come, Rosie, don't talk nonsense, you know. How could she kill him? She wanted to tell him something that apparently he ought to have known. It was *that* that killed him,' said the boy, with decision.

They were sitting together in one of the dark rooms: Reginald in the restless state of querulous and petulant unhappiness into which enforced seclusion, darkness, and the cessation of all active occupation, warp natural sorrow in the mind of a young creature full of life and movement; Rosalind in the partially soothed exhaustion of strong but simple natural feeling. When she spoke of her father the tears came; but yet already this great event was over, and her mind was besieged, by moments, with thoughts of the new life to come. There were many things to think of.

Would everything go on as before under the familiar roof, or would there be some change? And as for herself, what was to be done with her? Would they try to take her from the side of her mother and send her away among strangers? Mrs. Trevanion had retired after her husband's death to take the rest she wanted so much. For twenty-four hours no one had seen her, and Jane had not allowed even Rosalind to disturb the perfect quiet. Since then she had appeared again, but very silent and self-absorbed. She was not less affectionate to Rosalind, but seemed further away from her, as if something great and terrible divided them. When even the children were taken to their mother they were frightened and chilled by the dark room and the cap which she had put on over her beautiful hair, and were glad when the visit was over and they could escape to their nursery, where there was light, and many things to play with. Sometimes children are the most sympathetic of all living creatures; but when it is not so, they can be the most hard-hearted. In this case they were impatient of the quiet, and for a long time past had been little accustomed to be with their mother. When she took the two little ones into her arms, they resigned themselves with looks half of fright at each other, but were very glad, after they had hugged her, to slip down and steal away. Sophy, who was too old for that, paced about and turned over everything. 'Are those what are called widow's caps, mamma? Shall you always wear them all your life, like old widow Harvey, or will it only be just for a little while?' In this way Sophy made herself a comfort to her mother. The poor lady would turn her face to the wall and weep, when they hurried away, pleased to get free of her. And when Reginald came home, he had, after the first burst of childish tears, taken something of the high tone of the head of the house, resentful of not having been called in time, and disposed to resist the authority of Uncle John, who was only a younger brother. Madam had not got much comfort from her children, and between her and Rosalind there was a distance which wrung the girl's heart, but which she did not know how to surmount.

'Don't you know,' Reginald said, 'that there was something that Russell had to tell him? She will not tell me what it was; but if it was her duty to tell him, how could it be her fault?'

'As soon as mamma is well enough to think of anything, Russell must go away.'

'You are so prejudiced, Rosalind. It does not matter to me; it is a long time since I had anything to do with her,' said the

boy, who was so conscious of being the heir. 'But for the sake of the little ones I shall object to that.'

'You!' cried Rosalind, with amazement.

'You must remember,' said the boy, 'that things are changed now. The mother of course will have it all in her hands (I suppose) for a time. But it is I who am the head. And when she knows that I object——'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Reginald,' his sister cried; 'oh, how dare you speak so? What have you to do with it?—a boy at school.'

A flush came over his face. He was half ashamed of himself, yet uplifted by his new honours. 'I may be at school—and not—very old: but I am Trevanion of Highcourt now. I am the head of the family, whatever Uncle John may say.'

Rosalind looked at her young brother for some time without saying anything, with an air of surprise. She said at last with a sigh, 'You are very disappointing, Rex. I think most people are. One looks for something so different. I thought you would be sorry for mamma and think of her above everything, but it is of yourself you are thinking. Trevanion of Highcourt! I thought people had the decency to wait at least until—— Papa is in the house still,' she added, with an overflow of tears.

At this Reginald, who was not without heart, felt a sudden constriction in his throat, and his eyes filled too. 'I didn't mean,' he said, faltering, 'to forget papa.' Then after a pause, he added, 'Mamma, after all, won't be so very much cut up, Rosie. He—bullied her awfully. I wouldn't say a word, but he did, you know. And so I thought perhaps she might get over it—easier——'

To this argument what could Rosalind reply? It was not a moment to say it, yet it was true. She was confused between the claims of veracity and that most natural superstition of the heart which is wounded by any censure of the dead. She cried a little; she could not make any reply. Mrs. Trevanion did not show any sign of taking it easily. The occupation of her life was gone. That which had filled all her time and thoughts had been removed entirely from her. If love had survived in her through all that selfishness and cruelty could do to destroy it, such miracles have been known. At all events the change was one to which it was hard to adapt herself, and the difficulty, the pain, the disruption of all her habits, even perhaps the unaccustomed thrill of freedom, had such a confusing and painful effect upon her as produced all the appearances of grief. This was what Rosalind felt, wondering within herself whether, after all she had borne, her mother

[illegible] as Reginald said, a sugges-
[illegible] unaccustomed thought
[illegible] clandestine visit to the
[illegible] each in the boy's
[illegible] Rosalind longed to go
[illegible] her old place as
[illegible] passed, feeling that
[illegible] If she should pro-
[illegible] oppressed and
[illegible] never could be
[illegible] the absolute
[illegible] between them, a bar
[illegible] subjects that
[illegible] think of it, she
[illegible] looked upon as a
[illegible] indeed was only
[illegible] of sisterhood.
[illegible]

www.libtool.com.cn

had added. Mr. Blake would see none of the family, would not take luncheon, or pause for a moment after he had completed his business, but kept his dog-cart standing at the door, and hurried off as soon as ever the conference was over, which seemed to make John Trevanion's countenance still more solemn. As Reginald went out, Uncle John came into the room in which Rosalind was sitting. There was about him, too, a little querulousness, produced by the darkened windows and the atmosphere of the shut-up house.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Where is that boy?' he said, with a little impatience. 'Couldn't you keep him with you for once in a way, Rosalind? There is no keeping him still or out of mischief. I did hope that you could have exercised a little influence over him—at this moment at least.'

'I wish I knew what to do, Uncle John. Unless I amuse him I cannot do anything; and how am I to amuse him just now?'

'My dear,' said Uncle John, in the causeless irritation of the moment, 'a woman must learn to do that whether it is possible or not. Better that you should exert yourself a little than that he should drift among the grooms, and amuse himself in that way. If this was a time to philosophise, I might say that's why women in general have such hard lives, for we always expect the girls to keep the boys out of mischief, without asking how they are to do it.' When he had said this, he came and threw himself down wearily in a chair close to the little table at which Rosalind was sitting. 'Rosie,' he said, in a changed voice, 'we have got a terrible business before us. I don't know how we are to get out of it. My heart fails me when I think——'

Here his voice stopped, and he threw himself forward upon the table, leaning his elbow on it, and covering his face with his hand.

'You mean—Wednesday, Uncle John?' She put out her hand and slid it into his which rested on the table, or rather placed it, small and white, upon the brown clenched hand, with the veins standing out upon it, with which he had almost struck the table. Wednesday was the day appointed for the funeral, to which, as a matter of course, half the county was coming. She pressed her uncle's hand softly with hers. There was a faint movement of surprise in her mind that he, so strong, so capable of everything that had to be done, should feel it so.

He gave a groan. 'Of what comes after,' he said. 'I can't tell you what a terrible thing we have to do. God help that poor

woman. God forgive her if she has done wrong, for she has a cruel punishment to bear.'

'Mamma?' cried Rosalind, with blanched lips.

He made no distinct reply, but sat there silent, with a sort of despair in the pose of every limb. 'God knows what we are all to do,' he said, 'for it will affect us all. You, poor child; you will have to judge for yourself. I don't mean to say or suggest anything. You will have to show what mettle is in you, Rosalind; you as well as the rest.'

'What is this terrible thing?' said Rosalind. 'Oh, Uncle John, can't you tell me? You make me wretched; I fancy I don't know what.'

John Trevanion raised himself from the table. His face was quite colourless. 'Nothing that you can fear will be so bad as the reality,' he said. 'I cannot tell you now. It would be wrong to say anything till she knows; but I am as weak as a child, Rosie. I want your hand to help me; poor little thing, there is not much strength in it. That hour with old Blake this morning has been too much both for him and me.'

'Is it something in the will?' cried Rosalind, almost in a whisper. He gave a little nod of assent; and got up and began to pace about the room, as if he had lost power to control himself.

'Charley Blake will not show. He is ashamed of his share in it: but I suppose he could do nothing. It has made him ill, the father says. There's something—in Dante, is it?—about men being possessed by an evil spirit after their real soul is gone. I wonder if that is true. It would almost be a sort of relief to believe——'

'Uncle John, you are not speaking of my father?——'

'Don't ask any questions, Rosalind. Haven't I told you I can't answer you? The fact is, I am distracted with one thing and another, all the business coming upon me, and I can't tell what I am saying. Where is that boy?'

'I think he has gone to the stables, Uncle John. It is hard upon him, being always used to the open air. He doesn't know what to do. There is nothing to amuse him.'

'Oh, to be sure, it is necessary that his young lordship should be amused,' cried John, with something like a snarl of disgust. 'Can't you manage to keep him in the house at least, with your feminine influence that we hear so much of? Better anywhere than among those grooms, hearing tales perhaps—Rosie, forgive me,' he cried, coming up to her suddenly, stooping over her and kissing her, 'if I snap and snarl even at you, my dear; but I am altogether distracted, and don't know what I am saying or doing.

Only, for God's sake, dance or sing, or play cards, or anything, it does not matter what you do—it will be a pious office; only keep him indoors, where he will hear no gossip; that would be the last aggravation—or go and take him out for a walk, it will be better for you both to get into the fresh air.'

www.libtool.com.cn

CHAPTER XVII.

Thus a whole week of darkness and depression passed away.

Mr. Trevanion was a great personage in the county. It was fit that all honour should be done him. All the greatest persons in the neighbourhood had to be convened to conduct him in due state to his other dwelling among the marbles of the mausoleum which his fathers had built. It had been necessary to arrange a day that would suit everybody, so that nothing should be subtracted from this concluding grandeur; and accordingly Highcourt remained, so to speak, in its suit of sables, with blinds drawn down and shutters closed as if darkness had veiled this part of the earth. And indeed, as it was the end of November, the face of the sky was dim with clouds, and heavy mists gathered over the trees, adding a deeper gloom to the shut-up house within. Life seemed to be congealed in the silent rooms, except when broken by such an outburst of impassioned feeling as that which John Trevanion had betrayed to Rosalind. Perhaps this relieved him a little, but it put a burden of vague misery upon her which her youth was quite unequal to bear. She awaited the funeral with feverish excitement, and a terror to which she could give no form.

The servants in a house are the only gainers on such an occasion: they derive a kind of pleasure from such a crisis of family fate. Blinds are not necessarily drawn down in the housekeeper's room, and the servants' hall is exempt from those heavier decorums which add a gloom abovestairs; and there is a great deal to talk about in the tragedy that is past and in the new arrangements that are to come, while all the details of a grand funeral give more gratification to the humbler members of the family, whose hearts are little affected, than they can be expected to do to those more immediately concerned. There was a stir of sombre pleasure throughout the house in preparation for the great ceremony which was being talked of over all the county: though Dorrington and his subordinates bore countenances more solemn than it is possible to portray, even that solemnity was part of the gloomy festival, and the current of life below was quickened by the many comers and goers

whose office it was to provide everything that could show 'respect' to the dead. Undertakers are not cheerful persons to think of, but they brought with them a great deal of commotion which was far from disagreeable, much eating and drinking and additional activity everywhere. New mourning liveries, dresses for the maids, a flutter of newness and general acquisition lightened the bustle that was attendant upon the greater event. Why should some score of people mourn because one man of bad temper, seen perhaps once or twice a day by the majority, by some never seen at all, had been removed from the midst of them? It was not possible; and as everything that is out of the way is more or less a pleasure to unembarrassed minds, there was a thrill of subdued satisfaction, excitement, and general complacency, forming an unfit yet not unnatural background to the gloom and anxiety above. The family assembled at their sombre meals, where there was little conversation kept up, and then dispersed to their rooms, to such occupations as they could find, conversation seeming impossible. In any case a party at table must either be cheerful—which could not be looked for—or be silent, for such conversation as is natural while still the father lies dead in the house is not to be maintained by a mixed company around a common meal.

The doctor, who of course was one of the party, did his best to introduce a little variety into the monotonous meetings, but John Trevanion's sombre countenance at the foot of the table was enough to have silenced any man, even had not the silence of Mrs. Trevanion and the tendency of Rosalind to sudden tears, been enough to keep him in check. Dr. Beaton, however, was Reginald's only comfort. They kept up a running talk, which perhaps even to the others was grateful as covering the general gloom. Reginald had been much subdued by hearing that he was to return to school as soon as the funeral was over. He had found very little sympathy with his claims anywhere, and he was very glad to fall back upon the doctor. Indeed if Highcourt was to be so dull as this, Rex could not but think school was far better. 'Of course I never meant,' he said to his sister, 'to give up school—a fellow can't do that. It looks as if he had been sent away. And now there's those tiresome examinations for everything, even the Guards.'

'We shall be very dull for a long time,' said Rosalind. 'How could it be possible otherwise? But you will cheer us up when you come home for the holidays; and oh, Rex, you must always stand by mamma!'

'By mamma! Rex said with some surprise. Why she will be very well off—better off than any of us.' He had not any chivalrous feeling about his mother. Such a feeling we all think should spring up spontaneously in a boy's bosom, especially if he has seen his mother ill-used and oppressed; but as a matter of fact this assumption is by no means to be depended on. A boy is at least as likely to copy a father who rails against women, and against the one woman in particular who is his wife, as to follow a vague general rule, which he has never seen put in practice, of respect and tender reverence for woman. Reginald had known his mother as the doer of everything, the endurer of everything. He had never heard that she had any weakness to be considered, and had never contemplated the idea that she should be put upon a pedestal and worshipped; and if he did not hit by insight of nature upon some happy medium between the two, it was not perhaps his fault. In the meantime, at all events, no sentiment on the subject inspired his boyish bosom.

www.libtool.com.cn

Mrs. Trevanion, as these days went on, resumed gradually her former habits, so far as was possible in view of the fact that all her married life had been devoted to her husband's service, and that she had dropped one by one every pursuit that separated her from him. The day before the funeral she came into the little morning room in which Rosalind was sitting, and drew a chair to the fire. 'I had almost forgotten the existence of this room,' she said. 'So many things have dropped away from me. I forget what I used to do. What used I to do, Rosalind, before——'

She looked up with a pitiful smile. And indeed it seemed to both of them as if they had not sat quietly together, undisturbed, for years.

'You have always done—everything for everybody—as long as I can remember,' said Rosalind, with tender enthusiasm.

She shook her head. 'I don't think it has come to much use. I have been thinking over my life, over and over, these few days. It has not been very successful, Rosalind. Something has always spoiled my best efforts. I wonder if other people feel the same? Not you, my dear, you know nothing about it: you must not answer with your protestations. Looking back, I can see how it has always failed somehow. It is a curious thing to stand still, so living as I am, and look back upon my life, and sum it up as if it were past.'

'It is because a chapter of it is past,' said Rosalind. 'Oh, mamma, I do not wonder! And you have stood at your post till the last moment; no wonder you feel as if everything were over.'

'Yes, I stood at my post: but perhaps another kind of woman would have soothed him when I irritated him. Your father—was not kind to me, Rosalind——'

The girl rose and put her arms round Mrs. Trevanion's neck and kissed her. 'No, mother,' she said.

www.libtool.com.cn

'He was not kind. And yet, now that he has gone out of my life I feel as if nothing was left. People will think me a hypocrite. They will say I am glad to be free. But it is not so, Rosalind, remember: man and wife, even when they wound each other every day, cannot be nothing to each other. My occupation is gone—I feel like a wreck cast upon the shore.'

'Mother! how can you say that when we are all here, your children, who can do nothing without you?'

'My children—which children?' she said, with a wildness in her eyes as if she did not know what she was saying; and then she returned to her metaphor like one thinking aloud; 'like a wreck —that perhaps a fierce high sea may seize again, a high tide, and drag out upon the waves once more. I wonder if I could beat and buffet those waves again as I used to do, and fight for my life——'

'Oh, mother, how could that ever be?—there is no sea here.'

'No, no sea—one gets figurative when one is in great trouble—what your father used to call theatrical, Rosalind. He said very sharp things—oh, things that cut like a knife. But I was not without fault any more than he; there is one matter in which I have not kept faith with him. I should like to tell you, to see what you think. I did not quite keep faith with him. I made him a promise, and—I did not keep it. He had some reason, though he did not know it, in all the angry things he said.'

Rosalind did not know what to reply; her heart beat high with expectation. She took her stepmother's hand between hers, and waited, her very ears tingling, for the next word.

'I have had no success in that,' Mrs. Trevanion said, in the same dreary way, 'in that no more than the rest. I have not done well with anything; except,' she said, looking up with a faint smile, and brightening of her countenance, 'you, Rosalind, my own dear, who are none of mine.'

'I am all of yours, mother,' cried the girl; 'don't disown me, for I shall always claim you—always. You are all the mother I have ever known.'

Then they held each other close for a moment, clinging to each other. Could grief have appeared more natural? the wife and daughter, in their deep mourning, comforting each other,

taking a little courage from their union: yet how many strange unknown elements were involved. But Mrs. Trevanion said no more of the confidence she had seemed on the point of giving. She rose shortly after and went away, saying she was restless and could not do anything, or even stay still in one place. 'I walk about my room and frighten Jane, but that is all I can do.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Stay here, mamma, with me, and walk about, or do what you please. I understand you better than Jane.'

Mrs. Trevanion shook her head,—but whether it was to contradict that last assertion or merely because she could not remain, it was impossible to say. 'To-morrow,' she said, 'will be the end, and, perhaps, the beginning. I feel as if all would be over to-morrow. After that, Rosalind——'

She went away with the words on her lips. 'After to-morrow.' And to Rosalind, too, it seemed as if her powers of endurance were nearly ended, and to-morrow would fill up the sum. But then, what was that further mysterious trouble which Uncle John feared?

Mrs. Trevanion appeared again to dinner, which was a very brief meal, but retired immediately; and the house was full of preparation for to-morrow—every one having or seeming to have something to do. Rosalind was left alone. She could not go and sit in the great vacant drawing-room, all dimly lighted, and looking as if some party of the dead might be gathered about the vacant hearth, or in the hall, where now and then some one of the busy nameless train of to-morrow's ceremony would steal past. And it was too early to go to bed. She wrapt herself in a great shawl, and opening the glass door stole out into the night. The sweeping of the chill night air, the rustle of the trees, the stars twinkling overhead, gave more companionship than the silence and gloom within. She stood outside on the broad steps leaning against one of the pillars, till she got chilled through and through, and began to think, with a kind of pleasure, of the glow of the fire.

But as she turned to go in, a great and terrible shock awaited her. She had just come away from the pillar which altogether obliterated her slight dark figure in its shadow and gave her a sort of invisibility, when the glass door opened at a touch, and some one else came out. They met face to face in the darkness. Rosalind uttered a stifled cry; the other only by a pant of quickened breathing acknowledged the alarm. She was gliding past noiselessly, when Rosalind, with sudden courage, caught her by the cloak in which she was wrapped from head to foot. 'Oh,

not to-night, oh, not to-night!' she said, with a voice of anguish; 'for God's sake, mother, mother, not to-night!'

There was a pause, and no reply but the quick breathing, as if the passer-by had some hope of concealing herself. But then Madam spoke in a low hurried tone. 'I must go; I must! but not for any pleasure of mine!'

www.libtool.com.cn

Rosalind clung to her cloak with a kind of desperation. 'Another time,' she said, 'but not, oh, not to-night.'

'Let me go. God bless my dear. I cannot help it. I do only what I must. Rosalind, let me go,' she said.

And next moment the dark figure glided swiftly, mysteriously among the bushes towards the park. Rosalind came in with despair in her heart. It seemed to her that nothing more was left to expect or hope for. Her mother, the mistress of this sad house, the wife of the dead who still lay there awaiting his burial. At no other moment perhaps would the discovery have come upon her with such a pang; and yet at any moment what could it be but misery? Jane was watching furtively on the stairs to see that her mistress's exit had been unnoticed. She was in the secret, the confidant, the —— But Rosalind's young soul knew no words; her heart seemed to die within her. She could do or hope no more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

All was dark; the stars twinkling ineffectually in the sky, so far off, like spectators merely, or distant sentinels, not helpers; the trees in all their winter nakedness rustling overhead, interrupting the vision of these watchers; the grass soaked with rain, and the heavy breath of winter, slipping below the hurrying feet. There was no sound, but only a sense of movement in the night as she passed. The most eager gaze could scarcely have made out what it was—a shadow, the flitting of a cloud, a thrill of motion among the dark shrubs and bushes, as if a faint breeze had got up suddenly and was blowing by. At that hour there was very little chance of meeting anybody in those damp and melancholy glades, but the passenger avoided all open spaces until she had got to some distance from the house. Even then as she hurried across her muffled figure was quite unrecognisable. It was enough to raise a popular belief that the park was haunted, but no more. She went on till she came to a thick copse about half-way between the house and the village. Then another figure

made a step out of the thick cover to receive her, and the two together withdrew entirely into its shade.

What was said there, what passed, no one, even though skirting the copse closely, could have told. The whisperers, hidden in its shade, were not without an alarm from time to time: for the path to the village was not far off, and sometimes a messenger from the house would pass at a distance whistling to keep his courage up, or talking loudly if there were two, for the place was supposed to be ghostly. On this occasion the faint movement among the bare branches would stop, and all be as still as death. Then a faint thrill of sound, of human breathing returned. The conversation was rapid. 'At last!' the other said; 'do you know I have waited here for hours these last nights?'

'You knew it was impossible. How could I leave the house in such circumstances? Even now I have outraged decency by coming. I have gone against nature——'

'Not for the first time,' was the answer, with a faint laugh.

'If so, you should be the last to reproach me—for it was for you.

'Ah, for me! that is one way of putting it. Like all those spurious sacrifices if one examined a little deeper—— You have had the best of it anyhow.'

'All this,' she said with a tone of despair, 'has been said so often before. It was not for this you insisted on my coming. What is it? Tell me quickly, and let me go before I am found out. Found out! I am found out already. I dare not ask myself what they think.'

'Whatever they think you may be sure it is not the truth. Nobody could guess at the truth. It is too unnatural, that I should be lurking here in wretchedness, and you——'

'But you are comfortable,' she said quickly. 'Jane told me——'

'Comfortable according to Jane's ideas, which are different from mine. What I want is to know what you are going to do; what is to become of me? Will you do me justice now, at last?'

'Oh, Edmund, what justice have you made possible? What can I do but implore you to go? Are not you in danger every day?'

'Less here than anywhere; though I understand there have been inquiries made; the constable in the village shows a degree of interest——'

'Edmund,' she cried, seizing him by the arm, 'for God's sake, go.'

'And not bring shame upon you, Madam? Why should I mind? If I have gone wrong, whose fault is it? You must take

that responsibility one time or other. And now that you are free——'

'I cannot defy the law,' she said with a miserable moan. 'I can't deliver you from what you have done. God knows, though it had been to choose between you and everything else, I would have done you justice, as you say, as soon as it was possible. But to what use now? It would only direct attention to you—bring the ——' She shuddered, and said no more.

'The police, you mean,' he replied with a careless laugh. 'And no great harm either, except to you; for of course all my antecedents would be published. But there are such things as disguises, and I am clever at a make-up. You might receive me, and no one would be the wiser. The cost of a new outfit, a new name—you might choose me a nice one. Of all places in the world, a gentleman's house in the country is the last where they would look for me. And then if there was any danger you could swear I was——'

'Oh, Edmund, Edmund, spare me! I cannot do this—to live in a deception under my children's eyes.'

'Your children's eyes!' he said, and laughed. The keen derision of his tone went to her very heart.

'I am used to hear everything said to me that can be said to a woman,' she said quickly, 'and if there was anything wanting you make it up. I have had full measure, heaped up and running over. But there is no time for argument now. All that might have been possible in other circumstances; now there is no safety for you but in getting away. You know this, surely, as well as I do. The anxiety you have kept me in it is impossible to tell. I have been calmer since he is gone: it matters less. But for your own sake ——'

The other voice said, with a change of tone, 'I am lost anyhow. I shall do nothing for my own sake——'

'Oh, Edmund, Edmund, do not break my heart—at your age! If you will only set your mind to better ways, everything can be put right again. As soon as I know you are safe I will take it all in hand. I have not been able hitherto, and now I am afraid to direct observation upon you. But only go away; let me know you are safe: and you have my promise I will pay anything, whatever they ask.'

'Misprision of felony! They won't do that; they know better. If there is any paying,' he said, with his careless laugh, 'it had much better be to me.'

'You shall be provided,' she said breathlessly, 'if you will only think of your own safety and go away.'

'Are you sure, then, of having come into your fortune? Has the old fellow shown so much confidence in you? All the better for me. Your generosity in that way will always be fully appreciated. But I would not trouble about Liverpool; they're used to such losses. It does them no harm, only makes up for the salaries they ought to pay their clerks, and don't.'

'Don't speak so lightly, Edmund. You cannot feel it. To make up to those you have—injured——'

'Robbed, if you like, but not injured. That's quite another matter. I don't care a straw for this part of the business. But money,' he said, 'money is always welcome here.'

A sigh which was almost a moan forced itself from her breast. 'You shall have what you want,' she said. 'But, Edmund, for God's sake, if you care either for yourself or me, go away.'

'You would do a great deal better to introduce me here. It would be safer than Spain. And leave it to me to make my way. A good name—you can take one out of the first novel that turns up—and a few good suits of clothes. I might be a long-lost relative come to console you in your distress. That would suit me admirably. I much prefer it to going away. You should see how well I would fill the post of comforter——'

'Don't!' she cried; 'don't!' holding out her hands in an appeal for mercy.

'Why?' he said, 'it is far the most feasible way, and the safest, if you would but think. Who would look for an absconded clerk at Highcourt, in the midst of family mourning and all the rest of it? And I have views of my own—— Come, think it over. In former times I allow it would have been impossible, but now you are free.'

'I will not,' she said, suddenly raising her head. 'I have done much, but there are some things that are too much. Understand me, I will not. In no conceivable circumstances, whatever may happen. Rather will I leave you to your fate.'

'What!' he said, 'and bring shame and ruin on yourself?'

'I do not care. I am desperate. Much, much would I do to make up for my neglect of you, if you can call it neglect; but not this. Listen! I will not do it. It is not to be mentioned again. I will make any sacrifice, except of truth—except of truth!'

'Of truth!' he said, with a sneer; but then was silent, evidently convinced by her tone. He added, after a time, 'It is all

your fault. What was to be expected? I have never had a chance. It is just that you should bear the brunt, for it is your fault.'

'I acknowledge it,' she said; 'I have failed in everything; and whatever I can do to atone I will do it. Edmund, oh listen! Go away. You are not safe here. You risk everything, even my power to help you. You must go, you must go,' she added, seizing him firmly by the arm in her vehemence; 'there is no alternative. You shall have money, but go, go! Promise me that you will go.'

'If you use force——' he said, freeing himself roughly from her grasp.

'Force? what force have I against you?—It is you who force me to come here and risk everything. If I am discovered, God help me, on the eve of my husband's funeral, how am I to have the means of doing anything for you? You will understand that. You shall have the money: but promise me to go.'

'You are very vehement,' he said. Then after another pause, 'That is strong, I allow. Bring me the money to-morrow night, and we shall see.'

'I will send Jane.'

'I don't want Jane. Bring it yourself, or there is not another word to be said.'

Mrs. Trevanion got back, as she thought, unseen to the house. There was nobody in the hall when she opened noiselessly the glass door, and flung down the cloak she had worn among the wraps that were always there. She went upstairs with her usual stately step; but when she had safely reached the shelter of her own room, she fell into the arms of the anxious Jane, who had been waiting in miserable suspense, fearing discovery in every sound. She did not faint. Nerves strong and highly braced to all conclusions, and a brain yet more vigorous, still kept her vitality unimpaired, and no merciful cloud came over her mind to soften what she had to bear: there are some to whom unconsciousness is a thing never accorded—scarcely even in sleep. But for a moment she lay upon the shoulder of her faithful servant, getting some strength from the contact of heart with heart. Jane knew everything; she required no explanation. She held her mistress close, supporting her in arms that had never failed her, giving the strength of two to the one who was in deadly peril. After a time Mrs. Trevanion roused herself. She sat down shivering in the chair which Jane placed for her before the fire. Warmth has a soothing effect upon misery. There was a sort of restoration in it and possibility of calm. She told all that had passed to the

faithful woman who had stood by her in all the passages of her life—her confidant, her go-between: other and worse names, if worse can be, had been ere now expended upon Jane.

'Once more,' Madam said, with a long sigh, 'once more; and then it is to be over, or so he says at least. On the night of my husband's funeral day; on the night before—— What could any one think of me, if it were known? And how can I tell that it is not known?'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Oh, dear Madam, let us hope for the best,' said Jane. 'Besides, who has any right to find fault now? Whatever you choose to do, you have a right to do it. The only one that had any right to complain——'

'And the only one,' said Mrs. Trevanion, with sudden energy, 'who had no right to complain.' Then she sank back again into her chair. 'I care nothing for other people,' she said; 'it is myself. I feel the misery of it in myself. This night, of all others, to expose myself—and to-morrow. I think my punishment is more than any woman should have to bear.'

'Oh, Madam, do not think of it as a punishment.'

'As what, then—a duty? But one implies the other. God help us. If I could but hope that after this all would be over, at least for the time. I have always been afraid of to-morrow; I cannot tell why. Not because of the grave and the ceremony: but with a kind of dread as if there was something in it unforeseen, something new. Perhaps it is this last meeting which has been weighing upon me—this last meeting, which will be a parting, too, perhaps for ever——'

She paused for a moment, and then burst forth into tears. 'I ought to be thankful. That is the only thing to be desired. But when I think of all that might have been, and of what is—of my life all gone between the one who has been my tyrant, and the other—the other against whom I have sinned. And that one has died in anger, and the other—oh, the other!'

It was to Jane's faithful bosom that she turned again to stifle the sobs which would not be restrained. Jane stood supporting her, weeping silently, patting with pathetic helplessness her mistress's shoulder. 'Oh, Madam,' she said, 'who can tell? his heart may be touched at the last.'

CHAPTER XIX.

NEXT day there was a great concourse of people at Highcourt, disturbing the echoes which had lain so silent during that week of

gloom. Carriages with the finest blazons, quartered and coronetted, men of the greatest importance, peers, and those commoners who hold their heads higher than any recent peers, M.P.'s, the lord lieutenant and his deputy, everything that was noted and eminent in those parts. The procession was endless, sweeping through the park towards the fine old thirteenth-century church, which made the village notable, and in which the Trevanion chantry, though a century later in date, was the finest part; though the dark opening in the vault, canopied over with fine sculptured work, and all that pious art could do to make the last resting-place beautiful, opened, black as any common grave, for the passage of the departed. There was an unusual band of clergy gathered in their white robes to do honour to the man who had given half of them their livings, and all the villagers, and various visitors from the neighbouring town, shopkeepers who had rejoiced in his patronage, and small gentry to whom Madam had given brevet rank by occasional notice. Before the procession approached, a little group of ladies, in crape from head to foot and closely veiled, were led in by the curate reverently through a side door. A murmur ran through the gathering crowd that it was Madam herself who walked first, with her head bowed, not seeing or desiring the curate's anxiously offered arm. The village had heard a rumour of trouble at the great house, and something about Madam, which had made the elders shake their heads, and remind each other that she was a foreigner and not of these parts, which accounted for anything that might be wrong; while the strangers who had also heard that there was a something, craned their necks to see her through the old ironwork of the chancel screen, behind which the ladies were introduced. Many people paused in the midst of the service, and dropped their prayer-books to gaze again, and wonder what she was thinking now, if she had indeed, as people said, been guilty. How must she feel when she heard the deep tones of the priest, and the organ pealing out its Amens. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Had he forgiven her before he died? Was she broken down with remorse and shame, or was she rejoicing in her heart, behind her crape veil, in her freedom? It must not be supposed, because of this general curiosity, that Madam Trevanion had lost her place in the world, or would not have the cards of the county showered upon her with inquiries after her health from all quarters; but only that there was 'a something' which gave piquancy, such as does not usually belong to such a melancholy ceremonial,

to the great function of the day. The most of the audience, in fact, sympathised entirely with Madam, and made remarks as to the character of the man so imposingly ushered into the realm of the dead, which did not fit in well with the funeral service. There were many who scoffed at the hymn which was sung by the choirs of the adjacent parishes, all in the late Mr. Trevanion's gift, and which was very, perhaps unduly, favourable to the 'dear saint' thus tenderly dismissed. He had not been a dear saint; perhaps, in such a case, the well-known deprecation of *trop de zèle* is specially appropriate. It made the scoffer blaspheme to hear so many beautiful qualities attributed to Mr. Trevanion. But perhaps it is best to err on the side of kindness. It was, at all events, a grand funeral. No man could have desired more.

The third lady who accompanied Mrs. Trevanion and her daughter was the Aunt Sophy to whom there had been some question of sending Rosalind. She was the only surviving sister of Mr. Trevanion, Mrs. Lennox, a wealthy widow, without any children, to whom the Highcourt family were especially dear. She was the softest and most goodnatured person who had ever borne the name of Trevanion. It was supposed to be from her mother, whom the Trevanions in general had worried into her grave at a very early age, that Aunt Sophy got a character so unlike the rest of the family. But worrying had not been successful in the daughter's case; or perhaps it was her early escape by her marriage that saved her. She was so apt to agree with the last person who spoke, that her opinion was not prized as it might have been by her connections generally; but everybody was confident in her kindness. She had arrived only the morning of the funeral, having come from the sick-bed of a friend whom she was nursing, and to whom she considered it very necessary that she should get back; but it was quite possible that, being persuaded her sister-in-law or Rosalind had more need of her, she might remain at Highcourt, notwithstanding that it was so indispensable that she should leave that afternoon, for the rest of the year.

The shutters had been all opened, the blinds raised, the windows let in the light, the great doors stood wide when they came back. The house was no longer the house of the dead, but the house of the living. In Mr. Trevanion's room, that chamber of state, the curtains were all pulled down already, the furniture turned topsy turvy, the housemaids in possession. In proportion as the solemnity of the former mood had been, so was the anxiety

now to clear away everything that belonged to death. The children in their black frocks came to meet their mother, half reluctant, half eager. The incident of papa's death was worn out to them long ago, and they were anxious to be released, and to see something new. Here Aunt Sophy was of the greatest assistance. She cried over them, and smiled, and admired their new dresses, and cried again, and bade them be good and not spoil their clothes, and be a comfort to their dear mamma. The ladies kept together in the little morning room till everybody was gone. It was very quiet there, out of the bustle; and they had been told that there was no need for their presence in the library where the gentlemen were, John Trevanion with the Messrs. Blake. There was no need, indeed, for any formal reading of the will. There could be little uncertainty about a man's will whose estates were entailed, and who had a young family to provide for. Nobody had any doubt that he would deal justly with his children, and the will was quite safe in the hands of the executors. Refreshments were taken to them in the library, and the ladies shared the children's simple dinner. It was all very serious, very quiet, but there could be no doubt that the weight and oppression were partially withdrawn.

The short afternoon had begun to darken, and Aunt Sophy had already asked if it were not nearly time for tea, when Dorrington, the butler, knocked at the door, and with a very solemn countenance delivered 'Mr. John Trevanion's compliments, and would Madam be so good as step into the library for a few minutes?'

The few minutes were Dorrington's addition. The look of the gentlemen seated at the table close together like criminals awaiting execution, and fearing that every moment would bring the headsman, had alarmed Dorrington. He was favourable to his mistress on the whole; and he thought this summons meant something. So unconsciously he softened his message. A few minutes had a reassuring sound. They all looked up at him as the message was given.

'They will want to consult you about something,' said Aunt Sophy; 'you have managed everything for so long. He said only a few minutes. Make haste, dear, and we will wait for you for tea.'

'Shall I go with you, mamma?' said Rosalind, rising and following to the door.

Mrs. Trevanion hesitated for a moment. 'Why should I be so foolish?' she said, with a faint smile. 'I would say yes, come; but that it is too silly.'

'I will come, mamma.'

'No; it is absolute folly. As if I were a novice! Make your aunt comfortable, dear, and don't let her wait for me.' She was going away, when something in Rosalind's face attracted her notice. The girl's eyes were intent upon her with a pity and terror in them that was indescribable. Mrs. Trevanion made a step back again and kissed her. 'You must not be frightened, Rosalind. There can be nothing bad enough for that; but don't let your aunt wait,' she said; and closing the door quickly behind her she left the peaceful protection of the women with whom she was safe, and went to meet her fate.

www.libtool.com.cn

The library was naturally a dark room, heavy with books, with solemn curtains and sad-coloured furniture. The three large windows were like shaded lines of vertical light in the breadth of the gloom. On the table some candles had been lighted, and flared with a sort of wild waving when the door was opened. Lighted up by them, against the dark background, were the pale faces of John Trevanion and old Mr. Blake. Both had a look of agitation and even alarm, as if they were afraid of her. Behind them, only half visible, was the doctor, leaning against a corner of the mantelpiece, with his face hidden by his hand. John Trevanion rose without a word, and placed a chair for his sister-in-law close to where they sat. He drew nearer to his colleague when he sat down again, as if for protection, which, however, Mr. Blake, a most respectable unheroic person, with his countenance like ashes, and looking as if he had seen a ghost, was very little qualified to give.

'My dear Grace,' said John, clearing his voice, which trembled, 'we have taken the liberty to ask you to come here, instead of going to you.'

'I am very glad to come if you want me, John,' she said simply, with a frankness and ease which confused them more and more.

'Because,' he went on, clearing his throat again, endeavouring to control his voice, 'because we have something—very painful to say.'

'Very painful; more painful than anything I ever had to do with in all my life,' Mr. Blake added, in a husky voice.

She looked from one to another, questioning their faces, though neither of them would meet her eyes. The bitterness of death had passed from Mrs. Trevanion's mind. The presentiment that had hung so heavily about her had blown away like a cloud. Sitting by the fire in the innocent company of Sophy, with Rosalind by her, the darkness had seemed to roll together and pass away. But when she looked from one of these men to the other, it came back and enveloped her like a shroud.

She said 'Yes?' quickly, her breath failing, and looked at them, who could not meet her eyes.

'It is so,' said John. 'We must not mince our words. Whatever may have passed between you two, whatever he may have heard or found out, we can say nothing less than that it is most unjust and cruel.'

www.libtool.com.cn

'Savage, barbarous! I should never have thought it. I should have refused to do it,' his colleague cried, in his high-pitched voice.

'But we have no alternative. We must carry his will out, and we are bound to let you know without delay.'

'This delay is already too much,' she said hurriedly. 'Is it something in my husband's will? Why try to frighten me? Tell me at once.'

'God knows we are not trying to frighten you. Nothing so terrible could occur to your mind or anyone's, Grace,' said John Trevanion, with a nervous quivering of his voice. 'The executioner used to ask pardon of those he was about to—— I think I am going to give you your sentence of death.'

'Then I give you—my pardon—freely. What is it? Do not torture me any longer,' she said.

He thrust away his chair from the table, and covered his face with his hands. 'Tell her, Blake; I cannot,' he cried.

Then there ensued a silence like death. No one seemed to breathe: when suddenly the high-pitched shrill voice of the old lawyer came out like something visible, mingled with the flaring of the candles and the darkness all around.

'I will spare you the legal language,' said Mr. Blake. 'It is this. The children are all provided for, as is natural and fit, but with this proviso—that their mother shall be at once and entirely separated from them. If Mrs. Trevanion remains with them, or takes any one of them to be with her, they are totally disinherited, and their money is left to various hospitals and charities. Either Mrs. Trevanion must leave them at once, and give up all communication with them, or they lose everything That is in brief what we have to say.'

She sat listening without changing her position, with a dimness of confusion and amaze coming over her clear gaze. The intimation was so bewildering, so astounding, that her faculties failed to grasp it. Then she said: 'To leave them—my children? To be separated from my children?' with a shrill tone of inquiry, rising into a sort of breathless cry.

John Trevanion took his hands from his face, and looked at

her with a look which brought more certainty than words. The old lawyer clasped his hands upon the papers before him, without lifting his eyes, and mournfully nodded again and again his grey head. But she waited for an answer. She could not let herself believe it. 'It is not *that?* My head is going round. I don't understand the meaning of words. It is not *that?*'

www.libtool.com.cn

And then she rose up suddenly to her feet, clasping her hands together, and cried out, 'My God!' The men rose too, as with one impulse; and John Trevanion called out loudly to the doctor, who hurried to her. She put them away with a motion of her hands. 'The doctor? What can the doctor do for me?' she cried with the scorn of despair. 'Go, go, go! I need no support.' The men had come close to her on either side, with that confused idea that the victim must faint or fall, or sustain some physical convulsion, which men naturally entertain in respect to a woman. She made a motion, as if to keep them away, with her arms, and stood there in the midst, her pale face with the white surroundings of her distinctive dress, clearly defined against the other dusk and troubled countenances. They thought the moments of suspense endless, but to her they were imperceptible. Not all the wisest counsellors in the world could have helped her in that effort of desperation which her lonely soul was making to understand. There was so much that no one knew but herself. Her mind went through all the details of a history unthought of. She had to put together and follow the thread of events, and gather up a hundred indications which now came all flashing about her like marsh-lights, leading her swift thoughts here and there, through the hitherto undivined workings of her husband's mind, and ripening of fate. Thus it was that she came slowly to perceive what it meant, and all that it meant, which nature even when perceiving the sense of the words had refused to believe. When she spoke they all started with a sort of panic and individual alarm, as if something might be coming which would be too terrible to listen to. But what she said had a strange composure, which was a relief, yet almost a horror to them. 'Will you tell me,' she asked, 'exactly what it is, again?'

Old Mr. Blake sat down again at the table, fumbled for his spectacles, unfolded his papers. Meanwhile she stood and waited with the others behind her, and listened without moving while he read, this time in its legal phraseology, the terrible sentence. She drew a long breath when it was over. This time there was no amaze or confusion. The words were like fire in her brain.

'Now I begin to understand. I suppose,' she said, 'that there is nothing but public resistance, and perhaps bringing it before a court of law, that could annul *that?* Oh, do not fear. I will not try; but is that the only way?'

The old lawyer shook his head. 'Not even that. He had the right: and though he has used it as no man should have used it, still it is done, and cannot be undone.'

www.fbtool.com.cn

'Then there is no help for me,' she said. She was perfectly quiet, without a tear, or sob, or struggle. 'No help for me,' she repeated, with a wan little smile about her mouth. 'After seventeen years! He had the right, do you say? Oh, how strange a right! when I have been his wife for seventeen years.' Then she added, 'Is it stipulated when I am to go? Is there any time given to prepare? And have you told my boy?'

'Not a word has been said, Grace—to no one,' John Trevanion said.

'Ah, I did not think of that. What is he to be told? A boy of that age. He will think his mother is—— John, God help me! What will you say to my boy?'

'God help us all,' cried the strong man, entirely overcome. 'Grace, I do not know.'

'The others are too young,' she said; 'and Rosalind. Rosalind will trust me; but Rex—it will be better to tell him the simple truth, that it is his father's will—and perhaps when he is a man he will understand.' She said this with a steady voice, like some queen making her last dispositions in full health and force before her execution—living yet dying. Then there ensued another silence, which no one ventured to break, during which the doomed woman went back into her separate world of thought. She recovered herself after a moment, and looking round, with once more that faint smile, asked, 'Is there anything else I ought to hear?'

'There is this, Mrs. Trevanion,' said old Blake. 'One thing is just among so much—— What was settled on you is untouched. You have a right to——'

She threw her head high with an indignant motion, and turned away; but after she had made a few steps towards the door, paused and came back. 'Look,' she said, 'you gentlemen; here is something that is beyond you, which a woman has to bear. I must accept this humiliation, too. I cannot dig, and to beg I am ashamed.' She looked at them with a bitter dew in her eyes, not tears. 'I must take his money and be thankful. God help me!' she said.

CHAPTER XX.

www.fbtool.com.cn

MRS. TREVANION appeared at dinner as usual, coming into the drawing-room at the last moment, to the great surprise of the gentlemen, who stared and started as if at a ghost as she came in, their concealed alarm and astonishment forming a strange contrast to the absolute calm of Mrs. Lennox, the slight, boyish impatience of Reginald at being kept waiting for dinner, and the evident relief of Rosalind, who had been questioning them all with anxious eyes. Madam was very pale; but she smiled and made a brief apology. She took old Mr. Blake's arm to go in to dinner, who, though he was a man who had seen a great deal in his life, shook 'like as a leaf,' he said afterwards; but her arm was as steady as a rock, and supported him. The doctor said to her under his breath as they sat down, 'You are doing too much. Remember, endurance is not boundless.' 'Is it not?' she said aloud, looking at him with a smile. He was a man of composed and robust mind, but he ate no dinner that day. The dinner was indeed a farce for most of the company. Aunt Sophy, indeed, though with a shake of her head, and a sighing remark now and then, took full advantage of her meal, and Reginald cleared off everything that was set before him with the facility of his age; but the others made such attempts as they could to deceive the calm but keen penetration of Dorrington, who saw through all their pretences, and having served many meals in many houses after a funeral, knew that 'something' must be 'up,' more than Mr. Trevanion's death, to account for the absence of appetite. There was not much conversation either. Aunt Sophy, indeed, to the relief of everyone, took the position of spokeswoman. 'I would not have troubled to come downstairs this evening, Grace,' she said. 'You always did too much. I am sure all the watching and nursing you have had would have killed ten ordinary people; but she never spared herself, did she, doctor? Well, it is a satisfaction now. You must feel that you neglected nothing, and that everything that could be thought of was done—everything! I am sure you and I, John, can bear witness to that, that a more devoted nurse no man ever had. Poor Reginald,' she added, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, 'if he did not always seem so grateful as he ought, you may be sure, dear, it was his illness that was to blame, not his heart.' No one dared to make any reply to this, till Madam herself said, after a pause, her voice sounding distinct through a hushed atmosphere of attention, 'All that is over and forgotten; there is no blame.'

'Yes, my dear,' said innocent Sophy; 'that is a most natural and beautiful sentiment for you. But John and I can never forget how patient you were. A king could not have been better taken care of.'

'Everybody,' said the doctor, with fervour, 'knows that. I have never known such nursing;' and in the satisfaction of saying this he managed to dispose of the chicken on his plate. His very consumption of it was to Madam's credit. He could not have swallowed a morsel, but for having had the opportunity for this ascription of praise.

'And if I were you,' said Mrs. Lennox, 'I would not worry myself about taking up everything so soon again. I am sure you must want a thorough rest. I wish, indeed, you would just make up your mind to come home with me, for a change would do you good. I said to poor dear Maria Heathcote, when I left her this morning, "My dear, you may expect me confidently to-night; unless my poor dear sister-in-law wants me. But dear Grace has, of course, the first claim upon me," I said. And if I were you I would not try my strength too much. You should have stayed in your room to-night, and have had a tray with something light and trifling. You don't eat a morsel,' Aunt Sophy said, with true regret. 'And Rosalind and I would have come upstairs and sat with you. I have more experience than you have in trouble,' added the good lady with a sigh (who, indeed, 'had buried *two* dear husbands,' as she said), 'and that has always been my experience. You must not do too much at first. To-morrow is always a new day.'

'To-morrow,' Mrs. Trevanion said, 'there will be many things to think of.' She lingered on the word a little, with a tremulousness which all the men felt as if it had been a knife going into their hearts. Her voice got more steady as she went on. 'You must go back to school on Monday, Rex,' she said; 'that will be best. You must not lose any time now, but be a man as soon as you can, for all our sakes.'

'Oh, as for being a man,' said Reginald, 'that doesn't just depend on age, mother. My tutor would rather have me for his captain than Smith, who is nineteen. He said so. It depends upon a fellow's character.'

'That is what I think too,' she said, with a smile upon her boy. 'And, Sophy, if you will take Rosalind and your godchild instead of me, I think it will do them good. I—you may suppose I have a great many things to think of.'

'Leave them, dear, till you are stronger, that is my advice; and I know more about trouble than you do,' Mrs. Lennox said.

Mrs. Trevanion gave a glance around her. There was a faint smile upon her face. The three gentlemen sitting by did not know even that she looked at them, but they felt each like a culprit, guilty and responsible. Her eyes seemed to appeal speechlessly to earth and heaven, yet with an almost humorous consciousness of good Mrs. Lennox's superiority in experience. 'I should like Rosalind and Sophy to go with you for a change,' she said quietly. 'The little ones will be best at home. Russell is not good for Sophy, Rosalind; but for the little ones it does not matter so much. She is very kind and careful of them. That covers a multitude of sins. I think, for their sakes, she may stay.'

'I would not keep her, mamma. She is dangerous; she is wicked.'

'What do you mean by that, Rose? Russell! I should as soon think of mamma going as of Russell going,' cried Rex. 'She says mamma hates her, but I say——'

'I wonder,' said Mrs. Trevanion, 'that you do not find yourself above nursery gossip, Rex, at your age. Never mind, it is a matter to be talked of afterwards. You are not going away immediately, John?'

'Not as long as——' He paused and looked at her wistfully, with eyes that said a thousand things. 'As long as I can be of use,' he said.

'As long as——. I think I know what you mean,' Mrs. Trevanion said.

The conversation was full of these *sous-entendus.* Except Mrs. Lennox and Rex, there was a sense of mystery and uncertainty in all the party. Rosalind followed every speaker with her eyes, inquiring what they could mean. Mrs. Trevanion was the most composed of the company, though meanings were found afterwards in every word she said. The servants had gone from the room while the latter part of this conversation went on. After a little while she rose, and all of them with her. She called Reginald, who followed reluctantly, feeling that he was much too important a person to retire with the ladies. As she went out, leaning upon his arm, she waved her hand to the other gentlemen. 'Good-night,' she said. 'I don't think I am equal to the drawing-room to-night.'

'What do you want with me, mother? It isn't right, it isn't, indeed, to call me away like a child. I'm not a child; and

I ought to be there to hear what they are going to settle. Don't you see, mamma, it's my concern?'

'You can go back presently, Rex; yes, my boy, it is your concern. I want you to think so, dear. And the little ones are your concern. Being the head of a house means a great deal. It means thinking of everything, taking care of the brothers and sisters, not only being a person of importance, Rex——'

www.libtool.com.cn

'I know, I know. If this is all you wanted to say——'

'Almost all. That you must think of your duties, dear. It is unfortunate for you, oh, very unfortunate, to be left so young: but your Uncle John will be your true friend.'

'Well, that don't matter much. Oh, I dare say he will be good enough. Then you know, mammy,' said the boy condescendingly, giving her a hurried kiss, and eager to get away, 'when there's anything very hard I can come and talk it over with you.'

She did not make any reply, but kissed him, holding his reluctant form close to her. He did not like to be hugged, and he wanted to be back among the men. 'One moment,' she said. 'Promise me you will be very good to the little ones, Rex.'

'Why, of course, mother,' said the boy; 'you didn't think I would beat them, did you? Good-night.'

'Good-bye, my own boy.' He had darted from her almost before she could withdraw her arm. She paused a moment to draw breath, and then followed to the door of the drawing-room where the other ladies were gone. 'I think, Sophy,' she said, 'I will take your advice and go to my room: and you must arrange with Rosalind to take her home with you, and Sophy too.'

'That I will, with all my heart; and I don't despair of getting you to come. Good-night, dear. Should you like me to come and sit with you a little when you have got to bed?'

'Not to-night,' said Mrs. Trevanion. 'I am tired out. Good-night, Rosalind. God bless you, my darling.' She held the girl in her arms, and drew her towards the door. 'I can give you no explanation about last night, and you will hear other things. Think of me as kindly as you can, my own, that are none of mine,' she said, bending over her with her eyes full of tears.

'Mother,' said the girl, flinging herself into Mrs. Trevanion's arms with enthusiasm, 'you can do no wrong.'

'God bless you, my own dear.'

This parting seemed sufficiently justified by the circumstances. The funeral day! Could it be otherwise than that their nerves were highly strung, and words of love and mutual support, which might have seemed exaggerated at other times, should now have

seemed natural? Rosalind, with her heart bursting, went back to her aunt's side, and sat down and listened to her placid talk. She would rather have been with her suffering mother, but for that worn-out woman there was nothing so good as rest.

Mrs. Trevanion went back to the nursery, where her little children were fast asleep in their cots, and Sophy preparing for bed. Sophy was still grumbling over the fact that she had not been allowed to go down to dessert. 'Why shouldn't I go down?' she cried, sitting on the floor, taking off her shoes. 'Oh, here's mamma! What difference could it have made? Grown-up people are nasty and cruel. I should not have done any harm going downstairs. Reggie is *dining* downstairs. He is always the one that is petted, because he is a boy, though he is only five years older than me.'

'Hush, Miss Sophy. It was your mamma's doing, and mammas are always right.'

'You don't think so, Russell. Oh, I don't want to kiss you, mamma. It was so unkind, and Reggie going on Monday; and I have not been down to dessert—not for a week.'

'But I must kiss you, Sophy,' the mother said. 'You are going away with your aunt and Rosalind, on a visit. Is not that better than coming down to dessert?'

'Oh, mamma!' The child jumped up with one shoe on, and threw herself against her mother's breast. 'Oh, I am so glad. Aunt Sophy lets us do whatever we please.' She gave a careless kiss in response to Mrs. Trevanion's embrace. 'I should like to stay there for ever,' Sophy said.

There was a smile on the mother's face as she withdrew it, as there had been a smile of strange wonder and wistfulness when she took leave of Rex. The little ones were asleep. She went and stood for a moment between the two white cots. Then all was done. And the hour had come to which, without knowing what awaited her, she had looked with so much terror on the previous night.

A dark night, with sudden blasts of rain, and a sighing wind which moaned about the house, and gave notes of warning of the dreary wintry weather to come. As Mrs. Lennox and Rosalind sat silent over the fire, there suddenly seemed to come in and pervade the luxurious house a blast, as if the night had entered bodily, a great draught of fresh, cold, odorous, rainy air, charged with the breath of the wet fields and earth. And then there was the muffled sound as of a closed door. 'What is that?' said Aunt Sophy, pricking up her ears. 'It cannot be visitors come so late, and on such a day as this.'

'It sounds like some one going out,' Rosalind said, with a shiver, thinking on what she had seen last night. 'Perhaps,' she added eagerly, after a moment, with a great sense of relief, 'Mr. Blake going away.'

'It will be that, of course, though I did not hear wheels; and what a dismal night for his drive, poor old gentleman. That wind always makes me wretched. It moans and groans like a human creature. But it is very odd, Rosalind, that we did not hear any wheels.'

'The wind drowns other sounds,' Rosalind said.

'That must be so, I suppose. Still, I hope he doesn't think of walking, Rosalind; an old man of that age.'

And then once more all fell into silence in the great luxurious house. Outside the wind blew in the faces of the wayfarers. The rain drenched them in sudden gusts, the paths were slippery and wet, the trees discharged sharp volleys of collected rain as the blasts blew. To struggle across the park was no easy matter in the face of the blinding sleet and capricious wind: and you could not hear your voice under the trees for the din that was going on overhead.

(*To be continued.*)

The 'Donna.'

THE following subscriptions have been received since the March number went to press:—

Mrs. A. K. 5*s*. M. Hinchliff 5*s*. Rev. R. and J. B. 2*s*. 6*d*. H. A. L. 5*s*. C. H. G. Browne 10*s*. Mrs. Chas. Sorel (monthly) 2*s*. 6*d*. Anonymous 2*s*. 6*d*. E. and M. S. 1*l*. Mrs. Johnston (Spalding) 1*s*. R. and A. M. T. 12f. 50c. J. H. F. (collected) 5*s*. 6*d*. A. Nichols 2*s*. E. S. B. 2*s*. 6*d*. M. N. L. 5*s*. E. W. 2*s*. 6*d*. Edith C. 5*s*. The Misses Gifford 1*l*. M. H. P. 2*s*. 6*d*. S. L. 2*s*. 6*d*.

In the list in the February number H. Torres £1. 2*s*. 6*d*. should have been printed H. Toms £1. 2*s*. 6*d*.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his Correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.

'WEAVE TRUTH WITH TRUST.'

The term BEST Brussels, as generally used, conveys no meaning or guarantee as to quality; but

WILLIS' BEST BRUSSELS

Being made exclusively of LONG-STAPLED HOME-GROWN WOOLS, especially selected for Durability, and coloured with the OLD-FASHIONED GENUINE HONEST DYES, are warranted to be absolutely free from the LOW-GRADED EGYPTIAN or other EASTERN WOOLS, COTTON, JUTE, SHODDY, or ANILINE DYES used of necessity in the manufacture of low-priced carpets, and to be FULL five frames.

Sold by all Carpet Dealers and Upholsterers in the United Kingdom.

For the protection of the public, every piece has 'H. R. WILLIS & CO., Kidderminster—BEST' woven at each end.

DARLOW'S MAGNETINE APPLIANCES.

For the Cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Spinal, Liver, Kidney, Lung, Throat, and Chest Complaints, &c. &c.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

STRONGEST, BEST, CHEAPEST.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET POST FREE.

TESTIMONIAL.

'Shotten Vicarage, Castle, Eden.

'Messrs. Darlow & Co.—Having suffered for many years from general debility, I was persuaded to try your Magnetic Appliances. I am thankful to say they have been useful to me, although in an old case like mine a complete cure could not be expected.

'T. FREDERICK HARDWICK,
'Formerly Demonstrator of Chemistry in King's College, London.'

DARLOW & CO., 443 Strand, London.

FOR A HUNDRED EXCELLENT AND PALATABLE

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Write to Messrs. GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS, enclosing a penny stamp for postage, when you will be presented with a valuable book of 100 pages, bound in cloth and fully illustrated, called

'GOOD THINGS,'

MADE, SAID, AND DONE, FOR EVERY HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

The book embraces a wide field of usefulness.'—British Workman.

'Can scarcely fail to prove of service.'—The Rock.

PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

Fry's Cocoa

www.libtool.com.cn

GUARANTEED PURE

Extract

'Strictly pure, easily assimilated.'—W. W. Stoddart, F.I.C., F.C.S., *City and County Analyst, Bristol.*

'Pure Cocoa, a portion of oil extracted.'—Charles A. Cameron, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., *Analyst for Dublin.*

VIEW OF MANUFACTORY, BRISTOL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA

Prepared with the celebrated Cocoa of Caracas combined with other choice descriptions.

'A most delicious and valuable article.'
Standard.

SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS
Awarded to the Firm.

ELLIS DAVIES & CO'S PURE TEAS

HIGHEST QUALITY AT WHOLESALE PRICES
Carriage Paid TO ALL PARTS.
1/8 to 3/- per lb.
NEW SEASON'S TEAS HAVE JUST ARRIVED.
WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND CONTRAST WITH ANY OTHERS.
44, *Lord St., Liverpool.*

THE WONDERFUL VELVETEENS

At 2s. a Yard.

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, Manchester, are the manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now well known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed.

The price of these beautiful Velveteens, in Black and all the most beautiful colours now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard.

LEWIS'S, of Market Street, Manchester, manufacture these Velveteens themselves, and it might almost be said give them to the Public for 2s. a yard.

LEWIS'S ask Ladies to write for Patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens. They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS'S of Market Street, Manchester, praise their Velveteens more than they deserve. Write for Patterns on an ordinary post card. LEWIS'S pay Carriage on all orders to any address in the United Kingdom.

When writing please mention this Magazine.

LEWIS'S, IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

---

20 PRIZE MEDALS. 20 PRIZE MEDALS.

WILLIAM SUGG'S PATENTS

THE 'CHRISTIANA' FLATFLAME and 'LONDON' ARGAND

GAS BURNERS,

Sun Burners, Street Lamps, Ventilating Lights, Water Heaters, 'Charing Cross' Gas Fires, &c.

W. SUGG & CO. Ld. { Factory—Vincent Works, Westminster, S.W.
Show Rooms—1 & 2 Grand Hotel Buildings, W.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS, OR WHEN TRAVELLING BY ROAD OR RAIL

ALIGHT AT CHARING CROSS AND SEE THEM.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

DEC 23 1885
APR 27 1886
DEC 27 188
OCT 27 1888
SEP 1890
NOV 1890
MAY 1890

3 2044 092 676 469

www.libtool.com.cn