

literary critics, or in places professedly learned. One reason for this assigned by him is, that in trading towns the time is more happily distributed; the day given to business and active duties—the evening to relaxation; on which account, books, conversation, and literary leisure, are more cordially enjoyed: the same satiation never can take place, which too frequently deadens the genial enjoyment of those who have a surfeit of books and a monotony of leisure. Another reason assigned by him is, that more simplicity of manner may be expected, and more natural picturesqueness of conversation, more open expression of character, in places where people have no previous name to support: men in trading towns are not afraid to open their lips, for fear they should disappoint your expectations, nor do they strain for showy sentiments* that they may meet them. "But elsewhere many are the men who stand in awe of their own reputation: not a word which is unstudied, not a movement in the spirit of natural freedom dare they give way to; because it might happen that on review something would be seen to retract or to qualify—something not properly planned and chiselled, to build into the general architecture of an artificial reputation."†

The young scholar, it has been said, fancies it happiness enough to live with people who can give an inside to the world; without reflecting that they too are prisoners of their own thought, and cannot apply themselves to yours. The conditions of literary success are, in Mr. Emerson's judgment, almost destructive of the best social power, as they do not leave that free liberty which only can encounter a companion on the best terms. It is probable, says he, "you left some obscure comrade at a tavern, or in the farms, with right mother-wit, and equality to life, when you [as Emerson himself did] crossed sea and land to play bo-peep with celebrated scribes."‡

It is one of Christopher North's Recreations to classify dinner-parties of all sorts and sizes, and among them a Literary Dinner stands out in capitals, backed by a note of admiration. On each side of the lord of the mansion he places a philosopher—on each side of the lady, a poet—somewhere or other about the board, a theatrical star—a foreign fiddler—an outlandish traveller—and a continental refugee.

And all the air a solemn stillness holds.

All lips are hermetically sealed. The author of the five-guinea quarto on the drawing-room table is sound asleep, with round unmeaning face, breathing tranquillity. The author of a profound treatise on the Sinking Fund sits beside him, with eyes fixed on the ceiling. The illustrious traveller, whose conversational prowess has been the talk of Europe, has been stroking his chin for the last half-hour, and nothing more. You might not only hear a pin drop—a mouse stir—but either event would

* When M. le Comte de Marcellus started with Chateaubriand for London, Madame de Montcalm, *cette aimable sœur* of the Duc de Richelieu, warned the young nobleman against exaggerated expectations of the people he would meet. "Chez ces génies qui expriment si bien le sentiment, le sentiment réside peu. Leur estime, leur confiance même, ne mène pas à l'affection."—Marcellus, Chateaubriand et son Temps, p. 214.

† De Quincey's Collected Works, vol. i. p. 158.

‡ English Traits, by R. W. Emerson, ch. i.

rouse the whole company like a peal of thunder.* A prandial parallel, in short, to Wordsworth's tea-bibbing "party in a parlour"—*all silent, and all d dash d.*

So, again, in the *Noctes*, the Shepherd interrupts a remark of Mr. North's, on all great poets being great talkers, with the conditional assent, "Tiresome often to a degree—though sometimes . . . they are a sulky set, and as gruffly and grimly silent as if they had the toothache, or something the matter wi' their inside."†

Sir Walter Scott could never "willingly endure," his son-in-law records, either in London or in Edinburgh, the "little exclusive circles of literary society,"‡ much less their occasional fastidiousness and petty partialities. He often complained of the real dulness of parties where each guest arrived under the implied and tacit obligation of exhibiting some extraordinary powers of talk or wit. "If," he said, "I encounter men of the world, men of business, odd or striking characters of professional excellence in any department, I am in my element, for they cannot lionise me without my returning the compliment and learning something from them."—But as for a table-full of essayists and reviewers, or an evening with bards and blues, give him a crack with Tom Purdie in preference to that, a thousand times over.

Leigh Hunt makes the hero of his seventeenth-century historical fiction record, after dining with Dryden and the wits, first at a ducal table, and afterwards in their own sphere, that at great tables they never appeared at advantage: either the host did not know how to treat them; or they were too anxious to shine; or they affected an indifference to their value, and wished to be confounded with fine gentlemen; or they were too many of them together, and so were afraid to speak, lest another should excel; or one of the lowest of their fraternity was present, who was most welcome on that account, and gave himself airs; or something else was sure to occur, which made them uneasy, and showed them to a disadvantage, both as wits and gentlemen.§ Happy, and rare the happiness of, a host like Mrs. Gore's Bernard Forbes, the circle of whose "literary friends," so far from meriting the stigma of "cold, solemn, and formal," assigned by the narrow experience of the coteries, was no less cheerful than intellectual; no one among them pretending to wisdom, because the pretension would have been ridiculous where the claim was so well established. "No one talked for conquest, as when two men of superior information find themselves matched against each other in an arena, in presence of a crowd of dunces. In Bernard Forbes's house there was still a Republic of letters. Every citizen furnished his quota, without pomp or parsimony."||

The unpleasantness of a literary party, gathered together mainly as such, is a by-word in satirical fictions founded upon fact. Theodore Hook describes one which, from its miscellaneous character, promised a great treat, the sequel of which was, however, "most disappointing"—every one of the guests being celebrated for something, and each of them jealous of his neighbour.¶ Mr. Peacock makes out the understanding of

* Salmonia, 1828.

† *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, January 1831.

‡ Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, ch. xix.

§ See *Memoirs of Sir Ralph Esher*, vol. iii. ch. xi.

|| *The Hamiltons*, ch. xxix.

¶ *Gilbert Gurney*, vol. ii. ch. i.

literary people to be so exalted, not so much by the love of truth and virtue, as by arrogance and self-sufficiency, that "there is, perhaps, less disinterestedness, less liberality, less general benevolence, and more envy, hatred, and uncharitableness among them, than among any other description of men."* What is it that makes you literary persons so stupid? asks Mr. Thackeray's Fitz-boodle of Oliver Yorke, Esquire. "I have met various individuals in society who I was told were writers of books, and that sort of thing, and, expecting rather to be amused by their conversation, have invariably found them dull to a degree, and as for information, without a particle of it."†

So again the same author's George Warrington impatiently exclaims, "A fiddlestick about men of genius!" when Pen, his protégé, is glorifying that august race. "The talk of professional critics and writers," Mr. George is pleased to add, after a deal of experience, "is not a whit more brilliant, or profound, or amusing, than that of any other society of educated people."‡ And after his younger associate has had *his* first experience of the same community, the disenchanted authorling comes to a not dissimilar conclusion. Pen was forced to confess, a subsequent chapter tells us,§ that the literary personages with whom he had become acquainted had not said much, in the course of the night's conversation, that was worthy to be remembered or quoted:—in fact, not one word about literature had been said during the whole course of that night at Mr. Bungay's, the eminent publisher; and Mr. Thackeray does not mind whispering to those uninitiated people who are anxious to know the habits and make the acquaintance of men of letters, that there are no sort of people who talk about books, or, perhaps, who read books, so little as literary men.

But, sir, once said Boswell to Johnson, when the Doctor was praising a life of rustic seclusion—but, sir, is it not a sad thing to be at a distance from all our literary friends? "Sir," was Johnson's reply, "you will by-and-by have enough of this conversation which now delights you so much."||

Leigh Hunt, in his essay on Amiability as superior to Intellect,¶ refers assentingly to a remark of Hazlitt's, that the being accustomed to the society of men of genius renders the conversation of others tiresome, as consisting of a parcel of things that have been heard a thousand times, and from which no stimulus is to be obtained. But a common complaint by men of genius themselves is, as we have seen and shall see, rather the other way.

Converse with a mind that is grandly simple, says Emerson, and literature looks like word-catching. "The mere author, in such society, is like a pickpocket among gentlemen, who has come in to steal a gold button or a pin."**

Chesterfield, from quite another point of view, warns his son that a company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not "good company"—"they cannot have the

* Headlong Hall, ch. v.

† Fitz-boodle's Confessions, Preface.

‡ Pendennis, ch. xxxii.

§ Ch. xxxv.

¶ Boswell's Life of Johnson, *sub anno* 1778.

|| The Seer, No. li.

** Emerson's Essays, The Over-soul.

easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it." So pray let young Mr. Stanhope beware of being engrossed by such company; for, if he is, he will be "only considered as one of the *litterati* by profession, which is not the way either to shine or rise in the world."*

Horace Walpole shared notably in these precautionary principles and practice. Consistent enough, and rather too demonstrative, was his avowed aversion to literary society, as such. He writes of young Mr. Burke, in 1761, that, although a sensible man, he "has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days."† Of Rousseau he writes from Paris, some five years later, "But, however I admire his parts, neither he nor any *Genius* I have known has had common sense enough to balance the impertinence of their pretensions. They hate priests, but love dearly to have an altar at their feet; for which reason it is much pleasanter to read them than to know them."‡ Seven years later we have Horace trying to decline the acquaintance of Mr. Gough, and telling a correspondent, "Besides, you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company." They are always in earnest, he complains, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning; while he laughs at all those things, and writes only to laugh at them, and divert himself.§ This was one of Walpole's most cherished and most transparent affectations.—And once more, we find him recording the avowal of a fellow-feeling by one of Fanny Burney's favourite friends. "Mr. Cambridge has been with me, and asked me if I knew the famous Beaumarchais, who has been in England. I said, 'No, sir, nor ever intend it.' 'Well, now,' said he, 'that is exactly my way: I made a resolution early never to be acquainted with authors, they are so vain and so troublesome.' "|| For all which, Horace is persuaded that this protesting friend has already got acquainted with Beaumarchais.

Bayle says in one of his letters—which, after the earlier ones, are notably free from *la superstition littéraire pour les illustres*—that when once you have come to know personally a good number of persons celebrated for their writings, you find out that it is no such great matter after all to have composed a book, and that a good one.

Montaigne duly records his sire's enthusiasm—with more zeal than knowledge—in imitating the king's ¶ new-born ardour for literature and for the company of literary men. "Moy," adds Michel the malicious, "je les aime bien, mais je ne les adore pas." The point of the *adoration* consists in what Montaigne had said just before—that his father kept the doors of his house for ever open *aux hommes doctes*, whom he as reverently as eagerly welcomed under his roof *comme personnes saintes*.

When pleasure and business combined first brought Francis Jeffrey to London, in 1804, his account of the great metropolis, in its social aspects, includes this avowal: "The literary men, I acknowledge, excite

* Lord Chesterfield to his Son, Oct. 12, 1748.

† Walpole to G. Montague, July 22, 1761.

‡ Walpole to J. Chute, Esq., Jan., 1766.

§ Walpole to Rev. W. Cole, April 27, 1773.

|| Walpole to Mason, Feb. 29, 1776.

¶ Francis I.

my reverence the least.* One of Charlotte Brontë's letters, which is almost entirely occupied with the works and ways of Mr. G. H. Lewes, has this passage to the purpose: "He gives no charming picture of London literary society, and especially the female part of it; but all coteries, whether they be literary, scientific, political, or religious, must, it seems to me, have a tendency to change truth into affectation. When people belong to a clique, they must, I suppose, in some measure, write, talk, think, and live for that clique; a harassing and narrowing necessity."† Long before Currer Bell's time had Washington Irving's "poor devil author" put on record his experiences to a like effect—how he determined to cultivate the society of the literary, and to enrol himself in the fraternity of authorship—how he found no difficulty in making a circle of literary acquaintances, not having the sin of success lying at his door ("indeed, the failure of my poem was a kind of recommendation to their favour"):—and how soon he discovered his want of *esprit de corps* to turn these literary fellowships to any account: he could not bring himself to enlist in any particular sect: he saw something to like in them all, but found that would never do, for that the tacit condition on which a man enters into one of these sects is, that he abuses all the rest.

"I perceived," says honest Dribble, of Green Arbour Court, "that there were little knots of authors, who lived with, and for, and by one another. They considered themselves the salt of the earth. They fostered and kept up a conversational vein of thinking, and talking, and joking on all subjects; and they cried each other up to the skies."‡ *Orna me* is apt to be a *bien entendu*, all round, for a good understanding in such circles.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

YE who gaze on God's blue sky,
Walk the meadows; scent the flowers,
Cannot grasp the agony,
Even in thought, of my past hours—
Lonely, lonely, all alone,
With no human voice, no sound,
Pent within damp walls of stone,
All my world that narrow bound—
Oh, the horror who can tell
Of the solitary cell?

* Life of Lord Jeffrey, vol. i. p. 156.

† Miss Brontë to W. S. Williams, Esq., April 26, 1848.

‡ Buckthorne and his Friends: The Poor-Devil Author.

Solitary Confinement.

Night might fall, or day might waken,
 Day and night the same to me;
 Were my cell by earthquake shaken,
 That at least some change would be:
 But my lot was changeless ever,
 Nought to mark slow time I knew—
 One Dead Sea where breezes never
 O'er the poison'd waters blew:
 Oh, the sadness who may tell
 Of the lonely, silent cell?

How I've long'd to see the features
 Of home's darlings, none may know;
 E'en one word from human creatures
 Would have soothed my pining woe:
 But no face—no voice—no greeting—
 Silent, lonely, still alone;
 Souls were made for social meeting,
 Hearts, though erring, are not stone:
 Oh, the misery who may tell
 Of the solitary cell?

Pacing, pacing, to and fro,
 Now across and back again;
 Gazing upward, then below,
 Like a tiger in his den;
 With no book to please or cheer me,
 Feeding on my own sad heart,
 Sometimes fancying people near me,
 Weeping as their shades depart;
 Oh, the horror who may tell
 Of the lonely, silent cell?

When, out-worn, deep sleep has bound me,
 Free again I've roved in dreams,
 Hills, and vales, and flowers around me,
 Basking in the sun's glad beams;
 Friends, wife, children! tarry longer!
 But the happy dream would flee,
 And I'd wake in anguish stronger,
 No one there, save Grief and me:
 Oh, the torment who may tell
 Of that lonely, silent cell?

Give me labour, crushing, weary;
 Give me stripes—I'd calmly bear;
 But the long hours, dark and dreary,
 Voiceless, friendless—torture there!
 Memory's burden, brooding sadness,
 Living inly, and yet dead,
 Thoughts that goad, and turn to madness,
 Days of languor, nights of dread—
 Oh, the horror who may tell
 Of the lonely, silent cell?

SNOWED UP.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART VII.

THE SPIRIT'S PROPHECY.

I.

HARRY ST. CLAIR.

IN the little town close to which Mrs. Rivers resided, there lived a coloured youth who was a connexion of Mr. St. Clair's; in fact, the illegitimate son of a brother of his. The boy's father, and his mother a mustee, were both dead, and Harry, who had been permitted to assume the name of St. Clair, though in general the offspring of such ties as those which had existed between Mr. Charles St. Clair and the girl Angelica, commonly called "Jelly," take the surname of the mother, if she has a surname, which is not always the case.

Harry, however, was allowed to call himself St. Clair, and was always treated kindly by the family at Clair Hall. He bore a strong resemblance to Adela, and had her finely-shaped nose and brow, and very white teeth; but of course his complexion was much darker than hers, and his hair was rather crispy, showing the negro origin on his mother's side. He was about Adela's height; she was tall for a woman, he short for a man. It was strange, but there was also a resemblance in their voices.

Harry had good manners for a lad in his station of life, and he was not without education, for Mr. St. Clair had sent him to a school in America, where he had remained three or four years. Mr. St. Clair had advised him to learn some trade, and settle himself in that country; but the boy was always begging to be allowed to come home. He had been much petted by his grandmother, an old mulatto washerwoman, and he did not like being looked down upon by the white boys who were his school-fellows in the North American state to which he had been sent. It is a well-known fact that black and coloured people are treated in the United States with the utmost contempt, notwithstanding all the clamour that is made by a certain set about their rights and their privileges—these clamours being about the greatest oppressors and enemies that the poor negroes, and the descendants of negroes, have in reality.

Harry begged so hard to "come home," that Mr. St. Clair allowed him to do so, of course paying his expenses. He could not, however, be left to live in total idleness in his native island, and Mr. St. Clair placed him as a clerk in a store. Here he might have done very well, but his temper, or his feelings, got the better of him.

Harry was ambitious. No fault can be found with that quality of the mind when it is governed by good sense; in fact, ambition, when it is directed to excelling in any pursuit, in any praiseworthy object, in success, no matter with what labour attained, is to be respected and lauded. But

the mere ambition, or wish to hold a position higher than one is born to occupy, without making any effort to entitle one to distinction, cannot be called a lofty aspiration.

The president of the United States of America, Mr. Andrew Johnson, is a man to be honoured. He has risen to the highest position in the New World—to one of the highest positions in the whole world—by his great talents, his strong determination to do right, his moderation in the midst of success, his bold and brave resistance to the selfish, malicious, narrow-minded party who would sacrifice the good of an entire country to their greed of power, and their low-minded revenge.

But there are few Andrew Johnsons in the world, and ambition is not always a noble inspiration. Harry St. Clair was ambitious certainly, but he was also conceited. He knew that he was extremely good-looking, he was aware that he had had quite as good, if not a better, education than any of the coloured boys, and most of the white boys, in the island, and he valued himself on his father's having been a member of one of the first families in the colony, forgetting that his mother had been only the daughter of a laundress, an old mulatto, and a white carpenter.

Harry did not get on well with the clerks in the store; they did not consider a coloured youth on a footing with them, and he was somewhat inclined to be insolent. He was discontented, therefore, and wished to get away to some other place. Moreover, he did not like his grandmother's house, which was still his home, as well as he used to do. Indeed, he considered the good-natured, fussy old woman as quite beneath him, and cared no longer for her cakes and jellies. The lad had heard that his mother was nicknamed among the negroes—who are very fond of giving nicknames—"Guava Jelly;" and though that is a delicious preserve, he never wished to taste it again.

In this uncomfortable state of mind Harry St. Clair had applied first to the former mate, afterwards captain of the sloop, and subsequently to Colonel Mentilla himself. He had asked a passage to the Spanish Main, and expressed his great wish to enter into the patriot army. But the captain told him he had no power to grant his request to go as a passenger to La Guayra, and Colonel Mentilla did his best to dissuade him from joining the patriot army, assuring him that he would not be strong enough to undergo the hardships and fatigues which he would have to encounter, and that he had better wait until things were somewhat settled on the continent, and then he might come over and find some employment at La Guayra or Caraccas, when he—Colonel Mentilla, if he survived the war—would be happy to assist him in as far as he could.

Mentilla mentioned to the young ladies at Clair Hall Harry's application to him, and both Linda and Minna said he had acted most judiciously in declining to take the foolish boy. Adela only remarked, with a sigh, that she did not wonder Harry wished to escape from the tedious monotony of his life in a small West India island, and was fired with ambition to see something of the struggle going on in Spanish America.

"Were I of your fortunate sex, Colonel Mentilla," she continued, "I would go without caring about the future; I would not vegetate *here*, while heroic deeds might be achieved in yon not far-distant land. Ah, how I envy you and Don Alonzo leaving this living grave to go where glory calls."

"Would to Heaven that you could go with us, dear señorita!" exclaimed Don Alonzo Alvaez, clasping his hands, and looking imploringly at Adela. "Ah, if—if—my dreams could have been realised, how proud I should have been!"

Both Colonel Mentilla and Linda were afraid of a scene, therefore they changed the subject of conversation as fast as possible.

But Harry's wish to get a passage in the ship which had brought the South American strangers caused Adela a good deal of reflection.

"If he could manage to get on board, and to hide himself somewhere until the vessel had gone out to sea, even Mentilla would not think it worth while to come back merely to land the boy; they would take him on with them, and no doubt be kind to him."

She smiled to herself, exclaiming almost aloud:

"Yes, I see it can be done. The old proverb says, 'Where there's a will there's a way.' I shall order some new clothes for Harry," she laughed this time, "and tell Burton to get them all packed in a port-manteau, with the initials H. L. painted white outside, and to have it sent on board the evening the sloop sails; I will pay him for them at once, and desire him to say nothing about the things to anybody, especially on no account to tell Harry."

So said, so done. Adela went to the town, called upon Burton, the tailor, and ordered, as a present to Harry, two frock-coats of some material not so heavy as cloth, some vests, and some pairs of pantaloons not made to fit tightly. She bought at a store some linen under-garments, pocket-handkerchiefs, collars, &c., and desired that they should be sent over to Mr. Burton's, who was instructed what to do with them; nor did she forget sheets, pillow-cases, and towels; and having made this provision for the comfort of the passenger who was to smuggle himself on board the ship, she returned to Clair Hall, minus a tolerable sum of money, but in good spirits after her morning's work.

Mr. St. Clair was very liberal to his daughters, therefore they had always plenty of money at their command.

The youth Harry had made no secret of his anxiety to leave the store in which Mr. St. Clair had placed him; he said he did not like the sort of life he led there, measuring calico to negroes, selling hams and barrels of pork to managers, and cases of champagne and claret to gentlemen. He wanted to be a gentleman himself, to have a horse to gallop about on, and to have nothing to do but play billiards and read novels. For this was his idea of the occupations befitting a gentleman. He was idle and lazy, and would soon have been dismissed from the store, had it not been that the storekeeper was afraid of offending the lad's patron, Mr. St. Clair. To that gentleman Harry made no complaint; he, too, was afraid of offending him; but he indulged his ill humour at home, and bullied and worried his old grandmother, until she often felt inclined to turn him adrift. However, she bore with him marvellously, and the only answer she used to make to him when he was rude to her was, "You no wort you salt, buoy; neber mind, you is de child eb my pore Jelly, so I put up with you."

II.

BUCKRA JEM.

THERE was an extraordinary character who had taken up his residence near the little town which has so often been mentioned. The abode, however, of this strange being could hardly be called a residence; it afforded a slight shelter, but was neither so good a domicile as an Indian wigwam or a watchman's hut. It consisted of a few branches of a cocoa-nut-tree, tied together at the top, with the other ends planted or driven a little way into the ground, and cocoa-nut-leaves plaited together, wound round the support-branches to form a wall. A very pretty verdant wall, certainly, when fresh, but when the green became faded, and the leafy creation covered with dust or shrivelled by rain, it looked anything but a fairy bower.

A fairy bower, however, would not have suited the inhabitant of this *al fresco* abode. He was a man still young, though he looked much older than he was—in fact, in middle age—so bronzed and broken down by exposure to all weathers, by scanty and often unwholesome food, and, worse than all, by intemperance. There was no furniture in his hovel except two small rough wooden benches, an old blanket for his bed, a bag of shavings for his pillow, an earthen pot, which stood upon an iron tripod—his sole cooking apparatus—an old knife and fork, a wooden spoon, a metal plate, and a couple of calabashes, one to hold water, the other used as a drinking vessel, doing duty for a tumbler and a cup. There surely could not be a less expensive and more primitive inventory of any man's household goods!

The owner of these goods and of that humble shelter went by the name of "Buckra Jem." He was a white man, though it would have been difficult to have believed that he was not a dark mulatto. His parents had lived in another island, and Buckra Jem had come to this one as a mere boy. He had found employment as a fisherman, and being a bold, smart, active lad, he could have made a comfortable living but for his erratic propensities and love of rum. Buckra Jem feared nothing or no one. He would swim out in the bay infested with sharks, carrying no weapon with him but a short thick stick in his right hand, and none of these savage creatures ever got the better of him; he would dive to the sandy bottom of the bay and bring up the most beautiful shells; he would go out fishing by torchlight, and no one ever brought in such quantities of fish as he did. He seemed to be almost an amphibious animal, and any of the principal fishermen would willingly have paid him good wages if he would have been steady. But sometimes he would be off for days, and come back half starved, having lived only upon berries and wild fruits during his wanderings among the woods. At other times he would buy a quantity of rum, and drink until he was insensible. Poor Buckra Jem! he was nobody's enemy but his own. He never stole anything, he was not quarrelsome even when intoxicated, and never injured a creature. But he did not like the trammels even of the lowest scale of civilisation, so he gave up all attempts at regular occupation, knocked up for himself the little cocoa-nut shed mentioned above, which was perched

on the top of a bank rising on one side of a road that skirted the sea-shore, from which it was separated only by a double row of cocoa-nut-trees and some bushes bearing wild flowers. This road was a favourite drive and walk in the cool of the evenings; and ladies were sometimes shocked by the apparition of a 'reddish, brownish figure, unencumbered by garments, flitting past. Clothes had been over and over sent to Buckra Jem, but he did not much care to wear them, and generally bartered them for rum. He kept one suit, however, for Sundays, when he was always clad in decent apparel. To do Buckra Jem justice, however, he seldom ventured out of his lair at the hour when the ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood generally took their evening rides and drives, but if, by an unlucky chance, he encountered any of them, he would dash across the road and plunge into the little thicket of bushes, no matter how much he was scratched by some of them. He still lived by fishing, and his boat, moored on the shining beach, was a source of great pride and pleasure to him. Sometimes he was to be seen equipped in a pair of coarse canvas trousers, his brawny chest and muscular arms bare, cooking his supper outside of his hut in his earthen pot placed on the tripod, within the centre of which a fire was blazing. He was rather a picturesque object then, and the ladies, no longer obliged to hide their faces, would occasionally throw up to him a piece of money, with a kind "Good evening, Buckra Jem."*

Master Harry, notwithstanding his aristocratic feelings and exalted opinion of himself, sometimes condescended to have a chat with "that half-crazy Buckra Jem" on the sea-shore, and this unfortunate pariah was generally willing, when in a condition to do so, to listen to Harry's complaints and wishes.

"Buckra Jem," Harry said to the man, one evening, when he had followed the outcast down to the beach, "I want to speak to you. I am tired of that confounded store, and the miserable life I lead here. I want to get away. But how to manage it is the difficulty. None of the English or American ships would take me without my paying passage-money, and putting on board my bedding, and perhaps some provisions. I can't do this. So here I am imprisoned by the sea. But, my good fellow, you can help me."

"Me! How can I help you?" replied Buckra Jem, in much surprise. "I can't pay your passage. What bedding have I to lend you? And I don't think anybody would take my calabashes for crockery-ware." Buckra Jem grinned at the idea.

"No; but you have a boat, and you could put me on board the Spanish sloop yonder."

"What for?"

"To go in her, to be sure. I want to get to the Spanish Main. Once landed there, I dare say I shall do very well. One of these Spanish gentry, Don Alonzo Alvaez, is Miss Adela's sweetheart, and no doubt, for her sake, he will do what he can for me. After all, I am her cousin."

"But you are not a Buckra, and these gentlefolks don't care for their coloured kin."

* Buckra Jem—White Jem—is a sketch from life, or rather a faithful portrait.

"Look here, Buckra Jem, I didn't come to ask your opinion or your wise advice," said Harry, in his favourite insolent tone. "I came to ask if you would let me use your boat for half an hour, you yourself going in it to bring it back, and I would pay you for the job. If you agree, I will bring you two bottles of the best rum in Higgins's store and a bottle of brandy. Three bottles of spirits! I do think it quite payment enough for only pulling me on board a ship in the harbour close by."

Buckra Jem's grey sunken eyes twinkled faintly as he agreed to the terms. The offer of two bottles of rum and one of brandy was not to be resisted by the poor slave of strong liquor.

"But you must hold your tongue, and not go telling that you are engaged to take me to the Spanish sloop. If my plan gets to the ears of that old curmudgeon, Mr. St. Clair, or my stupid old grandmother has an inkling of it, there will be a deuce of a row, and I guess I shan't be able to make my escape."

"And who was I to tell it to, pray, young man?" replied Buckra Jem. "To the cocoa-nut-trees and the salt sea waves? I holds no talk with any one mostly, except Long Bill, the old grey-headed watchman of this Caledonia estate, when he buys my fish, and sells me some yams and oethroes and gub-a-gub peas. I was out torching the night before last, and Long Bill came early yesterday morning to buy fish, and left some corn-meal for fungus with me; he won't be back for a few days, I suppose."

"All right!" exclaimed the coloured youth.

"But how is I to get them bottles you were speaking of?" asked Buckra Jem, whose mind was fixed on the promised rum and brandy.

"I'll bring them to you myself at sundown," said Harry, "and the evening before, when it is dark, I will fetch out to you a box with my clothes, and a little leather bag with cigars."

"You had better fetch me one of the bottles of rum, too," said Buckra Jem, whose mouth watered to have the liquid he liked so much at his command.

"No, no, my good fellow," replied Harry. "If I were to bring you a bottle of the rum the night before, you would be dead drunk all next day, and not able to take me on board the sloop."

"It takes a good deal to make *me* drunk," observed the white man.

"I won't trust you. I don't want to be drowned, or eaten by a shark."

Buckra Jem shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, then asked at what hour his boat would be wanted.

"About half-past eight o'clock, I guess, or thereabouts," was Harry's answer. "The Spanish folks will hardly go on board before ten o'clock. They won't likely sail till the moon rises, which will be about eleven, and I'll have plenty of time to stow myself away somewhere before they come."

The bargain was struck, and the colloquy between the degraded white man and the self-conceited coloured youth ended to the satisfaction of both.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry, thinking aloud, as he almost danced along the road on his return to the town—"hurrah! I'll have my own way at last. Good-bye to this wretched hole and everybody in it. I shan't have

that old idiot, my stupid grandmother, jawing at me much longer now. I shan't have to sleep in that little room close to hers, and hear her snoring all night, or if she's awake, bawling out to me through the partition to know if I'm in bed. She watches me like a cat, that old woman, and I'm so glad to give her the slip. I shan't have that pompous old donkey, Mr. St. Clair, lecturing me on the necessity of paying attention to business, and giving satisfaction to my employer. 'My employer,' as he calls the storekeeper he put me with, does not give me satisfaction; he's a cross-grained, crabbed cur, and I sometimes feel awfully inclined to kick him. Then those impertinent puppies of white clerks, who think themselves greater than me—how I long to horsewhip them round. Well, thank goodness, I'm off, and the first thing I dare say that they'll hear of me is, that I am an officer in the patriot army—*Captain St. Clair*, very likely. If it is a handsome uniform, I shall look quite killing. By-the-by, I must not forget to pack up my little looking-glass, the one in a case that I bought at New York."

Congratulating himself on his near departure from his native island, and looking forward with the fearlessness of boyhood and the natural presumption of his character, the now joyous Harry approached the town, sobering his pace to a saunter, and betaking himself to a grog-shop to buy the rum and brandy—both of very inferior quality—which he had promised poor Buckra Jem.

III.

THE PARTING HOUR.

THE Spanish sloop was repaired, in as far as it could be in the small West India island, in one of whose harbours it was now lying. Two or three black sailors had been engaged, and provisions of all kinds, with no lack of choice wines, had been sent on board for the use of the cabin passengers by their liberal host, Mr. St. Clair, and the parting hour was at hand.

The parting hour! What a sad hour that has been to thousands, nay, to millions, in this sublunary world! There are few who have not felt, at some one period of their lives, the fulness of its sorrow. How often has it not been thought that the heart would break under the pressure of such cruel grief! But the heart bears a great deal. Its wise Creator has so ordained it, in mercy to the weak human race.

All was gloom at Clair Hall. The agreeable strangers, who had so enlivened and charmed the family there, were going, and going with no great prospect of returning to renew their pleasant intimacy with father or daughters. The gentlemen were grave—indeed, sad; the young ladies could scarcely restrain their tears; tears often rose even to Minna's eyes, probably from a sort of sympathetic feeling, for *she* could not, of course, entertain the same sentiments as her sisters did. Adela's sorrowful looks and seeming absence of mind, as if her thoughts were fixed on some subject of which she dared not speak, brought a slight measure of consolation to the yearning soul of her admirer, Don Alonzo Alvaez.

"It is of me the lovely girl is thinking," he said to himself. "Ah! *she* would not have given me such an inhuman answer as her father did.

Would to Heaven I had first addressed myself to her! I was a fool not to have done so; now it would be useless to ask her to be mine. Knowing her father's wishes, she would not disobey them. I must only try to look forward to the time when I may return, and, with his permission, make her my wife. Will that happy time ever arrive? Shall I live through the fierce campaigns in which we may expect to be engaged? Oh! that remains with destiny. But, as the Italians say, '*Chi ama, teme.*' Love is always burdened with fears!"

Adela seemed certainly much more willing to endure Don Alonzo's companionship the last day or two of his stay in the island than she had ever been before, and Colonel Mentilla and Linda took advantage of this unexpected courtesy on Adela's part towards her admirer to snatch a few private interviews—interviews of strangely mingled happiness and grief. Linda might have exclaimed with the clever, accomplished, and pleasing French countess, Madame d'Houdetot, when her lover—or rather the lover she preferred, for the celebrated Rousseau was also a lover of hers—St. Lambert, was leaving her to join the army,

"L'amant, que j'adore,
Prêt à me quitter,
D'un instant encore
Voudrait profiter!
Félicité vaine!
Qu'on ne peut saisir,
Trop près de la peine
Pour être un plaisir!"

Mr. St. Clair, luckily or unluckily as it might have been considered, had been attacked by fever the last two or three days that the patriot officers were to be in the island. His illness, however, was only what is called "the fever of the country," which, though very severe while it lasts, is not generally dangerous in itself, as the deadly yellow fever is, but may become so if it remains hanging over the sufferer for a long time, or returning frequently. In these cases it weakens the system, destroys the constitution, and brings on other complaints, but a change of climate for a short period almost always removes it. Mr. St. Clair, though much better the day his guests were to take their final leave, was yet not well enough to accompany them on board, but he gave his daughters permission to go to their aunt's that day, to bid a last farewell to their friends before they embarked.

"Do you think that we ought to quit papa?" said Linda to Adela, "or take leave of—of"—Linda gulped down a sob—"take a last leave of *them* here?"

"I do not see why we should not go," replied Adela. "Dear papa is much better this morning; he is in no danger whatsoever, and I think we can very well leave him to the care of Aunty Grace, who is such a capital sick-nurse. Minna has promised to stay with him, and, if he is quite free of headache, by-and-by she can read to him, or take her work into his room and keep him company. I think our South American friends would be dreadfully disappointed if we were to refuse going to Aunt Dora's this afternoon. She said she would have dinner a little earlier than usual on their account."

"But they won't need to go on board *very* early, will they?"

"Oh no; Alvaez said they would not go on board until nearly ten o'clock, perhaps. They won't be in any hurry to go, depend on it."

Adela looked that morning even paler than usual, and Linda's slight rosebud tint had disappeared from her cheeks. Both the girls seemed restless and unhappy. Minna thanked Heaven in her own mind that her Hector was not going away, but that his and her native island was also his home.

"I wonder, however," she said to herself, "when his uncle intends to begin repairing Hector's house or building a new one, as he sometimes speaks of doing. If I were Hector, I would not put up so patiently with his indolence and never-ending delays. Hector is too good natured, and lets that Mr. Craft take his own time and his own way in everything. What can be the matter with Adela this morning?" asked Minna of Linda, when she caught her alone for a few minutes. "She is wandering through the house as if she were a troubled ghost, or a thief looking out for something to carry off. I absolutely saw her catch up and put into her pocket papa's favourite little paper-cutter, the one with the mother-of-pearl handle. I can only suppose she took it in a fit of absence. I hope," added Minna, laughing, "that her penchant for one or other of those Spanish cavaliers has not turned her brain."

"For shame, Minna!" cried Linda. "How can you speak in this manner of poor Adela? Because you have no feeling yourself, are other people to have none?"

"Humph! Is there nobody on earth worth caring for but Spanish patriots?" asked Miss Minna, rather saucily.

"Well, don't let us stand bandying words here," said Linda. "Remember, papa is left to your care to-day; see that he gets everything he can wish for."

But Linda put much more faith in the attention of the housekeeper, Grace, to her father, than Minna's.

The carriage was at the door. The young ladies and their father's guests were going to Mrs. Rivers's to spend the remainder of the day—"the last day," as Linda called it. The girls went into their father's room to bid him good-bye, and the old gentleman, who, equipped in a dressing-gown, was reclining on a sofa, was astonished at the agitation displayed by his usually so calm and collected daughter, Adela. Her emotion quickly communicated itself to Linda, and both the girls stood by his sofa crying, as if their hearts were breaking.

"What is all this for?" asked the good man, in great dismay.

"Dearest papa, you are better, are you not?" sobbed Adela.

"We shall find you better when we come home to-morrow morning, I hope," half sobbed Linda.

"My dear girls, one would think you were taking an eternal farewell of me," said Mr. St. Clair, trying to smile. "I am not quite at death's door yet."

"Oh no, no, papa!" exclaimed Adela, vehemently, "or nothing on earth would induce me to leave you for an hour."

"Thank you, my dear child; I have full confidence in your affection."

Adela turned away, almost convulsed with grief.

"What is the matter with her?" asked Mr. St. Clair, in a low voice, of Linda.

"Dear papa, excuse her," answered Linda, vainly endeavouring to restrain her own tears. "She is very much grieved at parting with our guests. Oh, papa! we *all* feel this a sad trial."

"I am very sorry too, my darling," answered her father, "but you know chance brought them here, and we could not expect them to stay with us always. Remember what they have at stake in their own country."

Colonel Mentilla and Don Alonzo were then introduced to take farewell of their kind host, and assurances of cordial friendship were given on both sides, while grateful thanks were poured out by those who had been so hospitably received at Clair Hall.

"You will write to us, will you not?" said Mr. St. Clair.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," replied both the gentlemen, "if you will allow us to do so." And with kindest wishes, and every expression of good feeling, the old gentleman and his guests bade each other farewell.

IV.

GONE! IT MAY BE FOR EVER!

"WILL you come on board and see our little cabin?" asked Don Alonzo Alvarez of Adela, a little time after they had reached Mrs. Rivers's house.

Adela was willing to go, but Linda did not feel inclined to accept the invitation without consulting Colonel Mentilla, who was not in the room at that moment.

"I don't know," she said, "whether it would be exactly according to *les bienséances* to visit your vessel."

"Mrs. Rivers will kindly accompany you, I am quite sure," persisted Don Alonzo. "There can be nothing to offend *les bienséances* if she is with you."

"Order your phaeton, aunt," said Adela, addressing Mrs. Rivers; "though the distance is so short to the harbour, we can't well walk in this burning sun."

"The phaeton, my dear! why, it won't hold five people!" exclaimed the surprised Mrs. Rivers.

"No, certainly not, *señora*, but it will hold you three ladies, and Mentilla and I will walk."

"Colonel Mentilla may not follow up your invitation, Don Alonzo, and what then?" asked Linda.

"We will see about that, *señorita*," said Alvarez, as he left the ladies, and proceeded to the room which had been assigned to the gentlemen for their use that day.

Colonel Mentilla was, at first, rather averse to the proposal, but Don Alonzo urged it on him, reminding him that their little cabin would seem sanctified after having been graced, or rather hallowed, by the presence of the two charming sisters. So the party went on board, much to the surprise of the loungers in the street close to the quay, and the pale clerks in the stores facing the harbour, who, having very little to do, were standing at the doors of these establishments, crowded with multifarious articles, chatting with every coloured female who happened to pass.

"And this is your cabin!" cried Mrs. Rivers. "I see you have two berths in it. There is not much room in it, but it is very clean and airy. You could not take many passengers, however."

"But you have not seen all our accommodation," replied Don Alonzo. "We have two more little cabins: this one holds our glasses, crockery-ware, &c. &c.; and in this other is a spare bed, in case any one should, by chance, join us. The mate, or rather I should call him by his present title, the captain, has a hole for himself just close to the companion-way; of course the rest of the crew sleep forward."

Linda left some flowers she had brought with her, which Colonel Mentilla carefully placed in a glass of water, and Mrs. Rivers bestowed some money upon the sailors, and as there was nothing more to be seen, and nothing to be done on board *La Estrella*, the ladies and their escorts returned to dry land.

Adela seemed in better spirits after her visit to the sloop that was to convey the patriot officers to their homes; while Linda seemed more depressed than she had even been before. Hector Graham joined the little party at dinner, and had promised to see their South American friends off in the evening.

It was a very silent and sad repast, that last dinner, although poor Mrs. Rivers exerted herself to talk, and Hector endeavoured to keep up some conversation. The soup and the fish had hardly been removed, when Adela rose suddenly and begging her aunt and her aunt's guests to excuse her, as she had such a bad headache that she could not possibly sit up longer, but must go to lie down for a time, she left the table. Before quitting the room, however, she went to Linda, and stooping over her, while she took her hand and pressed it affectionately, she whispered:

"Dearest Linda, do not be uneasy about me, and don't let them disturb me."

"I will send you some guinea-bird, my dear, or golden plover, as you have had no dinner," said Mrs. Rivers.

"No, thank you, dear aunt, I could not touch either."

"Then some guava tart by-and-by, and cocoa-nut cream?"

"No, no!" replied Adela; "I will get Mariana to bring me a cup of coffee in a little while."

And, to the great dismay of Don Alonzo, she retired to her own room.

When Mariana, the confidential old servant, went to Adela's chamber with the coffee, she found her reclining on the bed in her dressing-gown, her eyes swollen from weeping, and altogether in a state of great mental distress.

"My dear Miss Adela, dis won't do," said the woman; "you will work yourself into a feba. I berry sorry for you. It is hard dat you sweet-heart mus go 'brought you, and leabe you behind, so long—long here. But, dear Miss Adela, you mus not gib way so, you mus be as brabe as Miss Linda. See how she keep up! You tink she no feel? Ah, pore ting, pore ting, she sorry too much; but she bear up for all dat!"

"Oh, Mariana!" cried the weeping girl, "you do not know, you cannot conceive, what I feel."

"My pore Miss Adela! I know you is in great trouble. God help you! But you mus only put you trust in *Him*, dat, as Mass' Parson says,

'orderet eberyting in dis world, and temper de wind to de shorn lamb.' And der may be a good time coming. De Lard is berry merciful to us sinners."

"Yes—oh yes, Mariana, and I will put my trust in the Lord, and in His protection! Go now, please; I shall try to take a little rest. The coffee is very refreshing, and I shall want nothing more. Don't let Aunt Dora or Linda come to disturb me. Even when the gentlemen are going, my good Mariana, don't let me be called. I am not able to bear a parting scene."

"Better not, dear Miss Adela. Go to sleep, den you won't tink ob noting. Sleep is de best ting for you, my pore child."

The kind-hearted Mariana darkened the room by partially closing the jalousies, though she left them sufficiently open to admit of the air, which was becoming cooler as the evening advanced.

Mrs. Rivers felt rather ashamed that Adela should allow her feelings to get so much the better of her, for she naturally thought her niece was grieving at the approaching parting with Colonel Mentilla, and she was excessively uneasy lest Adela, when the moment of the final adieu came, should forget herself, and show too plainly her attachment to the colonel, who, Mrs. Rivers well knew, had no love to bestow on her in return. Suffering under this fear, she became quite silent and unhappy, and heartily did she wish that the evening were over, and the gentlemen gone, without any unpleasant exposé.

When the ladies left the table, Hector, as master of the ceremonies, tried to push round the bottles; but the South Americans, always extremely temperate, would hardly drink anything, but they remained a little while out of civility to Hector, and the conversation was entirely on the affairs of the Spanish Main, and the patriots' hopes of success.

In the mean time, Mrs. Rivers said to Linda, "I cannot but think, my dear Linda, that it was wrong to conceal from Adela your private marriage, or, at any rate, she ought to have been told of Mentilla's preference for you, and that you were engaged to him. Adela would, doubtless, have been much hurt and disappointed, but her pride would have prevented her from showing her feelings openly, as she is doing now, and she would have got over this mad fancy in time. It is very unfortunate that you and she should have taken a fancy to the same man. I have read of this in novels, and I have been told that it occurs in real life sometimes; but I never heard of any case of the kind myself, except of one in Trinidad, where two young ladies—sisters—fell in love with the same young officer, who paid great attention to them both. But I don't believe he cared for either of them, for he used to laugh and sing,

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.

From the 'Beggars' Opera,' you know, my dear; and he went away without marrying either of them. Let us now go and see how Adela is."

Before reaching Adela's room, however, they were stopped by Mariana, who begged them not to go in to awake her, as she had gone to sleep, and did not wish to be disturbed.

They turned back, therefore, and Mrs. Rivers betook herself to the chamber of her invalid and half-witted daughter, where she remained a

long time playing, with the untiring patience which only a mother's devoted affection could have inspired, push-pin and cat's-cradle with the afflicted Julia, whose mind was as childish, or more so, than that of infancy.

Linda had gone to the drawing-room, and, being its sole occupant, she ventured to give way to the feelings against which she had been contending for so many hours. Resting her elbows on the table, she buried her face in her hands, and did not attempt to check the tears that came rolling in large drops down her smooth, soft cheeks, and finding their way through her slender fingers. The door leading into the drawing-room was half open, and some one entered the room so quietly that Linda did not hear any approaching footstep. Suddenly she felt her hands taken from before her tearful eyes, and perceived Colonel Mentilla leaning over her.

"My darling Linda!" was all that he could say at first, and the trembling tone of his voice showed how much he too felt; but by degrees he mastered his own emotion, and tried to comfort her. It was a vain effort, for Linda could not be brought to look forward with anything like hope.

"Ah! fear casts its dark shadow around me," she exclaimed. "I can see no ray of hope to dispel the gloom."

"Oh! But there *are* rays of hope, my Linda, and bright rays, too. When these troublesome times are over, when we drive our oppressors from our country, and it is blessed with freedom and peace, think what a happy future lies before us!"

"But that future may never, never arrive. You—oh, my God!—*you* may fall in battle, and—and——"

Linda could say no more; her voice was choked by her sobs.

"This will not do, my dearest one! Remember, you are the wife of a patriot leader; you must not unnerve me, and make me unfit for the arduous duties that I have vowed not to neglect. If Alvaez returns alone, and I remain here with you, my name will be disgraced, branded with infamy as a cowardly recreant, who sought personal safety when every arm was wanted for the defence of his country. Could you bear that such a stigma should be cast on me?"

"Not for worlds, my beloved Mentilla. Go! and may Heaven protect you in the hour of danger!"

"I shall have your prayers, my Linda; and the prayers of an angel on earth will surely be heard up yonder!"

He pointed to the skies, so serenely blue, amidst which the stars of evening had just begun to sparkle.

"Let us go," he continued, "to the Bell-apple arbour; we shall be less liable to interruption there than here."

They went, and spent the greater part of the evening together in that quiet retreat.

In the mean time, Don Alonzo and Hector sat smoking cigars in the gallery, Don Alonzo starting every now and then, as he fancied he heard a step approaching, and thought that Adela might be coming to join them. But no Adela came.

At length the hour for their departure was close at hand, and still she did not make her appearance. Don Alonzo was in despair, and could not

refrain from begging Hector to go and see if she were with her aunt. Hector soon returned with the information that she was not with Mrs. Rivers, who had not seen her since she had left the dinner-table. He added, that Mariana had told him Miss Adela had locked her door not to be disturbed, and that she had no doubt cried herself to sleep.

"It would be a pity to wake her, merely to say those unpleasant words, 'Good-bye,'" remarked Hector.

It was some balm to the heart of Don Alonzo Alvarez to hear that the young lady had been crying so much. For whom were her tears? For himself, of course, he thought, and for the fourth or fifth time he inwardly vowed to return and marry her, if he survived the war.

They were gone—the strangers who had been so hospitably received at Clair Hall, and had made such havoc in the hearts of two of the young mistresses of that pleasant abode. Adela did not come to say farewell, and Don Alonzo wrote a hurried and passionately worded billet to her, which he charged Hector to deliver to her. Hector accompanied the voyagers to the little town, and took leave of them at the wharf. It was getting late, and as the sloop was to sail almost immediately after they got on board, he did not think it necessary to go off with them.

He drove back to Mrs. Rivers's house, and remained a little time with her, but did not see either Adela or Linda. The latter had gone to a room at the top of the house, from which an extensive view of the sea could be obtained, to watch the departing vessel, and follow with her aching eyes to the last the bark that was carrying from her one so inexpressibly dear; while Adela's room door remained locked, and no one liked to knock loudly at it, or disturb the poor girl in any way.

"There will be a long dreary morrow for her, poor girl," said her compassionate aunt; "leave her to forget her sorrow in sleep, if she can."

"Ah!" she thought to herself, but she did not express *these* thoughts to Mariana, to whom she had been speaking, "Linda is better off than Adela, for she knows that nothing but death can separate her from the man she loves, and she knows that, as his wife, she has a legitimate right to love him. This must be a comfort to her amidst all her sadness and all the uncertainty of the future; while Adela has only dreams to go on, she only fancies that Colonel Mentilla is attached to her, and she has given away her heart to one who can never be what she thinks to her. It will be a terrible blow to her when she hears that he is the husband of her sister! I pity her most sincerely, and blame myself very much for not having given her a hint of it, at any rate. But then, how could I do so, when I had given my sacred word to keep silence, and never to betray by word or deed their private marriage? I have tried over and over to convey to Adela an idea of the truth, that Colonel Mentilla cared for Linda, not for her, but she would not believe it, and blindly went on fancying herself his favourite. Well, it is all very sad; but Heaven knows I have acted for the best, and, if I have done wrong, I am very sorry."

V.

MORE THAN ONE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

THE next morning the ladies were rather late of making their appearance. Mrs. Rivers had passed a sleepless night, not in grieving over the departure of the South Americans, but in thinking what her brother would say if he knew all that had been going on without his knowledge or acquiescence. Though much attached to Mr. St. Clair, she stood greatly in awe of him; and now that the whirl of excitement in which she had been kept was over, the idea of what would be his displeasure, if he found out that she had countenanced a private marriage between Linda and Colonel Mentilla, stood forcibly before her, and filled her with alarm and dismay. She blamed herself, she blamed Mentilla, but not Linda, for whom she was so kind hearted as to make much excuse. She remembered that, after all, Linda had at first refused to marry the colonel elandestinely, and had only been prevailed on to agree to do so if her aunt did not think it very wrong. She felt, therefore, that the fault lay mostly at her door, and she groaned in spirit at the thought of what her brother would say, and how she could exonerate herself in his eyes. Self-reproach was of no use. What was done could not be undone; but the poor woman passed a night of great misery.

Linda had been almost as wakeful as her aunt, for, whenever her wearied eyes had closed in sleep, she started up in dreams that frightened her, and awoke her from their very wretchedness. First she saw the ship, which she had watched till it had faded from her sight, like a speck on the ocean, suddenly reappear in its full size—but she saw it as suddenly go down headforemost, and beheld Colonel Mentilla on the sinking vessel waving his handkerchief to her, until the waves had swallowed him up. From this frightful dream she awoke in a shivering-fit. Later during the night she slept again, and this time the dream-world showed her a battle-field: she heard the booming of the cannon, she saw the opposing squadrons advancing to close combat, and, as she gazed on the daring leader on one side, she saw him fall, and at the same moment recognised the features of her beloved Mentilla, as his eyes were closing in death! This time she awoke with a smothered shriek; and sleep, more cruel even than reality, fled, to return no more the livelong night.

Mrs. Rivers ordered breakfast as soon as Linda came down, supposing that Adela would soon join them; at her house, as at home, the girls occupied separate bed-chambers, therefore Linda did not know if her sister were up or not. It was agreed to wait for her a little while. But when half-past nine o'clock came, and Adela remained still up-stairs, Mrs. Rivers sent Linda to ask her maid if Miss Adela had called her. The girl said she had not; and Mariana mentioned that she had been twice to Miss Adela's door, which was still fastened, and had knocked, but received no answer.

"She cannot be sleeping all this time," said Mrs. Rivers, "unless, indeed, she has taken laudanum."

"Taken laudanum?" echoed Linda; "what could put that into your head, Aunt Dora?"

"Only, my dear, if she awoke early in the night, and could not sleep again, she might have taken a few drops of laudanum to put her to sleep."

"But in the dark!" cried Linda. "Good Heavens! she may have taken an overdose, and now—now——" Linda, whose nerves were quite unstrung, burst into tears.

Mariana asserted that there was no laudanum in her room; but Mrs. Rivers persisted that she might have taken it for all that, as she knew that there was laudanum in the medicine-chest, and that she also knew was kept in a closet just outside of the door of Mrs. Rivers's own room, and it was often left unlocked. The medicine-chest was immediately brought forth, but the laudanum-bottle was quite full—not a drop had been taken out of it.

"Thank Heaven! she has not poisoned herself, then, by mistake!" exclaimed Linda.

The two ladies and Mariana went to Adela's door; they knocked, at first very gently, then more loudly, and listened for any sound inside the room. But all was still. There was not the slightest rustling sound—not the faintest breathing could be heard by the anxious listeners. Mrs. Rivers looked at her watch—it was ten o'clock; she then sent Mariana for one of the men-servants to force the door open, and Jacob, who was a bit of a locksmith, forthwith came up. He brought up some iron instrument with him, and forced the lock with it, telling his mistress, at the same time, that the door had been locked on the outside, not bolted in the inside. The door was thrown open, and Mrs. Rivers and Mariana entered the room hurriedly, but Linda hung back, and Jacob, of course, did not go in.

Presently Mrs. Rivers uttered a wild shriek, and Mariana groaned, "Gar Almighty! Gar Almighty!"

"What is it?" cried Linda, rushing in, followed by the black man, Jacob.

The bed was empty—the room was empty! No Adela was there!

They searched the whole room, Mariana even looking under the bed, for in her agitation she forgot that the person missing was a white young lady, not a black girl, who would most probably have preferred sleeping *under* a bed to sleeping *on* one. Mrs. Rivers looked narrowly about, to see if she could find any note from Adela, but there was not a vestige of one. The dress that she had worn the day before was thrown on the sofa over her lace shawl, and her bonnet was placed in the nicely lined bonnet-box that was kept in the room for her use when she visited Mrs. Rivers.

"Where can she have gone, Linda?" asked Mrs. Rivers, in consternation.

Linda shook her head in mute despair.

Mariana signed to Jacob to leave the room, which he immediately did; then she told Mrs. Rivers and Linda that she thought it very likely that, when Miss Adela awoke the evening before, and found the gentlemen were gone, she had walked to the town to bid them good-bye at the wharf.

"But she would not go without her bonnet?" said Linda.

"She would not mind dat," replied Mariana. "She might tie a henkechie over her head."

"But she could not go without some dress on," observed Mrs. Rivers. They opened her drawers and her dressing-case. Everything was right in her dressing-case except her comb, hair-brush, and tooth-brush, which were gone; her dressing-gown and a dark-blue Canton crape shawl were also missing.

Mariana exclaimed triumphantly that Miss Adela must have gone in her dressing-gown, which was as nice almost as a dress, and her large blue shawl.

"But she would have come back, surely," said Linda. "She could not have stayed on the wharf all night, and Hector certainly did not see her there."

Mariana suggested that, finding it late, she might have gone to Mrs. Sutherland's, whose house was near the bay.

Mrs. Sutherland was an old lady, an intimate friend of the family, and Adela's godmother.

Linda and her aunt seized on the idea, and ordered the phaeton to take them and Mariana to town. Neither of them could touch a morsel of breakfast; they only swallowed each a cup of tea, and, as soon as the carriage was ready, they hurried off to town.

But dire disappointment awaited them there. Mrs. Sutherland had neither seen nor heard anything of Adela, and was shocked to hear of her disappearance.

"She must have strolled down to the bay, thinking to meet Hector Graham," she said, "and, as it grows dark so soon, she must have missed her footing, and fallen over that unprotected wharf. Poor child!—poor dear child!"

This was a most painful idea; nevertheless, the suggestion was possible, and Mrs. Rivers and old Mrs. Sutherland were discussing it, when Mariana entered the parlour in a great flutter, with the intelligence that Harry St. Clair was also missing. Mrs. Sutherland sent instantly to the store at which he was employed to inquire if the report were true, and the head clerk came to tell her that it really was the case. Harry had not come, as usual, to the store that morning, and Mr. Brown, the store-keeper, thinking the lad might be ill, had sent to his grandmother's to inquire about him. Old Calista, the grandmother, was in great distress, for "de buoy" had not come home all night. He had gone out about sunset with a parcel under his arm, but had returned for tea, and had eaten some turtle's eggs with it, which had been sent as a present to the old woman by a fisherman in the town. After tea he had gone out again, and had never returned. Old Calista said that the watchman at Caledonia estate had seen Harry and Buckra Jem together shortly after sunset that evening, and had overheard them talking about Buckra Jem's boat being ready to take Harry *somewhere*, but he did not hear where.

"Harry's disappearance is very extraordinary," said Mrs. Rivers, "but it can have nothing to do with Adela's."

Mrs. Sutherland was not so sure of that; but Mrs. Rivers and Linda were afraid of asking what she thought, lest she should speak of Adela's penchant for Colonel Mentilla, which she had taken so little pains to con-

deal. It was determined to send off for Hector Graham, whom the ladies knew they could trust, and a boy was despatched to Mr. Craft's house, with orders to scamper as fast as his mule would go, and to deliver a sealed note to Mass' Hector.

Hector came as speedily as possible, and set about making inquiries in the town; he found out all about the clothes and other things which Adela had ordered to be sent on board the Spanish sloop for Harry St. Clair, and that she had paid for everything; this proved that there must have been some understanding between Adela and the coloured youth, but no further elucidation of the matter could be obtained, and it afforded no explanation of her mysterious disappearance.

Mrs. Rivers and her niece were preparing to go home, when Mariana, who that day appeared destined to be the messenger of evil, a second time rushed into the sitting-room, with the intelligence that Buckra Jem's boat had been found cast ashore, keel upwards, at the other end of the bay!

Here was a new panic—Buckra Jem's boat upset, and drifted ashore! Then whoever was in it must have been drowned!

"Adela could not have been in that poor creature's boat," said Hector. "I will go down to the wharf, and hear what they are saying there."

After half an hour of agonising martyrdom to Linda and her aunt, and much anxiety to Mrs. Sutherland, he returned with the news which he had gathered.

A sailor belonging to one of the ships in the harbour said that soon after dark he had been leaning over the side of the vessel looking about him, when he perceived a boat passing near. As it approached his ship, he distinctly saw Buckra Jem, whom he knew very well by sight, steering the boat; his body was swaying about, he did not seem to know what he was doing—in fact, he had all the appearance of being quite drunk; there was one other person certainly in the boat; there might have been two, but he only observed one, a lad who was attempting to row the boat, but he was not handling the oars properly, and did not seem to have the least idea of rowing. As they scudded past his ship he sung out to them to take care, for if they went on as they were doing they would upset the boat, and soon be down among the sharks. He watched them a little way; they were going in the direction of the Spanish sloop, but he was called off for some duty on board, and when he returned to look out for the boat it was gone. He saw nothing more of it, and had heard nothing more of it until that morning, when he was told, on coming ashore, that Buckra Jem's boat had drifted to land on the other side of the bay, keel upwards.

Hector volunteered to go to poor Buckra Jem's hut to see if he really were absent, for, as he said, "people do tell such stories."

But he came back with a rueful countenance. The unfortunate man was not there; but he had evidently been drinking, probably to excess, the evening before; a bottle of brandy, opened, but only a little taken out of it, was lying in one corner of the hut, while a bottle which had held rum was empty, and a small quantity of strong rum-and-water was in a calabash on one of the wooden benches, as if the wretched owner of the hut had been interrupted while drinking it.

The whole town was agog by this time, and the keeper of the grog-

shop, where Harry had bought the spirits for Buckra Jem, sent to tell Hector Graham of the purchase Harry had made, and that he had said he was going to bestow a bottle of rum on poor Buckra Jem.

Linda did not know what to do, her aunt was in such a dreadful state of mind that she did not like to leave her; and yet she felt that it was her duty to return to her poor father, who would too soon hear rumours of the terrible occurrence, or rather occurrences. She determined on leaving Mrs. Rivers, who positively refused to go with her to Clair Hall, to Mariana's care, and, accompanied by her kind friend Hector, she returned to her own desolate home.

The news they had to impart was a fearful shock to poor Mr. St. Clair. Grief, anger, and mortification all struggled together in his mind, and Linda was sadly afraid that they would have brought on a paralytic fit. But he calmed down by degrees, and at last came to the conclusion that Don Alonso Alvaez had carried off Adela, either with or without her consent. Neither Linda, Minna, nor Hector believed anything of the sort; but they thought it was better to let Mr. St. Clair encourage this idea than to let him fancy his daughter was drowned in a wild attempt to see Colonel Mentilla once more.

Such, clearly, was their own idea, and the sisters grieved most bitterly at their bereavement.

There was quite a hue and cry throughout the island; the name of St. Clair was in every mouth, and all manner of reports were circulated among high and low.

Poor Mr. St. Clair, formerly so cheerful and conversible in his own family, became silent and moody; he seemed always buried in reflection except when compelled to occupy himself in necessary business. At length, one day, he said to his elder daughter:

"Linda, I feel that I have been very wrong. I neglected the warning sent to me—the spirit's warning. It bade me beware of strangers; it told me evil was hanging over us; but in my folly I thought not of those solemn words, and see now how truly is fulfilled the Spirit's Prophecy."

EGYPT: AND A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE, *VIA* MOUNT SINAI AND PETRA.*

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MILES.

IX.

It is quite time—judging by the impatience of some of my readers, who have not scrupled to make known to me their anxious wishes to hear all about the forty days' journeying in the "Wilderness," as well as to read my personal description, in print, of my visit to Mount Sinai and Petra, and all about Ezion-geber, where we learn from the Holy Scriptures King Solomon, in his day, constructed "a navy of ships" (1 Kings ix. 26)—it is quite time, I repeat, I should say farewell to Cairo, and commence my long, tedious, as well as most fatiguing journey to Jerusalem.

This I find to be no such easy task, for, after having resided from November until the latter end of February in the Egyptian capital, with the exception of the seventeen or eighteen days which were so very agreeably spent in the Isthmus of Suez, I feel somewhat loth to quit the neighbourhood of the Esbékiéh, upon which my windows have looked so long, and especially when one last word more will be sure to make itself heard, through these "world-circulated" pages, of some further description of "men and things" at Cairo, which have been hitherto, in the *embarras de richesses* of other, perhaps more interesting, subjects, temporarily "shelved."

One of the most curious sights to be witnessed at Cairo is the departure of a "caravan," as it is generally called, for Palestine, by either the short desert route, or by that of the long desert one; but especially the latter, for it is much larger, and forms a far more attractive object to the stranger fresh from Europe to behold than the former one does. There is an open space in front of both of the two large and most frequented hotels at Cairo, and as soon as the party is made up, and the dragoman engaged, and the necessary "kit" got together, the whole of the camels, which had been previously secured by the dragoman, are brought to this spot, where they bivouac until the hour for the departure of the caravan. The tents having been pitched and duly inspected by each member of the party who is to occupy them, as well as the small, low, and narrow camp iron bedsteads, and the articles of bedding thereon, together with the "stores" and casks of Nile water for drinking and culinary purposes, and, lastly, the arrangement for the kitchen having been looked to, each traveller generally mounts the dromedary, which the dragoman selects for him, and tries its paces on the light sandy ground of the Esbékiéh. This last proceeding affords great fun and merriment to the European visitors who are residing at these hotels, and to whom it forms an era in their Egyptian life, the recollection of which sight will long remain fresh and vivid in their minds after their return to their own country.

These animals have not all the same equally easy and gentle pace;

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several of them, especially in the present day, are extremely rough, and most uncomfortable in their paces. The race or breed of riding camels, commonly called dromedaries, would seem to have become either extinct, or, at all events, to have greatly deteriorated; for I have a vivid recollection of a very different and far superior class of riding camels, on which I rode all the way from Cairo to Ramléh (the ancient *Arimathea* of Scripture) in April, 1845.

The stranger in the land who mounts a dromedary for the first time in his life, unprovided with a pair of stirrup-irons and leathers, and finding he has only a slight cord wherewith to hold or to guide his animal, certainly cuts a strange figure, and his appearance in such a novel character is enough to make the lookers-on die with laughter.

This first general assembling of the "caravan" must be witnessed to be thoroughly realised. So strong are first impressions with some persons, that I recal to mind the instance of a German baron who had just returned on board of the passenger steamer from a visit to Upper Egypt, and who was staying at Shepherd's Hotel, on witnessing from his bedroom window the assembling of a "caravan" on the eve of starting for Palestine, *viâ* Mount Sinai, leaving his room, to which he had been for some days confined by an attack of diarrhœa, contracted on board of the steamer, as he informed me, and, actuated by the first impressions on his optic nerves, hastening to mount one of the dromedaries, in order to ascertain whether he could endure the fatigue of such a conveyance throughout the whole of the journey which he contemplated making, *viâ* Mount Sinai and Petra, to Jerusalem. On descending from off the camel's back on to *terra firma*, the baron confessed to me it was rough riding!

The first great difficulty, previous to starting from Cairo, is to make up a party who will all agree to go the same route you yourself have made up your mind to travel by; for, although more than half of the European visitors who have proceeded to Upper Egypt go on to Palestine and to Syria, in order to complete their tour, yet, as no less than four different routes are available by which Jerusalem can be reached, it is no easy matter to find fellow-travellers with the same views as your own.

Many persons prefer the sea route from Alexandria to Jaffa, as being not only very much shorter in regard to the time occupied on the journey, but likewise as being much cheaper, and performed with considerably less bodily fatigue.

In my own case, I found several travellers who were bound to Jerusalem, some of whom had made up their minds to proceed by the sea route, whilst others had determined to travel by the way of the short desert; one or two Englishmen had no objection to forming a party to proceed as far as Mount Sinai and back to Cairo; whilst others, again, wished to visit the shores of the Red Sea, ascend Mount Sinai, and thence make for Jerusalem, *viâ* Nakl, Beersheba, and Hebron, thereby foregoing Ezion-geber and Mount Seir; the fourth route was *viâ* Akaba and Wady Mōōsa.* Having at length found a party of three other travellers, who had but just arrived from England, both willing and ready to join me in visiting Mount Sinai and Petra, on the

* The modern names of Ezion-geber and Mount Seir.

journey to Jerusalem, immediate arrangements were made for our early departure; but, before these were accomplished, the steamer returned from Upper Egypt, and no less than four of her passengers—two of whom were English and the remainder Americans—on hearing of the party already made up to “do” Mount Sinai and Petra, on their way to Jerusalem, were most anxious to join it, and, as our “quartette” was agreeable to the same, the party now consisted of eight persons.

In proceeding by either the long or the short desert route, it is not only preferable, but advisable, to travel in company; for it is too monotonous work to travel over such a dreary extent of country for so many days, all alone, without the chance of seeing or meeting with a white face until you reach your journey’s end; while, again, it is extremely expensive for one person to have to defray the whole costs of this journey, to say nothing of its offering a very great temptation to one’s being attacked and plundered by some of the wandering Bedouin tribes, when they perceive you are the only European in the caravan. In case of sickness or sudden illness, the case would be deplorable indeed.

Sometimes two caravans, consisting of ladies as well as gentlemen tourists, agree to travel, for company’s sake, together; but each distinct and separate from the other—each having its own dragoman and establishment, and, in this respect, perfectly independent the one of the other. For the sake of society, and in the hour of sickness, this plan has its advantages.

The month of January is far too early to proceed to Palestine, inasmuch as if the traveller should proceed *viâ* Mount Sinai, he will be unable to ascend that mountain from the depth of snow on its summit, and which extends even for some distance down its sides; and should he proceed *viâ* the short desert route, he will arrive at Jerusalem in the winter season, when the weather is very cold, and the air chilly, and damp, and raw, from the frequent heavy rain which falls.

On my return to Cairo, after the *Dakabiéh* voyage to Upper Egypt, the latter end of March, 1845, I had intended to have proceeded to visit Mount Sinai, but the hot season had already set in, and the weather had become too sultry and too oppressive to do so with any comfort. I may here observe that at Philæ, above the first cataracts of the Nile, and as far down that river as Osiôôt, on my return trip, the thermometer in the shady side of the main cabin, or sitting-room, registered between the hours of two and four P.M. from 90 deg. to 94 deg. Fahrenheit.

On the journey to Mount Sinai through the “wilderness” in which it still stands, as of old (Exodus xix. 1, 2), I was informed at Cairo I should find the heat unbearable in a tent, and I was strongly recommended to forego a visit to it at such an advanced period of the season, which, as the advice proceeded from old residents in that city, I considered it only prudent to follow.

We (for there were two of us) therefore proceeded to Jerusalem, *viâ* “El Arish,” or by the short desert route, where we arrived in time to accompany the pilgrims of the Greek Church down to the river Jordan.

The French have a saying that, “*tout arrive à bon tems à celui qui*

sait attendre," and I most certainly had a long time to await my *bons tems*' arrival; for it was only after the expiration of one-and-twenty years that I had an opportunity of carrying out my long and anxiously wished-for desires!

The second great difficulty, for those who intended to proceed by way of either "desert" route to Palestine, was the choice of a thoroughly efficient, safe, as well as honest dragoman, whose services are indispensable on the journey. Now, there are four different races of dragomen to choose from—Arabs, Maltese, Syrians, and Greeks, and a few very excellent dragomen are to be found among the three first-named of these classes. The Greek, however, I would avoid engaging, if it is intended to proceed by the long desert route, in case of any misunderstanding arising between the dragoman and the different Bedouin tribes, which might jeopardise the lives and property of all the caravan. But early application is necessary to secure their services, as the best of these men are almost always bespoken by parties, by letter, as early as the end of September, and by the end of October the few really good men have been already engaged.*

Great and frequent have been the complaints on the part of several European travellers against the conduct of the different dragomen they have had the misfortune to engage, shortly after their arrival in Egypt, without having taken sufficient precautions, and made particular inquiries from several distinct sources into the characters of the men they were about to engage for a period of several weeks' duration, on such high terms, too, as had been ruling during the last four or five winters in Egypt. So many parties having been wronged, ill fed, ill served, and even flagrantly cheated and "fleece'd" by the dragomen whom they had hired, I have thought it necessary to bring this very important subject into prominent notice, whilst I am alluding to dragomen.

Our party of eight was finally increased to nine gentlemen, in all; for, at the eleventh hour, a young English clergyman, who had a few days previously expressed his anxious wish to be allowed to join our already large party, put in a "personal appearance" (as the lawyers say) at the chancellerie of the British consulate, just as we were all assembled to ratify—as is customary at each of the different European consulates at Cairo—mutual "agreements," to be held binding on both parties thereto—viz. the travellers on one part, and the dragoman on the other—for the period therein named.

Since the month of December previous I had had in view a good and

* I had hoped shortly after my arrival in Egypt to have obtained the services of a most excellent dragoman, an Egyptian named Ali, who, whilst we were all proceeding down to the Jordan (in April, 1845), placed his own life in the greatest jeopardy to save that of one of the three American gentlemen (the same party who had renounced visiting Mount Sinai) who had been pulled from off his horse, between Jerusalem and Bethany, by some Mahomedan fanatics, with green flags in their hands. The dragoman, on this occasion, was not only severely handled, but was badly wounded, and had to be conveyed back, on a litter, to Jerusalem, where his wounds were attended to, one of the three American gentlemen accompanying him. Should either Mr. Maxwell (of Kentucky) or Mr. Thompson see this article, they will at once recognise the valuable services their dragoman rendered them on this occasion. But I learnt, to my great regret, poor Ali had become too infirm to travel any more as a dragoman, and had accepted a quiet post in the household of the Italian consul at Alexandria.

trustworthy dragoman of the name of Hussānēen Bedawee, whom I recollected during my last previous visit to Cairo, and who had a book full of very excellent certificates given to him by the different parties whom he had accompanied to Upper Egypt, and likewise to Palestine and to Syria. This man had had, also, the advantage of having travelled several times by the long desert route, where he was well known to the different Shaicks on the road; he had, moreover, visited Petra several times, while he had also made the overland journey with an English traveller from Aleppo to Bagdad, and likewise a voyage from Suez to Bombay. He was well known as a good, honest dragoman at Cairo, and the only thing I could hear to his prejudice, and that from one of the oldest lady residents at Cairo, was, he was considered to be given to parsimony, and was not sufficiently liberal in the table he provided for his party—in short, a *grippe-sou*.

As soon as our first party of four persons was made up, Hussaneen's services were secured, and an agreement was made with him that he was to give us safe escort to Jerusalem, *viâ* Mount Sinai, Akabah, Petra, and Hebrōn; that he should find us in carriage, in tents, and in food (three substantial meals a day), with a good dromedary for each of us to ride on, and a sufficient retinue of servants.

That if our party should be limited to four persons, each one of us should pay him the sum of two pounds five shillings, English value, *per diem*—the same whether halting or marching—for the forty days' journey, *viâ* the long desert route.

2ndly. That if our party should consist of five or six persons, the dragoman was to receive the sum of one pound fifteen shillings *per diem* from each of us; and,

3rdly. That if more than six persons formed the party, the dragoman was to receive only one pound ten shillings *per diem* from each person; and that in this last case this sum should include the "fees" and "taxes" invariably levied by the Shaick of Wady Mōōsa (Petra) on all travellers, European, Egyptian, or Asiatic, who visited and encamped in this dangerous valley. We were, however, to pay the "fees," as well as the customary *bukshēesh*, or "present," at the convent of Mount Sinai, as well as at all the monasteries, and convents, and churches we might visit, after entering Palestine, besides all sums expended on "sight-seeing."

In this agreement the dragoman had in his favour not only the great advantage of having the full period of forty days conceded to him for accomplishing the journey from Cairo to Jerusalem in, and which at thirty shillings a day would cost each of us the sum of sixty pounds sterling, besides other little incidental expenses by the way, as well as a *buono mano* to the dragoman and to his servants at the conclusion of the journey (for such is the rule that obtains in all Eastern countries, and both dragoman and servants would think they had not given satisfaction to their masters and employers were the expected *bukshēesh* withheld), but he was, moreover, to receive the same sum for each day's halt on the journey.

The usual time allowed to accomplish this journey in (as I have previously observed in part second of this narrative) is thirty-six days; but as a halt on every Sabbath-day is almost invariably stipulated for, this

prolongs the journey by four days, and to this proceeding no dragoman offers any objection, as these additional halts are, unless otherwise specified in the written agreement, a clear advantage to him, and tend to swell his gains on the whole trip.

It was on Saturday the 18th of February, 1865, that our camp was regularly pitched in the open space fronting Shepherd's Hotel, at which house the majority of our party were staying. First of all, there was a goodly array of bran-new and snow-white cotton canvas tents, no less than six in all—viz. a large saloon one for sitting in and for the meals to be served in; four sleeping-tents, one of which was an extra large one to accommodate three persons therein; besides a tent for the dragoman and the servants, which served by day as a pantry and store-room.

The camels were inspected, for the greater number thereof had to travel with their heavy loads all the way to Akabah before being changed for fresh ones; the dromedaries were then made over by the dragoman to each traveller to mount and try its paces, as well as to adjust the lengths of the stirrup-leathers, &c. &c. This being accomplished, the "supplies" were next looked to, as well as the several wicker-work cages, made of stout reeds, which contained our portable poultry-yard, consisting of turkeys and fowls, but no geese or ducks; and this total absence of the two last from our stock was accounted for by the greater quantities of water they would consume on the march, and which, if withheld from them, would cause their dying off, whilst it would have required an extra camel to have carried a couple of casks of fresh water to have kept them alive, to say nothing of the additional trouble they would have caused to the servants in keeping them together, and preventing their straying far away from the camp, in search of a pond or water to bathe themselves in. On the above grounds, ducks and geese are very rarely taken by the dragomen on the journey through either desert.

On the afternoon following, the camp was struck; the camels were all laden, and our heavy luggage sent on with them to Suez, where we were to join the camp by rail, and by four P.M. the Esbékiéh was clear of the last camel.

The departure from Cairo of our large caravan had attracted not only the greater portion of the inmates of Shepherd's Hotel to witness a sight so novel to the majority of the visitors from Europe, as well as from America, who were therein located; but several persons from the other neighbouring hotels, on witnessing the crowd that had gathered around it, hastened to swell the throng by their presence also; and this could scarcely be wondered at, when I inform my readers the caravan consisted of no less than seven-and-twenty camels and dromedaries—a sight certainly well worth the looking at.

The whole were to encamp, or rather bivouac—for the tents were not to be pitched—a short distance outside of the city, so as to be prepared for an early start the following morning. It is three days' march for camels, heavily laden, from Cairo to Suez, which gives an average of nearly seven-and-twenty miles for each day's journey across this portion of the desert.

I should observe, before I proceed further, that no person is allowed

to visit the interior of the convent at Mount Sinai, without being furnished with an order, or special written authority to do so, from the Greek patriarch, or "bishop-metropolitan" of the Sinaitic peninsula, who resides at Cairo, which said order formerly cost nothing; but a few years ago a fee of five francs was charged thereon, which has since been raised to one napoleon, or sixteen shillings, which sum we were charged for our "permit."

The Greek metropolitan, seeing around him the numbers of people who had been enriched by their speculations in cotton, thought it would not be a bad expedient to bring grist to his "mill" by levying a tax on all tourists who might wish to visit the interior of this convent. The amount of this tax was levied on a single traveller, but it covered, at the same time, a party who travelled in one company, or who formed one caravan.

The train for Suez was "timed" to leave Cairo at half-past seven o'clock every morning, but it was frequently much later before it started, and this morning (Wednesday, the 22nd of February) it was eight o'clock before the train got away. We had now said our last adieu to Cairo, and had fairly entered upon the long desert journey we had before us. It was half-past two P.M. before we reached Suez, where, on our arrival, we learnt our camels had not yet reached that place, but that they were in sight, this being their third day from Cairo.

On drawing up the "agreement" with our dragoman, it was stipulated that we should each of us have to pay our respective railway fares to Suez, but that he was to pay for our expenses for board and lodging at the hotel during our four-and-twenty hours' stay at that place.

The only word, I must here repeat, I could hear previous to our departure from Cairo, in disparagement of our dragoman, was, that he was considered to be rather "close-fisted," and this failing on his part was first exemplified the day after our arrival at Suez; for we had each brought with us by the train several travelling-bags and small handy portmanteaux, which we made over to the dragoman, early on the morning after our arrival, to be placed upon the camels, as part and parcel of our baggage; but this proceeding on our part seemed to take him by surprise, as he said he had made no arrangements for carrying this luggage; and, secondly, that it was always customary for travellers to carry their bags and minor packages in the coarse canvas sacks, or wide-mouthed bags, which every camel carried under the saddle, and which served in Egypt the same purpose as our own leather saddle-bags did in Europe.

This proceeding on the dragoman's part was so novel to me, that I told him, when I travelled to Jerusalem some twenty years previously by the short desert route, our dromedaries were for our especial riding, and were not laden like beasts of burden with our baggage, as it would have very greatly interfered with the comforts of our daily journeying, and have proved both irksome and extremely inconvenient to each traveller; and that I insisted he should procure additional camels to carry all this extra luggage, which, it should be observed, he was shown over and over again at Cairo, and informed that we should have to take with us. He seemed to be very much "put out" by my

resolution not to carry any luggage on my dromedary, save a small leather-bag containing a few clothes and books, &c., &c., for handiness; for the camel-drivers more than half fill these large bags, or rather half sacks, with beans and other food for their animals for the journey, which not only increases the load the dromedaries have to carry, but which has the effect of rendering the rider's seat a particularly uncomfortable one; and, as we were all, fortunately, agreed on this point (although I had not been long in discovering we had amongst our party one whose tenets savoured of *white* "pandyism"*), the dragoman had no alternative but to hasten the procuring of two additional camels—which increased the number to twenty-nine in all—to enable us to commence our first day's march this afternoon to Moses's wells.

Whilst the dragoman has gone in search of the head Shaick of the camels, in order to procure the two additional beasts of burden, I will just refer to my note-book and see if I have not omitted any little bits of information picked up and forthwith "booked" at Cairo, which might possibly prove interesting to give to the reader.

At the period of my leaving the Egyptian metropolis, I learnt there were between three and four thousand labourers and workmen, in all, employed on the Suez Maritime Canal, of which number, however, eleven hundred were attached to Monsieur Cazeaux, on the line of the Suez Fresh-water Canal.

During my sojourn at Cairo, I endeavoured to ascertain from various persons who inhabited Alexandria, and who occasionally visited the former city, the number of Europeans in Egypt, and the result of my several inquiries was, there were from seventy to eighty thousand Europeans in Alexandria alone, and about fifteen thousand in Cairo, which were classed as follows:

* The term *white* "pandy" was an odious nickname, expressive of unmitigated contempt, given by the public voice, through the press, to those Englishmen who held influential and lucrative appointments under the government during the Sepoy rebellion in India in 1857-58, and who not only sympathised with, but took every opportunity of screening, the black murderers of their own countrymen and fair countrywomen and children. The term was also frequently used to denote these Englishmen who, from a morbid sensibility, always upheld and sided with the black race (howsoever much in the wrong) against their own race (howsoever much in the right); and to instance a late case in point, the members of the "Jamaica Committee" in England would, were they in India, have earned the *sobriquet* of "white pandies." Had the dangerous policy, so suicidal, of Lord *Clemency* Canning been carried out to the very letter of his proclamation, when he issued that insane order for every European in India to give up his arms, because it would have been invidious to have disarmed the insurgent black race only, at that moment of extreme danger to the stability of the English rule, not a single white-faced man, woman, or child would have escaped being butchered in India. Most fortunately, however, his lordship's orders on this, as well as on other heads of mistaken leniency, were disobeyed by the white race, who were fighting for their very existence, and who were, numerically, as one only to somewhere about five thousand of the insurgent black race! In all *éméutes* and insurrections of the people, and in all cases of mutinies of soldiers, it is an axiom that the *first* blood shed, in quelling the same, is *always* the least. Had an early example been made in India, in March, 1857, of the mutinous conduct of the Sepoys at Berhampore, the mutiny might have been nipped in the bud; which, afterwards, caused two years of hard fighting to suppress, and which caused the destruction, by hanging, shooting, and bayoneting, of upwards of fifty thousand of the black race! Who proved to be the most *humane* governor, "*Clemency*" Canning, or Mr. Eyre?

Frenchmen, as well as French subjects, in Alexandria	16,000
Italians " Italian " "	18,000
Greek " Greek " "	30,000
Maltese 	8,000
Total	72,000

The remainder, English, German, Spanish, Belgian, and Russian, would bring up the grand total to eighty thousand.*

On the morning of the 13th of February, 1865, at three o'clock (to be particular in such matters), an old man died in Cairo, at the great age of seventy, of the name of Cheriff Pasha, a Turk by birth, who had been attached to Mahomed Ali's court and ministry, but who during the last six years had been quite blind. He was a great miser, and had a harēem of slave girls. At the age of sixty-five he had a child born unto him, a little girl, which, however, soon died; his youngest child is now five or six years old. This ex-minister, when selecting for purchase the different slave girls that were brought to him for sale, as he could not see their beauty, nor enjoy a sight of their "outward" loveliness, used to feel them, as old Isaac did to his son Jacob (Genesis xxvii. 21, 22), and if they were well rounded and plump, and of a full bust, he would then make an offer for them to the owners, the slave-dealers, in money. This old man was reputed to be *immensely* wealthy; and it was said no one could estimate his riches, for he had not only lands and houses, but likewise jewels, diamonds, pearls, and money in quantities. He has left a large family, however, to inherit all this immense wealth.

Those who saw the late Viceroy of Egypt, Saïd Pasha, at the Exhibition of 1862, at South Kensington, will recollect the surprise felt in England on hearing of his death so soon after his return to his own country, and whispers were afloat of his having been quietly made away with, or, in plainer language, poisoned. Such, however, does not seem to have been the case; for I was informed, whilst in Cairo, by a party who seemed to be *au courant* to the real cause of the Pasha's death, that it was caused by fistula and a mortification of the intestines, and that he died after having undergone very great bodily suffering. He left only one son. When Saïd Pasha was in Paris, on his return to Egypt, he consulted the French eminent surgeon, Dr. Ricord, for his disease; and the doctor, knowing his antecedents and the sort of life which he had accustomed himself to lead, told him, if on his return to Egypt he did not alter his mode of life in his harēem,

* Since the above was written, I have read in the *Times* of December 29th, 1865, under the head of "Egyptian Intelligence," the following information, which I here insert, as I have previously mentioned the swarms of Italians that kept pouring into the land of Egypt: "In a former letter I spoke of a considerable emigration from Southern Italy to Egypt. The number of emigrants, principally Calabrese, has so increased as to render it necessary for the Egyptian authorities to interfere. They arrive, it appears, in great misery, without any engagement, and thus become a public burden and annoyance. The consuls have been required, therefore, to apply to their governments to devise some mode of putting a stop to this influx, and the Board of Health in Alexandria has ordered the agents of the steam-boat companies to prevent the landing of these unfortunate creatures until their consuls have provided for their necessities."

he would not survive beyond six months. The doctor's prognostication of his patient's case proved correct; his diagnosis thereof was not at fault, for Saïd Pasha was dead before the expiration of the six months, and at the age of forty only.

Just previous to my leaving Cairo, I was shown, through the kindness of Dr. Ignace Zagiel, some small grains, which by some persons were supposed to be identical with the "manna" of Scripture. Dr. Zagiel was a Polish prince by birth, from the province of Lithuania, in the government of Kovno, and after having resided some time in Paris, as well as in London, to perfect himself in medical science, had of late taken up his residence at Cairo, where he had been nominated private physician to one of the Pashas, and where he likewise enjoyed a good private practice. This kind-hearted *savant* informed me, the stalk on which the above grains grew was as sweet as that of the sugar-cane, and glucose, as well as cevilose and dextrine, in its properties. It is conjectured that bread was made from the flour of these grains by the Israelites.* This plant or stalk is found in the Desert, and is known to botanists (so my informant stated to me) under the name of *Leuconora esculenta*. I had greatly wished to have seen the stalk itself, but the only specimen Dr. Zagiel had by him he had left with one of the pashas, the Minister of the Home Department (as we should say in England), if my memory does not in this instance fail me.

I had had the pleasure of being personally introduced to Dr. Zagiel, on the first evening on which I had "assisted" at one of those most agreeable and intellectual *conversazioni* which Monsieur de Lesseps invariably held in his large salon whenever he dined at home, by the worthy

* Very possibly—although there is no mention made thereof in the Holy Scriptures; but the grains of the *Leuconora esculenta* and the *manna* of the "Wilderness" of Sinai were two very distinct products, and which must not be confounded the one with the other. In the Book of Exodus we find the first description of what "manna" really was (chap. xvi. 14 and 15), and the truth of which, so simply narrated, holds good to this day, as our party all witnessed; for it was on our entering the *Wady Ghurundul* that we first noticed and remarked "a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost (or rime)," not, however, on the ground, as in the days of Moses, but on the thinnest and slightest branches and twigs of the tamarisk-trees, some of which we gathered and tasted, and, from its colour and saccharine taste, we all, I will not say pronounced, but supposed and conjectured it to be the *manna* of the "Wilderness." The nearest and best description I can give of its appearance on the twigs is that of a small, very pale-yellow coloured flat button—perhaps, in point of colour, like our palest honey in England, or like those small round and flat bits of flour-paste called *pâte d'Italie*, which is much used in soups on the continent of Europe. These "small round things" are "few, and very, very far between," and are by no means plentiful, even where tamarisks largely abound. Dr. Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches," says truly, "that the manna is not produced every year, while the quantity in general has greatly diminished"—that "it is found in the form of shining drops, on the twigs and branches (not upon the leaves) of the *Turfa* (the *Tamarix gallica* of Ehrenberg, from which it is an exudation caused by the puncture of an insect (the *Coccus manniparus* of the same naturalist." I did not see any of this manna on the ground, near the trees or bushes—and it melts when exposed to the sun. This was the bread which the Almighty gave the children of Israel to eat in the "Wilderness" of Sinai (Exodus, xvi. 15). Compare the above with the description of *manna* in the Book of Numbers (xi. 7, 8), where we learn the *manna* was "baked in pans, and, also, made into cakes."

Président himself; and amongst several little interesting matters which were opened to scientific discussion, and which happened to be brought on the *tapis* that same evening, two thereof, from the great interest which I myself felt therein, and on which I observed various persons ventured to give an opinion, led me likewise to join in the conversation; the first was the nature and the value of the *Sinaitic* "turquoise," in comparison with those found in Persia. Dr. Zagiél showed to Monsieur de Lesseps, as well as to his guests, a specimen of each kind, and instanced their respective prices, as estimated by, and known to, the lapidaries in the Cairo bazaar. To outward appearance they appeared to be nearly alike in colour; but whilst the Persian turquoise retains its colour throughout, those found in the Sinaitic peninsula are, however, strange to say, of a bluish hue on the outer surface only, for on friction, or on scraping them with a penknife, the body of the stone resembled a piece of lime! The argument, therefore, was, of what material were these Sinaitic turquoises formed, and to what chemical agency were they indebted for their external colouring matter? After each *savant* had had his "say" upon this point, and had enunciated his own opinion on the *vexata questio* of the evening, the subject was changed to that of a curious fly, a specimen of which Dr. Zagiél stated he had in his "laboratory," and which had been given to him by a native traveller who had just arrived from Upper Egypt. Dr. Zagiél's reason for introducing this particular fly to "buzz" in all our ears was, that he considered it might have something to do, in all likelihood, with the murrain of the horned cattle in Egypt; and from what he had read in the published accounts given of their travels by those travellers who had lost all their teams of oxen when journeying in their waggons in the far interior of South Africa, he concluded this insect was no other than the "*tsetse*" fly, so dangerous and so fatal to horned cattle and horses, and yet so innocuous to human beings and dogs.

As I had been shown, through the kindness of Mr. Oswald, whose personal acquaintance I had had the pleasure to make in Cape Town in the year 1852, on his return from his last excursion (in company with Dr. Livingstone) from the *Zambési* as well as from the *Limpōpō* rivers, a small glass phial full of the "*tsetse*" flies, which he had procured and brought away with him from the land of their *habitat*, I had very great doubts in my own mind as to whether Dr. Zagiél's fly was identical with the one found near the river *Zambési*, and likewise in the far interior of South Africa; and I begged the particular favour of his being so good as to show me the one he had, which he very kindly promised to do if I would call on him and see it at his own quarters; which I accordingly did, but it had been unfortunately mislaid, and lost to view for the time being, in the multitude of "nicknacks" and "rarities" and "odds and ends" which had accumulated in the worthy doctor's studio, in as great a ratio, seemingly, as the objects of *virtù* and the several "odds and ends," picked up in travel, had done in the laboratory, as well as in the small museum attached thereto, of Dr. Chambart at Port Saïd. I hold still to the opinion that the fly given to Dr. Zagiél is not the "*tsetse*" fly of the interior of South Africa; if it were so, other travellers, espe-

cially those who have sought for the sources of the Nile, would have discovered and have consequently noticed it in their journals; for the appearance of such an insect in anywise resembling the "*tsetse*," if once seen or even heard of, would have been sure to have been alluded to by one at least of the different travellers who had visited those regions.

Whilst seated in the railway carriage I took a last farewell look at the desert plain to the northward, just after we left the last station at which the train stopped, before arriving at Suez, and I could not help reflecting that it was more than probable the waters of the Red Sea did, in the days of Moses, actually extend up to the modern Lake Timsah, and that the present site of the two deep "bitter lakes" originally formed the bed of the Red Sea.*

King David must have known the true version of this fact about which in modern times there is so much controversy, from the traditions handed down, from one generation to another, of his own ancestors, in whose breasts the reminiscences of that most wonderful and miraculous passage would have been ever kept alive, and not allowed to die out or to become extinct.

David did not forget this wonderful incident; for he not only alluded to it when he wrote the seventy-eighth Psalm, but he, *in a measure*, describes almost the very spot where this miracle took place, and where the passage of the Israelites occurred. I quote it from the Book of Psalms, not having seen it alluded to elsewhere, or by any former writer.

In the twelfth verse of the above psalm, according to our authorised version of the Holy Scriptures, David wrote:

"Marvellous things did He (*i.e.* God Almighty) in the sight of our forefathers, *in the land of Egypt*; even [bear this point in mind!]
even in the field of Zoan."

Now the ancient city of Zoan was in the land of Goshen, and it stood in a large plain, rendered by our translators by the word "field." The head of the Red Sea, therefore, would have been to the south-east of the site of the city of Zoan, called by the modern Egyptians *Tsan*.

Now what were these "marvellous things" which God did? Let David tell us; for in the next verse he wrote:

"He [*i.e.* God] divided the sea, and let them go through; He made the waters to stand on an heap"—that is, "the waters were [as] a wall unto them, on their right hand and on their left" (Exodus xiv. 21, 22). Now what sea did the Almighty divide, if it were not the Red Sea?—and if it were the Red Sea, why in that case its waters could not have been far distant from this "field," or rather "plain," of Zoan!

At any rate, how does this version, which King David has thrown

* Since these notes were penned, the author has perused, in the *Times* newspaper, an interesting letter on the Suez Canal, dated 15th of January, 1866, in the sixth paragraph of which it is stated that, in clearing away the heaps of earth, beneath which the rocks of Chalouf, in the Desert, have been buried for ages, the workpeople discovered a quantity of marine shells; whilst remains of fish, more particularly of the shark tribe, have also been brought to light.

into the argument, suit the Biblical commentators of the old school, who hold, "through thick and through thin," that the Israelites passed through those narrow rocky defiles in the mountainous country east of Cairo, and then *debouched* therefrom upon the shores of the Red Sea, nearly facing Moses's Wells? Is King David's "field [or plain] of Zoan" to be looked for in *this* direction?

During this present winter (1864-5) the visiting of a mountain, called the "Bell Mountain" (or, in Arabic, *Jebel Nakōoss*), became fashionable, and "the thing" to do. This mountain is situated to the south of Mount Sinai, and not far distant from the cape called "Ras Mahomed," at the point where the gulfs of Suez and Akabah unite or bifurcate. This mountain, at particular times of the wind, gives forth an echo, which sounds somewhat like a bell; hence its name. If I mistake not, it was first discovered and brought to notice by an officer of the Indian navy, whilst on survey duty in the Red Sea, who published an account of it.

During the month of December one of the English chaplains from the Bombay presidency obtained leave of absence to visit Egypt, and the two objects he was most bent on visiting, after his arrival at Cairo, were Mount Sinai and the "Bell Mountain," to which places, as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements for his journey, he proceeded. This clerical gentleman was one of the greatest as well as bitterest opponents of the "Suez Canal" scheme; for I heard him, on that great work being alluded to, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Lieder, the German missionary at Cairo, utter the imprecation, that he wished both Monsieur de Lesseps and the Suez Canal were at the bottom of the Red Sea!

On the afternoon of our arrival at Suez we found, to our great disappointment, neither beds nor bedrooms were to be obtained, as the hotel was quite full. We were nine of ourselves, but there were, besides our party, no less than seven or eight English and American ladies and gentlemen, that had accompanied us from Cairo by the same train, with the double purpose of visiting "Moses's Wells" and the Red Sea, and of seeing our large caravan make its final start from the regions of civilisation into the "wilderness." Amongst these tourists were the American Bishop of Minnesota, a young English curate, and an American gentleman, with his wife and daughter, from the Southern Confederate States.

The ladies, very fortunately, found accommodation through the landlady giving up her own room; but all the gentlemen, including a couple of Admiralty agents (in charge of the Indian mails) who were on shore from their respective steamers, and one or two more travellers, had to find sleeping-"berths" on the broad couches or sofas which were fixtures all along the sides of the large saloon on the upper floor, and which in Eastern countries go by the name of *divans*. There was no want of blankets, and Indian *rāzais*, or coverlets, and, with the exception of the insects which attacked us, we all passed a better night than we anticipated; but "Oh! the bugs!" were the constant cries during the night; first one person and then another would get up from off his divan, and hunt and look about everywhere for these vile intruders upon their night's rest.

Thursday, February 23.—All the camels having been laden, the "caravan" left Suez about one P.M. for the first day's encamping-ground at Moses's Wells, distant about eight miles by the way which the camels had to travel round the head of the bay. Our party started about three P.M., and after crossing the ferry—which at high tide is of a good width—we found our dromedaries all ready on the opposite shore for us to mount. The weather had suddenly changed; for after a warm and clear forenoon the sky became overcast, and the wind arose and made the air feel very chilly, so much so, indeed, that we were all glad to put on our overcoats.

After taking a last look at where the Suez Canal* was to *débouche* into the Red Sea, we proceeded on our journey, and reached our first day's encamping-ground as the tents were about half pitched, which operation had to be greatly hurried, for the weather looked cross and stormy, and our camp was scarcely ready before the rain fell.

From Suez to Mount Sinai there are no less than three distinct routes; first, by sea, on board of a small Arab "*dow*," or sloop, or even by a large boat, as far as Tor, a miserable village on the east coast, from whence camels must be hired to march across to Mount Sinai, a journey of two days; in this case tents, camp equipage, and all the requisites for the trip must be taken on board the large boat or sloop; it is not a route that I should select or even recommend, as it offers so many inconveniences; secondly, by following the route *viâ* the Wadée Humr and Sarábut-el-Khádeem to the left; and, thirdly, the route *viâ* the Wady Mookuttub and Wadée Pharán (Feiran) to the right, these two roads branching off after passing the Wady Ghurundul, or not quite half way between Suez and the mountain of Sinai. The route we took was *viâ* the Wady Pharán, making a divergence to visit the valley of "Inscriptions" by the way. We quitted our encamping-ground at Moses's Wells, after having visited the springs and ponds, as well as the two gardens, in which a few vegetables were raised for the supply of the Suez bazaar, about half-past nine o'clock this morning (24th February). Our march this day was across a most extensive gravelly plain, intersected with small stones; and we had

* Since this account of the Suez Canal was written, my readers will have read, in the early part of the present year (1866), a notice in the *Times* newspaper, under the head of "Money Market and City Intelligence," that advices from Alexandria mentioned the definitive settlement of the Suez Canal question, and that the "*Compagnie*" do not now retain a single acre of ground, except such as is needed for the maritime canal, and that in consideration of this cession the Viceroy had added (10,000,000) ten million francs to the already large indemnity fixed some time back by the Emperor Napoleon, and that he is to pay the whole within four years from this, instead of sixteen, as was stipulated originally; and that, furthermore, the "*Compagnie*" were to sell their property, or rather territory, called the Ouadi (which they purchased of the late Saïd Pacha for 2,000,000 francs) to the present Viceroy for the sum of 10,000,000 francs, being five times in excess of the sum the "*Compagnie*" paid for it; but which large amount, considering the great sums which have been expended in improvements, and in bringing the land under cultivation, by the said "*Compagnie*," was not thought extravagant. Politically speaking, this arrangement would remove all possible questions of diplomatic dispute, whilst it will shut the mouths of the "croakers," who have all along predicted the non-completion of the Suez Canal from want of funds!

a cloudy sky, with a high wind, which rendered the march rather a gloomy one than otherwise. On our right hand was the Red Sea, with the high range of Egyptian mountains in the background; and on our left there was a range of high mountains likewise. Not a particle of vegetation, nor even a solitary tree or bush, was to be seen or met with, save and except a small, coarse, rough-looking plant, stunted in growth, and dried and shrivelled from the effect of the sun's powerful rays. I should have observed that it took us just one hour in crossing the ferry, even with the sail set, from Suez to the opposite shore, from the time we embarked (for the boat took the ground once or twice) up to the time we reached our dromedaries, as the tide, having commenced to recede, had left about a furlong of soft mud to traverse betwixt the boat and the dromedaries, and which we had to cross by two at a time only, by being carried on our boatmen's shoulders. The removal of the baggage occupied, likewise, no little time, and our ride to camp was accomplished in about a couple of hours.

The second day's march occupied eight hours; we halted in the midst of the sterile and stony plain of the Wadē Sōdr.* The third day's march was to the Wady Ghurundul, having passed on our road "Ain Hawarah," supposed to be the site of the encampment of the Israelites, and called Marah in the Bible (Exodus xv. 23). This was likewise a long day's march of upwards of nine hours. The fourth day's march was to the shores of the Red Sea, a march of nine hours. It was a pleasing as well as a most welcome sight to behold again the waters of the Red Sea, in which almost the whole of our party took a swim; but its shores were uninhabited—not even a fisherman or a hut was to be seen. The fifth day's march occupied eight hours, and the camp was pitched in a wady whose name I have forgotten. The sixth day's march was to the Wady Pharan (Feiran), which spot was a perfect oasis in this dreary "wilderness." Here our camp was pitched under the shade of several fine large date-trees, which were watered by a running rivulet of cool and delicious water. This small current of fresh water, which flowed past the site of our encampment, took its rise in a copious spring not very far distant; but its course was a very short one, as it was soon buried in the sand after having irrigated the Wady Pharan. The sight of the green grass growing so luxuriantly along the sides of this rivulet was most refreshing to all our eyes, for we had only met with such a pleasing sight on two previous occasions—viz. at Moses's Wells, and again in the pretty-looking and sylvan Wady Ghurundul. The seventh day's march was to the Wady-es-Shaick; and the eighth and last day's march took us to the foot of Mount Sinai, where the usual encamping-ground was distant but a short half-hour's walk from the convent.

* This dreary and stony plain, called the Wady Sōdr, is considered to be five-and-forty miles in extent from north to south, as it is estimated to take the camels about fifteen hours to traverse it.

HARROLDSTONE TOWER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER I.

HARROLDSTONE TOWER—ITS INHABITANTS AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"WHAT makes ye look sa sad, Mistress Rabbitts? Have ye seen the wraith of ony of the family, or have the baskets of fruit and vegetables I last sent up to London been found fault with? Were the peas not tender eno', or the strawberries o'er ripe, or the gooseberries too forward for tarts, or has anything else happened that displeases you?"

"Something is likely to happen to displease me, Mr. Andrew, and, I may say, to displease everybody connected with the family of our late respected master, Sir Guy Raymond," answered Mrs. Rabbitts, a lady of a certain age, who held and had held for many years the responsible office of housekeeper at Harroldstone Tower, the other speaker being the head-gardener at that princely domain. "What think you, Mr. M'Callum? How long is it since the good Sir Guy has been dead? Just tell me that. Is it two years or less?"

"Ye of all people ken well eno', Mistress Rabbitts. It's better than twa years, for I was planting this very bed of strawberries when the bad news came, and it's only this season that they have arrived at full bearing, and I have sent five baskets of them up to her leddyship in London," answered the old gardener. "But what was it that ye was ganging to tell me, Mistress Rabbitts? Is the young leddy ganging to be wedded? though to be sure she's o'er young to marry yet, or has the young master, Sir Guy, run away from school again, or what has happened, Mistress Rabbitts?"

"I tell you I did not say that anything has happened, but that something is going to happen in which you, Mr. Andrew M'Callum, as the oldest servant of the family, must of necessity take a deep interest. The young Sir Guy isn't at school, remember that. He was at school, but ran away, and instead of being sent back, as in my opinion he ought to have been, has had a tutor, a young gentleman, Mr. Arthur Floyd, against whom it would not become me to speak a word, for he may be a very good tutor as he is certainly a very good-looking young gentleman, but, in my opinion, Mr. Andrew, he should know his place as we know ours, and not go and aspire as he has done to what do you think, Mr. Andrew? To Miss Evangeline? you'll ask. No, there might have been sense in that, great as would have been the presumption, but to the hand of my lady herself! Yes, Mr. Andrew, he is going to marry Lady Clarissa Raymond, the widow of our dear departed master."

Andrew M'Callum opened his eyes as wide as their red-fringed lids could expand, and exclaimed,

"Ye dinna say that—Lady Clarissa ganging to marry her son's

tutor! He may be a very braw young gentleman, and erudite and amiable; but mark my words, Mistress Rabbitts, there'll ne'er guid come to the house of Raymond if she who ought to be the guide and manager sa soon forgets her dead lord, and takes another into his place to rule over us. What does Mistress Evangeline say to the matter, I wonder? Ah, I doubt but that it will be a sair thing for her. And the young Sir Guy? But the poor boy is too thoughtless and too wild, I'm fearing, to care for it, so that they let him have his own way. Aweel, aweel, Mistress Rabbitts, ye could ha' brought me pleasanter news, and I'm fain to own that this has quite upset me."

"So it has me, Mr. Andrew, that I can tell you," said the worthy housekeeper, putting her handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away the tears springing into them. "Little did I think when that soft-spoken, gentle-looking, smooth-faced young man came to the house so humble and respectful when my lady deigned to address him, with his sweet smile and his profound bow, with his silk waistcoat and his stiff-starched cravat, and his black coat and pantaloons without a crease, as unlike our good, honest, hearty Sir Guy as—as——"

"As a ripe peach is to a black currant," put in Mr. Andrew. "Ye maun weel say that, Mrs. Rabbitts."

"Or a dish of roast beef to a blancmange," observed the housekeeper. "Yes, as I was saying, so unlike is this sweet young minister—for he has got reverend to his name—so unlike is he to dear Sir Guy, that little did I think that he was ever to become our new master. Just think of Sir Guy, standing six feet three in his stocking-soles, with his fine, full, commanding figure, his ruddy, cheerful countenance, his hearty voice and merry laugh, as he appeared in the hall in his red coat and top-boots on that fine autumn morning that the hounds met before he left the Tower for the last time. It was the cold he caught on his journey to London killed him, but in my opinion, if he had stayed at home, and kept out of the doctors' hands, he would have been alive at this present moment. Well, well, he's gone to a better world, there's no doubt about that, and it's only to be hoped that you and I, and those he cared for on earth, and who cared for him as we did, and revere his memory, I will say, may join him there some day."

This conversation took place on a fine forenoon during spring in the kitchen-garden of Harroldstone Tower, the property of the late Sir Guy Raymond, whose death has been alluded to. Harroldstone Tower owed its name to a lofty and handsome tower which had existed for some centuries on one side of the family residence. Large additions had been made from time to time to the house in a style of architecture to suit the tower, till a fine and lordly-looking mansion was the result. It stood on the summit of a knoll, with a fine sweep of parkland sloping down to a rapid and clear river. On the other side were gardens and pleasure-grounds, with woods outside them, and beyond, from the terrace in front of the Tower, a range of high and picturesque hills. The course of the river could be traced as it flowed between green meadows and wooded heights, occasionally concealed by them till it reached the blue and far-off ocean. Acres upon acres of arable,

meadow, and pasture land, woods and upland downs, let to wealthy tenants, formed the estate of Harroldstone, and brought money into the coffers of its owners. About two miles off up the river was the town of Hamlington, in which parish Harroldstone Tower was situated, though the estate itself extended into two or three other parishes. Hamlington was a neat, picturesque market-town of some size, containing a considerable number of haberdashers', grocers', shoemakers', and harness-makers' shops, showing that it was in the centre of a large and flourishing agricultural population. Hamlington returned a member to parliament. He had been from time immemorial nominated by the Raymond family, and no one thought of opposing Sir Guy while he himself stood, or indeed the candidate he nominated, as long as he lived; but there had been a dissolution soon after his death, and Lady Clarissa discovered that she was not as popular as her husband had been, from finding that the gentleman she supported had an opponent in the field.

No, Lady Clarissa was not generally liked either by her equals—that is to say, by the surrounding gentry, who, by-the-by, she would have been astonished at hearing called her equals—or by the tradesmen of Hamlington. She had gained for herself the character of being imperious, self-willed, and indifferent to the feelings of others. Her manner was certainly supercilious towards those for whom she felt contempt, and she let those who had offended her know it clearly, though, at the same time, she could be courteous and condescending enough when she pleased, or, rather, when she was pleased. Hamlington was an advanced place. It had its town-hall and its institute, its two churches, its parish church and its district church, while the Independents, Wesleyans, and Baptists had handsome chapels; indeed, all denominations of dissenters had places of worship well supported and attended—a significant fact worthy of note.

The Rev. John Broadfield was the vicar, and, as the living was a good one and the duties onerous, he had as a curate the Rev. Hugh Shepherd, on whose shoulders a very considerable amount of the parochial duty devolved. Mr. Shepherd had, however, a large family, his boys went to the grammar-school in the place, and, had he even the desire to move, he could not have afforded to do so. He was a humble-minded, painstaking man, whose heart was in his work, his great aim and desire the salvation of souls. Mr. Broadfield, the vicar, had no objection to the opinions he held or to the sermons he preached, unless they exceeded the prescribed length of thirty-five minutes when he had to listen to them; he got more work out of him than he could expect to get out of most men, and he was generally liked in the parish; so the vicar let his curate go on in his own way, and do and say what he thought fit.

The parish church stood in an elevated position on the top of the high street, and was a structure of some pretension, the high substantial tower of roughly hewn stone, half covered with ivy, giving it an air of venerable antiquity, which it indeed really deserved. The Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale was the new incumbent of St. Ninan's, the district church. All that was known of him was that he had been appointed through the influence of Lady Clarissa Raymond, that he was a gra-

duate of Oxford, a friend of Mr. Arthur Floyd, and a bachelor. A very elegant little parsonage-house had been built near the church, and here he had lately taken up his residence. When people called, as the neighbourhood had begun to do, they found him very courteous and pleasant in his manners, apparently a man of the world though so young, and well informed on the general topics of the day, while he was pronounced decidedly refined and good-looking. Even after he had preached several sermons, none of his congregation could determine to what section of the Church of England he belonged. In vain they searched the subscription-lists of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the numerous other religious societies supported by either one or the other of the two great parties. His costume was rigorously ecclesiastical, but that was not considered as at all a near indication of his theological opinions. Two or three of his visitors had endeavoured to elicit some information from him on the subject, but with much tact he avoided replying directly to the leading questions they put to him, and, while apparently entering frankly into the question, left them as much in the dark as ever. Mr. Broadfield called on him, and was convinced that he privately approved of the *Essays and Reviews*, thought highly of Dr. Colenso, and looked upon "Ecce Homo" as a work calculated to effect a large amount of good, especially among young men at the universities whose minds might have been somewhat unsettled by other works that they had read. Mr. Shepherd, when he heard this, remarked, in his quiet way, that if such was the case, it must be on the principle of applying one violent poison to cure the effects of another. When, however, Mr. Shepherd himself called on Mr. Dimsdale, he was convinced, from what he said, that he could not possibly approve of the work in question, and was, indeed, tolerably well pleased with what he said, except that he expressed a somewhat unmitigated contempt for dissenters. Mr. Shepherd was much pleased with his remarks. As for Roman Catholics, he had nothing to do with them; he mourned over their errors, and prayed that all might be united in one flock under one Master. Mr. Shepherd, if not feeling that they were one, went home thankful that so satisfactory an addition had been made to their neighbourhood. Mr. Dimsdale the next day met Mr. Freeman, the Independent minister, at the cottage of a poor person in his district who was a member of the latter gentleman's congregation. Mr. Dimsdale made a point of calling on everybody in his district. He put out his hand cordially, said he felt satisfied that Mr. Freeman was imparting sound religious instruction, but that he must excuse him if he occasionally looked in, as he could not but consider that all the residents in his district belonged to the flock confided to his care. The observation was made in so kind and gentle a tone that Mr. Freeman could only bow, and reply that this was perfectly just and fair. The very same day, in another cottage, Mr. Dimsdale found, after he had taken his seat and had begun to talk to the people, that Father Alder, the Roman Catholic priest and the father confessor of the neighbouring convent of St. Barbara, was visiting a sick person in a back room.

"We bean't Catholics ourselves, do you see, sir—that's to say, not Thomas, my good man, nor our son Bill, nor Susan, nor Nancy; but **this is our eldest daughter, Lucy—she's been away in service at a great house near Lunnon. We didn't know they was Catholics; nor was they, that I knows of exactly—at least, when my good man wrote about it to the housekeeper, she said it was all right, they hadn't changed,**" said Mrs. White. "Howsomever, when Lucy came home ill, poor girl, she said that they was Catholics, or as good as Catholics, and that she didn't want to see Mr. Broadfield, nor Mr. Shepherd still less, nor you neither, sir, you'll excuse me, because she didn't know you, and that she'd rather see the Catholic priest than any one. You see he comes next door to see Pat Mahoney and his family, and he'd been accustomed to speak to us, and so we knew him."

Mr. Dimsdale waited till Father Alder came out of the sick-room. Mrs. White was in no little alarm, expecting, as she afterwards said, to see a rumpus between the priest and the minister. Her surprise was great, therefore, when Mr. Dimsdale received Father Alder with a cordial greeting, as if they were old friends.

"I have great pleasure in this opportunity of meeting you, Father Alder," said Mr. Dimsdale. "I heard of you before I took charge of my present cure. We may, I trust, ever labour satisfactorily together in our holy work. The prayers of the faithful are ascending day and night, that the wall of partition may be broken down, and that all may fight and all may worship together under the same banner."

"Yes, truly, though you should say that the time is coming when the rebellious and long-estranged child will be reconciled to its justly offended and forgiving and loving parent," said the priest, with a peculiar glance between his half-closed eyelids at the English clergyman. "Is it not so?"

"Yes, it is a time much to be desired," said Mr. Dimsdale; and in the same breath he added, "You found Lucy White in a happy frame of mind?"

"What! I was not aware that you had visited her!" observed the priest.

"To what communion does she belong?" asked Mr. Dimsdale.

"She desired to see me," said the priest.

"It would not be wise to discuss the matter at this moment," said Mr. Dimsdale. "We are probably walking in the same direction—we will then speak about it."

To the surprise of Mrs. White, the Protestant minister and the Catholic priest walked out of the cottage together, apparently on terms of the closest intimacy.

CHAPTER II.

GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE RETURN OF THE FAMILY, AND THE PREPARATION FOR THEIR RECEPTION.

THE bells of the Hamlington churches were ringing gaily—the tenantry of the Harroldstone Tower estate were dressed in their best. Arches decked with flowers had been erected on the road leading from the Hamlington station to the Tower. The Hamlington volun-

teers, to which the young Sir Guy belonged, were called out, so was the yeomanry, which had been under the command of the late Sir Guy, and in which it was proposed to offer his son a commission; the neighbouring gentry, in carriages and on horseback, were assembling from far and near to welcome Lady Clarissa Raymond back to Harroldstone, from which she had now been absent nearly two years—except for a short visit, indeed, since the death of her late lord.

What mattered it to them that her ladyship had thought fit to take to herself a young and handsome husband, provided he was gentlemanly and sociably inclined, and likely to make the house agreeable? With all the late Sir Guy's kindness and urbanity, he had a dignified bearing which somewhat awed the more humble or baser spirits—the more humble only, however, till they really knew him, and then they discovered to their surprise that he was as humble as themselves. It was not likely that the young tutor, who, it was understood, was nobody by birth, and who, notwithstanding his marriage, had his way to make in society, would give himself airs. Lady Clarissa, too, must feel that her wisest course would be to be pleasant herself, and to make her house pleasant, as, should she form enemies, they would most certainly not lose any opportunity of passing disagreeable remarks on her and her new husband. Her neighbours naturally hoped, therefore, that she would try to make herself popular by opening her house to them, and giving fêtes and parties of all sorts. They wisely, therefore, seized this occasion to pay their court to her ladyship and her family, knowing that their names would be duly recorded in the *Hamlington Herald*, and of course seen by her. Seldom had a greater preparation been made to do honour to any of the family than on the present occasion, except, perhaps, some thirty years before, when Sir Guy brought his youthful bride to the mansion of his forefathers. For some years they had been without children, when Sir Guy was naturally anxious to have an heir to his title. Lady Clarissa's temper began to sour at the thought that she was not likely to present him with one. At length, great was her joy when she found that there was a prospect of her becoming a mother.

"I shall be vexed if it isn't a boy," she remarked more than once. "I really believe that I shall hate the creature if it is a girl."

"Say not so, I entreat you, Lady Clarissa," said a lady who resided in the Tower, in the nominal capacity of her companion. "Surely whatever God gives should be considered as a blessing; and are we not told that 'children are an heritage of the Lord'?"

Lady Clarissa uttered a somewhat scornful ejaculation.

"It would be hard, however, after waiting so long, to have a girl instead of a boy. If I had a boy first, I should not so much object to a girl, though I cannot say that I should expect much satisfaction from having one to bring up, and still less to bring out. I wish that I could tell which it was to be."

"God in his wisdom and mercy hides the future from us, and let us not desire to draw aside the veil, my dear Lady Clarissa," answered Mrs. Oswald. "Trust in God's kindness, and believe that whatever He sends will prove a blessing, if we receive it in a proper spirit."

"Oh! I know all that, of course," answered Lady Clarissa, who did

not like Mrs. Oswald's lectures, and yet had too much respect for her to desire that she would not give them. "I must wait patiently, as you say; but it is a great trial, notwithstanding."

Mrs. Margaret Oswald, or Mrs. Margaret, as she was ultimately called in the household, had been the young companion of the late Lady Raymond, Sir Guy's mother, and at Sir Guy's earnest request she had consented to act in the same capacity to his wife. She had great tact and discretion, and intuitive knowledge of the world, was resolute, fearless, and determined, at the same time that she had a calm and sweet temper, a loving disposition, and a truly pious and religious spirit. Had she not, indeed, been possessed of a combination of somewhat rare qualities, she would not have been able to retain her position at the Tower, in spite of Sir Guy's regard and esteem for her. Lady Clarissa bore more from her than she would from any other person; the whole household, with few exceptions, loved her, and remarked that if things went wrong it was sure to be when she was away. For the sake of Sir Guy, and in fulfilment of a promise made to his excellent mother, Margaret Oswald felt that it was her duty to bear everything from Lady Clarissa, rather than quit her post. At first she had a good deal to bear, but she knew the effect of heaping coals of fire on the head, and ultimately not only overcame enmity, but was treated with marked attention by Lady Clarissa, and gained as much of her respect as she could have expected to possess. What she had once gained she was too wise and judicious to lose, and her position in the family remained ever afterwards as satisfactory as she could desire.

The expected child was at length born, and Lady Clarissa gave vent to expressions of bitter disappointment when she found that it was a girl instead of the wished-for heir to the title as well as the estates of its father.

"Take it away—take it away! I wish that it had never been born. Better no child than a girl!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "I can never love it—never take an interest in it!"

These words were remembered, though happily her right mother's feelings afterwards revived, and she treated her little girl with affection, though not with that tender regard a mother generally shows for an only daughter. Three years afterwards, to her intense joy, a son and heir was born, and, as might have been expected, the most devoted affection and attention was lavished on him.

The little Evangeline was very soon turned over to the exclusive care of Margaret Oswald, who thankfully accepted the office imposed on her, and would gladly have taken charge of the boy also; but, except when Sir Guy and Lady Clarissa were visiting at houses to which they could not take him, she rarely had any opportunity of gaining that influence over him which she desired, that she might exercise it for his benefit. Young Guy learned to respect and love her, it is true, and listened to her attentively when she spoke seriously to him; but, as she well knew, daily, hourly influence, constant watchfulness, example, exhortation, and rebuke, is required to produce any permanent effect on the character of a child. He was not enough with her, she felt, to enable her to counteract the effects of over-indulgence, flattery, and

the bad example of those his mother allowed to get about him. Guy thus grew into a boy, self-willed, bold, and manly, selfish and irascible, doing whatever he thought good in his own sight, though not without some kindly and even tender feelings in his bosom. To have called him unprincipled would have been considered harsh, yet it was difficult to say by what principles he was guided, except his own will. Lady Clarissa always consoled herself by remarking, when he did anything which even she could not but consider wrong, that it would all come right by-and-by. She was, on the contrary, too ready to find any fault she could with her daughter. It was seldom, however, that she was successful; for Evangeline was not only lovely in person, but sweet-tempered, amiable, right-minded, and sensible. Margaret Oswald, or rather, as she was now called, Mrs. Margaret, was altogether well contented with her beloved charge, though her discerning eye might have discovered faulty qualities, which would still require constant watchfulness to correct.

As might be supposed, Evangeline was a general favourite in the household. In the estimation of the servants she was really perfect, and nearly every one of them would have made any sacrifice to serve her. There was one exception—Mrs. Dowlas, the housekeeper of Sir Guy's London house. Some offence had been given by Evangeline to that person soon after she came into the family, which she never forgot. Mrs. Dowlas was herself not a favourite. She occasionally, on the plea of ill health, got leave to pay a visit of a week or so at a time to Harroldstone Tower, where she contrived to make herself anything but agreeable, especially to Mrs. Rabbitts and Andrew McCallum. As she walked about the castle she indulged in various supercilious remarks as to its arrangements, particularly under Mrs. Rabbitts's care, and found fault before Andrew with the fruit and vegetables, which she well knew he prided himself in sending up in first-rate order. He consoled himself by remarking:

"Aweel, it's a merciful dispensation of Providence that the body doesn't abide here more than a few days at a time, or she'd drive us all daft, or maybe clean out of the house altogether."

CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FAMILY, AND THE FESTIVITIES WHICH THEREON TOOK PLACE.

THE hour arrived at which the train conveying Lady Clarissa and her family to Hamlington was due. The bell at the station rang with unusual loudness, a gun fired, the bells at the churches struck up their merriest and loudest peals. The train came rushing in; those most eager to welcome her ladyship hurried to the platform. The Harroldstone Tower carriage and drag and pony phaeton stood before the gate of exit. The bands began to play. "Attention!" shouted the officer in command of the volunteers. The yeomanry formed in as good order as their horses, unaccustomed to so much noise, would allow them to take. The Odd Fellows and Foresters and other friendly societies, with banners flying, marshalled themselves in order; carriages and horse-

men drew on one side. Mr. Barnfowl, the agent of the Harroldstone estates, eagerly looked into the carriages as they glided into the station. He espied in one of the second-class carriages the Harroldstone liveries; he breathed more freely. Lady Clarissa herself appeared at the window of one of the last carriages. He rushed towards it. An elegant and handsome gentleman in clerical costume stepped on to the platform, and only allowed Mr. Barnfowl, at whom he scarcely condescended to give a glance, to hold open the door, while he himself handed out Lady Clarissa. Her ladyship merely nodded condescendingly to poor Mr. Barnfowl, but Evangeline, who followed her mother, put out her hand instinctively, which somewhat soothed his injured feelings. Mrs. Margaret did the same, and the young Sir Guy, who came last, wrung his hand somewhat roughly, exclaiming:

"Ah, Barnfowl! how de do, old fellow? Hope you've got loads of sport for us. He throws a fly beautifully, and isn't a bad shot, let me tell you." As he spoke the last sentence, he pointed with his chin, with an expression of no very great respect, at his new step-father, adding, "But he's got some new-fangled notions into his head, and I don't know how far he'll be disposed to keep up our former style of doing things."

A number of people now came forward. With some, Lady Clarissa shook hands, and introduced the Rev. Arthur Floyd; to others, she gave the tips of her fingers; while to the rest, she merely nodded or bowed formally. She, however, had no reason to complain of any want of cordiality on the part of her neighbours in the reception they gave her.

The Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale was the only person in the crowd whom Mr. Floyd seemed to recognise, and to him he gave a very warm greeting.

"We shall see you at dinner at Harroldstone Tower to-day," he said.

Mr. Dimsdale said something about not having received an invitation.

"Oh, that must have been an oversight. You, of all people, should be present, and be assured that you will be to-day, and at all times, heartily welcome," said Mr. Floyd.

Mr. Dimsdale promised to come.

Mr. Broadfield had already been invited, with a few of the rest of the leading clergy, and the principal gentlemen and their families in the neighbourhood. The progress from the station to the Tower was somewhat slow, and it enabled the volunteers, yeomanry, and various bodies, with the school-children and others, to pass the carriage, and to form in the large open space in front of the Tower. The whole multitude cheered as the family drove up to the door, the bands played in succession, and banners were waved and bouquets presented by a body of young ladies, who were looked upon as the belles of the neighbourhood. Lady Clarissa, having entered the Tower, and been received by Mrs. Rabbitts and the resident domestics, returned to the terrace and introduced the Rev. Arthur Floyd as her husband, who would, she assured them, be anxious to win their respect and affection. The Rev. Arthur put his hand to his heart and bowed, and assured them that

Lady Clarissa had truly expressed his sentiments. More cheering followed, and it was some time before the assemblage dispersed, many of them complaining that they were allowed to do so with dry throats. The Rev. Arthur was thus less favourably criticised than he might otherwise have been.

The dinner was very *recherché*, and the guests the *élite* of the neighbourhood. The Rev. Arthur Floyd did the honours with considerable dignity and self-confidence. Evangeline was admired by every one. She was, indeed, a lovely girl, artless and simple, and full of vivacity and spirit; she seemed inclined to be pleased with everything and everybody.

"Oh yes, I have been running about ever since we arrived, visiting all the old spots I loved so much in the house and in the grounds," she answered to some remark made to her by the Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale, who stood near her after dinner, as if fascinated by her beauty. It was observed that the young incumbent of St. Ninan's was paying her very devoted attention.

"He has a fair chance of success, too, for he seems very thick with Floyd, and it's a good thing to have a friend at head-quarters," observed old Colonel Thornton, a near neighbour of the Raymonds. "If my son Jack was at home, I'd send him in, and back him up to win. He'd have no objection, I suspect—at least, I should be inclined to disinherit him if he had—for she's a splendid young creature. Has a look of her father's—thorough English to the backbone. Just what I should wish my daughter-in-law to be."

Similar remarks in Evangeline's favour were made by other guests. The Rev. Arthur Floyd came in for his share of praise, for, though Sir Guy's old friends were vexed at Lady Clarissa for marrying again, they could not but acknowledge that she had chosen a polished and handsome young man. Many were rather surprised that he could have brought himself to marry a woman so much his senior. Still Lady Clarissa was handsome and young-looking for her age.

"Tastes differ," observed Colonel Thornton. "Besides, he was nobody, and hadn't a shilling in his pocket; he has now every luxury the world can give, and I dare say my lady has settled something handsome on him. I don't think he would be fool enough to trust to young Hopeful when he comes of age. That lad is very unlike his father."

A round of dinners followed on, the first of which was probably the pleasantest. As the guests descended somewhat in the social scale they became more stiff and formal. Lady Clarissa took less pains to entertain them, considering that she had done them sufficient honour in asking them to the house, though her daughter and Mrs. Margaret did their best to make amends for her ladyship's want of courtesy. It was this want of respect for her fellow-creatures which made Lady Clarissa unpopular, while the contrary feeling gained Evangeline the love of all who met her. A ball followed, to which everybody who had any claim to mix in society was invited. The jovial vicar and his five jolly daughters and two rather boisterous sons were there, and several other vicars and curates, though Mr. Shepherd declined going, on the plea that he did not find himself at home in such an assembly, rather

to the annoyance of Mr. Broadfield, who considered that some reflection was thus cast upon him. However, he was satisfied when he found that Mr. Dimsdale, whom he could not make out, but had fancied somewhat strait-laced of late, was there.

"Really I do not feel that any objection should be raised to harmless recreation, provided it does not interfere with the performance of the religious duties and observances demanded of us by the Church," remarked Mr. Dimsdale to the vicar. "She is an indulgent mother to those who strictly conform to her rules. Alas! that they should have been hitherto so little observed. But better times are coming. I see a marked change in the right direction; do you not?"

Mr. Broadfield was rather puzzled how to answer these remarks, especially as he did not comprehend their meaning fully, and with those he did understand he did not agree.

"As to that, my dear friend, I consider that amusement does no one harm in moderation," he answered. "Look at my daughters there; they get as much as they can, and you'd say, at a glance, that it does them good."

Mr. Dimsdale could scarcely help smiling as he glanced at the fair, fat, laughing girls, who were at that moment galloping round the room. He saw that his reverend brother was not likely to comprehend his meaning.

The ball was rather of a boisterous character. The young Sir Guy, and three or four old school friends from the neighbourhood, did their utmost to make it so by playing tricks on the young ladies, whom they knew by experience would take them good humouredly. Lady Clarissa got somewhat angry, but Sir Guy had very little respect for her opinion, and still less for that of Mr. Floyd.

"You have made him your husband, mother, and you had the right to do so; but you have not made him my father, and I don't intend that he shall assume the character," he observed one day to her, when she had ventured to give him a lecture in private.

Mr. Dimsdale, it was remarked, paid considerable attention to Miss Raymond. He did not dance, but, whenever she sat down, he glided to her side, and offered to perform any commission in which she could employ him. She was evidently pleased with him; indeed, few men could make themselves more agreeable. His self-satisfied look, as he met the eye of Mr. Floyd, showed that he thought he was making considerable progress. Mrs. Margaret Oswald had watched his proceedings with an anxious eye.

"I must see what is in that young man," she said to herself. "He is handsome and plausible, and that is all I can discover about him."

While, however, Mr. Dimsdale appeared to have engaged more completely than ever the attention of Evangeline, she rose from her seat without even giving a glance at him, and ran across the room, putting out both her hands to a gentleman who had just entered.

"Dear Cousin Richard!" she exclaimed, her countenance beaming with pleasure, "I am so glad to see you! I did not know that you were in England. Where did you come from?"

"Well, dear Eva, in truth, I have not been many hours in England," he replied, his fine, handsome, intelligent countenance exhibiting

as much pleasure as hers. "We reached Spithead only yesterday. I got leave for three days, went up to town, and, finding that you had left it, ran down here. Hearing of all these gay doings, I drove on at once, and have just had time to dress and make my appearance."

"But have you had time to dine?" asked Evangeline.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Rabbitts herself took care of me, and saying that every hole and corner of the Tower was full, insisted on my coming into her room, that she might see that I was well cared for, and that, I suspect, she might enlighten me on the state of things in general."

A shade crossed his countenance as he spoke the last words, but he did not allow it to linger, and, leading Evangeline to a seat, he continued the conversation, which increased in animation. It was only interrupted after some time by Mrs. Margaret Oswald, who greeted him as warmly as had the young lady of the house. Meantime, Mr. Dimsdale had been watching the cousins with no very pleased expression of countenance. A frown came over his usual placid brow as he saw the animated way in which the gentleman was speaking, and the interest with which Evangeline listened to him, utterly forgetful of the Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale. It was some time before that gentleman recovered his equanimity, and not, indeed, until he had had some conversation with Mr. Floyd.

"There is no cause for anxiety, my dear Dimsdale," said the latter. "She has known him all her life. He was a great favourite with her father—a favourite sister's son. She looked upon him more in the light of an uncle than a cousin; for he must be eight or ten years her senior, and that made a great deal of difference once. He will be off again to sea soon, and will, perhaps, be sent on a foreign station for three or four years. If she has any predilection at present, of which I am not aware, she will long before that time have got over it."

"But sailors are impetuous, and really, seeing the terms they are on, I very much fear that he will propose to her before he goes away, and that she will accept him," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"There I can serve you, my dear Dim," whispered Mr. Floyd, confidently. "I have urged on Lady Clarissa the importance of demanding obedience from her children; and, though she has not much chance of obtaining it from Guy, she will be more inclined to exact it from Evangeline. If she has not already done so, I know that she will at once prohibit her from engaging herself, or making any promise whatever, without her full sanction and approval. She may think very well of Captain Headley; but then he is a sailor, and, as he is not likely to give up his profession, he must be constantly at sea, and separated from his wife. She holds to the opinion that I do—that sailors make bad husbands, and, fortunately for me, that clergymen make the best. There's consolation for you, my dear Dim."

"I must receive it as such," answered Mr. Dimsdale, with a sigh. "But you say that he is a captain; surely he is young to have attained that rank."

"He has attained each step of his promotion as fast as he well could; for, truth to say, he has the reputation of being a first-rate officer, and has done all sorts of gallant things—in the war with Russia, on shore during the Indian mutiny, in New Zealand, and on

the coast of Africa, and, indeed, wherever he has had an opportunity of distinguishing himself. I do not know how many times he has jumped overboard and saved the lives of people. For your sake, indeed, I wish that he had not come just now, for such things tell with young girls. However, in consequence, more help from me may possibly be required, and more exertion on your part to overcome difficulties. It is pleasant, my dear Dim, to be able to help old friends. So do not despair, I will do all I can for you. I see Lady Clarissa beckoning to me; I must attend on her."

During this time couples were standing up to dance, and conversations on various subjects were going forward. A slim, small-faced youth had been introduced to Miss Phoebe Broadfield, the most lively of the five lively Miss Broadfields. She did not quite catch his name; it sounded to her like Muddlepate—so she called him. After looking up and down the room, and pulling at his gloves with nervous twitches, he inquired, in a soft voice, to what church she went.

"Why do you ask? It's a funny question in a ball-room," she said.

"Oh, because I want to know what you think of St. Ninan's," answered the young gentleman.

"Why, what is there particular about it?" she asked.

"Oh, it's all so architecturally correct, and the Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale, who is decidedly a priest of advanced opinions and practice, is anxious to have everything in order," answered the young gentleman. "When I am in London I always go to St. Alban's, Holborn, so I know how things ought to be. We shall soon, I hope, get them into proper shape here; but we must be cautious, for people are apt at first to be opposed to us. You should come and see. There is a new altar of the proper elevation, and a beautiful altar-piece of the Virgin and Child, and some magnificent candlesticks. It is said that Lady Clarissa gave them. I think it likely, as I know that she greatly admires Mr. Dimsdale. You should go and hear him, especially when advocating true Catholic principles. Much better than hearing old Broadfield prose for half an hour, as I had the misfortune of doing once."

"I hear him very often," said Phoebe, scarcely able to keep her countenance.

"Doesn't he send you to sleep?" asked the young gentleman.

"It has happened, but not often, as he is sure to scold me if I do; for he is my papa, you see."

"Oh dear! I didn't know that, I am sure," said Muddlepate, who had been away at school and college, while Phoebe Broadfield had grown out of his recollection. "But still you will forgive me, and if you'll come, you'll see how beautifully things are done. We introduced Hymns Ancient and Modern last Sunday, and the choristers were all dressed in white surplices, and they entered the church with a banner, singing."

Phoebe did not hear what hymns were sung.

"Oh, it is a great step in the right direction. Do you pray to the Virgin Mary?"

"Dear me, no. I thought only Roman Catholics did that," exclaimed Phoebe. "What a very odd question!"

"Not at all. Catholics are enjoined to pray to her; for of course she hears our prayers, and there is something very beautiful in her worship, I assure you. You'll come and assist in decorating the church on our next festival, for I am sure that the flowers grown in the vicarage could not be employed to so good a purpose. You don't know what sums are spent in London on flowers for our churches. Here we expect that they will be sent by the faithful, for it is a most meritorious act, I assure you. Do you go to confession?"

"No, I should think not," said Phœbe. "I tell you I am not a Roman Catholic. I am a Protestant."

"Oh, that odious word, Protestant!" exclaimed Mr. Muddlepate. "It should be expunged from the English language. I never think of it, or of that dreadful mistake, the Reformation, without a blush."

"Why, dear me, to what Church do you belong, if you are not a Roman Catholic?" asked Phœbe.

"To the Anglican Church, Miss Broadfield, and so do you, I fancy, only you maintain much error, I fear, and I hold its tenets in all their purity," said Mr. Muddlepate.

"I am much obliged to you for the compliment," answered Phœbe, with a toss of her head. "I should think that my papa knows what is right. He has heard of the changes in St. Ninan's you talk of, but he did not think it worth while to notice them. He said that he was sure the folly would wear itself out."

"A very irreverent way of speaking of the sacred ceremonies of our Church," said Mr. Muddlepate, in his turn bristling up as far as his dull nature would allow. "I should like to know what reply Mr. Dimsdale would make to such remarks."

"That you were acting a very ungentlemanly part in repeating a ball-room conversation with a young lady," said Phœbe, quickly, knowing that her father would have an especial objection to being brought in in the matter, or creating what he called a rumpus.

"Anything for a quiet life," was one of Mr. Broadfield's constant remarks. When, therefore, he heard of the alterations taking place in Mr. Dimsdale's church, he said nothing on the subject in public.

"It may be his taste, and each man should please his own taste—that's my maxim," he observed to his wife. "He probably considers that it will please his congregation, and if he has a fancy for spending his own or anybody else's money in that way, I have nothing to say."

Curiously enough, two or three other couple were talking on the same subject that Mr. Muddlepate had introduced to Miss Phœbe Broadfield, most of them in the same flippant style. It had been the frequent topic during the season in the London ball-rooms, and they naturally introduced it in the country. Captain Headley, who knew very little of High Church, or Broad Church, or Low Church, was rather astonished at some of the remarks he overheard. He was stopped by old Colonel Thornton seizing him by the button-hole near a fashionably-dressed couple—a Miss Leonora Flimsy and a Mr. Edwin Simper.

"Do you worship at St. Ninan's?" asked Miss Flimsy. "I thought that I had seen you there."

"Oh yes; I make a point of attending all the services. It is somewhat fatiguing, I own, but you know that we should do everything for the sake of religion," answered Mr. Simper. "I always go to vespers and matins and the morning celebration, as well as the regular services. I am very much inclined to become a priest myself."

"Oh, do! You would look so well as a celebrant vested in albe, stole, maniple, and chasuble," exclaimed Miss Leonora. "I do so hate those ugly black and white gowns and plain unadorned churches, with hideous pews. I should so like to see you walking up our church, properly robed, in full procession, with cross-bearers and banners, and incense waving, and acolytes, and deacons, and sub-deacons following. Oh, what a difference there is in such a church as ours and those old-fashioned affairs which stupid people will still persist in supporting."

"Dear me, I should think so, indeed," said Mr. Simper. "It's my opinion that we shall soon have all the élite of society with us. Of course they are the most desirable, as well as the richest. The incense is so delightful, you see. I don't think that the common people care about it, nor about the pictures. They admire the candlesticks, and they think that it is a great thing to get the priest to say prayers for them."

"Ah, so it is, and to be able to confess, and to get good advice, and to have one's sins forgiven, and to have the Bible interpreted for one, though my confessor says that I had better not read it often; it cannot do me much good by myself, as the Church gives us all that is needful. I do feel so comfortable when I come out from confession from knowing that I have been forgiven for all the times I have been naughty! I don't know what I should do if I led a very strict life. I should have really nothing to confess. Do you often go to confession, Mr. Simper?"

Captain Headley did not hear the reply, for he was glad of an opportunity of escaping from Colonel Thornton. He had recourse to Evangeline for an explanation as to the meaning of what he had heard.

"They must have been speaking of the new style of worship which has been introduced of late into our churches, for I know that both the gentleman and lady you speak of are nominally Protestants, though it would be difficult to say what they are in reality. Mr. Dimsdale, the incumbent of the new church we attend, and which dear papa assisted to build, began some Sundays ago to introduce the same system, so it struck me and Mrs. Margaret; but he says that he is only having things put in order, and as they ought to be; that the church is too plain, and requires more ornamenting; that the music requires improving, and that proper services should be performed with more regularity. I have not, I confess, given the subject much consideration, but Mr. Floyd takes a great interest in church architecture and music, and he has induced mamma to take the matter up, and she, I believe, supplies Mr. Dimsdale with funds for making the proposed alterations. You know that when good Mr. Simpson was there everything was very nice and well arranged. Not many weeks passed after his death before Mr. Dimsdale came, so that I do not think matters can have gone very wrong. He has had the communion-table

raised, with steps up to it. It is now covered with a crimson cloth, ornamented with various devices. A lady, a friend of his, has given a very large handsome cross, which reaches nearly half way up to the roof. Below it are a number of silver candlesticks and vases, which the young ladies of the church are requested to fill regularly with flowers. On the first Sunday we were here he turned to the east during the communion service, and consequently his back was to the congregation, which had a very odd appearance. Our old hymn-book was discarded, and Hymns Ancient and Modern introduced. Certainly, however, the music in them is very good, though Mrs. Margaret says that some are addressed to the Virgin Mary, and others speak of the real presence and other doctrines, which no honest Protestants would approve of. He has got up a very good choir of boys, who are all dressed in white surplices, and look very nice; but as they are not sufficient, there are some girls, who have to sit divided by a light wooden screen from the boys, which puts me in mind of nuns in a church abroad. They are dressed to look something like them. The cross and the candlesticks only appeared last Sunday, so that I do not know what people think of them."

"I know what I think, that this Mr. Dimsdale intends to give his congregation a taste for Roman Catholic ceremonies and mummeries, and then to lead them over bodily to Rome, or else to make traffic of their souls, and to rule them at his pleasure," exclaimed Captain Headley, with unusual vehemence. "I must get my cousin, John Osborn, to come down here and tackle this Mr. Dimsdale, or he may do a great deal of mischief before people are aware of what he is about. I had no notion that things had come to such a pass. I remember hearing years ago, when poor Tom was at college, that several Jesuits were suspected to have gone to the universities to carry out a long concocted plot to turn the English into Roman Catholics. I remember that the idea was scouted as absurd; but from what I have heard to-night I begin to fancy that there was some truth in the report, not that I think the rogues will succeed, for I believe that the English of all classes have too much love for the Bible, and knowledge of the Bible, and faith in the Bible, to be so led astray. It is only those who are ignorant of its truths fall into the toils of these traitors. This is a rough sailor's notion of the matter."

"Surely it is an over-severe one," said Evangeline.

"Not more severe than the case demands," answered Captain Headley. "Forewarned, forearmed. I entreat you, dear Evangeline, not to be caught in the snares of the fowlers."

"Very little fear, Richard. I do not suppose that any one would take much trouble to catch a poor bird like me," said Evangeline. "I doubt, also, whether any one could catch my brother."

The conversation was interrupted by a lad of about sixteen, of rather unprepossessing manner, though not ill looking.

"Ah, Cousin Dick, I am very glad to see you!" he exclaimed, in an off-hand tone. "My lady mother sent me to learn what you two are talking about. No treason about me, I hope, or a certain reverend gentleman who shall be nameless? However, I am to tow you up to her, and you are to do whatever she orders you."

"Why, Guy, you have grown out of all remembrance," said Captain Headley. "I will put myself under your mother's orders, Evangeline. I hope that I may consider myself engaged to you for the next quadrille, and for some other dance?"

"Oh yes, I shall not dance much more with any one, so that I think, as you have been so long away, and are so soon going again, I may consider myself engaged to you for any of the dances I do dance," she answered, looking up kindly at him.

A vain man, which Captain Headley was not, might have flattered himself that his lovely cousin had more than a cousin's regard for him. He knew that she esteemed and trusted him, and he knew that since she was a child he had taken a deep and tender interest in her; but it had not occurred to him that this feeling was ever likely to grow into a stronger one of a different nature. No sooner had Captain Headley left the side of Evangeline than Mr. Dimsdale glided up to her, and with silvery words and soft accents endeavoured to gain her attention, but he saw with no little vexation that all his powers were exerted in vain.

"Floyd, you must get rid of that cousin of hers, or I shall do nothing," said Mr. Dimsdale, when he next passed his friend.

"Never fear, he will be off again in a day or two," was the answer.

The ball was said to have been a great success, and everybody praised Lady Clarissa's courtesy and the appearance and gentlemanly manners of her young husband. Evangeline came in also for a large share of praise, but some complained that she was too silent and retiring, and others that she was haughty and supercilious, while some charitably hoped that young Sir Guy would improve, as at present he was pronounced to be very like an unlicked cub. Poor Lady Clarissa had done her best to spoil him, and had succeeded.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRIEST OF ST. NINAN'S RECEIVES A VISIT FROM HIS BROTHER PRIESTS. AN ACCOUNT OF THE INTERESTING CONVERSATION WHICH ENSUED.

THE Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale was seated in the comfortable, elegantly furnished study of his parsonage, one evening, when two visitors entered the room; the one was the Rev. Father Algar, and the other a brother ecclesiastic, whom he introduced as the Rev. Daniel O'Hagan. The former, from being thin and tall, had a refined appearance, especially contrasted with Mr. O'Hagan, who was stoutly built and short. The latter had a bullet head, the hair on which was closely cropped, thick lips, and jowls with a bluish tint, caused by the roots of the hair kept closely shaved, a colourless or whity-brown complexion, and small greenish eyes, almost concealed by a heavy lid and eyebrow. It would have been wrong to say that the expression of his face was sensual, whatever his features might have betokened; all expression had been completely suppressed, leaving only a look of dull, stolid indifference to all that was said or done around him. One carefully on the watch could alone have discovered that his sharp eyes

were looking out on the world with no common acuteness, and that not a word was likely to escape his keen ears. After they had been blandly welcomed by Mr. Dimsdale, and had taken their seats, Father Algar lost no time in introducing the business about which they had come.

"We understand, dear brother, that you entertain sentiments of affection and respect towards our only true and Catholic Church, and that you desire to rejoin our communion."

"Just so; Father Algar expresses my ideas, and we shall be glad to know on what basis you propose to rejoin the Catholic Church," observed Mr. O'Hagan.

"You are, I conceive, somewhat misinformed, dear sirs," answered Mr. Dimsdale. "I wish to bring about a union of the Anglican Church with that of Rome and Greece, and I consider that desirable end can best be effected by assimilating the services of my Church to that of theirs, as I conceive we already hold all the leading doctrines of the Christian faith in common."

"What! do you believe in transubstantiation?" asked Mr. O'Hagan.

"Certainly, in all respects as you do," answered the Anglican priest.

"And in the sacrifice of the mass?" inquired the Romish priest.

"Undoubtedly; we still continue and commemorate the sacrifice which Christ once made upon the cross," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"But with regard to justification; have you read our twelfth canon?" asked Mr. O'Hagan. "Here it is: 'If any one shall say that justifying faith is no other than a trust in Divine mercy, which remits sins for the sake of Christ, or *that it is faith alone by which we are justified, let him be accursed.*'"

"Yes, assuredly that is the doctrine I hold," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"Very good; and do you, my dear sir, approve of the invocation of the saints?" asked Mr. O'Hagan.

"Yes; I think that, according to the Council of Trent, 'it is good and useful suppliantly to invoke the saints, and to have recourse to their prayers, help, and assistance,'"

replied the Anglican priest.

"As to the adoration of images?" put in Father Algar.

"I consider that we should have them in our churches, and that due honour and veneration should be paid them. Of course, I mean only in the sense that if any should kiss the feet of the crucifix, it would be in reverence to the crucified," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"Do you pray for the dead?" asked Mr. O'Hagan.

"I hold to the doctrine that it is right to do so," said Mr. Dimsdale.

"Of course you approve of confession?" said Father Algar.

"Certainly; it would be impossible to carry on the discipline of the Church without it," answered Mr. Dimsdale. "Besides, how could the priest maintain his power unless he was able to grant absolution and impose penance?"

"With regard to the worship of the blessed Virgin and the dogma of the immaculate conception?" remarked Mr. O'Hagan, in a suggestive tone.

"Certainly, that she is greatly to be adored, and that her prayers are most effectual when pleading for sinners," answered the Anglican priest, crossing his arms. "But, with regard to the latter point, I must, like the Rev. Dr. Pusey, reserve my opinion. I believe that I agree with him exactly on all other points, and I should be loth to differ on this. Besides, you must allow that it is not an ancient doctrine of the Catholic Church."

"That matters nothing. It is a doctrine put forth under the authority of our holy father the Pope, and, therefore, is binding on all faithful Catholics," answered Mr. O'Hagan. "Perhaps, however, you do not acknowledge the supremacy and authority of the Pope?"

"Heaven forbid that I should not!" exclaimed the Anglican priest, crossing himself. "I readily recognise the primacy of the Bishop of Rome; the bearings of that primacy upon other local Churches I believe to be matter of ecclesiastical, not of divine law; but neither is there anything in the supremacy itself to which I object. I am but repeating the words of one of the great leaders of the present glorious movement in the Anglican Church, so fully do I agree with them. Yes, my dear Catholic brethren, my great desire is to see the Anglican Church reunited to that of the Mother Church of Rome."

"The process would be simple, my dear brother," said Father O'Hagan, with a smile, and in the blandest of tones. "You must come as sinful children, acknowledging your guilt at having so long remained estranged from our holy mother, the Church, and humbly beseech our father the Pope to receive you again into the pale of her communion, being ready to submit to any penance he, in his sovereign wisdom, may judge fit to inflict. On these terms only do I conceive that you will be welcomed back."

"They seem hard terms, dear brethren," observed Mr. Dimsdale, wincing, "and, however the more advanced of the Anglican clergy may be ready to accept them, I fear that a large portion of their flocks may not be prepared to go so far, at all events, for the present. Time will be required to accustom their minds to the change."

"Certainly! And yet they are terms which all who have been reunited to the holy Mother Church have accepted without hesitation," observed Father Algar.

"Depend on my doing my utmost with my flock, my dear brothers," said Mr. Dimsdale, taking the hands of the two Romish priests. "My prayer is that we may soon be one in name, as we are in heart and spirit, but we must be cautious. Our meeting must be held an inviolable secret."

"As those of the confessional," said Father Algar.

Much further conversation followed on various topics, the two priests giving their Anglican brother what he considered very valuable advice and suggestions. So engrossed was he with the subject, that, had it not been for a hint from Mr. Algar, he would altogether have forgotten to order in those creature-comforts of whisky and hot water, of which, he remarked, Father O'Hagan especially stood greatly in need.

GREAT AND LITTLE PEOPLE.*

HE is a bold man who would write a *La Bruyère* adapted to the present age, but commissaries of police are not by profession timid, and one has presented himself in the person of M. Eugène Bruncamp to undertake the task. It would have been expected that in depicting the ideas, manners, and characters of the Parisians of the present day, that our commissary would have had some revelations of inner life with which to illustrate his instances. Not at all. He treats of talent, of the world and its impressions, of the people and the different classes of society, of great and little people, of the rich and those who depend upon them, of poverty and misery, of political systems and opinions, of public administration, of success, of progress, and of the soul and a future life, precisely as his master did in the seventeenth century, under the Latin names, Frenchified, of *Thésyphène*, *Linéus*, *La Léstoras*, *De Syltène*, and others of a similar character.

The chapter on Great and Little People is at once the most amusing and the most original of the work, and we shall, therefore, take our excerpts from that portion of the book.

"There is a fact," says the modern *La Bruyère*, "which appears to defy all contestation, which all the world affirms, and which is this: humanity is composed of Great and Little People. The delicate point is to decide what constitutes the one class and the other, and especially to induce each to consent to take the rank that belongs to him. No one wishes to be among the little people, and it is difficult to determine who are great unless it is to assume that those are so who pretend to be so. People are always in dread lest the relative inequality, of the existence of which there can be no doubt, should interfere with the no less manifest fact of a natural equality.

"The great constitutes great people, as the little constitutes little people, without that distinction destroying natural equality. Now, the great is genius, virtue, and utility, the little is incapacity, vice, and inutility; hence it is that every man of genius, every virtuous man, every man useful to all, necessarily constitutes part of the great people, whilst every man who is incapable, vicious, or useless, naturally constitutes part of the little people.

"Greatness is in the very nature of that which is great, as littleness is in the nature of that which is little; it is impossible to change this state of things. You may laugh, sneer, or despise that which is great—it matters not, it remains great; while, on the contrary, you may esteem, honour, and extol that which is little—it will always remain little.

"It is in the power of men and of events to so act that greatness shall often be in want and littleness shall prosper, and they may even pass away in such a relative state; but it is neither in the power of men or of events to produce that other phenomenon—that that which is little shall

* *Nos Idées, nos Mœurs, nos Caractères.* Par Eugène Bruncamp, Commissaire de Police de la Ville de Paris. Paris: L. Hachette et C^{ie}.

be great, or that which is great shall be little. Greatness doubts its own strength for a time, feels its way, develops itself, and takes up a position; littleness defends itself, prides itself on some occult merit, and never takes up a position.

"Man is naturally sensitive and proud; he concedes unwillingly that which lowers him in his own estimation. Indifferent upon a thousand matters, he is easily roused upon a point which often only concerns his pride when he believes his dignity is offended; he tolerates rank, position, honours; he concedes what is due to genius, virtue, courage, work, and utility, while he inwardly thinks he shall also one day win the same, and he plumes himself upon the idea, that if distinction has never reached him, it has been turned away by favour. Speak to littleness about the injustice of men, it knows it well; tell it that it is one of the victims, it will grant it at once; but its own inferiority, that it will never admit; merit may domineer over it, reduce it to silence—it recedes, holds its tongue, but does not yield.

"Modesty may be combined with greatness, for it adds to its merits; littleness is never modest, for with it modesty is only the acknowledgment of its inferiority. Contemplate man in his most favourable aspect—do more, exaggerate what is good and rare in him—he will admit your discrimination; but touch upon his weak points, do so with the utmost sensitiveness, be careful with your words, soften off the truth, still you will dare too much; he will deny your competency.

"There is in every human being the mind and the body—in other words, man and beast: is it the beast richly clothed that constitutes between it and the naked beast relative inequality? You who are miserable bend the knee, nay, prostrate yourself full length and rub your nose in the dust, before Cabarabas, who can spend a million in order to enjoy a caprice, and who revels in your humiliation with haughty mien; what can I deduce from such a sight that shall lead me to see greatness on one side or littleness on the other? The one is too lofty, the other is too low; equality re-establishes itself in stupidity.

"Man, product from the same work, intelligence emanating from the same source, contains nothing in himself that is opposed to natural equality; but there exists between genius and stupidity, between the highest virtue and the lowest and most despicable vice, between the most elevated utility and absolute inutility, chasms which constitute relative inequality: a striking truth, which every one recognises, which they can touch with the finger, and which they willingly respect. Now, to agree upon that point is also to admit that every advantage that is foreign to the nature of the individual, as riches, cannot take the place of moral value, and necessarily rank a person among great people, as any disadvantage foreign to the individual, as poverty, does not necessarily cast him down among little people.

"However elevated the finest intelligences may be, there is always some point by which such are associated with the common run of men; so likewise, however feeble the most common-place intelligences may be, there is often some happy feature in them by which they approximate to the horizon of the great: natural equality always vindicates its rights. Who would venture to affirm that the time will not come when certain people, who are deemed to be foolish in neglecting and keeping at a dis-

tance in the present day, may not gain in elevation all that justice and reason may deprive others of, and yet who are now sought after and surrounded with consideration ?

"Every one feels within himself that something which makes him the equal of all. We instinctively reject every system that tends to classify humanity in great and little individualities otherwise than by genius, virtue, or elevated utility ; we contemplate with irony all greatness that is destitute of merit or virtue, and which rests solely upon material advantages.

"The smallest minds are the most easily disturbed and angered. They are at once known by the energy which they throw into the most trifling matters, just as great minds are known by the calm and steadiness with which they contemplate the most grave interests. Brutal force is on the side of little people, as moral force is on the side of great, and the proverb which says that victory lies with the biggest battalions receives here its contradiction. It is, in fact, by great people that every truth triumphs, it is by them that man rises up to the idea of a superior destiny, and it is by little people that it falls so low as to deny that destiny and to grovel like a brute.

"Great people have a secret sentiment of the superior destiny of man ; they contemplate it in the full light of their intelligence. This kind of intuition assumes, with the lapse of time, the mysterious character of a revelation in their minds, and hence their love of humanity ; the debasement of a whole class of men is painful to them ; they direct their energies to the cure as to a sacred mission imposed upon them ; they have faith in the perfectibility, if not absolute, at all events relative, of every human being ; they take that truth to heart, and light up with it the very depths of ignorance, making them shine with reflected lustre, and they give to it a name which stirs the world : they call it 'progress.' Little people, carried away in their own whirlwind, applaud the idea, which they feel rather than understand, and they stop at that point. Does not the existence of this feeling prove that natural equality has a common interest and end ?

"Those who in this world superadd incapacity and inaptitude in all things to misery, and who are reduced to expect everything from the pity of their equals, are truly very little people. Those who, in the same conditions of intellectual incapacity, have the good fortune to hide their mental poverty, and to shine with a certain dubious lustre which is to the reality what tinsel is to gold, are very lucky people, for their self-love is satisfied with the part they play.

"Those who, with capacity, mind, and activity, struggle in vain for fortune, who with real qualities brought to the task still never succeed, who suffer and complain only to be contemned, are truly unfortunate people.

"Lastly, those who possess knowledge and genius, who join to these magnificent gifts pure manners and a sensible and good heart, whom success attends in everything that they undertake, and with all that are not carried away by vainglory, are not only very happy people, but also very great people.

"That this division of humanity into little and great people, and, if you like it, of common-place people, forms part of the design of the Creator, who has conceived and executed all things, is an admitted

belief. Those who attack such a belief, or who go further and make of the being an abstract thing, do not give sufficient reasons for their doubts or their negation, and a general faith remains; but does it follow from this that we must consider everything as being in its regular order, and conformable to the views of Him who has given all things? Have we any certainty that man has never abused his power or his force under the influence of pride? Can we be certain that he has never falsified or perverted anything? The great and the little people after his fashion, are they the great and little people after the fashion of God?

"We feel that, in the presence of the Creator, man can only pride himself in possessing more or less of what comes from Him, as the noble inspirations of his mind, the good impulses of his heart, the wise decisions of his reason and his will, developing in him his virtues and his wisdom.

"But in the presence of society man often prides himself, not on what comes from himself as merit or virtue, but what belongs to him as fortune. This being admitted, that before the Creator virtue takes precedence before fortune, but that in society fortune takes precedence of virtue, it may be asked where is the truth and where the error? Is it the Creator who is in the right towards the creature, or is it the creature who is in the right against the Creator? Which is it that deceives itself, or God or man? If the answer cannot be doubtful, and progress lies in the triumph of truth, what a subject for reflection for many great and little people who must one day find their place!

"Man does not precisely deny merit or virtue. Where he errs is in exalting such when they are surrounded by the brilliancy of wealth, and despising them in a state of poverty, and that, until fatigued, extenuated by watchfulness, genius imposes itself upon littleness, and virtue, succumbing before toil, compels respect.

"What possesses those who hold vast domains, whose virtues, genius, or utility are unknown, to speak with such haughtiness of the multitude, the poor people, the little people? Do the people say, on seeing them so happy, What an injustice! Why not enjoy in silence? Why attract attention to their nullity? Does any one think of spoiling them of their goods? Who would envy them with the condition of being like themselves void of all genius, virtue, or utility? Have they no one to enlighten them, and to say to them, 'Look at yourselves and become more humble; your place is marked for you among the least of all people?'

"Some are of opinion that men in general will always be so weak as to flatter vice in power and imbecility clothed in gold; but others argue that the time will come when men will glorify genius and virtue, even if in misery.

"When in a quiet and thoughtful mood I examine how much good there is in the mind and heart of man, not to discover what is just and reasonable, but to submit myself to it; when I see with what authority his interests lord it over his rectitude, and how egotism sways all things; when I observe with what an impetus his personal welfare leads him to abandon what is just, and with what reasons he contents himself to justify the course he is pursuing, I must admit that my soul is filled with surprise, and my confidence is disconcerted; but a flash of light passes and reassures me: the idea of a Providence that watches over the world, and that guides it, brings me back my faith; I pick up my pen, the arm that

has fallen from my hand, I re-enter the lists, and I dare to write: Yes, genius and virtue will be the masters of the world; yes, humanity will arrive at that degree of perfection as shall admit their sole empire. But there is only the absolute that is absolute, and the terms of comparison are in the designs of the absolute: the little and the abject will always exist, so that man may feel more perfectly the value of the great and the estimable; and at the very time when genius and virtue shall dominate, there will still be happy vice and honoured imbecility—that is to say, the success of little people, as a shadow to confirm the triumph of the great.

“It has been so much the fashion, especially of late, to exalt reason, justice, and humanity, that we shall soon have thoroughly exhausted the subject, and shall leave no resource to our successors, unless, wishing to do something new, they should put into practice what their forefathers preached.

“We have so carefully trained the people, we have told them so often, and under every possible form, You are great, and the greatest of all; you are good, and the best of all; you are strong, and the strongest of all; you are brave, and the bravest of all; you are human, and more than human; you are apt, and the most apt to receive light and to diffuse it over the whole globe,—all qualities which admit of fair illustration, and in which there is as much of truth as of hyperbole; these praises have been so often sang by poets, and seriously repeated by those who have become really great by controlling the populace, or have made themselves illustrious by commanding them, that I feel forced to admit that the people have only retained the half of what is attributed to them. I must conclude that at some time or other, not far off, they will ask themselves if the distance which in the present day separates the little from the great is not less a fact in nature than one of force or of conventionality.

“And, in truth, if the people, jealous of its interests and of its greatness, should one day take to reckoning on its fingers the number of illustrious people who have sprang from its ranks, who can say if it will not find itself talking of its race and its blood, and if it would not say of such and such a one, with a pride, the legitimacy of which could not be easily contested, *He comes from the people*; just as we say, *He comes from the Montmorencys, the Noailles, and the Richelieus*. Once this fact admitted, what confusion there would be in seeking for the great in the crowd of little ones, the little ones in the crowd of great, and in rearranging the class of little and great people!

“So many things declared to be impossible have in our days been easily accomplished; so many dreams have turned out to be realities; so many ideas deemed to be absurd are now crowned with an aureola, and placed to the account of genius, that there is no wonder that some should be tickled with the fancy of dealing with the impossible, and be bold enough to extract from it a few of those notions, which are often so called, but which turn out just the contrary, or which are designated absurd at their birth, and called genius when they have attained maturity.

“There is already in the impossible of the present day a thing which could be easily done, and that is the extirpation of misery.” [The author's ideas, as expounded in another chapter upon this subject, are, that poverty, as we are taught by Scripture, is a necessity. Without it there would be no work. But misery is an evil, and it should be relieved by ten

millions out of the thirty-six millions of inhabitants of France contributing each one hundred francs (4*l.*) to a common fund. The interest at five per cent. on this fund would produce an annual revenue of fifty millions to be devoted to remedying that evil which civilisation has a right to do away with. This is discounting the future upon the present; but if the theory were sound, what unfortunate ratepayer of Great Britain would not gladly compound all future poor-rates by a single contribution of four pounds sterling? How many are called upon in our blessed country to pay that amount, trebled and quadrupled, three or four times a year?]

"There are in the sack of absurdity two things that will one day be two works of genius, and they are these: Reason will suppress war, and virtue, genius, and utility will be masters of the world, and will alone go to constitute the class of great people; vice, incapacity, and inutility will be dismissed from employment, and will constitute the class of little people; that is to say, that which at present is admitted by all sound minds will pass into the dominion of facts.

"But fortune, it is said, is blind. Yes. That is an incurable evil; let us leave it its bandage, but one day a clearer consideration of matters will have its scales and weights." [The ancients, who worshipped Fortune as a deity, did not generally attribute blindness to her. They said she was changeable (Theocritus) and inconstant (Euripides), but they also wisely expounded that our fortune depends on our own exertions (Plutarch in Demosthenes). Some, it is true, say she blinds others, but Cicero is the only writer of antiquity who speaks of her as blind herself.]

"That which is impossible to-day, and may be accomplished to-morrow, has already a hold upon the will of the greater number, and it is only opposed by some who are in power, who will lose in the opposition which they make to it, and in the contempt with which they treat it, their reputation for talent, and all their claims to be called great people.

"The impossible with most persons is often but a truth imperfectly perceived, hidden hitherto under the bushel of routine, and hence constituted into a dangerous chimera by small minds, which in their terror they dare not approach until stronger minds have calmed their apprehensions, and shown it to them in all its simplicity, in all its innocence, and with all its advantages; then they take possession of it, and that sometimes with so much enthusiasm, that they require to be restrained in order to prevent them falling into the very error which they did previously; that is to say, into the impossible.

"So also the absurd is often only a new idea running like a flame on the verge of the horizon, which short-sighted people cannot see at first, and hence they laugh at it as a folly, until time at last gives to it so much light that they are dazzled with it, and admit its existence, because it burns the tip end of their noses.

"Learned men, authors and artists, constitute what is called the world of genius: who will deny that it contains its portion of narrow-minded, its little people, just as well as the world of working men? Who has not met with myrmidons of science, literature, and art? Their vision extends to some five hundred feet above and below them, and they fancy they can peer into the infinite: they speak, they attitudinise, they expand in their little sphere, which they esteem to be great for the sole reason that there

are great names in the sciences, the letters, and the arts which they cultivate, and they think that on that account they become themselves estimable. Who has not been satiated with pretensions to learning, and wearied with the barbarous jargon of so-called science, which leads some to deny the existence of the Creator" [we are happy to say so extreme a criticism does not apply in this country], "to ignore whence they come and where they go, to profess to be strong-minded, and go through life affirming the nothingness of all things, and proclaiming man to be born like a brute and to have the same end?

"Who esteems those writers whose words, vulgar in conception and trivial in their forms, exist long enough to vitiate the taste of the public and to corrupt the simplicity of youth, and the success of which is estimated not by the amount of good done to manners, but by the amount of money which they bring in to the authors and publishers? Who feels any interest in those poor artists who paint and sculpture without genius and without faith, and only seek to attract attention by the absence of modesty in their attitudes, and their still more scandalous nudities? An insignificant crowd who think that they signify something; who deem all that they cannot do, or that do not know how to do, impossible; all that they do not conceive, or cannot conceive, absurd; who cannot get beyond a certain point, and yet among whom the very least are the most presuming critics of the masters.

"A man of capability appreciates genius and places his trust in it: he sees clearly the direction which it takes, and he follows it; but left to himself, he becomes troubled and confused, and he stops in presence of the future, too profound for his uncertain gaze.

"A clear head admits that which is sound, and repels whatever is obscure and unintelligible; a stupid person admits and repels without discernment, he declares what is beautiful to be mediocre, and what is mediocre he esteems to be beautiful. A wise man thinks he knows little; a man of little information thinks he knows all things. A well-informed and sensible man lets others speak, he is silent, and never takes any one up; an ignorant and foolish man speaks on all subjects, monopolises conversation, excites himself, is unreasonable, and takes everybody up. An honest man believes in the probity of the whole world, the cheat has no faith in the probity of any one. A clever man feels that he gives pleasure, and that he is welcome everywhere; a stupid man does not know that he is unwelcome and not wanted. A simple man does not seek to attract the attention of any one, and esteems himself at what he is worth; a fop thinks that the whole world is looking at him, and endows himself precisely with those merits he is most deficient in. A good man does not believe in evil: he examines it, modifies it, takes away the bad intention, and makes of it something that is natural or indifferent. The wicked man does not believe in good: he laughs at it, denies it, interprets it according to his own bad heart, corrupts the intention, discovers malice or interests which have no existence, and deems everything suspicious or hypocritical. A good man loves his fellow-creatures, and esteems them sufficiently to believe in their perfection; he is honourable and virtuous, and it is with good faith that he preaches progress and works in the cause. The bad man only loves himself, and believes in nothing but his good fortune. He pretends to esteem all that he deems to be useful to

his interests; he speaks occasionally of his honour and his integrity, or of his vices, but he has only one line of conduct, which is to spread his net and catch those whom he has selected as his dupes.

"The world likes what is good and detests what is evil, but it does not form a very clear conception of what is good or of what is evil, still less so of what is fit and proper. It sometimes brings about disastrous results, while it is labouring with the enthusiastic intention of doing just the reverse. It takes up names which it adopts with great noise, and then drops them with an incredible facility. There are great words that move it, stupify it, and carry it away, and it is seen sometimes to move without knowing where it is going, and to act without knowing what will be the consequences. Its only compensation lies in the fact that as it only aspired to do good, when it finds that it is wandering it comes back to a sense of what is reasonable with the same enthusiasm with which it went astray.

"Commercial men, merchants, bankers, and tradesmen, constitute what is called the business part of the world, and they possess a merit of their own, the sum of the faculties necessary for which is expressed in three words: activity, fitness, and exchange; the object of which are one: gain; and all the glory connected with which lies in one word: success! It is in that world alone that the results constitute the classes, the great, the mean, the little; that is to say, fortune, ease, or discomfort, which again may be modified after the other fashion of great fortune, great ease, and great discomfort; and at the two extremes, immense fortunes and bankruptcy.

"There is a sort of great people, who are the rich, and a sort of little people, who are the poor; these are the conventional great and little people. There is another description of great people, these are the right-minded and the honest-hearted; and another description of little people: and these are the corrupt-minded and the false-hearted; these are the real great and little people—that is to say, when they are so by their own nature.

"There are again, and above these, another kind of great people, those who combine the possession of great wealth with great virtues or great talents; and below, another kind of little people, those who have neither the means of living, nor virtue, nor talent, nor utility, nor even the love of work, who only distinguish themselves by their vices, who have only the honour, which they do not deserve, of being called men; the first are the highest expression of human value, the second are its lowest.

"Do we say of cheats or fools: these are great people? Is it rare to see a cheat or a fool who possesses wealth? Does it require great talents or a pure conscience to make a fortune? Tell me what kind of respect fortune alone is entitled to? I do not prevent poor men, blessed with virtues and talents, which make useful men of them, holding forth their hand to a rich fool, but I forbid them taking a pride in such an act.

"Some people complain that merit and virtue remain unperceived by the mass; but is that a reason why merit and virtue should not exist? One of the merits of merit, and one of the virtues of virtue, is modesty, and modesty is discreet. Impostors alone proclaim their genius, their

merits, and their virtues. He who cannot find any reason for superiority over another in his head or his heart, seeks for it in his purse; and if yours is empty, he esteems himself all the more, as he puts much in comparison with nothing. It is permissible to great people—I mean in the right, not the conventional, sense—to solicit places in which they can render themselves useful, and in which they feel they can distinguish themselves; such places are due to them, and ought to be granted on their demand, without favour or protection. But one cannot tolerate little people soliciting rewards for which they have no possible claim. Nothing can exceed the astonishment in which one is sometimes thrown by the pretensions of certain little people to talent, cleverness, power, and success!

“In conclusion, really great people constitute the sublime part of humanity, mediocre people the safe part, and little people the sickly or the bad part. These varieties are in nature, and they will continue to be so. What remains, then, to be done by progress? There remains to it to honour that which is great, to respect that which is safe, and to ameliorate that which is bad; and its task is still great enough to give birth to enthusiasm in great hearts, and to reanimate the right-minded who have exhausted themselves in the struggle.”

One great fallacy predominates over all this reasoning, and renders all deductions from it invalid. It is that while utility, merit, and genius, are judged of in a certain sense, and receive their reward here below, there is no judge of virtue. Real merit—the moral goodness of man—can only be judged of above; and just as the Creator has wisely left the future of mankind a mystery (for if there was no mystery man would know all things, and if man knew all things he would no longer be what he is, but what he believes he will be in future—in closer relation to the Deity), so also has it been wisely determined that men shall judge of one another's utility, genius, and merits generally; but not of real merits, for they are what constitute each man's claims to consideration (not justification) in another world, where “greatness” and “littleness,” conventional or theoretical, will find that level which is not meant ever to be accurately defined here below. In the mean time, whether he be “great” or “little,” every man has the same comfort here below as had the prophet and psalmist of old, when he said or sung: “I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.”

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE,"* &c.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

RIEN QUE TOI.

CHAPTER XL.—(continued).

"THE SERPENT'S VOICE LESS SUBTLE THAN HER KISS."

ERCELDOUNE breathed fast and heavily; a sickening sense of mystery, of treachery, of evil, of half-truths told him only that by them he might be led deeper into error, was upon him.

"Had I twenty lives, she commands them," he said, briefly. "Say out your meaning—honestly, if you can."

"Very simply, then;—the woman to whom you would give a score of lives, if you had them, has from first to last sheltered your assassin from you, and has counterfeited tenderness for you that she might gain an influence strong enough to enable her to turn aside your vengeance from the only man Idalia Vassalis ever loved."

The words were cold, clear, incisive, calm with the tranquillity of unwarped truth. Under them Erceldoune staggered slightly, like one who reels under a deep knife-thrust; his face grew black with a hot rush of blood, his hands fell once more on his torturer's shoulders, swaying him dizzily to and fro.

"Own that you lie, or by——"

The closing oath rattled hard in his throat; in the moment he could have choked her traducer dead with no more thought, no more remorse, than men strangle the adder that has destroyed the life they treasure closest.

Vane, deficient neither in courage nor in supple strength, shook himself loose with a rapid movement, and lifting the pistol from the sands, held it out with a grave, graceful gesture, as though the weapon were a branch of palm.

"Take it back, and shoot me dead with it, if you find that I tell you untruth."

"If!"

"Yes—'if.' I am no slanderer weaving a legend; no gossipier trafficking in cobwebs. I tell you a hard, unglozed, pitiless fact; there are many such in the history of the woman you imagine has so stainless, so martyred, so royal a soul! Take back your weapon, and use it if I play you false. You are longing to kill me now—I see that in your

eyes; but you are a lion, not a fox, and so you will not kill in the dark. Make it day about you, broad noonday, by which you can read the depths of your mistress's heart, and then—if she prove guiltless and I a liar—then compensate yourself as you will."

Erceldoune answered nothing, but he stretched his hand out and grasped the pistol in a silence that had more meaning than speech ever carried. A dusky reddened light was glowing in the darkness of his eyes—the light that glows in a dog's when the longing to seize and rend is rousing in it; his blood felt like fire; the dawn seemed to grow like night; the corrosion of a jealous hate was in him, and in its evil all other memories were drowned, all desires quenched, all loyalty loosened.

The other stretched his arm out and touched him as he turned and strode over the wet stone-strewn beach.

"Wait. Where do you go?"

"I go to 'make it daylight,' as you say—daylight strong enough to unbare your villany."

"But first you must hear——"

"I have heard too much."

"Stop an instant. Remember, I have known the story of Idalia as you will never know it."

"The more you know, the more honour should bind you into silence."

"Madman! When I tell you——"

"Mad I may be. Rather that than a traitor."

"It is a traitress of whom we speak."

Erceldoune's eyes flashed a strange glance into his; it was scorching as fire, yet it had in it a terrible appeal.

"Take care what you do," he muttered. "You will *make* me kill you."

"No. But I will make you prove my words truth or slander."

"I go to do it."

"You think you do; you do not. You go to hear a few soft words from lips that have duped the subtlest intriguers in Europe, and to believe every phrase that they breathe with a kiss upon yours, as though it were witnessed by angels! I tell you that my honour shall not rest upon so wayward and so frail a thing as her caprice of invention."

"And I tell you that *her* honour shall not rest upon the tongues of traitors. You have dared to say she shielded my assassin——"

"I say more;—I say she loved him. No! Take your hand off; you can seek my life later on; at present you must save your own, if you do not want a Bourbon bullet through your lungs for this woman who has fooled you, as she fools us all. There is one man, one only, that your mistress ever loved. She has wearied of him now, found him a thorn in her side, learned to hate him as such women can hate, drawn all the fragrance from her rose, and thrown the old withered leaves away—only the leaves are poisoned, and they cling, they cling! One man she loved, and she lavished her gold on him, and she reared her ambitions for him, and she was half his slave and half his sovereign, while she was for all the world beside that beautiful, cruel, wanton, pitiless, divine, and devilish sorceress that we know. She has had many lovers, but she duped them all. This man she never duped. A panther,

with a velvet eye and a glorious beauty ; a sun-god, with the soul of a fox and the heart of a carrion-crow—nothing more. But who shall measure the passionate fancies of a woman?—and such a woman? Well, she loved him ; and he was your assassin. No way so sure to shield him, as to bring you under her dominance ! It may be, it is true, that whilst fooling you for his sake, you dethroned him, and she grew in earnest, and it is he who is now to be thrown *ad leones*. It may be ; miladi has had many such caprices ! That you may know I say truth, and not falsehood, go and put but two questions to her. Ask her first, who the man is who left you for dead in the mountains. Ask her last, what the tie is that binds her to the Greek, Conrad Phaulcon.”

Erceldoune had listened, without a word, without a breath, his face with that tempestuous darkness lowered on it, and a great horror, a great misery gazing vacantly out from his dilated eyes. Yet the loyalty and the faith in him were stronger than all tests that wrung them ; he struggled to keep his hold upon them, and to keep them pure, unsoiled, unswerving, as men may strain to guard their honour unwarped, when all the dizzy world about them reeks with infamy, and presses them on to crime.

“ I *will* ask her,” he said, hoarsely, while his lips were white and dry as dust. “ Not to prove her purity, but to prove your shame.”

Then, without another syllable, he turned and set his face southward, and went by great swift steps, that sank into the sea-washed sand, backward to where he had left her—backward, with the waste of waters lying silent and untroubled by his course, and the sun rising higher from over the red wall of rock. Belief in what he had heard there was none, even yet, in his heart ; off the brave allegiance of his rash nobility the evil fell, finding no grappling-place, no resting-lair ; but on him a heavy, breathless, deadly oppression lay, and the first fear that his bold life had ever known ran like a current of ice through all his veins. The poison of doubt had been breathed on him, and its plague-spot widened and deepened, let him rend the canker out as he would.

Once in the agony of his passion he stretched out his arms to the vacant air as he went on in his loneliness, as though he saw her beauty, and drew it to him, though death should come with it.

“ Oh, my love, my love !” he muttered, unconsciously, in the longing of his soul. “ What matter what you be, so you are *mine* !”

It was in the blindness of the senses that he spoke, the mere idolatrous desire for the loveliness that to him had no likeness upon earth ; the cruel, intoxicated, fiery riot of the “ love lithe and fierce” that counts no cost to itself or to its prey, and that would plunge into an eternity of pain to purchase one short hour of its joy. A moment, and the nobler passion in him rose ; the perfect faith, without which his one idolatry would be but brutalised abandonment, rebuked him ; his head sank, his eyes saw the grey glooming sea through a hot rush of tears.

“ God forgive me so much sin to her as lay in the mere thought !” he murmured as he went ; to think that the lips which had lain on his had ever breathed the kisses which betray, to think that the heart which had beaten upon his had ever throbbed to the warmth of guilty pleasure, seemed to him a blasphemy against her that was sin itself. For, even

though those lips should be his, even though that heart should beat for him, if there were past treachery or present infidelity in her life, she would be dead to him—dead, more cruelly than though the steel had pierced the fairness of her breast, and the golden trail of her hair been drawn through the trampled dust of blood-stained streets.

If truth abode not with her; and the fealty of honour, she was dead to him.

"If her eyes shrink from mine, let the seas cover me!" he prayed in his soul; and the length of the shore seemed endless to him, and the tawny stretch of the beach seemed the burning waste of a desert, and the surf, as it flowed up and broke at his feet, seemed to force his steps backward and backward, and to bind his limbs as with lead.

CHAPTER XII.

"LET IT WORK!"

FOR many moments Victor Vane stood motionless, following with his gaze the retreating shadow of the man in whom his instinct had from the first foreseen his rival. The grave patience, the gentle tranquillity, the subdued regret his features had worn throughout their interview, passed away; a thousand emotions, a thousand shades of thought, of feeling, and of suffering, swept over them; alone there, with no living thing near him save the white gulls resting on the curl of the in-coming waves, he had no need to wear a mask, and he endured as sharp a misery as any he had dealt.

The deadliest pang in it was shame; the carking, jealous, bitter shame that where *he* had failed another should have won; the knowledge that the love borne her by the man who had left him was to the love that he himself had borne as the purity and value of purged gold against a pile of tinsel. It stilled in something the tortures of jealousy, it sated in something the thirst of hatred, to cast—were it only in thought—irony, and invective, and scornful calumny upon his rival; it was natural to him to despise with all the contempt of his fine and subtle intelligence a character that its own frankness and loyalty and high courage left naked to all poisoned shafts, and that was so rashly liberal in faith, so unwisely incapable of falsehood, so blindly and wildly careless to how it wrought its own weal and woe. Yet the most carking wound of all that now ached in him was the latent sense of *superiority* in the man who had supplanted him, who had succeeded where he had been vanquished, and whom he had regarded with the cold disdain of a flippant wit, as holding all his worth and merit in an athlete's mere physical perfections of *thews and sinews*. Steeled against all such emotion as he was, the greatness and the nobleness of Erceldoune's faith forced themselves on him; they wrung a reverence out of him despite himself, and they dealt him a mortal pain; pain that was in one sense vanity-moved, since it would no longer leave him the one solace of scorn for his rival, but a pain that sprang from, and that moved, a deeper, better thing—a recognition, tardy and unwilling though it was, of some greatness he had missed in missing truth; some base and guilty cowardice

that he had stooped to when once truth had passed from off his lips, banished with a scoff as only fit for fools.

Beyond jealousy, beyond hatred, beyond every other feeling in him as he stood looking southward at the great shaft of russet stone that screened the pathway of his rival from his sight, there was on him then an intense humiliation. Beside the sincerity, the fealty, the self-surrender, the brave patience of a generous trust, his own subtleties looked so unworthy, his own fine craft so poor; another could render her a love that deemed life itself well lost for her, and he—he was her traitor!

There was enough of honour and enough of tenderness in him for the contrast to strike into him, hard, sharp, swift as steel. This man whom he had contemned with all the mockery of his brilliant mind had grown great in his sight simply through the ennobling influence of a mighty passion and an heroic faith. He still cursed these with his lips as insanity, as idiotcy, but in his heart he knew their greatness—a greatness that he had by his own choice, his own act, put far from him for ever.

Away in the world again he would again cleave to his old creeds, and deem the moment womanish weakness; but here in the loneliness of the morning, under the sting of an intolerable torment, the man he hated was great in his sight, and he himself was base exceedingly. Where he stood, with no eyes on him that could read his shame, a red flush slowly stole over the wanness of his face; none living could have brought it there, but the scourge of his own thoughts did.

"A traitor! a traitor!" he muttered to those silent seas that washed to and fro so wearily at his feet.

For though he had fallen willingly, the fall seemed to him hideously vile; as in the grey, cold, unpitying light of a dawn that brings him no slumber, the sins and the burdens that a man counts recklessly and bears lightly in the crowds of the daytime and the dissipations of the night stand out in their true colour, and grow unendurable in his sight and his memory.

But the better instinct too soon perished; there was passion in him, and passion choked conscience; he could not have told whether he most loved or most hated this woman, but whichever emotion swayed him furthest, the jealousy that he had so often laughed at as a barbarism of a bygone age was born of both, and in its fire quenched all other things. If it were true that Idalia loved this man who so loyally had served her!—in his own soul he did not doubt its truth, and it sufficed to nerve afresh in him every impulse of evil. He felt for her that covetous, sensual, pitiless growth of mingled envy, admiration, and ambition, which, long after all tenderness has perished out of it, will retain all its imperious egotism, and all its thirst for sweeping destruction of everything preferred before it. An acrid bitterness against her for her pride, her power, her keen wit, and her fearless intellect, had been blent with the earliest hours of his subjugation to her; and this served now to strengthen tenfold the fierce, mute, aching impatience of misery with which he now mused on the possibility that this woman, so cold, so merciless, so full of mockery for him, had ever stooped her haughty spirit down to the weakness she had often played with, and so often ridiculed.

"Is it possible! Is it possible! She—*she*!" he muttered, while his delicate lips shook and worked in the anguish which, in a youth, would have been spent in tears. "She—so victorious, so ironic, so chill, so world-worn, so magnificent, love for sake of a wanderer's eagle glances, a rough-rider's lion-graces! *She*!—a woman who could fill a throne, and rule it single-handed. Pshaw! she is a voluptuary, she is a coquette, she has her caprices—*Miladi*! And he is handsome as a gladiator. She loves him—oh yes—she loves him for six months, six weeks, six days. And what price will he pay for the paradise?"

The venomous words were murmured to the solitary shore; even thus, and alone, it was a cruel solace to him to taunt her with those sneers, to soil what he had lost for ever, to libel what he envied with so unquenchable a jealousy. It could not harm her thus to slander her, when none but the breaking surf and the fluttering sea-birds made answer, but he felt a relief in it, a joy kindred to that joy with which he had thought of her in the dungeons of the Capuano, when he had sold her into the hands of Giulio Villafior.

Moreover, he believed what he said; partially because his suffering made him cling to whatsoever could lessen it, partially because the character of Idalia had escaped him in many of its hues, keen and varied as were the worldly experiences by whose light he had first set himself to read it. He had known of her through a thousand tongues ere ever he had looked upon her face; the poison-mists breathed from their distortions had never wholly faded from before her in his sight. Such a woman needs a mind singularly truthful and singularly liberal to understand her aright. Truth he had not in him, and to all talent save his own he was illiberal; thus he had failed in following the complex meanings of her life and of her thoughts. He had uttered but what he held himself when he had said that

beautiful she is,
The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss,
The snake but vanquished dust; and she will draw
Another host from heaven to break heaven's law.

But he had withheld what was not less true, that it was because she had this sin of merciless destruction in her, this serpent skill of tempting, this guilty power over the fates and souls of men, that he had first been fascinated to her dominion, and first seen in her a mistress by whom and with whom he could reach all to which his restless and insatiable ambitions aspired, and aspired in vain.

"Will he believe?" he wondered, as his eyes vacantly rested on the sands where the tide was filling the footprints of his rival. "Not he. What man would believe the witnessing voices of the whole world if *she* once whispered them false? And she pays him, too, with love-words, with the sweetness of her lips, with the touch of hair on his cheek;—ah, God!"

He quivered from head to foot as the cry escaped him; he could have thrown himself on the sands and bidden the sea surge up and cover him, when he thought of that caress which already had been the reward of the man who had succoured her. And he—he who betrayed her, what had he won by the treachery?

"Revenge at least," he thought; and as he thought so his head sank, his limbs grew rigid, his chest rose and fell with a single voiceless sob. He only remembered that revenge was valueless, since revenge could not bring him the lips that he longed for, the beauty that he desired as the ice-bound earth desires summer.

Valueless?—yet not so. It could not give her to him, but it could withhold her from any other.

A young, shy, gentle, little sea-bird, whose wings as yet could scarce bear it, rose at his feet as he mused, and fluttered a hand's breadth, and then trembled and fell, panting and glancing up with its bright, dove-like, brown eye. He took it savagely and wrung the slender snowy throat, and flung it out on to the crest of a breaker—dead. He had never before been cruel to birds or beasts; such fierce and wanton slaughter was not natural to him, but in this moment it had a horrible pleasure in its brutality. He had subdued all his impulses of hate so long, it satiated them, if ever so slightly, to wreak them on that innocent bird. He had seen the dying eyes glaze and fill with misty fear with a gladness he would have believed impossible; he wanted to see hers fade out thus; to stand by and see them fade with just that look of terror and of helplessness;—eyes that had given such smiling scorn to him, such passionate eloquence to others. He watched the tumbled heap of white ruffled plumage washed in and out by the advancing and retreating sea.

"I can destroy her as easily as I killed that bird," he thought, and the worst instincts of his nature had their sway once more, as his mouth laughed with his slight, soft smile. "Barbaric! Terribly barbaric!" he murmured. "And I was so wise in my diplomacy with him; I told him only truth. Talleyrand is right. Truth is so safe and so sure!"

Then leaving the dead bird floating on the water's play he went whither he came.

"Monsignore will rally enough to sign an order," he mused. "A half-score soldiers, and they will be netted. Ah! his only mistress will be the galley-oar, and her only lover's embrace will be the fetters of the Vicaria. Miladi's new passion will not be smooth in its course!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"SHALL EVIL BE THY GOOD?"

WHERE the Greek faced her on the sea-shore there was a long silence between them—a silence breathless and pregnant, like that which precedes the first low muttering of a storm, the first dropping shots of a battle. Her eyes dwelt on his with a terrible despair in their startled depths, and his laughed back into them with the insolence and arrogance of power. Many times their strength had come in conflict, and many times the variable, unstable, serpentine will of the man had been crushed under the straight, scornful, fearless will of the woman. Now, for the first time, he had his vengeance, and she could not strike back on him, because for the first time he had found weakness in her, and could reach her through the life of another.

He laughed aloud in his victory.

"Choose, Miladi! Your favourite maxims say, after the first passion all women love the love, not the lover. If you indulge the first you will slay the last. Choose!"

For all answer she swept with a sudden movement so close to him, that he fell back with the coward's instinct of physical fear.

"You have been often bought *for* murder. What price will buy you *from* it?"

The words left her lips with a scorn that burnt like flame, with a bitterness that cut like steel. Neither touched him; he laughed again in the content of his triumph.

"What price, my Countess? *None!*"

"You want gold—you love gold. You would sell your soul for gold. You shall have it."

The agony of dread upon her made her voice deep and hushed, like the stealing of an autumn storm-wind through forests; the passion of scorn within her made her face flush, and darken, and quiver, as though the flicker of a torch played on it. Neither moved him to shame.

"Oh yes," he said, with a slow smile—"gold, gold, gold. Of course you would give me that. As much as you would throw away on a banquet, or a diamond, or a web of lace, should come to *me*, if I would stay aloof and hold my peace, and let the Border Eagle build his eyrie on the Roumelian hills, and Miladi pleasure her new passion among her rose-gardens. Oh yes! gold—as much gold as you have twisted in your hair for a mask ball might be mine, of course; and he—he should succeed to Julian's dominion and Julian's domain; he should have all that wood and water, and palace and mountain, that I have been banned out of so long; he should be chief there, and lord, and his sons, maybe, have the heirship of the Vassalis line! A charming cast for us both! With all gratitude for my share, and your will to allot it me, I must decline such a distribution betwixt your lover and me. Gold, gold! No, Miladi, gold will not strike the balance between us now."

She listened in silence; only that passionate shadowy quiver, as of the light of a flame, on her face giving sign or response to him. Her lips were close pressed together, and scarce seemed to move as the words came through them, hard, like the dropping of stones on a stone.

"Your sin is envy? Well, it is only another to a long list. Mere gold will not buy you. What will?"

"Nothing."

"You are so incorruptible!"

"Yes, here."

"Through envy, avarice, and hate!"

"Through three common movers of mankind, if so."

"You own them yours? Then listen here. I speak nothing of your guilt to me—nothing of your crime against him. I will deal with you as though none of all that measureless iniquity were on you. Conscience you have not; shame you do not know. I appeal to neither. I will treat with your avarice alone. You love self-indulgence, luxury, vice, mirth, indolence, splendour; you have coveted my heritage from the Vassalis, you have been thirsty for my riches; you have wanted all that Eastern pomp and princely fief, you have hungered for Count Julian's

possessions, you have hated me for many things, yet for none so much as for the inheritance of that great wealth; that you used it, and wasted it, and were welcomed to it long as though it were your own, mattered nothing. It was mine, and not yours; you never forgave the difference. Well, hear me now. All that shall be yours—all—all—to the last stone of the jewels, to the lowest chamber of the palace, to the poorest fig-tree on the hills, to the farthest landmark on the plains. You shall have all, and reign there as you will."

An intense eagerness thrilled through her voice, the burning wavering light upon her face grew hotter and darker, the chained bitterness and fierceness in her gave but the subtler inflection to the eloquence and the command that ran as of old through all her words; for the moment, she dazzled and swayed and staggered him.

"All!" he echoed. "I!"

"Yes—all! Every coin, every rood, every bead of gold in that treasure-house of splendid waste I will make all yours—all that the Vassalis ever owned. I will not keep a pearl from the jewels, or a date from the palms. All shall be yours—all the things of your desire."

"And you?"

"I—I shall be beggared."

Yet while she spoke, over her face swept one swift gleam, like the glow of an Eastern sun.

He gazed at her like one blinded.

"And for all this what will you ask of me?"

She lifted her proud head and looked down straight into his eyes.

"Of you I shall purchase—my freedom and his life."

His mouth quivered with rage as he laughed aloud once more.

"So-so! Ah, the wildness of women's passions! You would buy your lover at *that* cost? Oh, fool! you who once were subtle and wise as the serpent!"

Her teeth set tight, but she kept down her wrath.

"Profit by my folly," she said, briefly. "Take all I have—leave me only him."

The first words were stern; over the three last her voice unconsciously softened with an infinite pathos and yearning.

That involuntary thrill of longing tenderness steeled him in an instant to the first eager impulse of acceptance, prompted by his lust for wealth and ease and power, and all the half barbaric voluptuous royalties of the Roumelian palace that had seethed in him for so long. Other evil instincts were more potent still than avarice. He smiled—a slow and cruel smile.

"Magnificent ransom for a landless courier. But at what price will not your sex gratify its caprices—especially the caprices of the passions! Your lover should know the sacrifices you would make for his embrace! For myself, the bribe is high; but I decline it."

The blood faded from her face, even from her lips; a grey, heavy shadow, as of desperation, fell over her, that seemed to drain the very colour from her eyes and from her form, and leave her, white and chill there, as a statue.

"What will you gain?"—she spoke with a hard, brief, stony tranquillity.

"Why—a romantic thing to be sure, and an unremunerative; yet the sweetest thing, as men find, that the world holds—vengeance."

"Neither he nor I have wronged you."

"Maybe. But both have galled me; both——"

"Been wronged by you. True. I forgot the reason of your hate."

His face flushed darkly.

"I do not bear *you* hate. I tried to free you. But I swear this man shall not wed with you, and live."

"And why? Have you not done us injury enough? You poisoned my life with infamy, and would have taken his in a thief's slaughter. Can you not let us be? Can you not sell yourself for pity's sake, as you have so often sold yourself for shameful things? Take my bribe. Impoverish me as you will; enjoy all I have to give; seize all you have ever coveted; bind it fast to you on what terms you choose; make me poor as the poorest that ever asked my charity; only leave me this one thing, his life."

She spoke still with the same strange enforced serenity, but beneath it there ran an intense melancholy, an intense yearning; they could not move, but steeled him in, his purpose.

"The thing I will *not* leave you," he said, savagely. "Ah! I know how men go mad for that beauty of yours; he would hold himself rich as emperors were that his own, though you had no other gold than just what gleams in the coil of your hair. I know, I know! And so you can love at last, my queen!—all that ransom for one wild mountaineer! But you shall only ransom him one way, Miladi; only by—forsaking him."

"I will never forsake him."

"So! Then his wedding-night will be his last."

Her hand worked with a fierce, rapid, clenching movement on the butt of the pistol.

"Wait," she said, slowly, while each word fell on the silence like the falling of the great slow drops of a storm. "You threaten him? One word from me, and he will give you over to justice for your crime to him. One shot this moment from me, and he will be here to take his vengeance."

He shrank slightly, for cowardice was ingrained in him; but he knew how to deal with the brave and generous nature of the woman whom he tortured. He looked her full in the eyes.

"True. You might send me to the galleys. But you will not."

Her lips parted, her breast heaved, a great shudder shook her. She answered nothing.

"You can summon your lover," he pursued, after a pause. "You can tell him of my 'crime,' and—also of my tie to you. You can see us fall on each other, and fight as tigers fight. You can wed him in peace if he kill me; as most like he will, since he is so far the stronger. You can do this. But you will not?"

From the depths of her agonised eyes a flash like fire passed over him.

"I *cannot*! You know it."

He laughed slightly.

"No. I did not know it. Women soon vanquish scruples and tread out memories to gratify a passion. Well, since you hesitate so far, per-

haps you will hesitate yet farther. You will not break your oath by betraying me; will you betray this one man whom you say you 'honour,' by linking him, in his good faith and his ignorance, with *us*?"

She gave a sharp, quick breath, as though a blow were struck her.

"God forbid! I have said, all bonds between me and the past are severed for ever."

"I see! You will lock the book, and throw it aside, and your blind worshipper will credit on your telling that the pages were all pure blanks! And yet—I thought you said you 'honoured' him?"

All the haughty, fiery blood in her flushed to life under the subtle sneer.

"I do so; from my soul. Let his name be. It has no place on your lips—yours—that gave the word to murder him."

"Fine phrases! And yet you will deceive him?"

"I!"

"Yes, you, Miladi. You will not betray me to him—you cannot. So—telling him nothing—you will leave him ignorant. And one fine day, were I to let you run your passion's course, he would learn the truth, and find his sovereign, his idol, his mistress, his wife, my——"

"Wait! You have said enough!"

"No. I say more. Forsake him, and he is safe from me. Give yourself to him, and I will add him his marriage-gift—death. Just such a death as he would have dealt me on the Bosphorus shore. I can see the gleam of his steel, and the thirst of his eyes, now!"

"If he had killed you, what would he have done more than justice?"

"At least he would have rendered you inestimable service, Miladi!"

She stopped him with an irrepressible gesture.

"Hush, hush! Oh, God! such words between *us*."

"Well! We are enemies; bitter ones enough."

"Yes; enemies as the wronged and the wrong-doer ever are. But your life is sacred to me; how can you curse mine?"

"Mine sacred to you? Is it so, Idalia? Then—being so, you will not betray me to your lover?"

She turned on him a look that had a weariness, a scorn, an agony, a pity unutterable.

"No! I must bear the burden of your guilt."

"But you will betray him by leaving him in ignorance of whom he loves—of whom he weds?"

"Though he knew *he* would find mercy and greatness enough to pardon."

She spoke not to him, but to the memories that rose before her—memories that filled her heart with their bitterness and their sweetness—memories of the exhaustless faith and patience and forgiveness of the man she was bidden to abandon.

"Truly! Then what think you, Miladi? Is it a noble return to cheat him as you meditate? Is it a fine thing to recognise this limitless tenderness borne you, only to dupe it through its own sublime insanity? You have fooled such idolaters scores of times, I know, only—here I think you said you 'honoured' him? Which makes a difference. Or might make it."

She knew well how wide the difference was—wide as between innocence and guilt.

She answered nothing ; her face was grey and stern as stone, only in the brooding horror of the deep dilated eyes was there reply ; they spoke more than any language of the lips.

The Greek laughed softly.

"His bridal couch made in the nest of his 'assassins'! His stainless and glorified mistress proved the masker of the Silver Ivy! Madame, I think I might let his passion run untroubled, and leave my vengeance to the future—some future when he should reach the truth from some chance word, from some side-wind—and hear the secret that a woman who 'honoured' him never told all through the days and nights she lived in his sight and slept upon his heart. Hear it when he was bound to her beyond escape, and could gain no freedom through knowing her traitress to him as to all others. Ah! I am not so certain that I will not let you wed him. It will be a surer stab to him than comes from steel—that one truth learned *too late*."

There was a long silence.

She shuddered from head to foot, as though the scorch of a red-hot brand passed over and marked her; then an intense stillness fell upon her—a stillness in which all life seemed frozen in her, and every breath to cease. He waited, mute and patient now.

At last she raised her head, and turned it full upon him; as the reddened glow of sunrise flickered on it, it was dark, and cold, and resolute, with an exceeding strength and an absolute despair.

"For once you have shown me duty, and saved me from a crime. My hand shall not touch his again."

"Because you will not——"

"Because your guilt is on me."

"And yet you were willing to lose all your riches, and your power, and your victories, and your pleasures, for this one man?"

"I am so willing."

"Then it is——"

"That you have shown me what would be my sin to him. You cannot be betrayed. He shall not be."

"You mean——"

She turned on him ere he could speak with the swift, lithe, terrible grace of a stag hunted and hounded into a fierceness born of sheer torture, and wholly alien to its nature.

"Silence! or I shall forget what you are, and let him take his vengeance on you. Can you not be content? You led me into cruelty and error a thousand times under the masking of fair colours and of fearless aims; you now show me, in the one redemption of my life—the one purer, better, higher thing!—only an added guilt, a fresh dishonour. I lose *all* through you. Are you not content?"

The vivid passion, the agonised irony, died suddenly, as a flame drops to the ground; her head fell, her limbs sank wearily on the broken rocks, a dull dead apathy returned on her, in which she lost all memory, even of his presence. He looked at her, hushed, awed, moved to something that was almost dread of his own work, intimidated by the suddenness and the completeness of his own victory; he waited, hesitating, and as one afraid, some moments; she gave no sign that she even remembered he was near; every second wasted might cost them both the loss of

liberty, if not of life ; but he lacked the boldness that could have pressed on her then the question of mere bodily danger, the mere physical perils from the cell and the rods of her persecutors.

There was that in her attitude, as she sat bowed, motionless, with the loosened weight of her hair sweeping down into the salt pools of the beach, and an icy chillness of calm on the colourless immutability of her features, that subdued, and shamed, and had a nameless terror for him.

Some sense of reluctant reverential fear was always on him for the woman whom, nevertheless, he had goaded and trepanned, and injured, and tortured through the length of many years. Some touch of love for her ever lingered in him.

He paused a long while, at some distance from her, while the in-coming tide rolled nearer and nearer up over the shingle and the sand, till the surf washed over her feet. She never noted it ; her eyes, without sight in them, gazed at the dusky changing mass of water that here and there beneath the spell of waking light broke into melting lustrous hues, like the gleam of colours on a southern bird's bright throat.

He drew closer, with a doubtful hesitation.

"You will come with me, then?"

She gave no sign even that she heard the words.

"I am not alone," he pursued. "Lousada, Veni, and the boy Berto sought you. I fell in with them as I neared here ; they are fugitives, and proscribed themselves ; they lie hid by day in an old sea-den of Veni's ; they look to get away by the coast in a night or so ; they would give their bodies to shot and sabre to save your hand from a rough touch. Will you come to them?"

He could not tell whether she heeded him ; he saw her face in profile ; it was still, cold, passionless, stern with a mute intolerable suffering, like some Greek head in stone of Destiny.

He felt a restless fear of his own victory.

He spoke afresh, rather to break that death-like silence, filled only with the ebbing and the flowing of the sea, than for the sake of what he uttered.

"Veni's sea-nest is safe—safe, at least, for a little while ; it lies yonder, through there, where a passage-way pierces the rocks. All that acanthus hides the entrance. It has sheltered many before ; Fiesole lay there once, in the first days of his proscription. Lousada doubts little that he can get a brig from Salerno, and steal away off westward three nights hence. It is the best chance. You will come?"

At last she lifted her head, and looked at him.

"But for Giuho Villador I would go—far sooner—back to the dungeon of Taverna."

His face paled ; he knew her meaning—knew the unspeakable loathing and scorn of himself that made the severities of captivity and wretchedness look fairer in her sight than every recovered freedom shared with his companionship.

"There is no other alternative," he said, sullenly. "You will come?"

"I will come."

He was once more victorious ; and once more with victory stole over him a strange chill dread, as he who has brought down and netted the lioness of the plains will feel something of awe, something of fear, when in his

toils lies the daughter, the mate, the mother of free-born kings of untrodden soil—when beneath the rain of his blows, and from out the meshes of his trap, the great fearless luminous leonine eyes look at him, suffering but unquailing.

"Why do you wait, then?" he asked.

"I wait—for him."

"So! You will, after all, be false to one of us. Which?"

"Neither."

"What gage have I of that?"

"That I have said it."

He was silent a moment; he scarcely dared dispute that single bond, her word. Traitor himself to her, he knew that his treachery would never be repaid him by its own coin.

"You wait for him?" he said. "Then so also do I."

"Are you weary of the shame of your life that you seek to lose it?"

"No. But he shall take it rather than I will leave you here."

Through the calm upon her face, the calm of martyrdom, of despair, he saw the conflict of many passions, of infinite misery.

"Will you choose for us to meet?"

Where her forehead rested on her hands that were thrust among the masses of her hair, the great dewes started as they had never done when the scourge was lifted at Taverna.

"We shall not part alive," he pursued. "Perhaps you count on that? Your lover is the younger and the stronger; there are few men he would not worst. You rode all day through the heat and press of a battle under Verona once, I remember; maybe you wish to see a life-and-death combat."

She answered nothing; a shiver as of intense cold ran through her.

"You can enjoy your new passion, true, if he kill me;—a dead body flung with a kick into that surf, the waves to wash it seaward, none on earth to care enough for me to ask where I have drifted,—it would be easy work. Is that the reason why you 'wait'?"

"God! how can you link such guilt with me, even in thought?"

"Why not? That will *be* the end if we meet in your sight to-day, unless, indeed, fate turns the other way, and your lover falls through me. Sit there, Miladi, and watch the struggle; you will never have seen two harder foes. Turn your thumb downward, like those dainty, haughty Roman dames you copy in philosophies and seductions; turn it down for the slaughter-signal, if you see me at his mercy. How free you will be then! But—listen just a little—if he press me too close, we have not the northern scorn of a timely thrust, and it will be but in self-defence!"

As he spoke, he drew gently half out of its sheath the blade of a delicate knife that was thrust in his waistband, and let the beams of the sunrise play brightly on the narrow shining steel.

The glitter flashed close beside her. It sent fire and life like an electric shock through all the icy stillness of her limbs; she rose with a convulsive force; her eyes had the gleam of an opium-drinker's in them, her voice had scarce a likeness of itself.

"I come, I come; do what you will with me, so that his life escapes you!"

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE RAILWAY IN THE PUNJĀB.

THE railroad from Lahore, the capital of the Punjāb, to Attock on the Indus, the permission to construct which has been recently granted by Sir John Lawrence, is but the completion of the main Indian arterial lines from Calcutta by Agra and Delhi to Lahore, and from Kurachī by the Indus to Mūltan, and thence by rail to Lahore; but it opens of itself an entirely new region—that of the five rivers—to commerce and civilisation, and it carries all those facilities of travel and transport which belong so peculiarly to the iron-road to the extreme north-west frontier of India, and to spots surrounded by warlike barbarism, and yet on the nearest and most direct road to Europe. The contemplated enterprise will, it has been remarked, “be the outpost, the very vedette of all steam travelling, and go near to reach that historical mystery ‘the heart of Asia.’”

Little good ever came permanently from war, nor are the results of the struggles of humanity always to be foretold. In 1838 and 1839 Sir John Keane's force marched through the Dūrānī (or Douraunee) empire, meeting with little opposition but at Ghuznī; Dhost Muhammad surrendered to Sir William Macnaghten, Shah Sūjah was restored to his throne, and all appeared tranquil. “Shah's” troops were raised; Dūrānī orders were distributed; Sir John Keane was raised to the peerage; addresses and congratulations were presented on all sides. Alas! how little the political envoys, how little the world at large, dreamed of the mine over which they were standing! In the beginning of November, 1841, it exploded, and the assassination of the British envoy; the total destruction of a large British force, including her Majesty's 44th Regiment, and several corps of native troops; the seizure of our guns; the capture of officers and ladies;—a catastrophe, in short, almost unequalled in our annals, fearfully dispelled the vision of Affghanistan tranquillity and British influence as then established throughout Central Asia. The very next year Shah Sūjah was himself murdered by a party of Baurikzais while proceeding to his camp at Būtkhak—a miserable end of a troublous course.

The “avenging armies of Affghanistan” were sent from the north-west and the south in 1841 and 1842 to re-establish the reputation of Great Britain, and to some extent avenge the disasters which our arms had experienced through the treachery of the Orientals. The grand objects of the campaign were achieved; the armies of Pollock and Nott met from different directions in triumph at Kabūl, the prisoners were recovered, all past disasters were retrieved and avenged in every scene on

which they were sustained, and repeated victories in the field, and the capture of the cities and citadels of Ghuznī and Kabūl, advanced the glory and re-established the accustomed superiority of the British arms. But what came of this glorious success, so hardly earned? The British troops were withdrawn with undignified celerity, and enormities unheard or unthought of were unblushingly attributed to our armies. "The whole British army," wrote Captain J. M. B. Neill, of the gallant 40th,* "had now withdrawn from Afghanistan; our eventful connexion with that country had totally ceased. That connexion will assuredly constitute a curious and important page in history—*less certain is it that that page will be a creditable one to the British name.*" "What Christian can contemplate," remarked the Rev. J. N. Allen, who also published a "Diary of a March through Scindh and Afghanistan," in reference to the conduct of the Affghans, "such a tissue of conspiracy, treachery, cruelty, and blood, without ardently desiring, and fervently praying for, the diffusion throughout these lands of that blessed Gospel which is not only the brightest manifestation of the glory of God, but the harbinger of peace and good will towards man. May God of His mercy hasten the time when these hardy and indomitable tribes shall be added to the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

An iron railroad once laid down in a country, is a very different thing to the advance of an army sent to supersede the Russo-Persian policy of a Dhost Muhammad, or to avenge the losses incurred, by a glorious campaign and a disgraceful return. It is a thing of peace and of permanence, of commerce and civilisation; the possession of such a line must be upheld, and hence, as it is now utterly impossible to ignore the bearings of such an undertaking, so is it also necessary to grapple with them, not, as is so absurdly argued, as a "mystery," but as a fact admitting of a clear, concise, and definite exposition.

And first with regard to the Punjab. It derives its appellation from two Persian words, *punj*, five, and *ab*, water, from the five rivers which flow through the territory. These rivers are, going from west to east, first, the Indus, or Attock, with its two tributaries the Kabūl and Gilgit rivers; secondly, the Jailum, or Jhelum, or Hydaspes; thirdly, the Chenab, or Ascescines; fourthly, the Ravee, or Hydrastis, the river of Lahore, the second, third, and fourth uniting to form the river of Multan; and, fifthly, the Gharra, or river of Bhawulpūr, which has for tributaries the Beyah, or Hyphasis, and the Sutluj, or Sutlej. The extensive natural sections which lie above the confluence of two rivers are described by the native term *Dū-Ab*, corresponding to the Mesopotamia of the ancients. The rivers are all in a great measure navigable, not less, it has been computed, than 1960 miles of the principal streams being available for purposes of inland traffic. A railway crossing the country, and having stations on the rivers, the produce of the regions above and below would be thus brought to these stations under great advantages of transit.

Irrigation to an almost unparalleled extent is carried on without much assistance from artificial means, the great plains being extremely level, or

* *Recollections of Four Years' Service in the East, &c.*, p. 296.

sloping so gradually from north-east to south-west, that the highest elevation does not exceed 1600 feet above the level of the sea, and descends to about 220 feet. This in Lower Punjab; but the bed of the Sutluj at Rampur is 3260 feet above the level of the sea; the Jailum, in latitude 33 deg. 2 min., 1620 feet; the Indus at Attock, about 1000 feet; Peshawur being 1068 feet, Lahore about 900 feet, and the confluence of the Indus and Punjnad 220 feet. The exceeding smoothness of the country, so advantageous for railway purposes, has, however, the untoward effect of causing the rivers to frequently change their courses; not one of them runs now within several miles of the great towns whose walls they washed when they were first founded. Probably the greatest engineering difficulties that would have to be overcome in carrying a railway across such a country would be in carrying viaducts over its rivers, and then confining these to their beds. It would, however, be a work of great advantage to the country.

Scattered over this vast territory, but chiefly in the vicinity of the rivers, are numerous towns, fortresses, and villages. The principal are Lahore, the capital, Umritsir, Multan, Wuzirabad, Musuffirabad, Kashmir, or Siranuggur, and Peshawur. The fortresses are Umritsir, a place of no particular strength; Rotas, a fort on the high road from Lahore to Peshawur, strikingly situated on an eminence, but now suffered to fall into decay; and the castle on the banks of the Attock, which commands the passage of the river. Most of the towns are, or were, surrounded by a mud or brick wall of a frail construction, and Lahore was itself so defended, with the addition of a dry moat, which, on an emergency, could be filled with water from the neighbouring Ravee.

Lahore is a town of considerable dimensions; the circuit of the walls exceeds seven miles. Originally occupied by the Mussulman invaders, it contains many remnants of spacious and handsome mosques, serais or palaces, and monuments, and near it is a magnificent tomb where the remains of the Mogul emperor Jihanghir are said to repose. The streets of Lahore, like those of other native towns of India, are narrow and dirty. The houses are lofty, but are, for the most part, surrounded by dead walls, which give a sombre aspect to the town, scarcely relieved by the bustle of the bazaars, where valuable merchandise of every description is crowded into mean and incommensurable edifices. There are not many gardens within the town, but the vicinity abounds with luxuriant orchards scattered amidst masses of ruins.

Umritsir, properly Umrta-Sarai, or the "fount of immortality," the title given to a superb tank upon an island in the centre of which is a temple to Vishnu, is situated between the rivers Beas and Ravee, and is even of greater extent than Lahore, being a place of great commercial importance. The architecture of the houses is also in rather better taste. The bazaars are spacious, and the town boasts of a few manufactories, a canal from the Ravee, and the usual places of public worship. The most striking edifice is, however, the lofty Govind-ghur, or fort of Govind, upreared by Runjit Singh as a royal treasury—the Gaza or Ecbatana of the Punjab. The Akali fanatics, who were raised by the famous Govind, whose name this fortress commemorates, were among the bravest opponents of the British. One of these men rushed singly upon the bayonets of a European regiment; the privates, however, were unwilling to take

advantage of the Akali's temerity, so a strapping grenadier stepped out from the ranks, caught the fanatic by the arm, and turning the fellow round quietly, bestowed upon his stern a mild impetus with his toe. The Akali, thus treated, scarcely knew what to think of the matter; but his astonishment must have increased when he perceived himself permitted to retire without further molestation.

Lahore and Umritsār, like all the other towns in the Punjāb that have been occupied by the English, have much improved. The old city wall of Lahore has been razed to the ground, a bridge of boats has been thrown across the river, and a lively scene is perpetually presented at the Ghat, for the immense traffic that passes through Lahore mostly comes over this pontoon bridge. Sir Henry Lawrence laid out a garden for the benefit of the Europeans, and introduced many other improvements. Several European, Parsi, and Hindhū merchants have opened shops. Furs and the richest and most expensive Cashmere shawls are exposed for sale in the bazaars. Men generally purchase the shawls, using them as kumberbunds or waistbands, which is a most barbarous practice in the opinion of the ladies. A European, indeed, passing through the bazaars, is perfectly astonished at the variety of shops carrying on a profitable trade. Woollen and cotton stuffs, as well as ornamental jewellery, are likewise manufactured in the bazaar. Since a British detachment has garrisoned the fort at Umritsār, many improvements have also been effected there. The officers' quarters are neat little apartments, with small gardens in front. This place, it is to be observed, is on the projected line of railway from Delhi to Lahore before it reaches the latter city.

Mūltan, the third town in order of importance, stands upon a mound three miles east of the river Chenab. Its chief interest lies in its capture from Shah Mulraj, on the occasion of the rebellion of 1849, by a small British force under General Whish and Major Edwardes, of which a part were volunteers. But it has been for a long time the seat of a considerable commerce, its banking transactions in particular giving it a pre-eminence over all other towns in Western India. Wuzir-abad, or "the Vizier's city," stands two or three hundred miles higher up the Chenab than Mūltan, and on the projected line of railway—being on the first river met with proceeding north-west from Lahore. Mainly owing to the exertions of General Avitabile in the service of Runjīt Singh, this town, in point of architecture, may take precedence of any other in the Punjāb. The streets are broad, and the principal bazaar extends right through the centre, and presents a tolerably clean appearance. Supplies of every description are procurable, but European articles, although English merchants have established warehouses since the annexation of the country, are at an exorbitant price. The new barracks erected by the English are very comfortable, and there are a few fine gardens and buildings scattered about in the neighbourhood; amongst the latter, the Shīsh-mahal appears conspicuous above all.

Jailum, or Jhelum, at the point where the projected railway crosses the river of same name—the ancient Hydaspes—and the second from Lahore, is a prettily situated town. The native houses are, however, like others in the Punjāb, of mud and brick, while round about the suburbs nothing but a few old ruins are visible. Since the British have formed a military cantonment in the vicinity, the trade of the place has wonderfully in-

creased, grain, rice, and coarse woollen stuffs constituting the principal articles. Sugar has been lately introduced, and the soil appears to be so favourable for its growth, that it is thought that the cane will be extensively cultivated throughout the district. The river at Jailum extends almost a mile, if not more, from bank to bank, during the season of the melting of the snows in the Himmaleh, but for two or three months it is fordable. The waters are at times what to an Indian appears as intensely cold, and fish are abundant, large, and of good quality. Boats of a large size are built here of timber floated down from the mountains, and are sent to Mūltan and other principal cities for sale. There are other places of note on the Jailum, as Mūsūffīr-abad, commanding the entrance to the Barramala Pass into Kashmīr, and Pind Dadun Khan, a place of some importance lower down the river than Jailum, with a fort on the right bank of the river, while the town itself is nearly concealed by the dense wood that covers the surrounding country. This place being on the left bank has suffered much from inundations, and has been nearly swept away.

Upon this subject, the main trend of the rivers being south-east, it would appear that the projected railroad from Mūltan to Lahore should be carried along the right bank of the Ravee to escape inundations, and, what would be far worse, the ultimate encroachment of the river, but the necessity there would then exist of constructing two bridges puts this out of the question.

Between Jailum and Attock, a hilly country, watered by lesser tributaries to the Indus, presents some engineering difficulties, but it does not appear, although Peshawur, or more properly Paishawur, is to be fortified, that the railroad is to be carried across the Indus to that place. Peshawur, like Kashmīr, is a conquest of the Sikhs from the Affghans, and it is a remarkable instance of the short-sightedness of diplomatists, that we went to war with Dhost Muhammad rather than support his rights over this place, for the Dhost offered on such conditions to give up his Russo-Persian alliance, and yet the lapse of a few years has obliged us to take charge of a place so important in a strategic point of view as commanding the exit of the Khyber Pass. Excepting the old defences, and what has been done since the place has been held by the English, there is little to distinguish Peshawur from the shapeless masses of decayed mud and brickwork which are found in and about all the other towns in the Punjāb.

The renowned valley of Kashmīr, better known to English readers as Cashmere, has been included in the territory of the Punjāb since 1819, and was made over to the late Ghulab Singh after the conquest of the country by the British. Being watered solely by tributaries to the Jailum, this territory unquestionably constitutes a part, both hydrographically and geographically, of the Punjāb. It is also on the Hindhū side of the Sutluj and Indus, as well as of the Tsūnling, or Kara-Kurum mountains, which at this point constitute the natural boundary between India and Thian-Chan, or the valley of Kashgar and Yarkand, as the Himmaleh do between India and Lassa, in Thibet, to the east, and the Hindhū Kūsh, between India and Khündūz, to the west.

The city of Kashmīr—Siranuggur—stands upon the banks of the Jailum, which is navigable both below and above the town. The valley

is likewise watered by tributaries to the Jailum, and by several broad and beautiful lakes, one of which is twenty miles in length and nine in width. Notwithstanding the almost proverbial richness and fertility of the country, the capital itself is a mere wreck—an accumulation of ruins of what have once been palaces, old dilapidated houses, and streets of unexampled filthiness. This owing to misgovernment and Oriental extortion: few places in India are, indeed, more in need of the fostering and paternal superintendence of the British.

Ladakh, or Middle Thibet, and Iskardah complete in the north what were formerly the possessions of the Sikhs, and which, therefore, reverted to us with the conquest of the country, just as Mittūn Khutī may be said to terminate them to the south. These territories are watered by the Upper Indus, and are south of the Tsūnling, and therefore, like Kashmīr, geographically and hydrographically, within the boundaries of the Punjab and India Proper.

The climate of the Punjab varies not only with the seasons, but with the locality. The thermometer has been known to rise at Lahore as high as 112 deg. in a tent artificially cooled. Even in winter it seldom falls as low as 70, and is often as high as 80. Lower Punjab is therefore a hot climate, and the diseases common to British India afflict humanity in its plains in a similar degree. In the more elevated regions, as in Kashmīr, snow falls in winter, and the nights are very cold. Kashmīr, in spite of the periodical humidity of the atmosphere, boasts the finest climate in the world.

“If the Punjab,” says Lieutenant-Colonel Steinbach, in his brief account of the country, “be not equal in fertility to the (other) provinces of India under British rule, it is second only to the most favoured of those districts; and were a few of the various improvements in the art of manuring and cultivating the soil which scientific men and zealous agriculturists have introduced throughout the United Kingdom and the colonies, once applied to the Punjab, it is not unsafe to predict that the fruits of the land would soon be unrivalled for their quality as for their abundance.” The nearer we approach the rivers the greater the fertility, and although irrigation does much for many of the intervening spaces, still there are large tracts of country where nothing but the mimosa, the tamarisk, and other growths of dry and sandy soils flourish. As we approach the mountains we find a richer country, but given up in main part to shrubs and jungle.

The chief products of the cultivated parts of the Punjab are wheat and other descriptions of grain, indigo, cotton, sugar, opium, hemp, asafoetida, and various sorts of oil seeds. The gardens yield guavas, dates, mangoes, limes, lemons, peaches, apricots, figs, pomegranates, plums, oranges, mulberries, grapes, almonds, melons, apples, beans, cucumbers, carrots, turnips, and indeed will at once produce the fruits and vegetables of intertropical and of temperate climates, especially in different localities. The Punjab stands almost unrivalled in this respect. In the more arid and neglected parts we still find the date palm, wild palm, willows, acacias, the sissū, an Indian tree valuable for its timber, the camel thorn, madder, and other shrubs and plants.

The mineral wealth of Upper Punjab is said to be considerable. Iron, copper, lead, salt, coal, nitre, plumbago, and even gold and silver mines,

are said to abound, but this is a source of revenue which may be considered to be as yet unexplored. Animal life abounds in a great variety of forms. Camels are numerous; buffaloes and sheep are found in large herds and flocks. The Sikhs are also extensive breeders of horses, in which they take a great pride. The deer tribe are numerous, from the goat to the sambar, and wild animals also abound in places. The birds of the country are numerous, and of great variety. Besides the common fowl, the pigeon, and similar tenants of the farm-yard, there are, in the forests, fields, and lakes, pea-fowl and jungle-fowl, pheasants, partridges, quails, duck, teal, snipe, and an infinite variety of other birds. The rivers swarm with fish unknown even by name to the European. The silkworm and the bee also thrive, and the fruits of their industry constitute valuable articles of trade and home consumption.

The commerce of the Panjāb has always been extensive or otherwise, according to the political condition of the country for the time being. The best possible results are, therefore, to be anticipated from British rule, and these results will be further enhanced by the introduction of increased facilities of transport. It is one of the now well-established facts connected with the introduction of railways in India, that so considerable is the population, and such the aptitude of the people for travel, enterprise, and commerce, that such iron-roads pay well from native sources alone, and that quite independently of the advantages they present to British commerce, and to British rule and supremacy.

In the time of the Singhs, the distracted and insecure state of the country, robberies on the highway, vexatious exactions in the shape of duties and tolls, interruptions to manufactures, the absorption of capital in military armaments and civil contests, and the withdrawal of large monetary resources from circulation and their removal to places of security, all combined, with difficulties of transport, to check and cramp industrial and mercantile operations. What may not be expected, then, when all these obstructions shall have been removed, and facilities of transport superadded?

"In ordinary and peaceful times," says Steinbach, "and under a wholesome system of rule, no doubt a very large trade might be firmly established, for we have shown the products of the country are abundant, and in the hands of people to whom the results of their industry are secured, may be turned to account in a variety of ways." The manufactures consist chiefly of silks and cottons, arms, leather, and shawls; all excepting the latter and the arms, which are the work of Kashmirian hands, very superior to similar workmanship in other parts of India. Next to Lahore, the chief manufacturing towns are Umritsār, Mūltan, Shūj-abad, and Layah, or Leia. Shawls are made in considerable numbers at Umritsār, but they bear no comparison in quality with those manufactured at Kashmīr, and which fetch a high price in the bazaars. The tame goat, the wild goat, the wild sheep, the yak, and even some of the hill dogs, are said to contribute to make up the wool from which these celebrated shawls are manufactured. Nor is it in arms and shawls alone that the Kashmirians excel. Their lacquered ware, their jewellery, leather, polished paper, and aromatic oils, all claim attention for their peculiar beauty and superior quality.

Situated as the Panjāb is at the north-west extremity of India, between

the mountain-ranges of Central Asia and the more fertile provinces of India to the south and south-east, it is not surprising that the transit of goods from countries beyond the Indus to India, and *vice versa*, should have ever formed a larger source of mercantile revenue than the returns upon the home manufactures of the country. It centres within itself all the export and import commerce of Hindūstan with the central and western portion of Asia, with the exception of that portion which finds its way by the Persian Gulf to Bombay. The caravans to and from Kashgar and Yarkand; Khūndūz, Balkh, Samarkand, Bokhara, and Khiva; Kabūl, Ghuznī, Herat, Mushed, Teheran, and Astrabad, have all alike hitherto wended their slow caravan pace through the Punjāb to Lahore, Delhi, Agra, Oudh, and Calcutta. The goods imported from British India, in quantities proportioned to the ever-varying settled or unsettled state of the countries through which they have to pass to Central and Western Asia, are cotton, woollens, sugar, spices, dye-stuffs, silks, ivory, glass, hardware, copper, and iron vessels and utensils, precious stones, drugs, and groceries. Those that come across the Khyber, or more properly "Kaibar," mountains into the Punjāb, are gold, silver, horses, lapis-lazuli, cochineal, madder, saffron, fruits, wool, Russian cloths and hardware, silk, and some coarse cloths. The exports from the Punjāb are grain, hides, wool, silk and cotton fabrics, ghee, indigo, horses, shawls, and carpets. The trade has been hitherto carried on with the north-west and south-east by means of camels, mules, and donkeys; but from one part of the Punjāb to another the five rivers have ever afforded the readiest means of transport, and the boats of the Indus have conveyed the larger portion of the native produce to Scindh, Kutch, and Western India.

It appears, from a census taken on the night of December 31, 1854, and January 1, 1855, that the Punjāb territories contain 81,625 square miles, 28,879 towns and villages, and a population of 12,717,821 souls, in a proportion of 155 to the square mile, and that they yield a land revenue of 1,701,021*l.*, exclusive of excise and miscellaneous receipts, which raise the total amount to something over two millions sterling.

But, in addition to actual British possessions, there are numerous quasi-independent native principalities, subject to the political superintendence of the chief commissioner of the Punjāb. These are the Cis-Sutluj Principalities, the Simla Hill States, the Trans-Sutluj Principalities, Bhawalpūr and the kingdom of Kashmīr, with the Jummū Raj. These various states comprise an area of 102,884 square miles, with a population of 6,750,606 souls, in the proportion of 65 to the square mile, and yield a revenue of 1,405,653*l.*

Of the 28,879 towns and villages in the Punjāb, there are 26,210 villages, with an average population of 400; 2124 small towns, containing from 1000 to 5000 inhabitants; 76 from 5000 to 10,000; 32 from 10,000 to 50,000; and three cities with more than that number. The most populous city is Umritsār, with its 122,184 inhabitants; next, Lahore, with 94,143; and third in order, Peshawar, with 53,294. Lūdi-anah contains a population of 47,191 souls; Jullundur, 28,422; Buttiala, 26,208; Mūltan, 22,493; Dehra Ghazī Khan, 21,097; Siyal-Kūti, or Sealkote, 19,249; Wuzīr-abad, 16,846; Dahra Ismaēl Khan, 15,899; Rawal Pindī, 15,813; Firuzī-pūr, "town of Firuz," 12,032; and Jailum, 6060.

What we particularly want to point out is, that the territories watered by the river of Kabūl and its tributaries flowing into the Indus belong as much to the Punjāb and to India as Kashmīr or the Cis- and Trans-Sutluj provinces. The French have long been aware that no natural boundaries can exist without regard being paid to hydrographical basins. There are almost always between such, a line of country which is well defined, and more or less defensible. It has been a want of regard to such natural distinctions that renders the frontiers of British North America and British Columbia indistinct, open to dispute, and unsafe.

The countries watered by the tributaries of the Kabūl river are very little known, and there may be strategical reasons why the exit of the Khyber Pass may now be looked upon as the outpost of India, just as the Gharra or Sutluj once was, and then the Indus; but there can be no question but that the hydrographical basin watered by these streams is Indian to all intents and purposes—as much so as the basins of the Indus, of the Nerbuddah, or of the Ganges. No two maps agree as to the actual number or course of these streams, as to the extent and nature of the country which they water, or as to their natural boundaries. One map calls the region watered by the northern tributaries Kaffiristan, or “the land of infidels;” another, Kūhistan, or “mountain land.” The central and main stream is called Ghur-i-bund, from “Ghur,” a fort, “bund,” a dam, the name of a fortified town on the same river. The valley of the Ghur-i-bund is separated from that of the river Sir-Khūb, which waters Khūndūz, and is a tributary to the Oxus by a prolongation of the Hindhū Kūsh, called by Burslem, Sheikh Alies—evidently a misnomer, the first syllable alone having any meaning. The river of Kabūl flows in a northerly direction into the Ghur-i-bund, while the rivers of Kūhistan flow in a southerly direction from the slopes of the Hindhū Kūsh. There is also a still more southerly tributary, which has its sources not far from Ghuznī.

The Lower Kabūl river waters the districts of Jullalabad and Lalpūr, and receives two considerable tributaries from the north, the Kūnah, or Kooner, from Kūhistan, and the Lundai, or Lundy, from Suwāt and Panikūra, bringing the two latter territories within the same basin, as they have also mostly been within the same political boundaries. The river of Kabūl, after receiving these various tributaries, flows into the Indus near Attock, the proposed terminus of the Punjāb Railway.

Few of our countrymen have hitherto pierced the stupendous barrier of the Paropamisan range, which, with the Himmaleh and the Kara-Kūrūm, constitutes the natural boundary of India to the north. The works of Hanway, Forster, Moorcroft and Trebeck, Masson and Sir Alexander Burnes, and of some more recent travellers, contain, however, much valuable information regarding the countries around; and during the temporary occupation of Afghanistan by the British forces, when our outposts were pushed to the north-west some fifty miles beyond Bamiyan, Lieutenant Sturt, of the Bengal Engineers, surveyed some of the passes of the Hindhū Kūsh, and he is said to have satisfactorily demonstrated that almost all the defiles of that vast chain, or rather group of mountains, may be turned, and that it would require a large and active well-disciplined force to defend the principal ones. Lieutenant Sturt was also accompanied on an exploratory expedition to Kūllūm, situated half way between Balkh and Khūndūz, by Captain R. Burslem, who has given an

excellent account of the very difficult country which the Russians would have to encompass if they deemed it proper to approach India in that direction. ("A Peep into Turkistan," by Captain Rollo Burslem. London. 1846.) The difficulties presented by an approach along the upper tributaries of the Oxus would, however, be of quite a different character to what would be presented by the Upper Indus, and can only compare with the second line of approach by Herat; but as Russia seldom moves by sudden impulses, and advances with a slow but steady progress of annexation, and as that progress is along the valleys of the Jaxartes and of the Oxus, it is manifestly upon the latter that the Muscovite power in Central Asia will sooner or later be brought into close, if not immediate, contact with British power in India.

It would be absurd in the present day to enter upon the question of what has been termed Russian encroachment in Central Asia. The progress of annexation is so patent as no longer to admit of doubt or dispute. When two powers, one civilised and the other barbarian, are brought into contact, the latter must either be conquered or absorbed, for barbarians are slow in being taught the lessons of propriety, and are hence inconvenient, troublesome, and dangerous neighbours. It is the same with ourselves, and Russia has just as much right to annex Khiva, Khokand, Bokhara, and Khündüz, as we have to annex Scindh, the Punjab, or Kabül. The only thing is to take up the best possible position for future eventualities. We do not grudge Russia the progress her Cossacks are making. As we granted, in noticing Vámbéry's recent Travels in Central Asia, it is better for the cause of a general humanity that countries habitually given over to the most horrible practices that can disgrace mankind should be brought under the rule of an enlightened and civilised government. It is as much better for the people themselves, as it is for the rest of the world, that the Central Asiatics should be ruled by the Russians, as it is that the Hindhūs should be protected by and prosper under British rule.

Nay, we will go further, and express an opinion now pretty generally entertained, that at present, at all events, Russia has not in view in annexing the territories of Central Asia any objects beyond bringing barbarous tribes into subjection, and concentrating the commerce of Asia to Europe in Russian hands. By the possession of the valley of the Amūr, Russia has obtained a continuous line of communication from Kazan to the North Pacific Ocean, and holds out her hand to America and Japan. Already American merchants have established themselves at Nicolæfisk and up the river at Blagovoehensk, and a recent traveller—Count Russell-Kilough—has, we have seen, anticipated that the fate of the world will one day be decided in the valley of that great river. The electric telegraph, which has already been carried from New York to California and British Columbia, is, after being conveyed across Behring's Straits, also to be prolonged through Asia by the valley of the Amūr. The opening of the navigation of the Ussūri and the Sungari has carried the Muscovites into the heart of Mantchuria, while the post established between Pekin and Kiachta countenances the aspirations of an increased continental trade and communication with China. If the Russians at Issi Kūl threaten the fertile territory of Yarkand, Kashgar, and Khutan, or Khoten, it is not simply with the view to protecting the caravans of Thian-Chan and of Chinese Thibet, but also with a view to a future an-

nexation of the valley of the Tarūn, or Errghen, on whose tributaries these cities of Central Asia are located. But granting such an annexation to take place, although the proximity to India would be viewed with dismay by some excitable politicians, it is not from such a point that Russia would ever dream of invading the peninsula; the mountains of Thibet present too formidable an obstacle to the movements of an army large enough for such a purpose; but still such a possession might be used for diversions in support of a more serious movement from the north-west.

Khokand, and all the territories of what used to be called "Independent Tartary," and that are watered by the Sihūn, or Jaxartes, and its tributaries, are now virtually held by Russia, and her advanced posts on the Amūr or Oxus render the fate of Bokhara, Samarkand, Balkh, and Khūndūz, a mere question of time. The Cossacks, by whom these territories will be held by Russia, with the superadded native Turkish, Turkoman, and Tartar races, warlike as they are, and trained to travel and predatory warfare, are not, it is to be observed, more available material for the subjugation of India than the Sikhs and Affghans (the latter as allies, or, what would be wiser, as vassal populations) would be for the defence of the British possessions.

The actual aim of Russia is unquestionably, for the present, to draw the commerce of Asia to her own territories. It has been projected with this view to open one of the old mouths of the Oxus into the Caspian, and then the route from Kabūl by the valley of the same great river to Europe, would possibly be one of the most tempting in Central Asia. Astrakhan has never ceased to mourn the loss of the overland trade from India, which it monopolised to a certain extent before the passage by the Cape of Good Hope was known; but although the times are gone by when Mr. David Urquhart could depict in his work on the "Progress of Russia" the route *viâ* Poti, Tiflis, and Astrabad, as the one destined to supersede that by the Volga, still, the grand design that has filled the bosom of every successive Czar of making the merchandise of Asia pass through his dominions, or of extending those dominions till they must perforce embrace all overland communication, has never for a moment been lost sight of, and the possession of Georgia on the one hand, and of Khiva on the other, point to eventualities which it is impossible to disregard in connexion with any discussions as to the future overland communication with India. The line from Peshawur by the Oxus, which presents so many difficulties at the outset, might, under a civilised government, unquestionably be made to present many advantages; but these would be to a great extent nullified by the break in the transit presented by the Caspian Sea, whereas the line *viâ* Herat and Teheran to Constantinople is unbroken, and the least devious of any. The line by Kurachi and the River Euphrates would be the safest, and of higher strategic importance to Great Britain; but a railway along Southern Biluchistan and Persia would have little or no native traffic, while a line *viâ* Herat and Teheran would in all probability return a handsome dividend from native transit alone. Indeed, it might fairly be said, if too great an amount of capital were not expended in the enterprise, and its management was efficient, it would be a most remunerative line. But we stand in a very peculiar position in India. While France is carrying its inter-maritime ditch across the Isthmus of Suez unmolested, its government put a veto upon our utilising the valley of the Euphrates, and at once

declared, that to carry out such a project would necessitate the occupation of the valley of the Nile by the French as an offset; or would precipitate that tenure of Syria which will one day be forced upon it as a security for the payment of those moneys, the capital of which it has guaranteed whilst we have to pay the interest. On the other hand, Russia is far too wedded to the cherished idea of monopolising the overland trade of Asia to permit a railway *viâ* Herat and Teheran to Constantinople to be carried out. To those who would wish to study the important bearings of the projected withdrawal of the trade of India down the Indus to Kurachi, and thence by the Persian Gulf to Europe, Mr. W. P. Andrews's admirable works, "*The Indus and its Provinces*," "*The Scindh Railway*," and the "*Euphrates Valley Route to India*," will furnish all desirable information, and, indeed, almost exhaust what can be said upon the subject.* But the latter route must for a long time remain partly a question of navigation, whilst the line by Herat would be overland from Calcutta to Calais or Boulogne—with the exception of the trifling break at the Bosphorus. Both lines ought, however, unquestionably to be brought into operation, and the force of circumstances so utterly baffles the selfishness of states and powers, and the intrigues of short-sighted diplomatists, that they will most undoubtedly be one day carried out.

In the mean time, it is a problem well worthy of the most earnest consideration with those who have the welfare of a general humanity at heart, and who do not believe that knotty questions are more easily solved by war than by peaceful negotiation, whether some understanding could not be arrived at between Great Britain, France, and Russia, by which not only the opening of the valley of the Euphrates could be obtained, but also that of the most direct and natural route between Europe and India. Surely the latter undertaking—if not the former—could be

* Captain Tyler, R.E., who has been recently engaged by her Majesty's government in inspecting the ports of Italy with reference to their use for the conveyance of the Eastern mails, concludes his report aptly enough with the following emphatic declaration: "As I have intimated at the commencement of this report, the question to be now solved is solely that of communication through Europe to the East. I would ask your Grace's permission to touch also upon the still more important saving of time and distance that may be obtained hereafter, by avoiding the passage of the Red Sea, when a railway shall be constructed from the coast of the Mediterranean along the Euphrates Valley to the Persian Gulf. By this route many hundred miles of distance, and many days of time, might be saved between London and Bombay, which will become within the next two years (when the railways to Madras and Calcutta are completed) the principal port of India. The navigation by the Persian Gulf to Bombay will be far preferable to that *viâ* Suez and the Red Sea to Bombay; and even that amount of navigation may ultimately be avoided by the connexion together of Bagdad and Bombay by railway. But in the mean time the Euphrates Valley scheme has been for many years almost in abeyance. The mere guarantee of the Turkish government has not been found sufficient even to render the construction of the first portion from the coast to Aleppo practicable; and the financial state of that empire renders progress now almost impossible. But I have so strong a conviction of the important bearing that the construction of such a railway would have, commercially and strategically, upon the British Empire, that I could not but take this opportunity of recommending the subject to the serious consideration of her Majesty's government."—*Eastern Mails: Copy of Report from Captain Tyler, R.E., to Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, of his recent Inspection of the Railways and Ports of Italy, with Reference to the Use of the Italian Route for the Conveyance of the Eastern Mails.* (Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.)

made an international one, be guaranteed by all the great powers, and worked in the interest of all parties, and of a general commerce and civilisation. The Sublime Porte and the Shah would only too gladly co-operate in such an undertaking—their profitable interests being duly regarded—and an arrangement so promising to the future commerce and industry of the Old World would also ensure the upholding of peace in Central Asia for many a year to come.

The only obstacle that really lies in the way of such an international solution of one of the greatest difficulties of modern times, is the unsettled condition of Afghanistan, whose warring tribes must be brought into subjection either by the Anglo-Indian or the Muscovite power. But as we have pointed out that the valley of the Kabūl river belongs to India, and the conceded subjugation of Bokhara and all Central Asia by Russia fairly warrants such a movement on the part of the Anglo-Indian Empire as a compensation, not only justified by the progress of Russia, but most imperiously demanded by such, we need not say to which power it belongs, for sake of its very existence, to be first at the headwaters of the Indus. Peshawur may be fortified—it is right and well that it should be so—as a *tête de pont* to Attock and farther India; but India cannot afford that Kabūl should be occupied by Cossacks without striking a blow, and that blow would be administered with greater effect in the country itself, with the passes of the Hindhū Kūsh in front, with the stronghold of Peshawur and the Indus to withdraw upon in case of reverses, than, as has been upheld by some eminent authorities—as Sir John Lawrence (who has apparently himself now abandoned his original ideas upon the subject)—casting the fate of India upon the defence of the passage of the Indus.

What is really this Dūrānī Empire of which so much has been said, which has so long remained a disgrace to humanity, and an obstacle to all progress in Central Asia? It is at the best a nominal sovereignty; its population is discordant, its history presents one continual struggle between rival competitors for power—a series, with scarcely an intermission, of anarchy, blood, and confusion. This motley population comprises some 4,300,000 Affghans, 1,000,000 Biluchis, 1,200,000 Tartars or Turkomans, 1,500,000 Persians, and 6,000,000 Indians and miscellaneous tribes. The peaceful Indians constitute, therefore, the majority, but not the warlike and dominant race.

The Dūrānī dynasty dates its origin to Ahmed Shah, a chief of the Sudduzais, a clan of Abd'alis, or followers of Ali, who at the death of Nadir Shah, in 1747, seized the government of the country, which previously paid tribute to Persia, and who, in consequence of a dream of the famous saint at Chumkuni, changed the name of his tribe from Abd'alis to Dūrānīs, and himself took the title of Shah Duri Durān.

The origin of the new empire was at Kandahar, and as Napoleon the First said of Poland, although comprising the valley of the Vistula, that it never was a geographical expression, so the same may be said of the empire of the Dūrānīs, although it comprised at the outset the valley of the Helmund. Ahmed Shah felt this, and he directed his whole energies to giving that expression to his rule which did not really belong to it. He annexed Kabūl, combated the Sikhs and Mahrattas with success, and ultimately extended his sway from Meshed to Delhi. But an empire thus established by conquest only, had all the vices inherent

in an unnatural congeries of people and states, and Ahmed Shah was engaged his whole lifetime in quelling rebellions in various parts of his dominions, which were indeed no sooner suppressed in one quarter than they broke out in another.

Ahmed was succeeded by his son, Timur, or Taimur Shah, and his reign was, like his father's, disturbed by incessant insurrections in Balkh, Khorassan, Saistan, and Kashmīr. In 1789 he marched from Kabūl with an army of a hundred thousand men by the way of the Hindhū Kūsh and Kūllūm (before noticed) against the King of Bokhara, so that the approach to Kabūl by the Oxus is by no means new to history; it dates, in fact, back to the times of Alexander the Great and his successors. Timur Shah died at Kabūl in 1793, and upon his death a struggle ensued between his numerous sons for a monarchy, which only dates back from the reign of George II. in this country.* The throne of the Dūrānis fell to the lot of Shah Zeman, but after a reign of seven years he was, in 1800, deposed and blinded by his half-brother, Shah Mahmūd, who obtained the sovereignty by the help of Futtah Ali Khan, chief of the Baurikzais—the same clan of which Dhost Muhammad was chief.

On the 10th of September, Shah Sūjah-ūl-Mūlk, full brother of the deposed monarch Zeman, marched from Peshawur upon Kabūl, but he was encountered by Futtah Ali Khan and defeated, and was obliged to seek refuge in the Khyber hills. After various other unsuccessful attempts to regain the throne, Sūjah at length defeated Futtah Ali Khan, and deposing Mahmūd, he had him confined; but it is recorded, to his honour, that he did not retaliate by repeating in his instance the cruelty which he had shown to his brother, Shah Zeman. Shah Sūjah next sent an expedition against Futtah Ali Khan and Prince Kamran, son of Shah Mahmūd, who retained possession of Kandahar. It was successful, and Futtah Khan tendered his submission and withdrew to his own castle at Girishk. His restless spirit, however, speedily impelled him again into intrigue; and in 1804 he incited Prince Kaisar, son of Shah Zeman, who had been entrusted by his uncle, Shah Sūjah, with the government of Kandahar, under the guidance of Ahmed Shah, to imprison the latter, and declare himself king. Ahmed Shah was accordingly seized, but when the "Cæsar" of Affghanistan and Futtah Khan marched against Kabūl, he was released and reinstated in the command of the city. His son joined Shah Sūjah: Prince Kaisar and Futtah Khan were defeated, and Ahmed Shah immediately delivered up Kandahar to Prince Kamran. Prince Kaisar upon this made his submission, and was forgiven by Sūjah.

His plans with regard to Prince Kaisar being thus frustrated, Futtah Khan repaired to Herat, and persuaded Haji Firūz, another brother of Shah Sūjah, to assert his right to the throne of Kabūl. Firūz accordingly took up arms, and Shah Sūjah sent a force against him commanded by Prince Kaisar, whereupon Firūz came to terms, and Futtah Ali Khan had no other alternative but to retire once more to his castle of Girishk. Prince Kaisar, anxious to wipe off the memory of his rebellion, amongst

* Mr. Edwards, late judge of his Majesty's High Court of Agra, describes himself as having met a very aged man in Rohilkund who remembered the sack of Delhi by Nadir. Thus the origin of the Dūrāni dynasty may be said to be almost within the memory of man.—("Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian." By William Edwards, Esq.)

other services rendered to Shah Sūjah contrived to seize Futtah Khan, and was about to gratify the revenge of his father, Shah Zeman, by putting him to death, when Futtah Khan so wrought upon the young prince by his perfidious counsels, that he not only spared his life, but entered with him into a fresh plot against his uncle's throne. Futtah Khan, having thus won over Prince Kaisar, advanced to Kandahar, where he found the prince, under the influence of Kojah Muhammad Khan, a powerful chief, who had dissuaded him from rebellion. Futtah Khan, incensed at this counter influence, renounced all connexion with Prince Kaisar, and engaged to deliver Kandahar to Kamran, who advanced upon the city. Kaisar then requested an interview with Futtah Khan. They met by torchlight, and the interview began with mutual recriminations, but it terminated in a manner which would scarcely seem credible among civilised nations. Prince Kaisar reminded Futtah that he owed him his life, and Futtah Khan, in his turn, recapitulated his favours to Kaisar, and complained of his perfidy. Kaisar, upon this, swore to follow him implicitly; whereupon Futtah Khan relented, and the following morning they marched out together to oppose Kamran, who was defeated, and his followers utterly routed.

Shah Sūjah, in the mean time, had strengthened his throne by the conquest of Kashmir, and Kojah Muhammad, retaining his influence, contrived once more to dissolve the connexion between Prince Kaisar and Futtah Khan, the latter once more retiring to his stronghold at Girishk. Here, however, he renewed relations with Kamran, whom, notwithstanding his former perfidy, he contrived to propitiate so far that they advanced together against Kaisar, and drove him from Kandahar into Biluchistan. Shah Sūjah, hearing of these events, sent an expedition against the two reprobates, and, after some reverses, they were defeated, Kamran taking refuge in the mountains, but Futtah Khan, ever fruitful in resources, made his peace with Shah Sūjah.

In 1808, Mahmūd Shah, taking advantage of some political commotions, made his escape from prison, and the same year the vizier of Shah Sūjah raised a rebellion, and was joined by Prince Kaisar, whom he proclaimed King of Kabūl. Their forces were met by Shah Sūjah, and entirely defeated, and the Shah entered Peshawur in triumph, with the head of the vizier borne aloft on a spear behind him.

Hitherto Shah Sūjah had successfully quelled the various attempts on his throne; but, alas! reverses were at hand. In 1809 the liberated Mahmūd Shah formed a junction with the arch-conspirator Futtah Khan, and asserted his sovereignty. On the 3rd of April, the same year, they jointly defeated Akram Khan, who had been sent against them by Shah Sūjah, and took Kabūl. Sūjah got together an army, but was defeated, and, escaping from the country, he threw himself on the protection of Runjit Singh, Maharajah of the Punjab, and with his aid he made several attempts to recover his dominions, but without success. After a time, Runjit Singh not only became weary of his unfortunate guest, but imprisoned him, and cruelly treated him, in order to extort from him the celebrated Kūh-i-nūr, or "Mountain of Light," which, on the fall of the Lions of the Punjab, was ultimately removed to this country. Shah Sūjah, after a time, effected his escape to the British dominions, and was pensioned at Loodiana.

After Shah Shājah's flight, Futtah Khan ruled under the name and authority of Mahmūd Shah. He took Herat by treachery from Hājī Firūz, and repelled an attack made on that city by the Persians. But in 1818, after an administration of eight years, Mahmūd Shah seized upon and blinded, with circumstances of peculiar ferocity, the old conspirator, to whom he was at least indebted for having been twice put upon the throne. The family of Futtah Khan, backed by the Baurikzais, having risen in rebellion to avenge their chief, the old man was literally cut to pieces.

The death of Futtah Khan was the signal for the dismemberment of the Dūrānī Empire. Dhōst Muhammad, brother of Futtah Khan, became King of Kabūl, whilst Kamran seized Herat. Kandahar, after passing through various hands, became subject to the Sirdars. The Amīrs of Scindh became independent; Runjīt Singh took advantage of the general confusion to seize upon Peshawur, and the Persians, urged on by Russia, advanced against Herat. Dhōst Muhammad, under these accumulated difficulties, declared himself willing to embrace a British alliance if the English would protect him from the encroachments of Runjīt Singh, otherwise he must throw himself on the protection of Persia. This was enough for the Anglo-Indian government, which at once decided upon reinstating Shah Shājah, who had been twenty-eight years a fugitive, in order, as it was imagined, to secure our influence throughout Central Asia.

The campaign of 1838 and 1839 is now a matter of past history. "Disasters unparalleled in their extent," to use the words of Lord Ellenborough, "unless by the errors in which they originated, and by the treachery by which they were completed," were, in the short campaign of 1841, avenged upon every scene of past misfortune; but the Affghans were left to themselves "to create a government amidst the anarchy which is the consequence of their crimes!" The result has been that, as of yore, the sole government has ever since consisted in every prince being thrown on his own resources, to hold his own as he best could, either by force or fraud. Kabūl, Kandahar, and Herat, instead of being the chief towns of one strong and united government, have continued to be like the great pashaliks of Turkey in olden, and, indeed, in not very remote times, the centres of incessant turmoil, confusion, and rebellion.

Many events have elapsed since the catastrophe of Kabūl, and since the avenging army marched into Affghanistan and then marched out again, to alter our relations with that country, and bring us into closer connexion with its turbulent rulers. On the 14th of December, 1845, the Sikhs crossed the Sutluj river and attacked the British port at Fīrūzshāhīr. This invasion was followed by the battles of Mūdki and Fīrūzshāhīr, "the city of Firuz," followed up, after the Sikhs had been driven back across the river, by those of Aliwal and Sobraon, and the fall of Lahore. In 1846, the faithlessness and treachery of Lalla Mūbray led to the reduction of Mūltan by Whish and Edwardes. In 1849, the rebellion of Shere Singh led to the battles of Chillianwallah and Gujrat, and the formal annexation of the Punjab to the British Empire. The rebellious Amīrs of Scindh had been previously defeated by Sir Charles Napier in 1843, and Scindh likewise annexed to the British Empire. Already in 1866 a railway is in existence from Kurachi to Hydrabad; a flotilla navigates the Indus from the capital of Scindh to Mūltan; the

surveys of another railway from Mūltan to Lahore and Umritsār have been completed; lines are projected along the whole length of the left bank of the Indus from Mūltan to Hyderabad; another by Shikarpūr to the Bolan Pass, on the high road to Kandahar; and lastly, another has received the sanction and support of government from Lahore to Attock. It is almost impossible to realise the changes thus brought about and in prospect for the future in the short space of sixteen years. In 1855, Haidah, or Hyder Khan, son of Dost Muhammad, came to Peshawur to conclude a treaty with the British, but now, out of regard to possible eventualities, that outpost is to be fortified. It will constitute, as before said, an admirable *tête de pont* to the Indus, at Attock; but it is at the exit, not at the entrance of the Khyber Pass. If a bridge or a pass has to be defended, the defence is not left till the passage of the bridge or pass has been effected. Should ever Russia push her Cossacks across the Hindhū Kush, or Paropamisian chain, or spread sedition among our treacherous allies on the Kabūl river, Kabūl must of necessity be occupied by the British forces. Vámbéry says upon this subject: "The question whether Russia will content herself even with Bokhara, or will allow the Oxus to become the final boundary of her influence and of her designs, is difficult to answer. Without plunging into any deep considerations of policy, I may remark that it seems very probable that the court of St. Petersburg, in return for her persevering policy of sacrifices pursued across deserts for years and years at great expense and labour, will seek some richer compensation than is to be found in the oases of Turkistan. I should like, indeed, to see the politician who would venture to affirm that Russia, once in possession of Turkistan, would be able to withstand the temptation of advancing, either personally or by her representatives, into Afghanistan and Northern India, where political intrigues are said to find always a fruitful soil. At the time when the Russian columns, under the orders of Peroffsky, threw their ominous shadow from the west shore of the Aral Sea as far as Kabūl—at the time when the spectre of Vitkovitch appeared in that city and in Kandahar, the possibility of such complications as those alluded to was foreseen, and cannot that which has once occurred, when the necessity arises, occur a second time?" Russia may, as before remarked, have at present none but commercial objects in view in annexing the countries watered by the Jaxartes and the Oxus, but it is manifest that any one of the numerous complications which the condition of the Turkish Empire is perpetually giving rise to among European powers is capable of lighting up a war like that of the Crimea, which Russia, in possession of Bokhara, might turn to her advantage by fomenting trouble in our Indian Empire. The occupation of Balkh and Khūndūz by the Cossacks should, then, be the signal with the British Empire for the occupation of Kabūl by the Anglo-Indian forces. In so doing, we should be acting solely in self-defence, and it cannot be said that we should be disturbing or disorganising a peaceable, settled, or well-governed people. Meanwhile, we do most sincerely hope that misunderstandings and wars may be averted by some mutual arrangement such as that of a great central and international line of railway, by which Russia would peacefully obtain such advantages from the overland commerce of India and China as she has so long coveted, or, at all events, as she has reasonable right to expect.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

IV.

IT was in the year 1830 that Mrs. Mordaunt, an English lady, found herself domiciled for a short time in the pretty cottage ornée belonging to Mr. Macintosh, near Dunkeld. She was making a tour through Scotland, and having met with the hospitable family in Edinburgh, had accepted their kind invitation to pay them a visit in the country, that she might see at her leisure the romantic residence of the Dukes of Athol. Mrs. Mordaunt was a woman of delicate health, and of a quiet and reflective tone of mind, concealing great refinement of taste, warmth of heart, and singularly acute perceptions, under the cold and reserved exterior so characteristic of the best educated and most polished class of English society. Although feeling sincerely grateful for the frank kindness of her cordial and friendly entertainers, yet she had no sympathy with the common-place subjects of conversation and inveterate prejudices which prevailed with them, in common with those of their country people who have never left the bounds of their mountain-girt land, nor mixed with the inhabitants of other nations.

The evening after her arrival she walked out alone, glad to escape from the uninteresting gossip going on in the drawing-room, in consequence of a visit from the Dunkeld doctor. Enchanted with the beautiful region where for a few weeks she proposed to abide, she strolled on in communion with her own thoughts, at the moment much saddened by the recent death of a beloved husband, with whom she had ever participated her joys and sorrows, her sentiments and ideas of every kind. Truly it was a landscape to inspire a poetess, but not being one, she contented herself by sauntering slowly along, and gazing with absorbing admiration on a scene of romantic beauty scarcely to be surpassed by any spot on earth, so matchless was the combination of mountain, valley, streams, and ruins, diversified by majestic forests waving on all sides. Bending her steps towards the river where it neared the fine bridge, she found herself beside a knoll where the broom, laden with the yellow treasures of the summer, displayed its luxuriant branches to the beams of the setting sun. Those gleaming boughs were gently agitated by the scarce-felt westerly breeze, to which the birch, moistened by the soft showers which had fallen during the day, blending with the fragrance of the wild thyme and other aromatic herbs, lent a light and delicious perfume. Nothing was wanting to complete the charm of this enchanting scene but music, and that suddenly burst on the ear in vocal strains from some concealed musician. It was not the deep pathos of a manly voice that came wafted by the wind towards the entranced listener, nor yet the matured tones of a female soprano or contralto singer, but the clear and bird-like warble of an infant organ, so pure, true, and varied, that it might have proceeded from the southern nightingale, had it not been for the words with which it was so distinctly accompanied. So sorrowful was the intonation, however,

that it held Mrs. Mordaunt for some minutes motionless with surprise, almost doubting her senses as to the possibility that childish experience could afford a well of woe from which to draw a melody so expressive of despondency. The air, "What ails this heart o' mine?" was familiar to her ear, from her having heard Wilson, the celebrated Scotch vocalist, sing it on several occasions, but never before had she comprehended so entirely its intrinsic beauty. Those were no vulgar tones; no, whatever child sang, it was the emanation of some spirit refined by sensibility of heart and elevation of thought, some genius in the wilds; and in breathless amazement she noiselessly turned round the little knoll, until full in view of the hitherto concealed songstress.

Under a small laburnum-tree, busily engaged in stripping the rich blossoms from its pensile branches, sat a child about six years old, quite unconscious of observation; she was shabbily dressed, was pale and thin, so very thin that the astonished listener could not help wondering how such sounds could come from a form so tiny. The outline of the face was bad, for the nose was insignificant, the mouth large, and the cheek very meagre, while the hair—peculiarly light and devoid of colour—hung in neglected masses on her brown neck; but the eyes, which were looking down intently on her flowery store, were shaded with long eyelashes of a darker hue, slightly curled up at the points, the forehead full and finely formed, and the rather low eyebrow beautifully marked.

"How sweetly you sing, my little girl," said Mrs. Mordaunt, softly.

The child sprang on her feet like a startled fawn, and, with quite the lightness and elasticity of one, darted away among the bushes, but not before her observer had noted a pair of large hazel eyes, which, though not very dark, were remarkable for their singular brightness and beaming sensibility of expression. The wild creature stopped and turned when at a little distance, gazing back upon Mrs. Mordaunt with a bewildered look from behind a broom-bush, but upon that lady advancing and again addressing her, she fled swiftly down the margin of the river, and was soon out of sight. When Mrs. Mordaunt returned to the cottage, she mentioned the little girl she had seen, and how much she had been struck with her singing.

"Oh! it must have been our Christie," exclaimed Miss Barbara Macintosh, "for she does nothing but squall from morning till night, and we have been obliged to forbid her singing in the house, for we are all quite tired of it. It is only a fortnight ago that she wakened Lizzy and me by singing in her sleep the 'Blue Bells of Scotland,' that she had heard played by a lady who was here lately on a visit. It is really quite wearisome. I don't know how many tunes she picked up at that time—words and music together; and as she is seldom permitted to come into the drawing-room—she makes such a figure of herself—she was for ever sitting listening at the top of the stairs, with her great wooden doll in her arms, and when Miss Taylor went out to walk she used to stare at her as if she were a miracle."

"I think the lassie's a little daft," observed Mr. Macintosh, looking up from his newspaper.

"Daft!" rejoined his better-half. "There's little doubt of it. I think her feeding the bees showed she was a wee bit silly very early in the day, poor bairn!"

"Feeding the bees! How was that?" inquired Mrs. Mordaunt, much interested in the strange misinterpretation of what appeared to her to be the emanation of singular talent.

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Macintosh, with rather a saddened expression of face, "it happened soon after she came here, when she was little more than three years old. We observed her one day very busy toddling about the garden, gathering all the finest flowers she could find, which I always let her do to keep her from whimpering about her mother, poor thing! and all at once we heard loud screaming, and beheld her scampering towards the garden door with a swarm of bees after her. She was so dreadfully stung, that for some time she could not speak from the agony she was in, and when at last she was able to answer our questions, we ascertained that, having taken a great friendship for the bees because they let her sit close beside the hive watching them without molesting her, she thought she would recompense them for being so kind, so she went and gathered a bunch of all the flowers she had observed they were fondest of, that they might not have the trouble of flying about to extract their honey; but as they did not appear to comprehend her benevolent intentions, she pushed her nosegay close to the mouth of her favourite hive, which rash action so incensed the bees, that, forgetting all their former friendship and forbearance, they rushed out and flew at her, inflicting the punishment they thought her temerity deserved. She was much hurt, poor little thing! and continued for some time in a dangerous state; so much so, that the doctor feared she had lost her sight, as it was fully a week before she could open her eyes."

"She is an odd, eccentric child," observed the second daughter, Miss Lizzy, who was rather inclined to sentiment and reflection. "I sometimes really don't know what to think of her, for she seems to care for nothing but flowers and animals; she actually passes her life with the old pony Donald and a hen without a leg, which she has tended and nursed ever since it was a chicken, when it met with the accident that lamed it. She likewise appears to be the lady-love of Oscar, the shepherd's dog," pursued Miss Lizzy, with beautiful originality, "for I observe when he returns in the evening she regularly goes out to receive him with a piece of bread-and-butter in her hand, when they have a very affectionate interview; indeed, he is always in attendance on her when he is off duty, showing as much watchfulness and devotion as the dignity of his important position in the farming establishment will admit of."

"Is she your relation?" inquired Mrs. Mordaunt.

"Yes, our cousin," answered Lizzy, in a low voice. Then, as her mother left the room, she frankly added, "She is mamma's niece by a sister; but her birth caused no pleasure, for she is the child of a marriage which gave our family great annoyance."

"How so?" questioned her auditor, who felt great interest on the subject.

"Her mother and my aunt, Mrs. Douglas," answered Lizzy, "was married when very young to a rich man from the East Indies, and was early left a widow with a large jointure and an only son, in whom she was bound up. He was caught by a speculating Englishwoman just as he came of age, who, being highly connected and a very fine lady, cut her husband's relations almost without exception. My aunt, who was a

very gentle and rather weak woman, was much hurt, as she had quite sacrificed herself for her son; so, for change of scene, she went abroad, and there unfortunately met with a young Italian adventurer, who persuaded her to marry him. It was a very foolish business indeed, for, before many months had elapsed, he went off one fine day with everything of which he could possess himself, leaving her about to be confined without any one of her relations at hand to attend either on her or the child; so she became very ill and low-spirited, and wrote to mamma, saying that she felt she was dying, and that she wished to come home to be near her, in order to leave 'Christine,' as she always called her, under her care until her son returned from Italy to take some charge of his sister. But I fear there is little chance of that, for not only has he quite neglected her hitherto, but he has likewise possessed himself of a large sum of money, for which my aunt had insured her life to secure a provision for this unlucky child. Unfortunately, the birth had never been registered, and no legal deed executed bequeathing this money to Christine—nothing but a letter from my aunt to her son mentioning her intentions, which, with all her papers, was forwarded to him at her death, according to her orders; and so he has availed himself of those unfortunate mistakes and informalities to seize it for himself, and will hardly dole out a small annuity to enable mamma to maintain the poor little thing. Papa several times suggested to my aunt the propriety of her making a formal will, but she became so agitated when he insinuated the least doubt of her son's good faith in a matter of common honesty, that he was obliged to desist, as it always made her ill. My father maintains, however, that even as it is, a litigation would put Christine in possession of her rights when she comes of age; but the poor child is only seven years old, and there is no person authorised to interfere in the business at present, even if there were funds to cover the law expenses. Besides, she is so very delicate that the doctor thinks there is but little chance of her living to grow up to be a charge to any one, so we just let her run about among her plants and her pets with Nanny, the dairymaid, who takes charge of her in winter when we go to Edinburgh; and she is quite happy and contented to stay with her, for she likes her better than all the rest of us put together. If she lives to be a woman, however, it is desirable that she should be with her brother, for her mother would insist upon her being called 'Douglas,' instead of 'San Isidora,' her father's name; in the idea, I believe, of securing her the protection of her brother; so it would be much better that she should be under the Douglas's roof, as then nobody would know or think anything about the matter."

"Christina San Isidora," repeated Mrs. Mordaunt to herself, musingly. "If a romantic name, a cruel position, and a sensitive and gifted nature betoken an eventful life, then will this poor friendless little girl, if she be spared, meet with strange things on the great theatre of the trying and mutable world."

Miss Lizzy Macintosh, perceiving that the thoughts of the polished Mrs. Mordaunt ran singularly on the infant orphan songstress, sought, partly from good nature, and partly in order to ingratiate herself with their distinguished visitor, to humour what she considered a fantasy; and while her mother and elder sister were engaged "on hospitable cares

intent," she became a spy upon the neglected child, in order to lead the English lady to her solitary places of resort, and point out the peculiarities of the lonely little creature, whose dreary position and singular natural endowments had so attracted her attention. Poor Christine had a favourite haunt in an old orchard at the back of the garden, where she tended, fed, and guarded from all intrusion—except that of her other pets—her lame hen. Although a neglected piece of ground, it still was enclosed with a high hawthorn hedge, except on one side, where a brawling mountain stream rushed rapidly over its rocky channel, and sent forth a pleasing, dreamy sound in addition to the noise of the more distant river. On a rock close upon the rivulet was an old summer-house, where Christine had established her court. Of this court it might be said that the hen was the queen, the pony the king, and Oscar, the shepherd's dog, the prime minister, whilst she herself performed the part of a beneficent genius, watching over and providing for all. There were also subjects in this happy and well-regulated country, for Nanny had picked out from amongst the lumber of the garret various old maimed dolls, which had once belonged to the young ladies of the house, and those Christine had decked with every scrap of finery of which she could honestly possess herself, most wittfully concealing their defects and enhancing their charms until she had brought them to a most respectable pitch of beauty, and then stuck them round her summer-house in different interesting positions, addressing them by names both beautiful and sublime. There were also visitors who occasionally enlivened this magic circle; for in the evening, when Oscar returned from the labours of the day, she sallied forth—as mentioned by Miss Lizzy—to meet him with a slice of bread-and-butter in her hand, and after an affectionate greeting, he never failed to accompany her through the garden to the old orchard. Donald, the pony—who, from his great age, was allowed to pasture free on the green flat at the other side of the stream—generally came about the same time to take his evening drink, and then clambered up a low part of the bank, where Christine had made a path for him, to join the select coterie, and partake of the evening banquet. Thus, all being assembled in peace and amity, the protectress of this favoured realm dispensed her bounties to its happy inhabitants. The hen had a handful of corn, the pony some oatmeal bannock, and Oscar his bread-and-butter; it was at this time that visitors made their appearance to join in the festivities, in the shape of house-pigeons, sparrows, and impudent little chaffinches, et cætera. To all was dispensed something to welcome them; at one time a little corn, at another crumbs of bread, and whenever the sun disappeared in the horizon, Cripple Little—which was the poetical name she had given her hen—was carefully deposited in a comfortable nest, enclosed on all sides to protect her from harm. Donald couched himself down under the shelter of the summer-house on a bed of fern, which Christine had got Nanny to cut for him, and Oscar reposing at the feet of his fairy favourite in the inside of the rural palace, seemed to listen with absorbed attention to the softly-warbled airs with which she feigned to lull her dolls to sleep.

Poor dear little Christine! such were the innocent pleasures of her lonely infancy. Unattended to, unsympathised with, her young days sped past among rocks, streams, flowers, and animals, and the germ of match-

less talent, the warmth of the kindest of hearts, gradually developed themselves unnoted of any one except the benevolent stranger whom chance had thrown across her path!

V.

MRS. MORDAUNT made many fruitless attempts to get acquainted with the youthful object of her kind interest; but if by chance she came upon her when she could not get out of the way, a timid and nervous monosyllable was all the answer she could elicit to any question she addressed to her, until at last she one day surprised her when busily engaged in hoeing and trimming the little flower-border which she had tastefully cultivated round her favourite bower.

"You are very churlish, Christine," she said; "for you never give me a nosegay, although I am so fond of flowers."

The little girl stood up erect, and gazed at her for a moment with a wondering look, then silently applied herself to gather all the sweetest ones her simple garden contained, and making up a pretty bouquet, approached her with a singularly graceful air, and presented it, at the same time offering in a scarcely articulate voice—blushing scarlet as she did so—to go into the large garden and get her some finer flowers.

"No, I thank you, my dear," replied Mrs. Mordaunt, "these are just what I like best; and if you would gather me such a bunch every day whilst I remain, I should feel much obliged to you."

Christine looked up in her face with a smile so sweet as to make her attentive observer think for a moment that she was quite beautiful.

"Can you read?" she asked, after a pause of admiration.

Poor Christine's cheek again glowed—but this time with shame—as she looked down on the ground, which she scraped with her foot, and answered,

"A little."

"Can you write?" The same reply. "And who teaches you?"

"Mr. M'Crae, the schoolmaster's assistant at Dunkeld, who comes three times a week to give me a lesson."

"Do you like to learn?"

"Oh no."

"Why?"

"It is so tiresome."

Her interrogator could scarcely help smiling.

"Who taught you to sing?"

The child turned pale as death, and returned no answer. The question was repeated. She shrank half behind the trunk of the ash-tree that overshadowed the arbour, and murmured, in a scarcely audible tone,

"I used to sing to my mother."

"Your mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Mordaunt; "I thought, dearest Christine, that you lost her when you were almost too young to remember her?"

The little girl concealed her face on the arm which was clasped round the tree, and her sympathising questioner perceived that tears were dropping on the ground. She laid her hand fondly on her head, and gently whispered,

"Be comforted, dear child, your mother is in a happier world than this."

Seeing that she trembled with the effort she made to suppress her sobs, Mrs. Mordaunt turned to go away, saying, as she did so, "Remember my nosegay, Christine," and slowly retraced her steps towards the house. When she reached the door which led into the garden, she turned to see what her tender-hearted favourite was doing, and beheld her in the act of leaping over the stream by the help of a long pole, which *cette petite fille aux expédients* always used in her wild rambles, and by the aid of which she sprang from rock to rock with an agility truly wonderful, and with such perfect security as to leave the spectator quite at ease as to her safety. The next moment she was mounted on old Donald the pony, holding tightly his rough mane, while he went full speed round and round his pasture-ground, evidently much delighted to have his playfellow on his back; and him she only quitted upon seeing Nanny with her pail in her hand going to milk the cows, when she merrily bounded away to aid her in her rural occupation. From this time forward, when Mrs. Mordaunt came out in the morning, she was sure to find Christine on the gravel-walk before the house, ready to present her with a nosegay, and thus some little degree of familiarity sprang up between them.

When the time of her departure drew near, the heart of the benevolent stranger grew more deeply interested in this forlorn child. Most gladly would she have taken her away and have adopted her as a daughter, but she having a wealthy brother and so many near relations, such a thing was not to be thought of; and the day at length came on which she had fixed to leave the cottage, and its hospitable but common-place occupants. She understood from Lizzy that Mr. Douglas was soon expected from the Continent, when they intended representing to him the necessity of his doing something for his sister, and in the mean time she was to be allowed to run about at Broombank, and amuse herself as she had hitherto been accustomed to do, the doctor being of opinion that the natural delicacy of her constitution was such that much study or town confinement for a year or two might materially injure her health. When the day of Mrs. Mordaunt's departure came, she looked about in vain for Christine; she was nowhere to be seen, and saddened and disappointed she was just preparing to enter her carriage, when she caught a glimpse of the pale sorrowful face peeping at her from behind the shelter of the garden door. She advanced to hail the weeping child and bid her an affectionate farewell; but the little creature fled at her approach, and made for the old orchard, with the intention, no doubt, of leaping over the stream, and thus eluding her pursuer, but in her anxiety to escape she ran too near a gooseberry-bush, and her frock caught upon the thorns, which so effectually retarded her progress as to enable Mrs. Mordaunt to attain her.

"Won't you bid me farewell, Christine?" she said, as she fondly embraced her.

The child struggled to get free, but not before her grief betrayed itself by the convulsive sobs which burst forth. It seemed as if the extremity to which she found herself reduced deprived her of all reserve, for she turned round, and clasping Mrs. Mordaunt in her arms, she buried her

face in her gown, weeping at the same time with an alarming violence. Much surprised and moved, her benevolent friend endeavoured, but in vain, to comfort and soothe her. She then turned to her maid, who had followed, and whispered to her to tell Nanny to come and try what she could do to console and calm the agitated little girl. The worthy woman was, luckily, not far off, and came immediately to the scene of action, when Mrs. Mordaunt consigned her favourite to her truly motherly care, and slipping two guineas into her hand recommended the little girl to her watchful tenderness; then kissing the swollen face of the affectionate child—now almost in a state of unconsciousness with the violence of her grief—she turned sorrowfully away, and hastened to escape from a scene which had unusually agitated her. She hastily bade the family farewell, with many and warmly-expressed thanks for their kind hospitality, and stepping into her carriage threw herself back and freely gave way to her tears, which continued to flow at intervals long after she had left the romantic banks of the Tay, and the haunts of the lonely little orphan who had so deeply struck those chords of feeling, in a manner so often to be remembered and adverted to in after years.

Variety of scene relieves the minds of those who go, but for those who remain how crushing is the remembrance of the image associated with the objects continually presenting themselves to the grief-oppressed spirit! Christine continued for many days in a state so dull and saddened that Nanny became almost afraid of the consequences. Although attending to her pets, as usual, yet there was a perceptible change in her general demeanour; her songs—when she did sing—were all sad and plaintive; her leaping-pole lay neglected beside the bower, and she could not bear to look upon the flowers from which she had been accustomed to select a nosegay to present to her gentle and sympathising friend. Her time was mostly spent in climbing the ash-tree beside the summer-house, and in allowing herself to be swung backwards and forwards when reclining on its long branches, with her eyes fixed on the sky, watching the varied forms of the clouds as they sailed along. From this dreamy and depressed state, however, she was roused by a most unexpected event; the Perth carrier arrived one day at the cottage with a trunk, addressed to "Miss Christine Douglas." With amazement she superintended the opening of the mysterious box, when, to her inexpressible delight, she beheld a large beautiful wax doll, which could open and shut its eyes, and a small chest of drawers, filled with a complete change of dress as well as night-things for it. The astonished child was so absorbed with this marvellous acquisition that she paid but comparatively little attention to the other objects the trunk contained, until Lizzy read her a short letter from Mrs. Mordaunt, written in a large hand, requesting her acceptance of these remembrances of one who loved her very dearly, and begging her to give to her cousins a small case which was at the bottom. This case contained a couple of beautiful bracelets for the two young ladies, and also a letter, expressing the donor's gratitude for the attention she had experienced from the Macintosh family. With her doll in her arms, poor Christine continued to survey with wondering eyes the other objects sent to her by this munificent friend. The rest of its contents consisted of a set of handsomely-bound books, of which the stories were illustrated by pretty engravings, the said stories being adapted to the

comprehension of the earliest beginner, and gradually progressing in interest and difficulty until they ended by the "Parent's Assistant" of Miss Edgeworth. There was also a pretty workbox, well filled with all kinds of apparatus for sewing; a box of paints, fully supplied likewise with pencils and brushes; a selection of coloured engravings to copy from; some dissected maps, a cup and ball, and a beautiful skipping-rope, completed this cargo of treasures.

Christine, in an ecstasy of delight, had them all conveyed to a small closet, where she had been banished to sleep near Nanny, after the fit of musical somnambulism which had so disturbed her cousins. The trunk containing the doll and her wardrobe was carefully deposited in a corner, the books methodically arranged on a shelf which Nanny put up on the wall within her reach, and the work and paint-boxes, with the engravings and maps, carefully laid on the table beside the little window, while she locked up the cup and ball and skipping-rope in her drawer. That evening, when she went to feed her pets in the arbour, she was in a state of delight such as she had never in her life before experienced. She hugged Donald, she kissed Oscar, and caressed Cripple Littie; she told her old dolls stories about Mrs. Mordaunt being a great enchantress, and promised to bring on a visit to them the following day a beautiful princess of their species, who had newly arrived from a distant country. She sang all the songs her English friend had particularly admired to lull her subjects to repose, and, having seen them all laid quietly to rest, seized her pole and jumped backwards and forwards across the stream without ceasing, until she saw Nanny driving the cows home to the cow-house, when she threw it down and flew off to aid her, followed by Oscar, who kept close at her side, gazing at her in astonishment, as if he were not quite sure how to understand so great a change of mood. She was, indeed, in a state of supreme happiness; the very face of nature seemed more gay than formerly, and thus the image of the stranger lady became ever afterwards blended in her mind with the brightest gleams and most delicious associations of her infant years. Her cheerfulness returned, her activity redoubled, she became anxious to learn to read fluently, in order to comprehend the beautiful books of which she had become the possessor, and the paint-box—at first less valued than the rest of her acquisitions—soon became a source of constant and increasing delight. She began by copying the coloured engravings; then took to imitating the few roses that remained of the summer store, and the autumnal flowers that succeeded them. This developed the germ of a new talent, which Christine had never before been aware she possessed. The outlines displayed a singular accuracy of eye, and her rude attempts from nature an acute perception of light and shade. One cloud, however, sometimes cast its gloom over her horizon of happiness. "Should she ever again see Mrs. Mordaunt?" When this doubt presented itself she became sad and thoughtful, until roused by some call upon her attention or feelings.

The Macintosh family, although essentially vulgar and devoid of sensibility, were not in the least harsh or ill natured, so they were both amused and pleased to perceive the improvement which manifested itself in every way in their little charge, and prepared to return to Edinburgh, satisfied that she would enjoy herself through the winter, which they expected would intervene before her brother's return would interrupt the course of

her innocent childish pursuits. Christine did not shed many tears in bidding them farewell, although kissing them all most affectionately. She was sure to see them again in spring; in the mean time she would be left in the full possession of liberty and of the society of her beloved Nanny. There was also a favourite amusement she enjoyed in their absence, of which no one was aware, and in which she could not indulge herself while they remained in the house. In the dining-room there was a small convex mirror over the chimney-piece at the upper end of the room, placed in a slanting position, so as to reflect in miniature all objects present, like figures in a baby-house. Before this mirror Christine had always been in the habit of dancing in the winter-time, when the weather did not permit her to go out, or when Nanny was absent or engaged. She liked to see herself whirling about in all sorts of fantastic attitudes, and, from constant practice, had acquired an elasticity and grace which rendered her in after life remarkable for a lightness of step and harmony of motion as attractive as they were uncommon. To her accustomed arts and pirouettes was now added the variety of her skipping-rope evolutions, in which she soon acquired a dexterity truly astonishing. Her health became stronger, and enabled her to pay untiring attention to the instructions of her master in reading and writing, although it must be confessed that this was the least pleasing part of her occupations; she soon found compensation, however, for her patient endeavours to improve. The young man who taught her was a clever Scotchman, and, like most of his countrymen, was very well educated for his rank in life. It was true that his accent was coarse and his expressions inelegant, but he possessed great observation, together with sound judgment, and perceiving the uncommon acuteness of his little pupil, he soon became aware of the best means of fixing her attention. The books sent to her by Mrs. Mordaunt he saw were of a nature to interest her feelings, and commencing with the simpler ones, he gradually led her on to make an immense progress. Christine quickly began to take great pleasure in reading her little stories to Nanny when at work in the long winter evenings, and in explaining everything which might seem obscure to her; and often the worthy woman feigned ignorance upon subjects which she perfectly well understood, in order to draw out her young favourite, and elicit her quaint and original observations. She was a shrewd observer of human nature, and perceived quite distinctly that Christine was no common character. She was perfectly well aware that her position was a singular one, and anticipated her having a very difficult part to perform in the world. She therefore endeavoured to fortify her mind by forming it on her own firm principles and rigid religious creed, displaying therein a tact and perseverance seldom to be found in the more elevated class of people to whom are entrusted the care of youth. Christine, delighted by being able to give pleasure to her humble guardian, always strove hard to acquire something new to interest her in an evening, and often, I am sorry to say, would appear to read some story quite fluently that was in a great part repeated by rote from having gone over it in the morning with her master. After those fire-side amusements she always accompanied Nanny to the cow-house, and, with her own little pail in her hand, set herself to the task of milking an old good-tempered cow, called Jenny, being the only one who would permit such an insult to her dignity, and who gently yielded her store to

the tiny hand that she liked, and which fondled and fed her when the important task was over. Afterwards she paid a visit to Donald in his stable to give him a bit of bread and bid him good night; and having kissed the red comb of Cripple Littie, saugly ensconced in her basket in a corner of the kitchen, she shared her supper of bread and warm milk with the wearied Oscar as he lay before the fire after the cold day's work was over. At nine o'clock she withdrew to her precious closet with Nanny, who undressed her and heard her say a simple prayer before depositing her in her little bed, where she continued to feast her eyes on all her treasures until they closed in sleep, or till Nanny extinguished the light, which she generally left with her until she herself retired to rest.

The happy winter at length passed away, and spring came round again with its sweet flowers and lengthened days, bringing back Mr. Macintosh and Lizzy—Barbara having married a military man some months previously, and gone with him to India. They were both struck with the improvement that had taken place in Christine in every way; she had in some measure lost the nervous timidity which had formerly obscured her bright points, and her movements and manners displayed a grace and propriety not altogether thrown away upon her more undistinguished relatives. Her cheek had also acquired a roundness from her more sedentary winter pursuits, and her colourless hair a gloss from less constant exposure to the weather. Her occupations were likewise more in keeping with the respectable age of nine years, as she was very often to be seen sitting quietly reading a book, or engaged with her self-taught painting, and might even occasionally be observed sewing in her bower, with the beloved work-box beside her, busy in making finery for her dolls, or in mending rents which her more buoyant amusements often left in her unlucky frocks. Mr. Macintosh not only ceased to think her *daft*, but actually exclaimed, on one of his occasional visits, "I declare, Christine, you have become a bonnie lassie!" Christine was astonished; she had never before had so complimentary a speech addressed to her, and the only mirror she had ever thought much of consulting was the convex one in the dining-room, which had always reflected her features in a distorted and not very flattering way. She was very happy; she was much more with her aunt and Lizzy, who possessed a warmer heart than Barbara, and, thanks to her sentimental tendencies, was much less hard, coarse, and obtuse. Summer brought its usual sweets, and autumn its pleasant hilarity, and another cheerful winter passed away, but spring came accompanied by a sad blow to the happiness of the tender-hearted Christine, in the shape of the lamented demise of poor Cripple Littie. She had got through the winter in the usual comfortable manner, being allowed to flutter about the garden in the daytime to pick up a little gravel and a blade of grass when she could find it, and being as regularly consigned to her warm basket in the evening by her careful mistress. At last, a mild spring-day induced Christine to establish her in her usual summer-home in the arbour, but the wind changing during the night brought a sharp biting frost from the north, and in the morning, when Christine sallied out to give her some crumbs and corn for her breakfast, she beheld Cripple Littie lying dead in her basket. So great was the grief of the poor child, that Nanny could not succeed in com-

forting her until she assured her that the lame bird had arrived at the utmost term of a hen's existence.

"Noo ye see, Miss Christie," she insisted, "a hen gangin six year auld is just the same thing as a body o' ninety; mair be token that she wanted a leg, an' was aye obligated to gang whirring along wi' her wings to keep hersel' steady; noo ye ken, ma lamb, that sae muckle exertion maun hae spent her strength, an' its only a wonder that she leaved sae lang; an' for that she was behadden to the care ye took o' her. Noo that she's fairly deed, the best thing ye can do is to gie her a dacent burial, an' mak' Donald, an' Oscar, an' the dalls a' cum to the funeral, an' I'll dig her a bit grave, puir thing! an' mak' her a windin'-sheet o' ain o' your auld daidlies."

This hint was forthwith acted upon; the dolls were quickly arrayed in a kind of motley mourning, Donald and Oscar had a bit of black ribbon put round their necks, and all being collected round the bower—beside which Nanny had dug a grave—poor Cripple Littie was consigned to her last cold nest, on which Christine planted a small tuft of violets to mark the spot where lay her dead favourite, and, before long, began to experience the consolation which never fails to attend well-performed duties—whether towards man or beast—in a world where all is transient and changing. Spring and summer fled by, and autumn again came round, but, alas! for poor Christine, it likewise brought Mr. John Douglas with his wife and family to Scotland. The eldest son had gone into the Guards, the second had been sent to an English academy, the two elder daughters were under the superintendence of a strict governess at home, and the youngest boy and girl—about the same age as their little aunt—were partly in the nursery, and partly in the schoolroom with their masters and their sisters' tutoress. It was decided that the family were to fix themselves in Edinburgh, and after some communication by letter between Mr. Macintosh and Mr. Douglas, it was settled that Christine was to quit the beloved scenes of her infancy for her brother's abode, and partake of the benefits of the education his children were receiving, "until he and Mrs. Douglas should decide what was the most *prudent* plan to adopt with regard to her."

With inexpressible anguish the affectionate child heard that she was doomed to quit her hitherto happy home, her dear Nanny, her pets, her bower, and, last of all, her uncle, aunt, and cousin. But the sentence was pronounced; there was no remedy; and the unhappy little girl was taken more dead than alive to Perth by the weeping Nanny, where she was recommended to the particular attention of the guard of the mail-coach, by him to be consigned to one of her brother's servants, who was to meet her at the coach-office in Edinburgh.

ABOUT THE COMING MAN FROM NEW ZEALAND.

A FORECAST SHADOW (AND IRREPRESSIBLE BORE).

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

MISS EDEN's "Up the Country" has supplied the critics with one more parallel passage to the famous one in Macaulay about the New Zealander in days to come, in silent session on a broken arch of the ruins of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. The Indian letters of Lord Auckland's lively sister, although only now published,* were written, we are reminded, three years or more before the New Zealander (by this time voted a bore) appeared full-grown in the *Edinburgh Review*, and made such a sensation in the House of Commons; nor, it is contended, was Miss Eden at all likely to have seen the fugitive pieces in which Macaulay was gradually polishing him up to his present perfection.† To her therefore is accorded at least half of the credit of the notion. Here is Miss Eden's version of that Coming Man: "Perhaps two thousand years hence, when the art of steam has been forgotten, and nobody can exactly make out the meaning of the old English word 'mail-coach,' some black governor-general of England will be marching through its southern provinces, and will go back and look at some ruins, and doubt whether London was ever a large town, and will feed some white-looking skeletons and say what distress the poor creatures must be in; they will really eat rice and curry; and his sister will write to Mary D. at New Delhi, and complain of the cold, and explain to her with great care what snow is, and how the natives wear bonnets," &c. &c.,—these pleasantries being à propos of Miss Eden's sojourn with her brother, the Governor-General, at Kynonze, a great place for ruins, and supposed to have been the largest town in India in the old time, and the most magnificent.

In the first really noteworthy review ever published by Macaulay,‡ then in his twenty-fifth year, may be seen the original draft of his New Zealander—a sketch afterwards filled up, as the editor of his *Miscellanies* reminds us, in the review of Mrs. Austin's translation of Ranke; which passage was at one time "the subject of allusion, two or three times a week, in speeches and leading articles."§ In the peroration of the Mitford paper, a period in the world's history is forecast when civilisation and science shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when "the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest

* Up the Country: Letters written to her Sister from the Upper Provinces of India. By the Hon. Emily Eden. Bentley. 1866.

† *Saturday Review*, xxii. 210.

‡ On Mitford's History of Greece, contributed to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1824.

§ Preface to *Miscellanies*, p. viii.

temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts.”*

The after application of the passage was to the possibility of that Church of Rome which was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, still existing, ages hence, in undiminished vigour, “when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul’s.”†

Here we have the passage in its completest form and best apparel, point device,—a triumph of condensed, picturesque, suggestive imagery. How favourite a topic the germ of this full-blown flower must have been to the reviewer’s fancy, is plain from the fact that in yet another of his reviews, that on Mill’s *Essay on Government*, and bearing date 1829, occurs the following note of interrogation: “Is it possible that, in two or three hundred years, a few lean and half-naked fishermen may divide with owls and foxes the ruins of the greatest European cities—may wash their nets amidst the relics of her gigantic docks, and build their huts out of the capitals of her stately cathedrals?”‡ But it was not until a full decade later that this comparatively vague and abstract vision was consolidated into the concrete particulars of New Zealander, broken arch of London Bridge, and ruins of St. Paul’s.

It is a common-place with the moralists, the moralising over the evanescence of great cities. Byron says (not that Byron was conventionally a moralist), in one place,

—I’ve stood upon Achilles’ tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome.

And in another:

The town was enter’d. Oh Eternity!—
“God made the country, and man made the town,”
So Cowper says—and I begin to be
Of his opinion, when I see cast down
Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh—
All walls men know, and many never known;
And, pondering on the present and the past,
To deem the woods shall be our home at last.§

Goldsmith’s travelled Chinese, meditating in and upon London after midnight, when all that mighty heart (as Wordsworth says) is lying still, speculates on a possible time coming when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room. He bethinks him of other cities, great as this, that once triumphed in existence and promised themselves immortality; cities, nevertheless, of some of which posterity can hardly trace the site. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession. “Here,” he cries, “stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every

* *Miscellanies*, vol. i. pp. 179-80.

† *Essay on Ranke*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1840.

‡ *Miscellaneous Works of Lord Macaulay*, vol. i. p. 314.

§ *Don Juan*, canto iv. st. 101; canto viii. st. 60.

noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin.”* And is London Bridge—once at least already “broken down,” in the old song that nobody sings now—to be thus doomed, thus to decay and dislimn, till there remain but one broken arch for the New Zealander to sit upon, while he sketches the ruins of Wren’s monument? Is the day, *one* day to dawn when it shall be “forfain” enough, decaying and waxing old enough (now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away), to take up its parable, in tetchy, querulous defiance, with that other Auld Brig, of Burns’s biggin’, so to speak, and declaim against a new-fangled critic,

Conceited gowk! puff’d up wi’ windy pride!
This mony a year I’ve stood the flood and tide;
And tho’ wi’ crazy eild I’m sair forfain,
I’ll be a *Brig* when ye’re a shapeless cairn!†

Horace Walpole’s letters contain more than one passage which Lord Macaulay may have read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested, before he shaped his prevision of the New Zealander into epigrammatic completeness. In one epistle to Sir Horace Mann, written while the House of Commons was tossed on the troubled sea of Indian affairs, Walpole says: “We beat Rome in eloquence and extravagance, and Spain in avarice and cruelty: and, like both, we shall only serve to terrify school-boys, and for lessons of morality. Here stood St. Stephen’s; here young Catiline‡ spoke; here was Lord Clive’s diamond-house; this is Leadenhall-street, and this broken column was part of the palace of a company of merchants who were sovereigns of Bengal!” There is nothing more like, he adds (referring to the age of Catiline and Cæsar, with its results), than two ages that are very like; which is all he supposes Rousseau to mean by saying, “give him an account of any great metropolis, and he will foretel its fate.”§ More than two years later Walpole refers the same correspondent to the same authority, when he asks, “Do you think Rousseau was in the right, when he said that he could tell what would be the manners [and therefore the fate] of any capital city, from certain given lights? I don’t know what he may do on Constantinople and Pekin—but Paris and London! . . . Don’t tell me I am grown old and peevish and supercilious. . . . The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last, *some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul’s*, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra; but am I not prophesying, contrary to my consummate prudence, and casting horoscopes of empires like Rousseau? Yes; well, I will go and dream of my visions.”||

A year or two later, again, we find Horace of London dilating to Horace of Florence on the rapid growth of the Great Metropolis (“London could put Florence into its fob-pocket”), and wondering how long this exuberance of opulence is to last. “The East Indies, I believe,

* Citizen of the World, letter cxvii.

† Burns, the Brigs of Ayr.

‡ Meaning, from the context, Charles James Fox, then amazing the House by his speeches after nights of riot and excess.

§ Walpole to Mann, April 9, 1772.

|| Same to same, Nov. 24, 1774.

will not contribute to it much longer. Babylon and Memphis and Rome, probably, stared at their own downfall. Empires did not use to philosophise; nor thought much but of themselves. Such revolutions are better known now, and we ought to expect them—I do not say we do. This little island will be ridiculously proud some ages hence of its former brave days, and swear its capital was once as big again as Paris, or—what is to be the name of the city that will then give laws to Europe—perhaps New York or Philadelphia.”* Another year or two gone, and we have Walpole writing to Mason, that London will be the storehouse hereafter, whence declamations shall be drawn on the infatuation of falling empires. Nations at the acme of their splendour, or at the eve of their destruction, he goes on to remark, are worth observing. “When they grovel in obscurity afterwards, they furnish neither events nor reflections; strangers visit the vestiges of the Acropolis, or may come to dig for capitals among the ruins of St. Paul’s; but nobody studies the manners of the pedlars and banditti, that dwell in mud-huts within the precincts of a demolished temple.”†

It is to Mason that Walpole writes on a previous occasion, discussing the literary schemes and doings of them both, “I approve your printing in manuscript, that is, not for the public, for who knows how long the public will be able, or be permitted to read? Bury a few copies against this island is rediscovered. Some American versed in the old English language will translate it, and revive the true taste in gardening; though he will smile at the diminutive scenes on the little Thames when he is planting a forest on the banks of the Ōronoko.”‡ In a not unlike vein of humour, Southey recreates himself with the fancy that “The Doctor” may haply outlive not only such transitory things as Lord Castlereagh’s Peace, Mr. Pitt’s reputation (he throws Mr. Fox’s into the bargain), Mr. Locke’s *Metaphysics*, and the Regent’s Bridge in St. James’s Park; not only even the eloquence of Burke, the discoveries of Davy, the poems of Wordsworth, and the victories of Wellington; but perhaps also the very language in which it is written; “and, in Heaven knows what year of Heaven knows what era, [it may] be discovered by some learned inhabitant of that continent which the insects who make coral and madrepora are now, and from the beginning of the world have been, fabricating in the Pacific Ocean. It may be dug up among the ruins of London, and considered as one of the sacred books of the sacred Island of the West”—for Dr. Daniel Dove is too true a patriot not to hope that some reverence will always be attached to what he calls “this most glorious and most happy island,” when its power and happiness and glory, like those of Greece, shall have passed away.§

Gibbon incidentally remarks, in his chapter on the early history and pre-historic times of Britain, that if, in the neighbourhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow, a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate, in the period of Scotland’s existence, the opposite extremes of savage and civilised life: “Such reflections tend to

* Walpole to Mann, July 17, 1776.

† To Rev. William Mason, May 12, 1778.

‡ To the same, Nov. 27, 1775.

§ The Doctor, interchapter ii.

enlarge the circle of our ideas; and to encourage the pleasing hope, that New Zealand may produce, in some future age, the Hume of the southern hemisphere."*

In Sydney Smith's review of the position and prospects of Australia, as Australia was at the commencement of the present century, the remark occurs, that he who lives among a civilised people may estimate the labour by which society is brought into such a state, by reading in Colonel Collins's annals of Botany Bay,† the account of a whole nation exerting itself to new floor the government-house, repair the hospital, or build a wooden receptacle for stores. "Yet the time may come when some Botany Bay Tacitus shall record the crimes of an emperor lineally descended from a London pickpocket, or paint the valour with which he led his New Hollanders into the heart of China."‡

It is anything but true to allege of the Coming Man from our antipodes that he has long since been worked to death in parliament, the pulpit, and the periodical press. On the contrary, he is all alive himself—and *ecce iterum Crispinus* seems to be his cue. Us it rather is that are in jeopardy of being worked to death by him. That Coming Man enjoys a stock of redundant vitality; though we cannot ascribe to him such an infinite variety as time cannot wither nor custom stale.

The late Mr. Hawthorne, in his investigation of, and speculations upon, that "sublime piece of folly" the Thames Tunnel, was led to surmise, that when the New Zealander of distant ages shall have moralised sufficiently among the ruins of London Bridge, he will bethink himself that somewhere thereabout was the marvellous Tunnel, the very existence of which will seem to him as incredible as that of the hanging gardens of Babylon. "The traveller will make but a brief and careless inquisition for the traces of the old wonder, and will stake his credit before the public, in some Pacific Monthly of that day, that the story of it is but a myth, though enriched with a spiritual profundity which he will proceed to unfold."§

The author of those curious essays entitled "The Original," in one of his letters from the Continent, amusing himself in Rome with the bustle in front of the shop of one Samuel Lowe, wine-merchant, parenthetically exclaims: "Samuel Lowe in the 'eternal city'! and English ladies'-maids on the soil of Livia, Octavia, and company! What changes! But, as Gibbon somewhere prognosticates the future ascendancy of the negro race, perhaps the Timbuctooians may hereafter figure in England as we now figure in Rome. We may as easily imagine that, as Julius Cæsar could have imagined the present change."||

In an indignant denunciation of the insults offered to Sir Walter

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, ch. xxv.

† Account of the English Colony of New South Wales, vol. ii. 1803.

‡ "At that period, when the Grand Lahma is sending to supplicate alliance; when the spice islands are purchasing peace with nutmegs; when enormous tributes of green tea and nankeen are wafted into Port Jackson, and landed on the quays of Sydney; who will ever remember that the sawing of a few planks, and the knocking together of a few nails, were such a serious trial of the energies and resources of the nation?"—Article, "Australia," reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* of 1803, in Sydney Smith's collected Works, vol. i.

§ Our Old Home, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, vol. ii. pp. 137 sq.

|| The Original, by Thomas Walker, M.A., p. 131, edit. 1850.

Scott at Jedburgh and Hawick, during the elections of 1831, his son-in-law and biographer gloomily predicts: "The civilised American or Australian will curse these places, of which he would never have heard but for Scott, as he passes through them in some distant century, when perhaps all that remains of our national glories may be the high literature adopted and extended in new lands planted from our blood."*

Ah, said the sighing peer, in Gray's *jeu d'esprit*, had Bute been true, and his policy prevailing, sword would have purged and fire have purified London's hated walls:

Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.†

A Yankee orator, spouting tall talk in the autumn of 1863, indulged in a beatific vision of the Federal army—its work done at home—crushing London Bridge with the fragments which fly from the bombarded dome of St. Paul's.

Shelley amused himself in his epistle to the author of the Fudge Family, written as a preface to his own unsuccessful satire on Peter Bell, with predicting a day for some transatlantic commentator to be found weighing in the scales of a yet undiscovered and unimaginable criticism, the respective merits of the Fudges and the Bells, "when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; and when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream."‡ This was written in 1819.

Musing over the desolate ruins of St. Jago, one of Marryat's naval wanderers meditates on the possibility of London one day being the same—and Paris: "but who will the wretched man be, that shall sit on the summit of Shooter's Hill, and look down upon the desolation of the mighty city, as I, from this little eminence, behold the once flourishing town of St. Jago?"§ Some day or other, muses Mr. Thackeray, "(but it will be after our time, thank goodness,) Hyde Park-gardens will be no better known than the celebrated horticultural outskirts of Babylon; and Belgrave-square will be as desolate as Baker-street, or Tadmor in the wilderness."|| Mr. Laman Blanchard had provisions of an Exploring Expedition sent forth in the year 2844—just one thousand years after the date of his writing—by the inhabitants of Anteros, one of the sea-ports in the planet Mars, to discover the site of ancient London.¶ President Isnard warned the French Assembly, in 1793, that if the Marat faction of destructives were allowed to have their way, before long "the traveller would ask, on which side of the Seine Paris had stood."***

* Lockhart, Life of Scott, ch. lxxx.

† Gray's Poems: Impromptu, 1766.

‡ Dedicatory Epistle prefixed to Peter Bell the Third.

§ Frank Mildmay, ch. xxv.

|| Vanity Fair, ch. li.

¶ Excursions to the Ruins of London in 2844.

*** So Mr. Carlyle quotes him, from the *Moniteur*, Séance du 25 Mai, 1793. And this is better than Lamartine's version: "And you would soon have to search upon the banks of the Seine whether Paris had existed."—Histoire des Girondins l. xl. § 27.

A city once for power renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce some fine reflection,*

especially on the part of a Girondist president during the reign of terror. But President Max was not original in his stroke of the sublime. Nearly a century before—to go no further back—one of perfidious Albion's poets, triumphing in a *carmen seculare* at the cost of the Grand Monarque himself, had foreseen in prophetic rapture a time

When the great monuments of his power
Shall now be visible no more ;
When Sambre shall have changed her winding flood ;
And children ask where Namur stood.†

So in another poem, taking a broader view of things, Mat Prior (impersonating King Solomon) delivers himself of the *ex post facto* meditation :

Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,
And travellers inquire, where Babel stood.‡

Mr. Prior found it convenient to repeat not only the self-same idea, but in the self-same rhyme.

THE VAGRANT'S CHILD.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Thou little child in rags—
Hanging at thy mother's side,
Sullen moping, weeping,
What to thee all London's pride,
O'er the pavement creeping,
Asking alms of passers-by,
Tears for ever in thine eye?

Thou little child in rags—
Pattering on with naked feet,
Hungry, wretched, shivering,
Like a blot upon the street,
Little red lip quivering,
Looking through the shop's great pane
At delicious food in vain.

* Churchill, *The Ghost*, book iii.

† Prior, *Carmen Seculare*, for the year MDC.

‡ Solomon on the Vanity of the World, book i., "Knowledge."

Thou little child in rags—
With thy uncut, jetty hair,
To thy shoulders streaming;
With thy forehead bold and fair,
With thy great eyes beaming;
With thy young mind like a star
Hidden by thick clouds afar.

Thou little child in rags—
I do follow thee with sighs,
By thy half inebriate mother,
Fearing her stern, flashing eyes,
Trying sobs to smother,
Beaten, chid, through good and ill,
Clinging to her garments still.

Thou little child in rags—
This is destiny or fate;
Dark enigma—wondrous Heaven!
Wert thou born in other state,
What to thee perchance were given?
Gayest dress, toys, sweetest kisses,
Maids to wait—a world of blisses.

Thou little child in rags—
Yes, thou mightst have been the heir
To some dukedom great and old,
Or one day a crown mightst wear,
And a sceptre hold;
Or a general thou mightst be,
Shouting freedom! victory!

Thou little child in rags—
Fortune might have placed thee near
Learning's temple, and thy mind
Might have traced the starry sphere,
Leaving common souls behind,
Like a Newton, worlds exploring,
Or a Shakspeare, Milton, soaring.

Thou little child in rags—
Now most haply thou wilt grow
To a lawless, reckless man,
Stealing, working others' woe,
Punish'd, ever under ban:
But I pray thou ne'er mayst be
Led unto the gallows-tree.

Thou little child in rags—
Hanging at thy mother's side,
Sullen moping, weeping,
What to thee all London's pride,
O'er the pavement creeping?
Still in penury thou must roam,
Through the world without a home.

ORIGIN OF FAMILIES, AND INACCURATE GENEALOGY.

JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, TEMP. CAR. II.

OWING to the diffusion of historical knowledge, and the facilities now afforded for testing "authorities," one grand delusion after another is gradually disappearing, notwithstanding the efforts of certain families that owe the golden opinions which they have acquired in the heraldic world to the preservation of spurious tradition.

So was it, not many years since, when the Emperor of the French, intending to do honour to the memory of the good citizen of Calais—St. Pierre—caused the state archives to be carefully examined, with the view of making "assurance doubly sure." The result is well known. It was soon ascertained that the patriot had been in collusion with the English invader, and the episode so affectingly described by historians, proved to have been a capital piece of acting, planned by the parties concerned, to suit their mutual interests.

Our novelists of the eighteenth century have given no very flattering account of the energetic, but generally indigent, and too frequently unprincipled, adventurers of the obscurer classes, who, obtaining commissions in the army when it was in a very different condition from what Wellington made it, indulged in that profession most of the vices arising from limited education, and ambition, unsupported by merit. That these writers greatly exaggerated, is scarcely consistent with the popular reception of their works, and many of the heroes of this class have been handed down to our own times, by the pens of Fielding and Smollet, and the pencil of Hogarth, as accepted representatives of the lower grades of officers in those days.

Successful government partisans, and stockbrokers, also contributed not a few members towards recruiting what has been called "the landed gentry," and time, with its softening tones, gives a certain dignity to these patriarchs, as we now run over their names, in the pedigrees of their descendants, little caring to scan too inquiringly the lineaments represented by, perhaps, two brief parochial records.

After a while, when the family begins to creep into the Church, or raise its head in the Senate, the ingenious dreamer begins to remember having heard from his grandfather of some old pedigree, which mysteriously disappeared many years before. Sometimes the Trophonian echo hints at a supposed extinct baronetcy. Then follow surmises of some unnamed grandee being in "wrongous possession" of the family estate; of a strange traditional eviction from the paternal acres; or it may be that the ancestor was a *political* exile, who imprudently changed his patronymic, and left his impoverished heirs only the shadow of a mighty name, but, at the same time, a good coffee-plantation or a "dry-goods" house in the colonies.

Under such circumstances, a *bonâ fide* great-grandfather is invaluable; for, by a little management, he may be thrown into the seventeenth cen-

tury, which seems to be the chronological Rubicon of these families. Once establish the great-grandfather, and a few judiciously introduced names will apparently easily connect him with some venerable knight, who "paid a fine," in the reign of Edward III.

When, however, there is absolutely no foundation whatever for the pretension, an equivocal and indirect expression is adopted, as, for instance, "he claims to represent," "he is supposed to have," "he quarters," &c.

The surnames of such families and their congeners may be thus classified: first, those for which there is an assumed genealogical foundation; second, those assumed for phonetic reasons.

Of the first class are the modern substitutions of De la Beehe for Beach, Cowley for MacColley.

To the second belong such names as De Bathe als Bath, St. Paul als Paul, De Winton als Wilkins, De Moline als Mullins, De Montmorency als Morris.

We may also, perhaps, add such names as are assumed from poetical instincts, as, for instance, "De Vere," and which are not provoked by the "vulgarity" of the original patronymic, but have this advantage over it, that they suggest dreams of roasted swans and peacocks, gilt spurs, baldricks of silk and gold, knightly jousts, awful family predictions and weird relics, saintly ladies and old portraits.

Now amongst the above names, taken at random, there seems to us nothing offensive in Beach, whether derived from that which the "ebbing Neptune" deserts, or the other, which gives its wholesome nuts to our Berkshire pachydermata. As for MacColley, although it may suggest pictures of faithful dogs, such ideas are pleasing, and are scarcely improved upon by those of kine. Bath, again, is a capital cleanly surname, and suggests the famous military order of Henry IV. Saint Paul, however, may stagger us a little, as we cannot deny the grandeur of the associations called up by saintly prefix.

We have no sympathy for the next class, and in vain De Winton seeks to make us forget the cruel fate of Dinah. No: such an evasion of sacred obligations, and denial of an historic popular fact, will not satisfy right-minded men; we refuse all explanation, and imperatively demand Villikins himself.

We never could clearly understand why Mullins resolved himself into De Moline. Mullions would have been an easier transition, and have suggested "storied windows richly dight." Moreover, it would have been more according to the proprieties of that class of names. It might even in time have been taken for an old Cornish name.

As for Morris becoming De Montmorency—the scion of the first baron of Christendom, whose Junonian birds stand so proudly on the Gallic escutcheon—the mind naturally feels embarrassed, and thought strays to classic fable.

Of the good Earl of Oxford,* we remember the alarm of the first royal Tudor at the number of his retainers; but who are these redundant knights whose antique names only embitter our genealogical pangs?

Sometimes pedigrees are so ingeniously arranged, that the Hebrew

* De Vere.

founder of the family, in the course of four generations or so, is made to assume the verisimilitude of the heir of some ancient English name by, perhaps, a slight alteration in the orthoëpy.

To purchase the ancient estate of a family of one's own name, multiplying the latter by two, is often a successful mode of creating a retrospective dignity, and, moreover, it adds greatly to the appearance of wealth, being generally accepted as an evidence of two branches being again united in one, as, for instance, Theodore Smith Smith, or Robinson Green Robinson, of Robinson Green, Greenwich.

These tautological designations appear to be regarded as having an especial virtue, and to bear about them the stamp of something above the common, as, indeed, they are.

But it is not with inferiority of lineage that we find fault, and we fully recognise the justice of the following retorts :

Iphicrates, a man of mean extraction, being reproached by an Athenian aristocrat with his birth, replied, "True, the nobility of my family begins in me, and of yours ends with yourself." And so a well-known French novelist* of the present day being rudely asked, in allusion to his complexion, who his father was, replied, "A brown man." "And your grandfather?" "A black man." "Then may I ask who was your great-grandfather?" "A monkey, sir; my family commenced where yours ends!"

These ancestor-hunters generally fasten with all the dreaded tenacity of a "scalp" on their helpless prey—an extinct or dormant title.

Sometimes, indeed, there is the anamorphosis of truth in family tradition, but when we attempt to bring it within the rules of symmetry, the task becomes hopeless. We often seem to strike the fish with our spear, but we have not made allowances for optical deceptions, and so miss it!

Until within the last few years, while the State Paper Office was inaccessible to mere idle curiosity, unless under very exceptional circumstances, our parish registers have either been closed to the general inquirer, save through the medium of heavy charges, or have been altogether abandoned to their fate, in some rare instances even lining a trunk or kindling a kitchen fire. In fact, these valuable public records have often been treated by incumbents as their own private property, and they have occasionally even been found in the auction-room, but these greater abuses are, happily, not likely again to occur.

The parish register, therefore, being a mainstay of genealogy, it does not seem unreasonable that every one should, more or less, have a right to demand its careful preservation, and that it should be inspected by others than the custodians periodically, for it is not every incumbent of a living who takes an interest in it.

In Scotland, the older parish registers have been collected and deposited in the register-house of Edinburgh, where, if not already indexed, it is probably the intention to have them thus made more available for inquiry.

Many of these latter registers are interesting, and, on the whole, considering the state of the kingdom, they have been comparatively well

* Dumas.

kept, where they existed; but, after all, the commissariat (or probate) records of the various shires and counties supply the deficiencies, to a great extent, in other branches of registration.

To trace the cadets of Scottish families of the seventeenth (and even eighteenth) century through the German wars, colonising companies, and other outlets, would in most cases be well-nigh an impossibility. In the Stuart rebellions numbers of small as well as great lairds disappeared, and are now only to be found represented in country towns, sometimes as shopkeepers, writers, or apothecaries.

In Ireland, again, we believe, the case to be still more hopeless, where, as is said, every one asserts the same pre-eminence and right to bear the arms of the head, not only of his own family, but of his surname!

These remarks may seem unkind to those who suffer from the morbid affection to which they have given rise, but there is surely far greater unkindness to healthy pedigrees, in not noticing the former.

On the appearance of a cattle plague, even the owners of the infected animals are glad that measures should be adopted for arresting the progress of the disease, and in this view of the case, we claim the consideration due to a conscientious sanitary commissioner, or unflinching physician, who insists on reducing his patient's diet. True, the comparison scarcely holds good, for we have not been "called in" by the sufferers themselves, but rather by their distressed and anxious friends and neighbours. Our opinion is not asked by the former, but, in the cause of society we insist on offering our nostrums, and we may even add a word of advice to minor patients—namely, to reduce their "armorial devices" on stamped note-paper, and remember the "assessed taxes,"* and also to bear in mind that if the latter were more rigidly collected, there would certainly be a reduction on the income tax.

The following extracts from the journal of the House of Lords at a period of English history, when numerous new families were springing up, in the general confusion, social and political, show how much may yet be gathered by the genealogist, imbued with the true spirit of his profession, and not simply bent upon—to use a vulgar adage—"making a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

1660.

- 7 Sept. Richard Chase, by false representations, obtained the profits of the rectory of Chiselhurst, Kent.

1669.

- 7 March. William Danvers, m. s. of Lord Vaughan.
 9 " Roger Payne, household steward to Duke of Richmond.
 11 " John Colles, m. s. to Lord Newport.
 12 " Erasmus Dreyden, a grocer, broke open Lord Audley's doors.
 17 " Hugh Bowring, m. s. to Lord Holles.
 17 " William Hyde, m. s. to Lord Rivers. (William Hotchkin, a name mentioned.)
 11 April. William Wallis (also Richard Wallis), coachman.

* Query. How many pay for their dogs in barracks? How many turnpike-keepers for theirs? How many use crested paper who have neither a right to the armorial device itself, nor a right to be excepted from paying the tax?

- 31 Oct. Walter Brisco, an attorney.
 31 „ William Princhard, a bailiff.
 11 Nov. Henry Wilson, a bailiff, committed for rude behaviour.
 17 „ Thomas Prettyman, m. s. to Earl of Marlborough.
 2 Dec. Randolph Yarwood, clerk, and Thomas Francklyn.
 10 „ Samuel Francklyn, proctor, Probate Court.

1670.

- 6 Nov. Abraham Schofield, servant and tax-collector to Lord Byron. (Sir William Juxon had obtained a decree in an action at law against Lord Byron).
 14 May. Eleanor Burford, domestic servant to Katherine, Dowager Lady Mohun.
 17 Jan. George Bull, s. to Lord Lovelace. Benjamin Cotton, and Richard Clements, bailiffs.
 18 „ William Wilkes, s. to Lord Coventry.
 23 „ Abraham Bradney, s. to one Lucas, an attorney of Colchester. Vincent Hawden, of Lexton, bailiff.

1661.

- 22 May. Joseph Bastard, s. to Lord Mohun.
 8 June. Lewis Butts, m. s. to Lord Abergavenny.
 10 July. William Frith, m. s. to Lord Mohun.
 24 „ (Ferdinando Pennyworth mentioned.)
 16 Jan. Clement Oxonbridge, m. s. to Lord Vaughan.

1670.

- 25 June. Hugh Bowing, m. s. to Lord Vaughan.
 26 March. Robert Ridge, of Chester, m. s. to Lord Rivers.
 26 „ William Hyde, m. s. to ditto.
 26 „ James Haughton, m. s. to Lord Derby.
 8 Feb. John Harrison, s. to Countess Dowager of Northumberland. John Clarke, of Rugby, attorney.
 1 March. Francis and Richard Coay, s. to Duke of Buckingham.
 9 „ Thomas Allen, &c., found guilty of assault and battery. Henry Partridge, s. to Archbishop of Cantuar. Jonathan Darbyes, a schoolmaster at Moreclock. Thomas Allen, late footman to Sir M. Livesay. Michael Beresford, a clerk and friend of Allen of Hopton.
 11 „ Anthony Hobert, a pauper.
 15 April. John Rawlins, m. s. of Lord Windsor, Edward Wassell, and Henry Hayward, bailiffs of Bengeworth, Worcester.

1669.

- 18 March. John Morris and Robert Clayton, against a Court of Chancery's decision, in which John Dove and Anne his wife were plaintiffs against Sir John Prettiman. Thomas Dove, executor of J. Dove, had sued Morris Clayton and Sir Thomas Cullam, Baronet.
 [N.B. Not in Burke's Extinct Baronetages.]
 22 „ Cuthbert Morley's sole heirress, Anne, m. s. to Bernard Grenville.

1670.

- 29 March. Robert Hotchkins. Bill to sell lands to pay debts.
 29 „ The Lord Viscount Hallyfax acquaints the House that he, being named a trustee for a gentleman in Ireland lately deceased, is

sued in the courts of Ireland, and that it is expected that he should answer upon oath, his lordship not being a peer of Ireland.

- 10 April. Petition of Peter Salmon, Doctor in Physic, against the Governor and Assistant of the Merchants-Adventurers of England, whose names were—Sir Edward Forde, Sir Charles Lloyde, Sir Anthony Bateman, Sir Thomas Smith, Rowland Wynne, John Doggett, Henry Collyer, Henry Smith, John Lethular, Christopher Pache, George Wytham, and others.
- 11 April. Thomas Cheeke, Esq., committed to the Tower, for rescuing one Wallis, a coachman.

1669.

- Thomas Austin, son and heir of Thomas Austin of Newington Barrow. (Sir A. Apsley mentioned.)
- 17 Nov. Petition of Dame Jane Gerard, relict of Lord Gerard of Gerard Bromley and of Digby. Lord Gerard, his son and heir, (?) complains of a scandal against her.

1670.

- 11 Feb. Sir John Reresby, Baronet, great-grandson of Sir Thomas Reresby of Ashover and Derby.
- 1 March. Matthew Deverill, of Swanborne, co. Bucks, yeoman, late High Constable of the Three Hundreds of Cottesloe.
- 17 „ County palatine of Durham and Salberg.
- 22 „ Penelope Stanton and John Holgate, Esq.

1671.

- 17 April. Captain Robert Hill, Paymaster of Indigent Loyal Officers.

1672.

- 18 Feb. Sir John Hanham, Bart.
- 25 „ William Pamplyn, of Barking, in Essex.

1673.

- 30 Oct. Francis Blake and Jane Pringle, their cases.
- 23 Jan. Dame Alissemon Reade against her husband, Sir John Reade, Bart.
- 2 Feb. Ralph Hodgskin, vintner of London.
- 9 „ Edward Lawrance.

1672.

- William Living, s. to Mr. George Asser, of Barking, Essex.
- 25 Feb. John Manister, s. to Henry Goodwine.
- 13 March. Richard Hipsley, s. to Lord Brooke. Symon Sands, and Francis Slater, of the Poultry Compter, London.

1675.

- 20 April. Thomas Goston, an attorney. Richard Vinson, Duchess of Cleveland's livery servant. John Chanwell, plumber.
- 4 May. Robert James, of the Savoy, tailor; John Ruddock and Henry Lauson, bailiffs; William Jones, m. s. to Duke of Buckingham. Petition of Sir Nicholas Crispe, Baronet, and Thomas Crispe, Esq., and John Crispe, Esq., about Lady Ann Bowyer and others.
- 20 April. Sir Jeremy Whichcot.
- 26 „ Crispe *ver.* Boys.

- 2 May. Thomas Sherley, physician to the king.
 19 " Sir Nicholas Crisp, Baronet.
 26 " Sir Alexander Fraser, his Majesty's physician. Sir Thomas Badd, Baronet, his daughter Frances, wife of Edward Dennis, about the manor of Sparewell, Isle of Wight.
 28 " Mr. Anthony Keck, barrister.
 30 " John Walford, of London, leather-gilder.

1667-8.

- 10 Feb. Richard Harris, m. s. to Lord Berkeley of Stretton.
 13 " Richard Mason, m. s. to Duke of Newcastle.
 15 " Robert Woods, Robert Dennis, and Samuell Jackson, for rioting on the Earl of Lindsey's estate in Lincolnshire.
 15 " Richard Mason imprisoned by Bold Boughney, Esq., warden of the Fleet, for a pretended debt of 20,000*l*.
 3 May. Mr. Ogle Hatfield, a great importer of foreign cattle.

1666.

- 26 Sept. Beaumont and Knevet Hastings, for attack on Lord Morley.
 27 " Isabella of Nassau, wife of Lord Arlington, naturalisation.
 27 " Richard Hopton, Esq., grandson and heir of Sir Richard Hopton, late of Canon Froome, Herefordshire, for fraud and forging a will.
 12 Oct. Naturalisation of Ester Le Lon, wife of Denzell, Lord Holles.
 19 " William Spurrier, m. s. to Lord Crewe.
 22 " Ester Le Lon (Lady Holles), daughter and coheir of Gideon Le Lon, Lord of Colombières, in Normandy.
 26 Oct. Mortgage of John Sparrow of the Duke of Cleveland's manors of Hackney and Stepney.
 20 Nov. Illegitimation of the children of Lady Anne Rosse.
 22 " William Jones, gentleman steward and domestic servant to the Lord Hatton.
 26 " Sir Richard Franklin,* Knt. and Baronet, and Dame Eleanor his wife.
 27 " William Baud, Esq., m. s. to the Mayor of Worcester.
 3 Dec. George Blagrove, yeoman of Derby, and Thomas Benskin, attorney, sued Job Brookes, tenant and bailiff of Lucy, Countess Dowager of Huntingdon.
 6 " Jane Brookes, m. s. of Lord Dorset.
 12 " George Mangie, m. s. of Duke of Buckingham.
 22 " John Prosser, m. s. of Dowager Lady Abergavenny.

1666-7.

- 2 Jan. Act for restoring Francis Scawen in blood.
 3 " Lord Mordaunt impeached for imprisoning William Taylear, Esq., because the latter's daughter, Anne, would not, &c. She was afterwards Mrs. Vachell. This took place in 1664.
 8 " Mary Bishop convicted of perjury against Scawen.
 10 " Sir George Downing brought up from the Commons a message and "Act for burying in woollen only."
 15 " Peter Southicke and Claudius Petyte naturalised. Henry Martin, a regicide, brother-in-law to Lord Lovelace.
 19 " William Ryley, Francis Sandford, and Richard Bodily, gentlemen examined on the Roos case.

* Q. In Burke's Extinct and Dormant Baronetage?

- 21 Jan. Concerning the estate of Sir Seymour Shirley, Bart.
 22 „ Witnesses on the trial of Lord Mordaunt, Richard Franklyn, M.D.,
 Captain Richard Harrison, Simon Bernard, &c.
 25 „ Examined, about commercial disputes with France, the following
 merchants: viz. George Toriano, James Trustone, Abraham Beake,
 Vincent Delabar, Arnold and Elias Beake, John Loveroo, Nicholas
 Hayward, James Nutmaker, and John Mervin, &c. &c.
 29 „ Edward Cooke, Esq., Lady Cholmely's husband.
 29 „ Thomas Freeman, late merchant of London, against Laurence Hyde
 (since 1661).
 5 Feb. James Smith and Bernard White drove beasts out of Lord Wid-
 drington's park, at Ellington, Northumberland. They were ser-
 vants of Mr. John Blount, solicitor.
 5 „ To enable John, Earl of Abergavenny, to sell lands to portion his
 brother and sisters.
 6 Nov. To enable Sir William Juxon to recover part of the estate, as his
 executor, of William Juxon, late Archbishop of Canterbury.
 6 „ Arthur Capes, s. to Earl of Northampton.
 9 „ Petition of Katherine Pory, wife of John Pory, Esq., praying to be
 heard in the case brought against her by Sir William Juxon, John
 Pory being then beyond seas.
 14 „ Thomas Ashe, attorney-at-law, Balbrough, county of Derby.
 5 Dec. Colonel Samuel and Martin Sandys.
 9 „ To stay proceedings against Corderia Harris, Theophilus Cambell,
 and Phillippe Mohun, aunts and guardians to Charles, Lord
 Mohun.
 10 „ Mary Horton, s. to Dowager Lady Cornwallis.
 11 „ Mr. George Weldon, s. to Lord Vaughan.

References.

s. servant; m. s. menial servant.

N.B. It must be borne in mind that "menial servant," in law, did not mean merely those engaged in common household offices of an inferior kind.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT
REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XVI.

I HAVE invariably abstained from expressing any opinion respecting the political administration of the Neapolitan government, unless circumstances naturally led to the subject, and I have not then concealed the sentiments which a British subject usually holds respecting the advantages of a constitutional form of government, guarding myself, at the same time, against giving an opinion whether it would be suited for the present state of this people. I have observed the same rule in respect to religion, though, when I am asked to state what objections I have to the Roman Catholic Church, I have never hesitated to point out those doctrines and that part of her government from which I dissented. I have thus endeavoured to steer a middle course, not wishing to intrude my own opinions on others, and, at the same time, having no desire that there should be any concealment respecting them. Following this rule very strictly, you will be surprised, in my account of this day's proceedings, to hear that I was on the point of being arrested for using what my opponent was pleased to call language defamatory of the Holy Catholic Church.

I started at daybreak on a good stout mule on my way to visit Pizzo, the spot where the brave but unfortunate Murat met his fate. The country continued to exhibit a very uncultivated appearance, being at first covered with marshes, though the scenery was in many parts magnificent; the mountains were wooded to the top, and till I approached the sea I traversed a forest of oaks and cork-trees. It is from these woods that my guide told me the brigands issue on unprotected travellers, and he pointed to several rude crosses, which had been erected where murders were committed. They were adorned with faded garlands of flowers, which reminds us of what Tibullus (Eleg. i. 1, 2) says:

Nam veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris,
Seu vetus in trivio florida sarta lapis.

“For I offer my adorations, whether a lonely trunk in the fields or an old altar by the roadside has garlands of flowers.”

No brigands, however, made their appearance, and I cannot help feeling somewhat callous to the alarming reports with which the inhabitants are constantly assailing me. The road, running along a natural platform for many miles, was delightfully shaded by lofty trees, and occasionally we had glimpses of the sea, slightly rippled by a breeze, which reached us sufficiently to cool the air. I cannot conceive a more beautiful scene than that through which I passed. At last I reached Pizzo, which stands close to the sea, a short distance from the post road, and when I entered the principal locanda, I was surprised to be addressed in French by a person who was seated at one of the tables. I made no concealment as

to my object or my country, entering freely into conversation with him. He artfully led me to the subject of religion, and, believing that I was conversing with a person unconnected with the country, I made no secret of my opinions respecting the ignorance of the clergy, and the superstitious character of the people. You may judge of my surprise and indignation when, on rising from dinner, he coolly said that the sentiments which I had expressed on these subjects were of a kind that he, as lieutenant of gendarmes, should find it his duty to put me under arrest. The heat of the day had caused him to sit undressed, so that I was not aware that he was one of the officers belonging to government. I saw at once that he was an unprincipled bully, and I determined to meet him without flinching, thinking it likely that he would be afraid to put his threat in execution if he found that I was not so unprotected as my present appearance might have led him to believe. I told him that I had imagined that I had been addressing a French gentleman; I found, however, that I had been conversing with a person who had acted the dishonourable part of entrapping me into a conversation on a subject on which I had no desire to speak, and was then going to take advantage of my candour to curry favour with his government for zeal in its cause. My arrest could only inconvenience me for a short time, as I had letters to all the chief magistrates in his district from the most influential men in Naples, and their guarantee for my honour would, I trust, bear down any statement which he could bring against me. I should take care, at the same time, that his conduct should, through the English minister at Naples, be represented in the proper quarter for animadversion, and I should demand his dismissal as satisfaction for my unjust imprisonment. I told him that I was aware of instances in which Englishmen had been treated by Neapolitans in the way that he threatened, but I also knew that these very men were afterwards placed by their government at the disposal of those Englishmen for punishment. At the same time I pulled out a letter, and asked if he could read the address. He acknowledged that it was to the royal governor of his province. I showed him another to the supreme judge. I saw at once by his confusion and cowed look that I had judged rightly of my man, and I now dared him to put his threat into execution. His tone was completely changed, and he assured me, in a humble manner, that he had had no intention to exert his authority, though others in his place might possibly have done so. He showed a desire to make up for the annoyance he had given me, and I thought it impolitic to take any further notice of what had taken place. Though I showed a bold front on the emergency, I did not feel sure that I might not have been considered to have broken the law technically by my line of argument, as the penal code contains this enactment: "Whoever teaches against the Catholic doctrine in order to change it, shall be banished from the Kingdom for life." I am quite certain that any faltering on my part would have ensured my arrest, which would have been very annoying, and I resolved in my own mind that I should be still more cautious for the future, and steer clear of such a pitfall.

Hearing that I was anxious to visit the spot where Murat had fallen, the lieutenant offered to accompany me, and to employ his official authority to obtain from the gaoler some account of his last moments. As I thought that I might, perhaps, have some difficulty in getting admittance

to the prison, I accepted his offer, though I had no confidence in his honour, and imagined that this kindness might only be a pretence to get me within the walls of the prison without exciting the attention of the inhabitants. I showed, however, no appearance of shrinking, though it was an anxious moment when I heard the gate grate behind me. The gaoler was introduced, and his appearance was not so prepossessing as to make me wish for a more intimate acquaintance. There was, of course, no longer any necessity for concealment, and as the lieutenant seemed to take no further steps, I became convinced that my suspicions were unjust.

You may have read a detailed account of Murat's trial and condemnation, but you may find it interesting to hear the statement of the gaoler, who evidently considered himself the most important personage in the transaction. It was on a Sunday morning, October 8, 1815, that two small vessels were seen to approach Pizzo without attracting much attention from the inhabitants, who were employed at the time in hearing mass. Murat and thirty of his followers landed immediately, without a single question being asked, and proceeded to the public square, where he found the legionary soldiers on duty in that very uniform which he had himself bestowed upon them. He exclaimed, "Ah, my brave legionaries, you still wear my uniform;" and, naming one whom he recognised, he said, "Do you not know me, your king, Joachim Murat?" To this one of them answered, "Ferdinand is our king, by whom we are paid." Meanwhile, a crowd of people had collected round him, and he urged them to cry, "Viva Joachimo Murat!" and to pull down the flag which was displayed on the castle, calling it a "mappino," a "rag." This word is Neapolitan, and is used to signify the towel made use of in the kitchen by the cook to clean her dishes, and was, no doubt, used by Murat in contempt. It is derived from the Latin, *mappa*. When no one offered to do so, he upbraided them as a mere band of brigands and traitors to their sovereign. As no one seemed willing to bring forward the horses for which he called, he inquired for the road to Monteleone, the chief city in the vicinity, and began to mount the hill to the post-road.

In the mean time a person had proceeded to give information to the commanding officer that Murat had landed, and was haranguing the soldiers in the public square. The result was soon known, and the direction in which he was proceeding. The officer immediately ordered a party of men to hurry forward to the point, where the road from Pizzo joined that to Monteleone, while he himself followed in the direction that Murat had taken. Murat had reached the heights where the two roads meet, when an officer stepped forward, and said, "I arrest you in the name of King Ferdinand as a traitor." Murat's men immediately prepared to resist, and had levelled their guns, when Murat called out to them not to fire, while the officer opposed to him ordered his men to aim at Murat, yet not one shot took effect. It is difficult to account for Murat's indecision at this moment, as no one who has read his history can doubt that he was brave to a fault, but instead of making any resistance, he fled down a precipitous bank and reached the shore. In all prints that you may have seen of him, you will find him represented with long cavalry boots and enormous spurs. He was dressed in this way at the time, and as he attempted to leap into a fisherman's boat, his spurs

got entangled in a net and held him fast till his opponents got up, when he was taken prisoner. Then began one of those disgraceful scenes which have only too often taken place when the tide of popular favour has turned against some unfortunate wretch. A few years before, the inhabitants of Pizzo would have crouched before his chariot-wheels; now, they heaped on him every species of indignity. They spat in his face, they tore his clothes, and even plucked the hair from his head and whiskers. I am ashamed to say that the women were more savage than the men, and if the soldiers had not come up and rescued him from their hands, his life would have been sacrificed to their fury. He was carried to the castle, and thrust into a low and dirty dungeon, into which I entered. A telegraphic despatch was sent to the commander of the forces in the district, General Nunziante, who hurried forward without delay, with all the troops he could collect, and took military possession of Pizzo. The ex-king was placed at his disposal, and he had no longer any reason to complain of his treatment. Everything was granted that was consistent with his safe custody, and it is only justice to the military officers whose duty it was to act against him, to state that from them he received no treatment unworthy of the high station which he had once held. On Thursday morning orders were received from government to proceed to his trial, and a military commission of twelve persons was formed in order that all legal forms might be complied with. He was even allowed to employ in his defence, if he chose, a person who is called the advocate of the poor. There could be no doubt that he had forfeited his life by an attempt to excite rebellion; every government must possess the power to punish by the extreme penalty of the law any one who shall attempt to depose it. The exact grounds, however, of his condemnation arose, I believe, from his contravention of a law which he had himself enacted. By the quarantine laws, death is the penalty incurred by any one who shall land in the kingdom of Naples from a vessel that has not received "pratique"—that is to say, which has not remained in harbour a certain time under the surveillance of the officers of health. The object, you know, is to guard against the introduction of the plague from the East, and the penalty was one which he had himself sanctioned. This, I believe, was the technical grounds of his condemnation, but even without this he must have fallen a victim to his want of success. After the examination of some witnesses, and no attempt of defence being made by Murat, the military commission retired for a short time to consider its verdict, soon, however, returning, when the president, General Nunziante, addressed Murat somewhat to the following effect: "General Murat, our consciences are clear; you are condemned to death by your own law, and you must die. If you wish a confessor, you shall have one summoned immediately." He requested that a confessor should be sent for, adding, that he could not believe that Ferdinand would confirm his condemnation; but there was to be no forgiveness for him; orders had already been given that the law should immediately take effect. It is said that General Nunziante was so deeply affected at the part he was obliged to act, that he retired from the room, and did not again make his appearance. While he was waiting for the confessor, Murat said, "Officers, you have done your duty," and at the same time requested that paper should be furnished him that he might write a few lines to

his wife. He then presented the note to the officers, who pledged their honour that it should reach its destination. He was then asked where he wished to die, being led into a small court-yard within the castle. He paced up and down for a few minutes, exclaiming, "Dove è il mio destino"—"Where is my fate?" when suddenly stopping at a spot which was nearly a foot higher than the rest of the court-yard, and facing round, exclaimed, "Ecco il mio destino"—"Behold the fated spot." He then addressed the officers to the following effect: "Officers, I have commanded in many battles; I should wish to give the word of command for the last time, if you can grant me that request." Permission having been given, he called out, in a clear and firm voice: "Soldiers, form line," when six drew themselves up about ten feet from him. "Prepare arms, present"—and having in his possession a gold repeater with his wife's miniature upon it, he drew it from his pocket, and as he raised it to his lips, called out—"Fire!" He fell back against a door, and as he appeared to struggle, three soldiers, who had been placed on a roof above, fired a volley at his head, which put him out of pain. Thus perished the brave Murat, whose fate we may indeed regret, but its justice we can scarcely deny. His body was placed in a common coffin, and conveyed without ceremony to the church by the clergy. He was buried in the vault set apart for the poor, which, however, has been closed since that period. I was shown the small room where the council was held, and two low-roofed dungeons in which Murat and his companions were imprisoned. The door against which he fell appears still stained with his blood. I then proceeded to the church where the bones of the hero were laid. It was small and neat, and on remarking that it seemed to be of late date, I was told that Murat himself had contributed funds for its erection. It appears that he had shown considerable favour to this village of Pizzo, and it was probably from a recollection of this that he selected Pizzo for his foolhardy attempt. In the middle of the church a small stone, with an iron ring by which it was raised, was shown as the entrance to the vault; and, suspended to the roof, the small banner which was to have led him to fortune waved mournfully over his tomb.

This was a painful story to listen to, and I could have wished to have been left to my own reflection, but the lieutenant stuck to me, wishing, no doubt, to obliterate any bad impressions he might have left on my mind. As he intended to proceed next morning to Catanzaro, he sent for a muleteer, with whom he tried to make a bargain; failing to make one to his own satisfaction, he threatened the poor man with castigation, and summoned the syndic to his presence. He employed the same haughty, overbearing manner with which he had begun to treat me, and I remarked in French that he was surely adopting a wrong method to gain his point. He assured me, however, that if he did not keep the whole district in awe of his authority, he might at once give up his command, as nothing but strong measures suited their wild and ferocious tempers. He maintained that they were all brigands, or connected intimately with them. He said that it was not unusual to hear the reproach addressed at other places to its natives on the slightest altercation: "Tu sei del Pizzo e questo basta"—"Thou art a native of Pizzo and that is enough." He threatened to report the whole village to government, if the magistrate did not furnish him with a horse at his own

rating. The poor syndic showed evident symptoms of terror, and stated that his excellency should be obeyed. This title is always given when they wish to propitiate the favour of the individual whom they address, and sounds in my ears as if they were a down-trodden race. It is like "your honour" of the Irish. This lieutenant is a native of the Roman States, and had been long in the service of the Austrian government in the north of Italy. He came down with the army of occupation, and has been retained by the Neapolitan government. He is, I should suppose, a fair specimen of the Italian soldier of fortune of the present day, living at the expense of both king and people. This is the force which the government is anxious to augment, as it fears to put arms in the hands of its own subjects. There are now nearly four thousand Swiss troops in the vicinity of Naples, who are intended for the personal defence of the royal family; such a force, however, must be galling to the feelings of the natives, and, like all mercenary bodies of men, they treat the inhabitants in a rude, overbearing manner. At Naples, a few months ago, as I was returning alone at midnight from the opera, I was alarmed by hearing loud exclamations, and a carriage driving towards me at full speed. As it approached, I found two Swiss officers with drawn swords pursuing the coachman with bloody threats, evidently intending, in a most cowardly manner, to cut him down. No one could allow such odds to be used against an unarmed man, and I rushed forward to the rescue, though I possessed no weapons of offence. The officers, of course, ceased their pursuit, and turned upon me, demanding in an excited tone who I was, and why I interfered. I said at once that I was an Englishman, and that it was not the custom of my country to see such treatment of an unarmed man without interference. They said that the man had refused to be hired, and demanded if I wished to adopt the quarrel of the coachman. I said, my object was that the man should escape, and, as he had done so, it was for them to say whether they thought the matter should proceed further. If they did, my card was at their service; but they were now cooled, and probably ashamed of their conduct, as, had they pushed it, our cause of quarrel must have become known to their commanding officers and the whole of Naples. They ended by saying that the coachman was a "birbone"—"a scoundrel"—and did not deserve to be fought over. I said that I was satisfied that the matter should thus end; and, bowing to my opponents, passed on. This little adventure led me to make inquiry respecting the conduct of the Swiss officers, and I was told that the cab-drivers always avoided them when it was possible, as they either paid nothing, or much less than their fare. Here I found the same conduct being pursued by this lieutenant in Calabria.

I made inquiries for ancient remains, as some geographers place an ancient city, Napetia, at Pizzo, giving the name of Napetinus to the Gulf of Euphemia, known also as Terinæus. No one had ever heard of any antiquities having been found here. They pointed out a valley called Trentacappelli, where marble of various colours is dug up, white, black, and yellow; and one of the inhabitants, who seemed to know something of geology, said that fossil remains were very plentiful in this neighbourhood. The rocks are calcareous, and this may very well be the case. Pizzo is prettily situated, with a harbour of some size, though it is much exposed. A good deal of fishing goes on, particularly of the tunny, and

they spoke of a fish called "cicerelle," a small kind of fish of an exquisite flavour. Lampreys also are found, and they maintain that they are equal to those caught a little farther south in the sea round Reggio. I heard also of another fish like to the lamprey, but said to be of a more delicate flavour, called "allampate." It has a snout somewhat hairy, curdled in its meat like our salmon when it is good, oily, with sweet flavour.

I would have willingly remained at Pizzo for the night, but the company of the lieutenant became so thoroughly distasteful to me, and I could in no way shake him off except by positive rudeness, which I did not choose to use, that I preferred the fatigue of a walk of six miles, as far as Monteleone, rather than submit to the torment of his volubility, even at the risk of falling in with the brigands. The ascent from Pizzo to Monteleone is long and steep, with terraces rising above one another, which are cultivated in the form of gardens. There are many streams at present with little water, though sufficient to irrigate the ground and produce vegetables of all kinds. It was long after sunset when I presented myself at the palace of the Marquis Gagliardi, by whom I have been received with the utmost kindness. He is one of the most influential proprietors in this part of Italy, and prefers to spend his time in the improvement of his property to a useless life in the city of Naples. His manners are those of a polished gentleman, and the marchioness is a lady, who would be an acquisition to the most brilliant court circle.

Another day of great excitement has closed, and though I feel thoroughly worn out, I have been amply repaid for all the fatigue I have undergone.

XVII.

I DETERMINED to spend a day with my kind host at Monteleone, and examine the beauties of the surrounding district. The city is built upon a hill of considerable height, which commands a wide view of the country, extending from the bay of St. Euphemia, along the shore of which I have been passing for the last few days, to that of Gioia and the Apennines. A magnificent spectacle strikes the eye all around, and the view is crowned in the distance by the bluish smoke of Etna. A castle, surrounded by fine trees, gives it a commanding appearance; and at a short distance lofty mountains, covered with forests, secure it from the cold winds of the north. It is, indeed, a lovely spot; and so far as my slight intercourse can enable me to judge, the inhabitants seem distinguished from those of Hither Calabria, through which I have lately passed, for a higher degree of knowledge and civilisation. The country being by no means so mountainous, affords facility to communications; the sea-coast is more accessible, and being nearer to Sicily, causes a constant intercourse to be kept up with Palermo and Messina. Monteleone, containing about seven thousand inhabitants, was the capital of a province till within the last few years, when the district was divided. Reggio and Catanzaro are now the seats of government, and in consequence of this arrangement the streets of Monteleone have a more deserted and gloomy appearance than you are prepared to expect from the size and respectability of the houses.

It is the site of an ancient Greek city called Hippo, said to have been founded about B.C. 388, by a colony from Locri; however, as the position is eminently fitted by nature for such a purpose, we can scarcely imagine that it was left unoccupied till so late a period. It is more probable that the inhabitants of Locri may only have taken possession of it at that time, and raised it to an importance which it had not before enjoyed. A few years later we find it a bone of contention between Dionysius the elder of Syracuse and the Carthaginians, by the former of whom the inhabitants were transferred to Syracuse. Subsequently it fell, with all the other Greek cities, into the hands of the Bruttii, who were the native inhabitants of this part of Italy. After the conclusion of the second Punic war the Romans sent a colony, B.C. 194, and changed its name to Vibo Valentia, when it seems to have become a city of great importance, being called by Cicero, who resided here previous to his quitting Italy at the time of his exile, "an illustrious and noble municipal town." The beautiful gulf, on which I was looking, had also witnessed an engagement between the fleets of Pompey and Cæsar (Cæsar, *Civ. Bell.* iii. 101). Strabo (vi. 256) mentions a grove and meadow remarkable for its beauty in its vicinity; and there was a magnificent temple to the goddess Proserpine, in whose honour the women used at her festival to gather flowers and to twine garlands. I was, of course, anxious to find out if there were any remains of this temple; but they have a tradition that it was entirely obliterated by Roger, Count of Sicily, in the eleventh century, who, from the desire to enjoy the odour of sanctity, transferred all the marble pillars and hewn stones to the Cathedral Church of Mileto, twenty or thirty miles to the south of Monteleone. There also may be seen an inscription, which was to the following effect, when it was more perfect than it is now:

L. VID. VIR Q. CINCIUS . C.
AUL. IIII. VIRID SIGNUM PROSERPINÆ.
REFICIUNDUM STATUENDUMQUE
ARASQUE REFICIENDAS EX S. C.
CURARUNT HSDCCLXX M XC FUERE
HELVIA Q. F. ORBIA M. FILIA.

The plains here are famed for the variety and beauty of the flowers with which they are covered; and hence the Greek colonists of Hipponium maintained it to be the place from which Proserpine was carried off. I find that the festival of the Madonna is now celebrated very much in the same way as we may suppose that of Proserpine was in ancient times. As her statue is conveyed through the streets, flowers are strewed before it by young virgins, and arches decorated with flowers are erected in various parts of the city through which she has to pass. There is more particularly a festa of St. Luke, in the middle of June, when they erect columns, round which they twine flowers. The remains of the ancient walls are still to be seen in the direction of the telegraph, of a construction similar to those I found at Pæstum, being immense square masses of stone placed on each other without mortar. In some stones are holes bored, into which strong bars of iron are supposed to have been introduced. An Italian geographer asserts that the circumference of the walls was eight miles; but though Hipponium was an important city,

this is, probably, an exaggerated statement. At the *Porta di Piazza* there are some sepulchral inscriptions in the Roman character, built into the wall of a house; and it is strange that no Greek inscriptions should have been preserved, except the epigraph of the medals and coins. At the church of *St. Leoluca*, the patron saint of *Monteleone*, there is a mosaic pavement in good preservation, though it is of coarse design; and at a spot where they have been lately levelling the ground for the passage of the post-road, they have exposed the remains of a brick building, the original use of which it is impossible to determine. The church of the *Capuchins* contains a tolerable painting of *Salvator Rosa's* brother; and in that dedicated to *St. Leoluca* there is a marble statue of the *Madonna* of considerable pretensions.

The *Canonico Iorio*, a gentleman of high literary acquirements, and well known to all English travellers who have visited *Naples*, was kind enough to furnish me with a letter of introduction to *Signor Capialbi*, one of the most intelligent and best educated gentlemen in the south of *Italy*, and whose family has been long distinguished for its love of literature. He possesses a museum of antiquities of considerable value, containing many rare coins, medals, and vases; but he had much cause to deplore the visit of the *French*, who deprived him of a great portion of his collection, and when they evacuated the country they were irrecoverably lost to him.

During the morning I paid a visit to the *Collegio Vibonense*, the exterior of which prepared me for a flourishing establishment. However, only the higher classes are able to send their children to this seminary, and out of a population of seven thousand only twenty-four pupils could be mustered. This is certainly an unfavourable sign, though we might, perhaps, form an erroneous estimate of the character of the people, if we were to judge merely from this circumstance. Still the love of literature must be at a low ebb, as the province is only able to support three booksellers' shops, if we can dignify with such an appellation those where you can only find prayer-books and a few religious works. Some of the inhabitants prefer to have a private tutor, as they are thus able to have some control over the political sentiments with which the minds of their children are imbued, and the learning of the professors is not of so high a character as to make their labours very strongly appreciated. Their general information is not very extensive, if we may form an opinion from the question put to me by their professor of poesy—whether *Scotland* was separated from *England* by sea, and how far distant it was. I could see the confusion of my host when this question was put, though I showed no surprise, and simply gave the information he required.

I observe by the last census that there are 27,612 priests, 8455 monks, 8185 nuns, 20 archbishops, and 73 bishops. What could they have been before the *French* turned so many adrift! In 1807, about two hundred and fifty convents were dissolved; only a few hospices, and the monasteries of *Monte Casino*, *La Cava*, and *Monte Vergine*, were retained, though much diminished in numbers and yearly income. The mendicant monks, from whom the state could derive nothing, were suffered to remain, and therefore you hear of my meeting the *Capuchins* in various parts of the country. Of late years, however, many convents and religious foundations have been restored, and some of my liberal friends

maintain that the ambition and arrogance of the clergy are again becoming intolerable.

Though there is no food for the mind to be found, you cannot pass through the streets of these small towns without being struck by the advertisements everywhere to be seen in the shop windows: "*Qui si giuoca per Napoli*"—"Here is a lottery for Naples." "*Qui si giuoca per Firenze*"—"Here is a lottery for Florence." This taste for gambling is very strong in every part of Italy, and is encouraged by the governments. A ticket is purchased for a few pence, and thus a temptation is held out to the lower classes, which they find it impossible to resist. The people have no serious occupations; politics are tabooed, and there is little commerce, so that they are left a prey to their own thoughts, and glad to escape from them by any course of excitement, however pernicious it may be. You will see even boys playing at ball, pay and receive grani at the end of each game. The system of lotteries is of old date in Italy; we find (Suet., Aug. 75) that Augustus sometimes amused himself by selling tickets for prizes of very unequal value (*inequalissimarum rerum sortes*), and placed pictures with their faces turned towards the wall, that he might enjoy the satisfaction or disappointment of the parties who had purchased the tickets.

In the afternoon I rode down to the village of Bivona, on the shore, which is considered to have been the ancient port of Monteleone. If it were so, it possessed a poor harbour, though we must recollect that the vessels of the ancients could be drawn up on the beach. There was much more protection at Pizzo. It was evident, however, that an attempt had been made to construct a port, as the remains are of a very massive style.

I was present at mass this evening, and everywhere I can see that the Calabrese are urgent in their demands on Heaven. If drought desolate their fields, and no attention is paid to their prayers, it is said that they proceed to put the statues of their most revered saints in prison, hoping that this humiliation may make their intercession more effective. What can be done with a people in this abject state of superstition? What effect would a more spiritual form have upon them? Their belief seems to be in harmony with their impressionable character, and I sometimes doubt whether the exterior form of religion may not depend a good deal on climate and the constitutional temperament of a nation; yet I have found men of the highest intelligence in this remote district, and who felt the necessity of something better and more ennobling in religion, but what could they do? They are kept down by the knowledge that to disclose their sentiments is worse than death, and they prefer to bow in the temple of Rimmon to the ruin that would come upon them by an open announcement of their principles. Even here I find a division in the Church. There are what they call "*Papisti*," men devoted to the Pope and those principles which are known to us as Ultramontane. But, besides these, there is a large body of men who are opposed to these extreme views, and may be regarded in the same position as the Low Church with us. What, however, speaks highly in their favour, when compared with the Spaniards, is, that all parties have refused to allow the Inquisition to be introduced into their kingdom. I inquired whether the feudal system still subsisted here in all its strictness, but I find that the French put an end to it in a great measure, and it has never recovered its

former power. Before the French occupied Calabria, the rich and powerful barons exercised a despotic sway long unknown in other parts of Europe, feudalism being never, as far as I can understand, seen in a more odious and disgusting form. Those who have read "*I Promessi Sposi*" of Manzoni, may have some idea of the miserable state in which the country was kept. The barons had an armed militia under the name of "*Sbirri*," who were ready to attend to the will, and very often the caprices, of their sanguinary masters. If a vassal questioned or resisted the commands of his lord, he was sure to fall by the stiletto of some of these armed followers without any notice being taken of so atrocious a crime. Now all this is, no doubt, ended, and the law is, to a certain degree, omnipotent. The great barons, however, have deserted their property in the provinces, leaving it to be managed by agents, and lead an idle, useless life, dangling about the court at Naples. They have country-houses along the shores of the bay, and alternate all the year between the opera and the "*dolce far niente*" of their country-houses.

I am now on the spot which suffered so much from the earthquake in 1783, destroying many thousands of the inhabitants, yet it is astonishing how tranquilly the mind can contemplate danger when it has once been accustomed to it. Whether it be on the edge of a slumbering volcano, or where nature is convulsed by the most fearful earthquakes, man lives and enjoys himself as calmly as we do, where no sudden convulsion of nature has in the memory of man overtaken us. This is a curious mental phenomenon, and may be accounted for by the strong feeling of hope that is implanted in the mind. We trust that, though all our neighbours may be destroyed, we shall escape.

I left Monteleone this morning before daybreak, with a muleteer, to proceed to Casal Nuovo. The air was cool and refreshing at this early hour; the country was well cultivated in the immediate vicinity of the town, and all Nature was clad in her loveliest attire. We might have expected to meet Proserpine, with her attendant virgins at every corner, gathering the flowers that were as beautiful as they were in former times. We proceeded along the post-road which leads to Reggio; being only lately constructed, it was in a very rough and unfinished state. As we receded from Monteleone, the country again began to assume the same desolate appearance which has so forcibly struck me in every part of my tour. When I use the appellation of desolate, I merely mean that man has left Nature to herself, and that he makes no use of those advantages which she offers to him. I have passed by many a lovely spot and many a beautiful landscape, but they wanted that charm which the industrious labours of man can alone confer. We met a party of gendarmes, with whom I entered into conversation, and found that they had succeeded in capturing three men who had been concerned in a murder, and that they were conveying them to Catanzaro. I confess that I was disappointed in their appearance, as they had none of that lofty daring in their looks and gait which we usually imagine to be found in an Italian brigand. It is seldom that these men suffer the extreme penalty of the law, even when they are laid hold of, as the government is inclined to deal leniently with all crimes that are not directed against itself. Though it is seldom that life is forfeited, I am not sure that the punishment inflicted is not

severer. They are condemned to the galleys, or, more correctly speaking, to be employed in the construction of public works. I have often seen fifty of them, chained two and two, working at a new road under a broiling sun, with half a dozen soldiers standing over them with loaded muskets. They are confined at night, and the food they receive is neither sufficient in quantity, nor to be commended for its quality. I believe that few of them survive any length of time the severe labours they are made to undergo. You know that they have no Botany Bay which they can colonise with their convicts. There is a small island, Ponza, a little to the north-west of Naples, to which the government usually sends those political offenders who are not considered worthy of death. The same island served for the same purpose to the tyrants Tiberius and Caligula.

We met with an old man carrying a quantity of "ricotto," a kind of curdled goat's milk, and on finding that he was conveying it to a neighbouring village to market, I became the purchaser of the greater part of it, that I might lose no portion of the coolness of the morning by delaying to breakfast. How often I have longed for a good substantial Scotch breakfast with "Finnon haddies," salmon, and all the other *et cæteras*! The Italians are sadly ignorant on many points, but I am sometimes inclined to think, when I am hungry in the morning, that they display their ignorance in nothing more lamentably than in not knowing how excellent a thing a good breakfast is.

Our route lay along the banks of the river Mesima, the ancient Medma or Mesma, till we approached a forest, which I found to be called Rosarno. The name sounded familiar to my ear, and the association with it was not of the most agreeable kind, when I recollected having heard at Naples, a short time ago, that two of my countrymen had been stripped here even of their clothes by a band of brigands. The muleteer confessed that it was a dangerous spot, and I consulted my map to see whether we might not, by some cross-roads, in a great measure avoid it. I saw at once that our distance to Casal Nuovo would be considerably shortened if we struck directly across the country, and I found from my muleteer that my chance of falling in with brigands would be pretty much the same. A narrow path led us to the river Mesima, which was now nearly without water, though it was evidently in the winter a turbulent stream. The bank was thickly covered with trees of all kinds, and we had now got into a path that was little frequented. It became so entangled that I was obliged to dismount, and at last we were pulled up by a thick natural hedge, through which, indeed, I contrived, with much difficulty, to insinuate myself, but it was vain to think that my mule could pass. My muleteer proposed that he should return some distance to a spot where we thought he might cross the hedge, and then join me on a path, which we found to be on the other side at the top of the bank. To this I agreed, and sat down to wait for his appearance. When about an hour had elapsed, and I could neither hear nor see anything of my mule, you may imagine that I was in some alarm for my goods and chattels, though they are of no great intrinsic value if I were anywhere else than in this remote part of Calabria.

It was a lovely spot where I was seated; I could not help being

struck, as I have been passing along this morning, with the almost tropical appearance of the country. In the neighbourhood of Monteleone I passed a continued grove of orange, lemon, and citron trees, which attain a size unknown in the north of Italy, and after I left the more cultivated parts, I found forests of arbutus and different kinds of oaks, having as underwood the oleander, the arborescent ericas, and the sweet-smelling myrtle. The hedge-row, which I had such difficulty in penetrating, consisted of alder and pomegranate bushes; but I had had sufficient time to admire its beauties, and I began to consider what steps I ought to adopt in such an emergency. I had luckily kept my money and my letters in my pocket, so that I determined to proceed forward in the direction of Casal Nuovo. Before I finally gave up all hopes, I travelled down the bed of the river for some distance, and made the echoes of the Mesima to resound loudly with my voice. An answer was at last made to my hallooing, and my muleteer appeared in the distance. He apologised for his long absence by assuring me that he had been obliged to descend a great way down the river before he found a spot where he could ascend with his mule to the top of the bank. I began, therefore, to doubt whether I had adopted the wisest plan in making this attempt to cross the country. Ere long, however, we issued from the wood, and came upon a shepherd's solitary hut, which was unoccupied. We again descended into the channel of a river which I found to be called Vocale, and along it we proceeded for many miles without meeting a human being, or observing the slightest appearance of the country being inhabited. At a short distance I saw the ridge of the Apennines rising to a great height, thickly wooded. At last, the bell of a church struck upon my ear, and roused a host of pleasing recollections of times long gone by. I forgot for a moment the spot where I was, and the village church of my earlier days stood before me. This mental mirage, if I may so call it, was only momentary, for there were too many causes of physical suffering to allow long forgetfulness of the present. The village was called San Fili, in a gorge of the mountains, and as I had been upwards of seven hours astride of my mule, it was necessary to have some rest. My muleteer, however, maintained that we were only a few miles from Casal Nuovo, and I agreed that we should continue on our journey. We entered upon a plain, which is said to be nearly thirty miles in extent, and is thickly covered with olive-trees. It reaches between the rivers Mesima and Muro, and might be made one of the most fertile spots in Italy. These olive-trees are different in form from those to which I have been accustomed in other parts of Italy; instead of the knotted, hollow trunk, the stems were tall and straight, the branches not twisted into fantastic shapes, but smooth, and at equal distances from each other. The ground beneath was covered with beautiful ferns, through which paths are cut, and I believe that the ferns are moved every year, as it would otherwise injure the roots of the olive-trees. They are always very anxious respecting this crop, as it is apt to fail for various reasons. It is very much like our own apple-trees in Scotland, whose blossoms are often blighted by the dry east wind. So here the flowers of the olive-tree are liable to early destruction from cold dry winds, or else from too much damp, and even after the fruit is set and far advanced a heavy

shower of rain may utterly destroy it. They speak also of a glutinous fluid appearing upon the olive like a blight after the continuation of a south-west wind, which they believe to bring some poisonous vapour from Mount Etna, and this causes the olive to rot off the branch. After having passed upwards of eight hours on muleback, it may be easily conceived that I hailed with pleasure the small village of Casal Nuovo, where I meant to spend the night. The Marquis of Gagliardi had been kind enough to recommend me to the care of a gentleman who was agent on his estates here, and nothing could exceed his attention to me.

I was now on the central spot where the earthquake of 1783 had been felt most severely, when the greater part of the village had been swallowed up. The houses are now built principally of wood, as few months pass without a shock more or less severe being felt, and yet they speak of the insecurity of their situation with the utmost nonchalance. About a week ago they had felt a severer shock than had taken place for many years before, and they had thought it prudent to spend the night in the open air. Several of the inhabitants were old enough to have a very vivid recollection of what had taken place in 1783, and shuddered at the thought of what they had witnessed. They said that the appearance of the sky gave warning of some fearful catastrophe impending; close, dark mists hung heavily over the surface of the plain; the atmosphere appeared in some places so red hot that they would not have been surprised to see it burst into flames; even the waters of the river had a turbid colour, and a strong sulphureous smell was diffused around. The violent shocks began on the 5th of February, 1783, and continued to the 28th of May. It was on the 5th of February that Casal Nuovo more particularly suffered, when the greater proportion of the inhabitants were crushed under the ruins of the houses. I was anxious to see some of the more striking effects of the convulsions, and I was conducted a few miles to a deep glen, which they said had been formed by the earthquake. They pointed to a forest which had been hurried down to the bottom of a deep ravine, without having been in the least separated by the shock. In other parts, rivers had been arrested in their course by the fall of mountains, and had become large lakes, but of this I saw nothing. It is astonishing to what remote distances these shocks are felt, and in countries where nothing serious has ever been experienced. On Sunday, the 1st of November, 1755, the great earthquake in which Lisbon suffered took place, and at the same moment the small Castle loch of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, was so violently agitated, as the people were going to church, that they dared not enter, and service was performed in the open air. The Princess of Gerace happened to be at Casal Nuovo at the time of the earthquake, and perished with many thousands on the occasion. To the south my host pointed to the highest mountain, Aspromonte, and said that all their calamities arose from that central point. They would be safe if a volcano would burst out there, and give ease to the throes of the earth, letting off gases or pent-up air, to which he ascribed these disasters. This was the opinion of one who had watched for half a century the shocks to which they were constantly subject, and this man, *abnormis sapiens*, may not be far from the truth. Sir W. Hamilton places the focus of the earthquake of 1783 at Oppido, a village

close to Aspromonte, and says "that a radius of two-and-twenty miles from this point would inscribe a circle, including within its boundary all the cities and villages which were entirely overthrown, while one of seventy-two would comprise the farthest range of its less destructive effects."

I have been surprised to hear the bitterness with which the inhabitants speak of their countrymen in other parts of Italy, even of those of another province. Imagine a Lancashire man looking upon a man of Yorkshire as scarcely belonging to the same country, and you will have some idea of the feelings that prevail here. It is this that will always render it difficult to unite Italy into one homogeneous nation, and make it anything else than a "geographical expression." When they come to understand the meaning of the word patriotism, and the sacrifices it imposes; when they shall be persuaded that their country can only be freed by subordinating their individual interests to those of the national unity—it is then only that Italy will be ripe for freedom. But, alas! how far is the reality of things from this pleasing perspective, and how long must the friends of Italy wait before these sad words be effaced, which have for so many ages been engraved on her forehead,

Servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta!

"A slave always, whether conquering or conquered!"*

I suspect that we must attribute much to the enervating effects of the climate. A three years' residence has enabled me to understand that it requires much mental energy to withstand its weakening influences. It is vain to expect that man can oppose with success the strong hand of necessity, or get over this perpetual round of vice and indolence; yet the climate of Rome is that of the ancient Romans, and the climate of the kingdom of Naples is that where lived the warlike Samnites and Lucanians, and where the Norman adventurers afterwards settled. Such inspiring recollections only place in stronger relief the degeneracy of these once valiant races, now sunk into effeminacy and feebleness.

* This opinion of the Italians, formed forty years ago, has been somewhat modified by late events, and yet I fear that Italy will require to be baptised in blood before she be able to form that homogeneous whole which all her friends would rejoice to see her present to the world. She has yet to learn to stand erect without the patronage of her great friend, Napoleon.

HARROLDSTONE TOWER.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

CHAPTER V.

EVANGELINE IN DIFFICULTIES. A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE FESTIVAL HELD AT ST. NINAN'S, AND THE OPINION OF SOME WHO ATTENDED IT.

AFTER a short visit to Scarborough, Lady Clarissa Raymond and her family, by the earnest advice of Mr. Floyd, returned to Harroldstone Tower for the winter. That gentleman was anxious to be back for two reasons. He was afraid that his friend Dimsdale would lose any influence he might have gained over Evangeline, and he wished, also, to assist the incumbent of St. Ninan's in carrying out the plans they had formed with regard to that church. While Lady Clarissa was at Scarborough she spent a good deal of money, and was unwilling to subscribe as largely as her young husband wished to his friend's plans.

"When he marries Evangeline, we shall, I trust, more readily obtain funds; and, in case of a reverse, her ten thousand pounds will be very useful," he thought to himself.

Mr. Dimsdale had made considerable progress in what he called beautifying his church of St. Ninan's. He was ably seconded by two churchwardens Mr. Floyd had assisted in electing—Mr. Edwin Simper and a Mr. Eustace Flimsy, a brother of Miss Leonora Flimsy. The pews were abolished; a new pulpit, wide and low, had been introduced; a reredos had been erected; also a lectern of brass, a faldstool, and a new font. At the entrance was a marble basin, such as is used in Roman Catholic churches for holy water, but its object was not announced; new hangings, too, and a new dossal and newly worked pede-clothes were in use; but the altar cross, of beautiful proportions, jewelled with topaz, amethyst, and crystal, was much admired by all visitors.

The chancel had been painted and gilt, and a fresco covered the roof. Paintings, said to be copied from the best Italian masters, were not wanting in various parts of the church, and structures, which the country-people thought were tombs or monuments of some sort, were to be seen in various nooks and corners—they looked remarkably like the shrines to the Virgin and saints seen in Roman Catholic churches—pictures, candlesticks, small altars, and vases of flowers included. These additions, with the changes which had before been effected, were said by competent judges—clerical friends of the incumbent's and Mr. Arthur Floyd's—to have made the church perfect.

"Yes, my dear Lady Clarissa, we have now an edifice in which the most elaborate and ornate ceremonial can be performed with proper effect, and I trust that it will be unsurpassed by any within these realms," said the latter gentleman, as he tenderly pressed the hand of his wife, who had just given him a cheque for five hundred pounds, that he might pay for some of the alterations.

A collector of the Church Missionary Society called a few minutes afterwards, and was admitted by mistake. When Lady Clarissa heard

his errand, though he pleaded but for a sovereign, she dismissed him with a cold bow, assuring him that she had already bestowed so much in charity that she did not consider herself justified in giving more. Curiously enough, a travelling agent of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts called the same morning. He was treated much in the same way, and would not have obtained a subscription had not Mr. Floyd met him as he was going out, and, on hearing the society he represented, assured him that he was sure there was some mistake.

"Ladies, my dear sir, do not distinguish between societies, there are now so many," he observed. "The London Missionary Society, or the City Missions, or the Tract or Bible Societies, or any other of those vulgar dissenting societies, are mixed up in their minds with that of the venerable and orthodox society you represent."

Begging the travelling secretary to be seated, he returned with a cheque for four pounds, as his own and her ladyship's subscription, assuring him that the previous liberality of Lady Clarissa prevented her from contributing as she would have desired. Father Algar on the next day received twice the sum for fitting up a schoolroom in his convent, that a larger number of cottagers' children might be received in it, especially those of Protestant parents, for there was already ample room for all the Roman Catholics.

"We give the sum, my dear friend, to mark our affectionate regard and respect for our ancient Mother Church," said Mr. Floyd.

The alterations in St. Ninan's had not, however, been carried out without a protest from Evangeline. She saw very little of her mother in private, for Lady Clarissa always breakfasted in her room. She saw Mr. Floyd in the morning, but they seldom met again except at dinner-time. She had, therefore, few opportunities of speaking on the subject. One morning Mr. Floyd found her in the library looking for a book.

"My dear Evangeline, I understand from your mother that you are not satisfied with the changes which have been effected in St. Ninan's. Pray tell me to what particular part you object," he said, in his blandest tone.

"I object to everything which differs essentially from the established forms and ceremonies of the Church of England," she answered, quietly.

"A very sweeping assertion, young lady," he said, dryly. "You would then pronounce the Church of England perfect in all respects. You would say that Mr. Broadfield is perfect, and the service in his church properly conducted."

"No; but I should say simply that the music might be better, and that the congregation might be taught to join in it; that Mr. Broadfield's sermons might be more full of Christian doctrine, and that he might be more reverent in his manner; and that the congregation might exhibit more devotional feeling. There has been a great improvement, since Mr. Shepherd came, in the latter point, and that, at all events, is the most important, for God surely desires a spiritual worship; and, though as men are composed of body and soul when they worship together some form is necessary, still He looks to the spirit, and we should take care that the form does not overpower the spirit."

"Oh, this is rank dissent!" exclaimed Mr. Floyd, forgetting to use his silvery tones. "Where did you imbibe these notions? I suppose that we have to thank Mrs. Oswald for them."

"They appear to me simply the doctrines of the Church of England held in common with all the chief dissenting churches of Christendom," answered Evangeline, with a courage and sagacity which surprised herself.

She had imbibed them from Mrs. Oswald, and she had seen enough of Mr. Floyd to know that he would be glad of an excuse to get that lady out of the house. In vain Mr. Floyd endeavoured to make Evangeline commit her friend. She simply persisted in quietly expressing her objections to the new arrangements in St. Ninan's church, and at length Mr. Floyd walked out of the study, vowing that he would not rest till he had made her change her opinions. He described to Mr. Dimsdale, with expressions of regret, the conversation he had had with his step-daughter.

"I do not despair," said the latter gentleman, turning half round with a glance at the mirror. "Our exquisite music, and the ornate and imposing ceremonies we are about to introduce, will have great influence with her. We must spare no pains or expense. Fortunately, several handsome sums have been placed at my disposal by ladies in this and other neighbourhoods, and I trust that we shall be able to get up such an elaborate exhibition as may eclipse any which even our brethren of Rome can produce."

Mr. Dimsdale was as good as his word. He invited a number of clergymen, or, as they called themselves, priests of the Anglican Church, to stay with him, and Mr. Floyd invited others. Several ladies in the neighbourhood worked night and day to produce numerous gorgeous silken banners with various and elaborate devices, and from designs given to them, the meaning of which they did not comprehend. They had no difficulty in obtaining an ample supply of vestments from one of the many ecclesiastical warehouses which have sprung up of late to meet the demand for such things. Mr. Dimsdale had several circulars before him, some of them with illustrated priced lists. He read out, Mr. Floyd sitting with him.

"Here is one. *Multum in parvo* :

Mrs. —, Ecclesiastical Warehouse, so-and-so street, St. M—— Lane, London. Chasubles, Dalmatics, Copes, Albs, Surplices, Girdles, &c. Frontals, Stoles, &c., and all Church requirements. Gothic Laces in all widths, and prepared designs for Embroidery; also Mediæval Berlin Pattern Wools, Canvas, &c. Complete sets of Embroidery for Chasubles, Church Candlesticks, Vases, Crosses, and Altar Plate. Gold and Silver Crosses. German Prints of the Stations, 8vo, 5s. the set of 14. Altar Breads, Altar Wax, Incense, &c.

Or here we have the prices of another house :

VESTMENTS.

	£ s.	£ s.
Chasuble, with Stole, Maniple, Veil, and Burse	4 8	to 12 12
Dalmatics and Tunics	3 0	„ 5 0
Alb, Amice, and Girdle	1 6	„ 2 10
Copes in Silk and Cloth of Gold	4 10	„ 70 0

"Of course, my dear Dimsdale, you must have one at 70*l*. It

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would be positively irreligious to appear in one of less value. But go on."

"Oh, the rest are of less consequence—biretta, trenchers, surplices for choristers, &c. However, we'll not trouble ourselves with them. Just note down surplices for choristers at 7s. 9d. each. Take care you write to the proper address. Mrs. — is a woman of enterprise, for she has a baby-linen warehouse and a theatrical warehouse in other places, and it would be awkward to have a mistake, and find at the last moment that the boxes contained only bibs, frocks, and long-clothes for infants, or the costumes for Norma or Anne Bolena—ha, ha, ha!" And he laughed at his conceit, the joke of which Mr. Floyd did not exactly see.

No mistake did occur. The managers were, however, rather offended at payment being demanded beforehand, in consequence, it was suggested, of certain short-comings, the result of an entertainment of a similar character which had taken place at Norwich some time before. The money, however, was sent up, and the boxes arrived with the chasubles, stoles, maniples, veils, burses, dalmatics, tunica, alba, amices, and girdles, with Mr. Dimsdale's own cope of silk and cloth of gold, costing seventy pounds, and afforded matter of absorbing interest to the clerical gentlemen assembled at the parsonage. With eager hands they unpacked the cases. No young bridesmaids could have exhibited greater interest in taking out the dresses in which they were to appear at the marriage of a fair young friend than did these grave and reverend gentlemen as they drew forth chasuble, and alb, and cope, and the rest of the paraphernalia, in which they were to appear at their proposed festival. The zeal, they called it, of several was so great, that they were not content till they had dressed themselves up in the garments and paraded about the room, passing and repassing the mirror over the mantelpiece, crossing their arms, and bowing as they did so with smirking looks indicative of extreme satisfaction. No young actor preparing for his first appearance on any stage could have more zealously gone through his part.

Mr. Dimsdale's seventy-pound cope of silk and cloth of gold elicited universal admiration, and the envy of a few of the poorer incumbents who were doomed to wear those which cost but four pounds ten shillings. There were very many more garments than persons to wear them, but Mr. Dimsdale explained, as he exhibited them, that they were of different colours, and that certain colours were appropriate to certain fasts and festivals. Thus, white at Christmas should be used, red on the vigil of Pentecost, violet on Ash-Wednesday, black on Good Friday, and green on all other days; that the same order should be adopted with regard to the vestments of the altar. The dresses were hung up on the walls, on chairs and screens, and examined and re-examined, and tried on again and again, and then there were ornaments and pictures and figures of saints to be looked at, so that the evening quickly passed away in this interesting and highly edifying amusement. Mr. Floyd presented each of his clerical brethren present with a copy of the priest's Prayer-book—a valuable production, calculated to supersede in many instances the old-fashioned Prayer-book of the Church of England, and containing secret prayers to be used by the priest at the celebration of the Communion, or, as it was

denominated, the Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist, with full directions as to hearing confession and granting absolution.

"I only hope, my dear friends, that you all have your altars correctly arranged," observed Mr. Dimsdale, as his guests were allowed to depart. "Pray take notes as I read. 'The length of the altar will vary according to the size of the church and chancel, but it should never be less than six feet. It should be three feet six inches high, and raised as much as possible above the level of the nave; there should also be a dossal-cloth or painting behind it. The covering or vestment should fit closely, and be in two parts; the frontal or antependium, which hangs in front, and the superfrontal, which covers the slab, and should hang down about ten inches below. The frontal and superfrontal should each have a fringe. The linen used at the celebration ought to cover only the top and sides. The ornaments proper for the altar are two lights and a cross, and, on festivals, vases of flowers. These should be placed on the super-altar, or retable. The superfrontal may always be red, although the other vestments should be changed according to the season of the year.' "

Highly edified, the visitors took their leave, and the guests in the house went to sleep to dream of albs, tunicles, copes, and chasubles. The projected scheme for holding a high festival came off, and was considered eminently successful. The following account of it appeared in one of the county papers:

"On Good Friday the church of St. Ninan's was draped in the Lenten violet, the altar being stripped as far as possible. The bell was tolled, calling the congregation to litany at 8, matins, litany, antecomunion office, and sermon at 10.30, meditation on the Holy Cross at 3 P.M., and even-song and sermon at 3.30. The celebrant was vested in an alb and violet-coloured chasuble, the holy altar, lectern, and pulpit being draped in the penitential garb of Lent. The offices were all said in a low monotone. The Easter festival commenced at 8 P.M. on Easter-eve with a processional and full choral service, after which the bells were rung 'right merrily,' and the church again put on her festive garments of gladness, and her walls once more resounded with the pealing organ's note, jubilant songs, and triumphant hymns of joy. The altar was vested with a white silk frontal having a golden border, the superfrontal crimson, with a fringe of gold and crimson. The dossal-cloth was of white silk, with a border of rich gold lace. On the retable stood the magnificent cross, jewelled with topaz, amethyst, and crystal, and twelve long wax tapers, and two new and handsome Latin vases filled with the choicest exotics sent from Harroldstone Tower. On either side of the altar was a standard holding five tapers, and on the reredos were ten more tapers, which graduated with the triangular form of its apex. The corona of ten lights, and the top of the rood-screen supporting seven tapers, contributed to the glory of the sanctuary. The angles of the east wall were adorned with decorated stands holding pots of choice flowers, the intervening spaces being judiciously embellished with small star devices in leaves and flowers. A reredos of evergreens and flowers, with three Greek crosses of violets and jonquils, with red and white camellias for the centre, had a very pleasing effect. A lovely wreath

of camellias hung over the cross ; the lectern was also wreathed with various flowers. The font was covered with a rich English moss, which was raised towards the centre, from which arose a large perpendicular cross of box and daffodils ; the outer rim was also bordered with daffodils.

"The choir and clergy, in rich and appropriate vestments, went in procession with banners and cross round the churchyard to the south porch, singing the Easter Hymn. They then re-entered the church. First came the processional cross, borne by a chorister ; then the choir, two and two ; then several banners, one of them worked for the occasion by the lovely Countess of Humdrum, after designs by Mr. Pope, were borne by many acolytes. They were followed by two other acolytes in red cassocks and surplices, swinging censers of incense. Then came the Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale, vested in a splendid cope of white satin with crimson velvet hood, carrying a cross of silver studded with jewels, mounted on a staff of ebony. This cross, a most costly work of art, has just been presented to the warden of St. Ninan's by an old maiden lady, Miss Martha Dootheboys, to be used on solemn occasions. After the Rev. Etheldred Dimsdale came the Rev. Arthur Floyd and the Rev. Peter Popett, who officiated as deacon and sub-deacon to the Rev. D. O. Howell, rector of St. Dunderhead's, London, who was celebrant. The celebrant was vested in alb, stole, maniple, and chasuble. The latter was of white moire antique, with a curiously worked orphrey of blue, green, and gold. The deacon and sub-deacon wore albs and tunics. The procession was closed by two acolytes in cassock and cotta. The service was very imposing, the singing all that could be desired, and incense, served by the acolytes, was properly used. At the chanting of the Gospel, the sub-deacon passed from his place and held his book for the deacon, who stood facing north, chanting the sacred words, the ruler of the choir moving forward, attended by the acolytes, and bearing the cross, to the spot from which the deacon chanted. A very large and fashionable congregation from all parts of the county attended, conspicuous among whom was the Countess of Humdrum, Lady Clarissa Raymond, Lady Ethelburga Dimsdale, a relative of the incumbent, Miss Flimsy, Sir Toby Flimsy, the young Sir Guy Raymond, the energy of whose devotional exercises was somewhat remarkable, and possibly, we are led to suppose, not quite in accordance with the prescribed forms. At the same time, we are bound to state that nothing could exceed the correctness even in the minutest points of Mr. Edwin Simper and Mr. Middlethwate, who set a worthy example to all who attend Catholic worship. The sermon, preached by the Reverend the Incumbent, was in praise and support of high ritual, and was listened to with rapt attention by all the young ladies present, although it might possibly have been above the comprehension of the poorer orders, whose silent devotion, exhibited by their open mouths and fixed gaze, had been very remarkable and satisfactory, showing how admirably adapted such services are to the yeomen and agricultural labourers of our beloved county."

The above is exactly what appeared in the county paper. It scarcely, however, fully describes the open-mouthed astonishment of the cottagers and the tenantry, and other retainers of the Countess of Hum-

drum, Lady Clarissa Raymond, Sir Toby Flimsy, and others who had been induced to attend. They sat mutely gazing, and wondering what it all could mean, and what it could lead to. Had they known the sums which had been expended on the vestments and crosses, their astonishment would have been greater, and probably they would have indulged in some other feelings and thoughts with respect to their spiritual pastor of no very tender or complimentary character.

CHAPTER VI.

EVANGELINE'S FURTHER TRIALS. THE CONSPIRATORS PROCEED IN THEIR DESIGNS.

"WELL, my dear Evangeline, I hope that you will now confess that our services during the week have been a great success," said Lady Clarissa, when at length Easter and the ornate services in the church of St. Ninan's were over, the family dinner-party being seated round the dining-table, the cloth having been removed, and the servants gone.

"I have already expressed my opinion. I do not find them in any way satisfactory or conducive to devotion," answered Evangeline, in as gentle and humble a tone as she could assume.

Though her head was turned to her mother, she saw Mr. Floyd's eye fixed on her, and guessed that it was the commencement of an attack not only on herself (for that she did not fear) but on Mrs. Margaret Oswald, who had positively declined attending, and was suspected to have gone instead to the Independent Chapel in the town.

"I conclude, then, that it was your remarks induced your brother Guy to be guilty of the highly indecorous and reprehensible, not to say blasphemous, conduct which he exhibited," said Mr. Floyd.

"No one could more deeply regret than myself seeing Guy act as he did, and I assure you that I have never, to my recollection, spoken to him on the subject," answered Evangeline, gravely.

"Somebody must have put him up to it," exclaimed Mr. Floyd, turning a stern look at Mrs. Margaret.

"You wrong Evangeline and me if you think that Guy was influenced by any remarks of ours," said that lady, determined to meet the charge. "Of what is he accused?"

"Why, in the first place, I am credibly informed that while I was walking in procession, and passed close to him, he put his thumb to his nose and stretched out the fingers of both his hands behind my back, in a way common enough among little boys in the streets of London; reprehensible considering my position with regard to his mother, utterly flagitious and abominable towards a priest engaged in the sacred ceremonies of the Church."

"I have not a word to say that can exonerate him," answered Mrs. Margaret. "And surely you can scarcely suppose that Miss Raymond or I would have encouraged him in such conduct?"

"No; but your general conversation and Low Church conventicle notions have induced both Miss Raymond and her brother to treat me with contempt. Of that I have ample proof!" exclaimed Mr. Arthur Floyd. "Had it not been for you, Miss Raymond, at all events, would have been a pious and humble daughter of the Church."

"I should be most ungrateful if I said that I had never been influenced for good by Mrs. Margaret; but in this matter I assure you that I have been guided entirely by my own judgment," exclaimed Evangeline.

"Very likely, indeed, considering your advanced age and mature theological knowledge," said Mr. Floyd, with a sneer. "Lady Clarissa is well aware whom she will have to thank, when she is treated with disobedience and disrespect by her children."

Evangeline's high temper rose when she heard these insulting remarks made on her friend and governess, and she was about to make a hasty reply, when an imploring look from the latter checked her. She felt that her proper and wisest course was to remain silent. Though Mr. Floyd, therefore, continued talking on the subject, she said nothing till Lady Clarissa rose to leave the room.

Evangeline joined Mrs. Margaret in her private room after dinner, while Lady Clarissa was amusing herself with a French novel of the highly sensational class, the desire for pungent literature being one of the consequences of an indulgence in high ritualism.

"I am so ashamed, and so wounded, my dear, good, kind Mrs. Margaret, at the way Mr. Floyd spoke at you," exclaimed Evangeline, throwing her arms round the old lady's neck. "I can scarcely ask you not to notice it, and yet I do not know what to do."

"I am very clear what I ought to do. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' If I have been right in remaining on here for your sake for so many years, it is my duty to remain on still, in spite of all that may be said to me," answered Mrs. Margaret, mildly.

"Oh, thank you—thank you, dear friend; my mind is so relieved. I was afraid, after being so insulted, that you would leave the Tower, and I should be forlorn, indeed, without you," cried Evangeline, again kissing her old friend.

Mr. Floyd was not so easily foiled; he had made up his mind that, as he believed Mrs. Margaret was counteracting his lawful designs to unite his young step-daughter to his friend, she should be separated from her. It was a matter of indifference to him what had been the wishes of her father, Sir Guy. Had he not been a Low Churchman? Had he not consorted with Dissenters? He, the Rev. Arthur Floyd, could not be bound by the opinions and wishes of such a man. The next day he again attacked Mrs. Margaret, even more directly. Not a day passed that he did not say something disagreeable to her. Lady Clarissa also began to be personally rude to her. Any one knowing what had been the natural temper of the once young, handsome, and proud Margaret Oswald would have been surprised at all she bore for the sake of her charge. She had sympathy, however; for worthy Mrs. Rabbitts, among others, discovered how she was treated.

"Bear it, dear marm—bear it for our sweet young lady's sake," she said, having alluded to something Mr. Floyd had been overheard to say. "We all have our trials, and mine are coming on; for that Mrs. Dowlas, the London housekeeper, has had another attack of her tantarums, and so is to be here to-morrow, and will stay I don't know how long. There'll be no quiet for me so long as she does stay—that I know."

Mrs. Dowlas arrived, and was even more than usually disagreeable

to Mrs. Rabbitts. She soon discovered how affairs stood with respect to Mrs. Oswald, and the next time she was closeted with Lady Clarissa introduced the subject.

"If I was you, my lady, and wanted her to go, I'd tell her so, and pack her off forthwith. There's no use shilly-shallying. If your ladyship wanted to get rid of me or Mrs. Rabbitts, you'd say we must go, and I don't see why you shouldn't say the same to her, though she does sit in the drawing-room and give herself airs."

This advice was so much in accordance with Lady Clarissa's wishes, or rather with those of Mr. Floyd, that she determined to act on it forthwith. Mrs. Oswald received the announcement without astonishment, for she had feared that it would come to that ere long, though with great grief, not on her own account but for the sake of Evangeline. She had a sister very much younger than herself, married to a Presbyterian minister in Scotland, and she knew that she should be welcomed at the manse, besides which her income would add very much to the comfort of the inmates; indeed, had it not been for Evangeline's sake, the change would have been greatly to her satisfaction. She knew that she should be there duly appreciated. Mr. Floyd contrived to be particularly repellant at parting, his dislike being increased when he found that she was to reside in future with Presbyterians. Lady Clarissa followed his example. Sir Guy told her that he thought that she was shamefully treated, and that he knew who he would send to the right about if he had the power. Evangeline felt the parting bitterly, and until she heard of her safe arrival at the manse would not appear in the drawing-room. Poor girl! greater trials were in store for her. Day after day she had to submit to her mother's harshness or coldness, and to Mr. Floyd's bitter sarcasm or downright rudeness. Guy afforded her no support or comfort, for though he loved her better than anything else, it was no satisfaction to her to hear him abuse their reverend step-father, and declare that he would pay him off before long. The Shepherds, and other friends who would have sympathised with her, were treated so rudely when they called that they were not likely to come again; it is easy, indeed, to conceive how the life of a young girl can be made miserable by people who set about doing so systematically. Mr. Floyd was not naturally cruel or tyrannical—indeed, he considered himself, and was considered, a very amiable person; in fact, who, with so soft a voice and gentle a manner, could be otherwise than amiable? What would he not go through for the sake of Christian unity? With him the end sanctified the means. It was a doctrine he had learned at Oxford, with a good many other doctrines not approved of generally by the inhabitants of Great Britain.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY CLARISSA FINDS THAT AN OLD WIFE IS NOT ALWAYS THE MISTRESS OF A YOUNG HUSBAND. A LECTURE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. THE DESIGNS OF THE CONSPIRATORS BROUGHT TO NOUGHT.

LADY CLARISSA had at first thought that she could rule her young husband. She had now become his subservient tool. His object was simply to induce Evangeline to marry his friend Dimsdale, to whom

he was under certain obligations, which he proposed in that manner to liquidate. Mr. Dimsdale was, therefore, a very frequent visitor at the Tower. His manner offered a strong contrast to that of Mr. Floyd; he was so considerate, and kind, and gentle, that she began insensibly to overcome the prejudice which she had at first felt against him. Even on the subject of ritualism, or, as he called it, of ornate services, he seemed to yield to her judgment, and to regret that matters had gone so far.

"We must retrograde, I suspect, my dear Miss Raymond," he said, with a gentle sigh. "We must not, however, move too rapidly. However suited to educated and refined minds, capable of receiving the higher truths of religion, I confess that for the profane vulgar some parts of the services we propose introducing are too elaborate."

"Why, it has been asserted that one of the great objects of these elaborate services is to instruct the uneducated poor in the truths of religion; though I have been led to believe that the most uneducated can comprehend all the leading and therefore the higher truths of the Gospel simply by having the word of God read and explained to them," observed Evangeline.

"More of Mrs. Oswald's teaching," muttered Mr. Dimsdale to himself. "I have always said, and I maintain it, that the Bible is a dangerous book to put into the hands of women and poor people; it makes them so conceited, and pertinacious in maintaining their own opinions. We shall never establish our system thoroughly as long as it is so generally read as at present." Aloud he said: "Dear Miss Raymond, your arguments are irresistible; I must think over the matter, for I confess that in your presence I am never able to find a reply."

Very few women are not open to flattery, still, though he was not aware of it, Mr. Dimsdale's last remarks had considerably weakened his cause.

The inhabitants of Hamlington were divided into five parties. There were the ritualists or High Churchmen, the Broad Churchmen, the Evangelicals, and the Independents and other dissenters, and the Roman Catholics. The ritualists had at present most influence, not because they were the most numerous, best educated, most religious, or wealthy, but simply because a large number of the tradesmen of the other parties would take no part against them for fear of offending the great people at Harroldstone Tower, the Countess of Humdrum, Sir Peter Flimsy, and others. Captain Headley had, however, been as good as his word when he said that he would get his cousin, the barrister, John Osborn, to come down and enlighten the people as to what ritualism really is. Mr. Osborn was too practical a man not to take all necessary steps to secure a good meeting. Several of the leading tradesmen, ashamed of their former cowardice, promised him their support, as did Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Freeman, and several neighbouring clergymen, and so also did Colonel Thornton. "I know what my old friend Sir Guy would have done," he remarked, "and I shall go and support his opinions."

Mr. Broadfield and some of his friends begged that he would give up his idea; that, if the ritualists were let alone, they would go on

quietly, and that lecturing against them would only cause ill feeling, and that, after all, they were doing no great harm to anybody—only spending their money somewhat uselessly. The lecture was, however, duly announced under the title of “ULTRA-RITUALISM: WHAT IT MEANS.” Mr. Dimsdale and his friends did their utmost to prevent its taking place, and, finding that impossible, they tried to induce people not to go. A few stayed away in consequence of their representations, but the lecture was, notwithstanding, very numerously attended. Mr. Osborn explained that the service of the Church of England was one especially framed to foster spiritual worship; that, as human beings are composed of body and soul, so that they might worship together, certain forms were necessary, but those forms were for their use, not for God’s, and that what pleased Him was to have their united prayers ascending to his throne. Any forms beyond what were necessary for the purpose were an offence to Him. He showed how much the compilers of the Prayer-book, having studied the pages of history, feared, and had reason to fear, that forms and ceremonies would lead people to idolatry, and had been most careful in drawing up the prayers, rubrics, and homilies, to prevent this as much as possible, and that it was only by departing widely from the enlightened principles which guided them that this Romeward movement could have been carried on by persons calling themselves clergymen of the Church of England. He showed that the Church of England has no altar, but a simple wooden table, which can be moved into the body of the church, and that she has no sacrificing priest; that the word priest, as used in the Prayer-book, does not signify *ιερεὺς*, a sacrificing priest, but *πρεσβύτερος*, an elder. This was changed into the Latin presbyter; from it, by contraction, we got the word prester, from that prest, which, for the sake of euphony, we change to priest. The priest, then, in an English church is the elder of two clergymen—the deacon being the younger. He considered that the present movement was an attempt to upset the Protestant faith in England, and that as these people have special printers, publishers, booksellers, newspapers, brotherhoods, sisterhoods, and agencies of every possible description, zealously at work to carry out their designs, it behoved Protestants of all denominations to be united, and to be actively employing their best efforts to oppose them.

Had a bombshell fallen into the midst of St. Ninan’s, it could scarcely have caused more annoyance than did this lecture, which was fully reported in all the local papers. Mr. Dimsdale’s indignation and rage, as was that of Mr. Floyd’s, when it was known that Miss Raymond had attended the lecture, as had also Mrs. Rabbitts, M’Callum the gardener, and several domestics of Harroldstone Tower.

“All my influence at the Tower will be destroyed!” exclaimed Mr. Floyd. “How can we counteract that pestiferous fellow?”

“More than I can say at present,” answered Mr. Dimsdale. “I must consult our Head Centre. Dear me, I thought that I was making great progress with Evangeline! Do you think that I might venture to propose to her? If I marry her, there is something secured, and I have hopes that in time I should gain over her brother. At present he is profoundly ignorant of religion, and if he were to fall ill,

or any accident were to happen to him, he might be alarmed, and then we should the more easily obtain an influence over him."

"That is more than I have ever been able to do. He is a young reprobate, and, in my opinion, no good can be got out of him," answered the young baronet's affectionate step-father. "As to Evangeline, I am afraid that, were you to propose at this present moment, she would refuse you; but wait patiently. Do you exert all those gentle and winning manners for which you are so noted, and her mother and I will continue to treat her with as much harshness and severity as possible. We will get rid of all in the establishment showing any interest in her, and make her existence so disagreeable that she will be glad to marry you to escape from the Tower."

"I am much beholden to you, my dear friend, and though I would gladly avoid exposing my future wife to such a discipline, yet, as it is for her ultimate benefit, I ought not to hesitate," answered Mr. Dimsdale.

This conversation took place in a thick shrubbery, where a bench had tempted the two friends to rest awhile. They moved on, and were not aware that a pair of eyes had been peeping over the shrubs just behind them.

Evangeline felt oppressed and out of spirits, she could not tell why. The system to which she was subject was affecting her, though she was not aware of it. She was seated in her dear Mrs. Margaret's room, to which she now retired when she wished to be alone, when the door opened, and in rushed young Sir Guy and threw himself into a chair by her side. His countenance was flushed; he stuttered as he spoke. She had never seen him so angry.

"Evangeline, I'll break the heads of those two arrant scoundrels, and then go and enlist in a cavalry regiment!" he exclaimed.

And he then told her, in a few broken sentences, that he had overheard every word of a plot to induce her to marry Mr. Dimsdale.

"The oily villains! I don't know which I hate the most of the two!" he exclaimed, doubling his fists and grinding his teeth.

"We should hate no one, my dear Guy," said Evangeline, who had become very pale at her brother's recital. "It was providential that you overheard the plot of these two men—forewarned, forearmed. Poor mamma! I shall now know how to treat Mr. Dimsdale; and though I may be subject to some annoyance, no greater harm can come of it."

It was long, however, before she could pacify her brother, and induce him to promise her to do nothing rashly.

Mr. Dimsdale presented himself at dinner, and, by her freezing manner, must have had an idea that something was wrong. Sir Guy had gone out when he heard that Mr. Dimsdale was coming, leaving word that he should not return to dinner.

That evening, soon after the ladies had left the dining-room, Evangeline saw from the window of her boudoir several people coming towards the house, and bearing something between them. She looked again. It was the body of a man. A trembling seized her. She hurried down-stairs. Her worst fears were realised. Her brother—and, in spite of his faults, she loved him dearly—was a corpse. He had

gone down to the river, intending, as was supposed, to take a row, to give himself time to cool his anger before meeting his step-father. He must have overbalanced himself when standing up in the boat, and, falling over, had got his legs entangled in the weeds. The empty boat, his hat, and an oar floating lower down the stream, had attracted notice, and induced those who found them to search for the young baronet. His body had been found just below the surface of the clear water. Lady Clarissa had been for some time out of health. She, also, looking out of a window, and seeing that something was wrong, hurried down-stairs and met the corpse of her over-indulged and doted-on only son. She uttered a loud scream, and fell senseless to the ground. She never rallied, and died on the day her son was buried. On the morning of that day Captain Headley, who had just paid off his ship, arrived to act as one of the mourners. Evangeline wanted one with strong mind, right principle, and good judgment, to give her advice and support.

"Dear Richard, you must stay and help me. These two men—I scarcely know how to act towards them. They fearfully increase my difficulties."

Mr. Dimsdale, under the plea of affording religious counsel to Lady Clarissa, or rather to Evangeline, for her mother could not comprehend a word said to her, had been a daily visitor to the Tower.

"Leave them to me, and I will dispose of them," said Captain Headley. "I will tell them that your poor brother overheard their conversation in the shrubbery, and that it was the indirect cause of his death. This will be sufficient ground for my forbidding Dimsdale the house. Decency will compel us to treat Mr. Floyd in a different way, but I will take effective steps to get rid of him."

"Oh, tell him that he has my sincere forgiveness, but that as it would be doubly painful for me to see him, I trust that he will not insist on it," exclaimed Evangeline. "Mamma settled five thousand pounds on him, and I should like to settle the same amount, which will enable him, I hope, to live with comfort."

"As to that, my dear cousin, as you are not of age, you cannot act unless through your guardians. Mr. Floyd shall know your kind intentions, but perhaps, before the time arrives, you will have cause to alter them."

Long before the settlement could be made, the Rev. Arthur Floyd showed the tendency of his system, and became a priest of the Church of Rome. As might have been supposed, Mrs. Margaret Oswald was induced once more to return south to assist her young friend in her arduous duties as mistress of Harroldstone Tower, and it was she who managed to let Captain Headley know that he would add very much to the happiness of its mistress if he offered to become its master. The Countess of Humdrum left the neighbourhood; Sir Toby Flimsy died; and many other frequenters of St. Ninan's and subscribers having fallen off, Mr. Dimsdale thought it prudent to accept a cure in London, and Captain Headley got a sound Protestant incumbent appointed to the church.

SIGHS, SMILES, AND SKETCHES.

IMAGINARY events and delineations of character, whether separately considered or mingled in composition, do not constitute poetry. It is true that poetry is the offspring of the imaginative faculty considered in its essence, but it must be combined with images generated by association. These images are often peculiar, and at times owe their attraction to indistinctness of outline, or to the shadowy rather than the substantial. Simplicity conjoined with metrical harmony is also a great charm in poetical idealism, and the more simple it is in itself, if true to nature, the more fascinating to the discriminating spirit. There shall be no other adopted than the simplest language and the more common images, and yet the combination shall be highly effective. We remember sitting one evening with the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" when some lines were produced, among which was the following stanza in a note from the writer, a clergyman of considerable taste. We quote from memory a long-past event, but accurately enough to show the discriminating taste of the author of some of our more classical and harmonious verse :

Morn, evening came, the ocean smiled,
The waves broke gently on the shore,
As if they ne'er had man beguiled,
And never would beguile him more.

Again and again did the poet repeat those lines, praising their beautiful simplicity and full efficiency both in regard to the sense and choice of language.

It is such an efficiency connected with idealism that leads us beyond this "visible diurnal sphere," constituting much of the merit and enjoyment of our purer poetry. The invention cannot here claim but a part of the merit. The novelist invents and draws his characters from imagination, but he only embodies existing life, the more faithfully the better, especially when he approaches in his combinations real but peculiar and nice traits of character and passion ; but all must be confined to idealisms that are pictures of every-day existence. The poet is not thus confined. He may give new creations, with shapes, names, and habitations "to airy nothings," for he alone, to quote Bacon, "accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

The simplicity so truthful and attractive, that charms without meretriciousness, and leads away the feeling without pretension, was never less common than at present. Volume upon volume of verse, and often of prose mistaken for verse, appears, but without moving the passions, elevating the desires, or exhibiting one touch of that ethereal fire from the altar of the Muses which so warms us in the poetry of the past. Has Plutus been tampering with the muses of our island as well as with the honesty of principle of which it once boasted ? Subjects enough remain to tempt higher flights. Even the commonest may be made highly poetical. It is an ill mode of treatment and sterility of fancy that we everywhere discern. The Daisy turned up with the Plough, of Burns, is as attractive in the sight of true taste as ever ; but then the lines are

etherrealised by genius, and rest upon their own simple effectiveness of treatment, without that unmeaning common-place which is now so prevalent, and pleases more than sense.

But we must go no further, or we shall fall under the accusation of hypercriticism by those who may attribute to the individual what is designed to be understood as general in the poetical character of the time.

We have thus "far-wandered" from the perusal of a volume of poetry, entitled "*Sighs, Smiles, and Sketches*," which came into our hands the other day, written by J. G. Maxwell, M.A., and, though printed in London, having no town bookseller's name, and only that of Wood, Barnstaple. In a volume mingling the grave and gay, the first lines we read were denominated "*The Widow's Woodbine*." Simple enough in title, we asked ourselves, "What can be made of such a theme?"

We need not repeat what has been said a thousand times, that on trivial, unpretending subjects the true genius of poetry still knows how to vindicate itself, and to clothe the most insignificant subjects in garments "dipped in heaven." "*A widow's woodbine!*"—what can even a poet make of that? Yet more feeling, truthful verse we never read—truthful in regard to poetic beauty, yet so simple. In this lies their charm. Full of feeling, too; in this respect such lines we have rarely read. Are we right or wrong in thus considering them? Let the reader in these days of distempered verse judge for himself. Let him say whether simplicity, tenderness, and a happy diction are not found here, and whether he will not confess that, not designing irreverence in the phrase, the poet can create what is attractive and beautiful "out of nothing."

The simplicity and feeling in the lines alluded to must, we think, be confessed by every reader of genuine taste.

The woodbine o'er my cottage door
That trails along the trellised wall,
What loving faces, now no more,
What happy days its flowers recal!
E'en as I pressed my husband's side,
Ere yet our honeyed month had fled,
And sought my cottage home, a bride,
Its blossoms dropped upon my head.
My first-born scented its perfume,
And stretched his dimpled arms and smiled;
I little thought its summer bloom
Would deck the grave-clothes of my child!
Sway'd by the wind at night, its rap
Will sound against my lattice pane,
And mind me of the signal tap
Of one who'll ne'er come home again.
When moonlight silvers every leaf,
And glittering sparks of dew appear,
I fancy that it shares my grief,
And count each crystal drop a tear!
In early spring, its flowers among,
I hear a sweet familiar strain;
The thrush awakes me with his song,
And pleasure mingles with my pain.

A widow now, forlorn and lone,
 I soon shall join those gone before;
 The thrush shall sing when I am gone,
 The woodbine still droop o'er the door

The *simplex munditiis* of the old Roman poet may be seen reflected here in the garb worn by the legitimate muse, so true and so wholly foreign to the gauds and verbiage of the prevalent, fashionable attire. How much that is delightful to the mind may be wrought out of the most unpretending subjects!

After all, we must look to nature in the country for those poetic themes which are most precious to the human heart. Despite the crowd and medley of humanity in large cities, we can feel and enjoy the muse unalloyed only by "clear spring, and shady grove, and sunny hill." She will be most loved and enjoyed when, in her loveliest array, she calls

—the vales, and bids them hither cast
 Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues!

continuing, as in her days of early maiden loveliness and innocence, to haunt where whispers are heard from

—wanton winds and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;

and where all the ground is "purpled with vernal showers," not forgetting

The rathe primrose that forsaken dies.

With much of true poetry in the volume before us, omissions might have been advantageously made from not harmonising with the more elevated and serious portion. "Gorgeous tragedy, with sceptred pall," must march alone. Sweet and feeling strains clash with the empty and jovial laugh of the offspring of Thalia. Thus, when our noblest tragedies in days of yore held "meet audience" in the theatre, their moral effect was injured by afterpieces of levity.

The verse in this volume appeals to the feelings with a simplicity too rare to be fully appreciated in these days of affectation in everything. The following lines are part of some verses to a friend upon the death of his sister—how true to nature and faithful to fact and feeling!

'Tis sad to lose the loving face
 That cast its sunshine o'er our dwelling,
 To look upon one vacant place,
 To miss one voice, its welcome telling!

But when, unlooked-for, fate lays low
 Some kindred heart, some friend long cherished,
 We scarce can realise the blow,
 Nor deem that one so loved has perished!

The "watcher" is a fanciful but gloomy theme, effective from its indistinctness. We think the piece entitled "The Only Hope" should have concluded at the third stanza. It would have been more effective. The following on the death of a child is in the good old strain of treating similar subjects. It is almost epigrammatic in the ever-hallowed taste of the land of the Muses, and of old Meleager's verse:

Nay, grieve not for the gentle spirit fled,
O'er Milly's grave let tears of joy be shed :
A flood of love that shone in truth's bright ray,
Welled from her soul, and burst its bonds of clay.
From earth to heaven her spirit wing'd its course,
And joined the boundless ocean of its source ;
Or, as the freshening dew and summer rain
Drop but to seek their native skies again,
So the sweet child, too pure for mortal love,
Just brightened earth, then sought her home above.

In the same strain are the lines entitled "In Memoriam," equally touching and beautiful. In the "light division" of the volume we might quote "The Lady Grace," verses humorous and effective ; but "Tears and Smiles," as well as the characteristics of local dialect, are anti-pathetic, too much so for our congruous predisposition ; not that they are without effect, but that, perhaps, we are somewhat too serious in humour at the moment, and must refer to the "Sketches" in place of dwelling upon the specimens of Devonian classical conferences. Our observations of the former, too, might be more worthily extended if it depended upon the merit of the quotations.

Of the "Sketches," full of nature and feeling, "The Old Church at Home" might be quoted as another excellent example of the taste and feeling which come home to every man's business and bosom. It is, in fact, a descriptive scene for such an artist as Wilkie to study for a picture. It is a painting in itself, full of truth, sensibility, and fidelity to nature. It possesses that exactitude in description, without too great a minuteness, which tells so well in similar delineations. The "old church" closes with that natural summary, so obvious and yet so true, read in an address to the edifice :

Old church, the water from thy font bedewed my infant brow ;
From thee I led a blushing bride, the wife that cheers me now ;
And when kind Heaven shall call me hence, and bid my wanderings cease,
Beside thy primrose mound I hope to rest my head in peace !

"The Heron" verses, so entitled, are equally true to nature. We have watched the heron, too, in days of yore, and heard his "wild cry," and seen "his long wings flap" as he soared aloft to the heaven. "The winds" in dialogue, and that of the waves, are both truly poetical :

We thunder against the dark cliff's side,
And the nautilus floats on our gentle tide ;
Like passions that play in the human breast,
To-day we revel, to-morrow we rest.

There is, then, in this volume the true inspiration, the pure love of the natural and distaste of the sophisticated, and of the mutabilities of the common-place world, its self-delusions and pursuit of motive shadows. The love that meets not disappointment is ever that of the true and simple, as well as of the virtuous and enduring—however unaspiring the wish. Give me the place by the kitchen fire :

When my pipe draws well, and the logs burn free,
Leave your carpeted halls for "my lord," and the "'squire,"
Stone floors and a blazing hearth for me !

So sings our author in a piece called "The Kitchen Fire;" and though a country gentleman on his estate, he is one of the very few of the character who exhibit a taste and feeling in these times similar to that displayed in this volume, from which we are sorry we cannot quote more extensively. We think that the intermixture of the light with the serious is seldom effective, because it neutralises wholesome impressions. Some change might be advantageously made in this respect should another edition follow the present. It is seldom we meet in these days with so much sensibility, purity of thought, and happy fidelity of description combined; and if there are oversights in the lighter pieces, they are not so numerous as to interfere with the more sober, the beauty and simplicity and feeling in which we have not often seen rivalled amid too many poetical affectations of the passing hour. We must end this brief notice of the serious poetry with the closing stanza of the volume, making the desire our own:

Give me a nook in the hearts of the brave,
 Little care I where they make my grave—
 In the old abbey, or under a tree,
 So my songs be sung by the pure and free!

Finally, of the humorous pieces we recommend the "Crinolinead," and its execrable appendages and monstrosities, to the fair sex who go Maying in them. The fair wearers, if alarmed by an attack from a bull, as some of our poet's fair friends were, will be in a most perilous situation in their attempt to escape through bushes and brambles, the bull in full cry after them. We must give the "Moral" of this tale out of regard for the fair sex; the whole is too long to extract:

It really is a dreadful pity
 That you dear girls with forms so pretty
 Should spoil the symmetry we prize
 With crinoline of such a size.
 In the Hottentot's untutor'd mind,
 The line of beauty lies behind,
 And she most charms the simple nigger
 Whose form is than her neighbour's bigger.
 In England we make no pretensions
 To rate your worth by your dimensions,
 Indeed I never could discover
 That hoop and horsehair gained a lover,
 Or that true passion's tender tale
 Was e'er invoked by farthingale.
 Then prithee quit your iron fences,
 And monstrous hoops—such false pretences
 Afford to traitors no resistance,
 But keep true lovers at a distance.
 I fain from fire and jeers would save ye,
 So keep the form that nature gave ye—
 At least, you'd better home be staying,
 Than go in crinoline a Maying!

Solomon, king of the Jews, could not have given his seven hundred wives more tasteful advice, if the fair Hebrews ever enjoyed May-days.

CYRUS REDDING.

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE,"* &c.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

RIEN QUE TOL.

CHAPTER XIV.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

THE Greek let the slender blade of steel slide back into its case.

"That is well," he said, simply, while the radiance of his conquest played all over his arched lips and his fair brow; then, without other words, he took his way across the stretch of sands, and many yards onward swept back a deep screen of ivy and acanthus that closed the mouth of a fissure in the rocks, and veiled it so darkly that no sign of the break in the great mass of stone was seen. He signed to her to enter: she obeyed him; having once made her election, it was not in her afterwards to pause, to waver, to retract; having submitted herself to his power for another's sake, she ceased to protest against that power's use. The screen of matted foliage fell behind her, shutting out the day; before her stretched the gloom of a long narrow arching passage-way, hollowed through the thickness of the cliff, half sea-wrought and half pierced by men. She had come thither once in bygone years when the great pleader, Fiesoli, had hidden there, proscribed for too fearless a defence of a political prisoner; she passed straight onward now through the thick darkness, her hand on her hound's mane to still his longing rage, her tyrant following in her steps, flushed with the wine of success, yet silenced by a vague and restless disquietude.

The length of the cavern wound like a tangled skein through the depth of stone, no light breaking through it, and the air was chill, and close, and dank, like the air of a tomb; it was cramped and tortuous, and the hard jagged surface of the rock bruised her as she went. Once he stretched out his hand to guide her; she shook it off as though it stung her, and passed on alone, more rapidly, and full as calmly as though she swept down some sun-lighted terrace amongst the roses of a golden summer-time.

"She will never *fear*!" he thought; and to the heart of the man that unconquerable courage of a woman brought a sullen impatient wondering veneration. He was a coward—a coward at the mere gleam of steel, at the mere common, vulgar terrors of physical peril; but in her he had never known one pulse of fear. There was a pang of wistful, painful envy in his thoughts for that one greatness which nature gave to her and had denied to him.

At the far end of the vault a fitful ruddy light was gleaming; it came

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from the flame, now leaping, now sinking, of a fire made of brushwood and the boughs of the maritime pine. Where the fire burned the passage opened out into a wider vault, divided into two or three arched chambers—natural caverns widened and heightened by art, and roughly made, by benches, and skios, and stands of arms, and beds of osiers covered with soldiers' rugs, into a camp-semblance of habitation. A rude place, yet not comfortless, and with a wild beauty of its own, as the flame flashed on the many colours of the riven stone, and the stalactites that hung above broke in the glow into a diamond brilliance—a place that had been once the subterranean way of a great castle, which had long crumbled down to dust upon the cliffs above; then the nest of roving pirates; lastly, the refuge of proscribed revolutionists—of men who suffered for liberty of speech, and were content to perish under the deathly chillness of their country's deepest night, so that through them the dawn might break for others later on. The sea-den was still as a grave, and well-nigh as lonely; only by the pine-logs sat a boy of sixteen or so, with his fair curls turning to a red gold in their dancing flames, and his beautiful young *Rafaëlle* face drooped pale and weary over them.

It was the lad *Berto*, left sentinel whilst his comrades spent the day-break seeking a vessel down the shore. He was but a child; but he had long put away childish things; years before he had seen two of his brethren fall side by side in an émeute of Milan; and ere then had been borne, in infancy, in a mountain fight in his mother's arms, and had kept as his first memory of life the echo of his own vain cries when her heart grew still under his eager caress, and there flowed from her breast a deep stream like the purple flood that wells forth when the grapes are pressed—for the Papal troops had shot down like a chamois the woman who dared love, and follow, and bear sons to a republican rebel.

He started, and rose with a sentinel's challenge; then, as he saw who came, bowed low; the weary sternness of his fair face never changed in boyish sport, or youthful laughter, or under the light of a girl's shy eyes. Wrong had been stamped heavily on him too early; and if in his future life the purity and greatness of high aims should be marred in him by an unchangeable unrelenting chillness, like the chillness of *St. Just*, the evil would lie with the tyranny which had made the warmth of his rosy mouth die out on the ice of his mother's bosom.

Idalia moved forward to within the circle of the watch-fire, lighted as the sole means they had to illumine the gloom; there was a deadly calmness in the mechanical actions that sent a thrill through the child *Berto* as he watched her where she sank down on the log covered with a shaggy ox-hide that he had vacated. She seemed unconscious of his presence; and he knew that more than mere physical peril, which he had many a time seen her meet so carelessly, was upon her now.

Phaulcon touched him. "I will look to the fire, *Berto*; go and sleep. You need it."

"Her Excellency permits?" asked the boy.

He spoke hesitatingly, reverentially. Beside the flower-hung waters of *Verona* he had known this woman, now a homeless fugitive, ride through the heat of conflict, and dismount and gather the spent balls under a raking enfilade, and heap them in her skirts, and mount him on her

charger to bear them to the revolutionary brigades, whilst she stayed on at her dangerous gleaning.

She looked at him pityingly, but there was that in the look which Berto had never seen but once—when a woman of the Northern Isles had toiled wearily, begging her way, into Rome to look once more on her son's face, and had reached in time to see the last earth thrown upon his coffin, whilst in the fair spring morning the French drums rolled a cruel music through the violet odours of the burial-place, and over the majesty and the shame of the great prostituted city.

"Yes, go," she said, briefly; "you need rest. I will take your watch."

She drew his rifle to her, and leaned her hands upon its mouth.

The boy went obedient; in one of the inner hollows that served as bed-chambers his couch of grass was spread; he had not lain down for three nights, and sleep sealed his eyes as soon as their lids were closed. Across the flame of the pine-logs the Greek watched her, irresolute, embarrassed by his own success. It was dark as midnight in the heart of the pierced sea-wall; the play of the rising and falling flames fell irregularly on the gloom; she sat motionless, as she had sat upon the shore, her clasped hands resting on the slanted rifle, the tawny splendour of the fire cast on the splendour of her face.

She thought no more of him; she thought alone of the man who would return to find her lost once more—the man she must forsake or must betray—whose body she must give to slaughter, or whose soul she must slay by abandonment. She looked down into the fantastic flicker of the resinous boughs as she had looked down into the ripple of the waters; and, as he watched her, the same shame which had moved him for his sins to her, when he had heard of her as within the power of Giulio Villaffor, stirred in her companion; it ever slumbered in him; at times it woke and stung him, yet it never stayed him from his sacrifice of her to the needs of his own craft, the lusts of his own avarice. To serve himself, he had warped and misled the idealic ambitions, the fearless genius, the poet's faith, the hero's visions, that he had found in her in her earliest youth; to serve himself, he had taught the keenness of her intellect intrigue, fanned her worship of freedom into recklessness, snared her to evil through the noblest passions that beat in her, taught her to hold her beauty as a mask, a weapon, a lure, a purchase-coin; to serve himself, he had roused her bravery into defiance, her pride into unmerciful scorn, her wit into sceptic cruelty; and, when these were done, went further, and soiled the fairness of her life with the dusky imperishable stain of lip-rumoured dishonour, and let the stain rest so that the world saw it as a reality; whilst she, knowing it false as foul, became too proud, too careless, and too callous to appeal against a world so credulous of evil, so incredulous of good, but took up, in the haughty courage of an outraged dignity the outlawry which injustice contumeliously cast to her, and lived and fought, enjoyed and suffered, in grand contempt of all opinion, accepting as her sentence the *yo contra todos, y todos contra yo*, until such isolation and such contest became to her things of preference and triumph. He knew that he had done this guilt against her—partly in the cruelty of egotism that profited through her injury, partly in the blindness of partisanship that thought all means justified to secure its end, chiefly, beyond all, in a rankling jealousy of those posses-

sions and that inheritance which had made her so rich in power and in gold, whilst he was penniless and an adventurer—jealousy that the lavishness of her gift, the generosity of her thought, never tempered, but inflamed. He knew that he had done this, and that of his own act he had turned the tenderness of her heart towards him into abhorrence, had changed the love and the faith she had once borne him into the hatred of a proud woman for her oppressor, of a fearless temper for a coward, of a slandered honour for its traitor and its traducer. He knew that long before, in those bygone years, when he had crowned her young head with the wild laurel-leaves of Livada, and wooed her with subtle words to the Delphian laurels of a perilous strife and a perilous fame, the Greek child had fastened her deep eyes on him as though he were a god, and believed in him as though the voice of Delphos spoke in his; and he knew that of his own act he had made the woman on whom he looked now, in the dusky ruby heat of the uncertain flame, scorn him with all the force of her imperious intellect, shrink from him with all the abhorrence of a brave nature for a craven's sins, and alone withhold her lips from curses on him as the ruin of her life, because memories that he had outraged had still their sanctity for her—because to the oaths he had broken she yet remained faithful.

It had been wanton destruction he had wrought; it was irrevocable loss he had sustained. Some sense of all he had forfeited and killed when he had become her worst traitor, and had made the eyes that once sought his in love cast on him their righteous scorn, smote him heavily and restlessly now, as they sat, with the burning of the watch-fire between them, alone in the cavernous gloom. In the whiteness and the immutability of her face there was a grandeur that awed him; despite the weariness and alteration of fatigue, of fasting, of endurance, it was the stern, noble, disdainful beauty of the Vassalis race that he hated—Greek in its type, Eastern in its calm. He thought of the great palace of the Vassalis stronghold, far eastward, crowning its mighty throne of cedar-covered hills with the treasures of ages in its innumerable chambers, and its sun-lightened plains rich in vine and olive and date, and watered by a thousand winding streams deep and cool under lentiscus shadows; all that her great race had owned, and over which she had rule.

"If that had been mine—not hers—I would never have harmed her," he thought. "Wealth is the devil of the world."

The intense silence, the night-like darkness on which the white smoke floated mistily with an aromatic scent, were horribly oppressive to him; he had the nervous susceptibilities of a vivacious and womanish nature. He addressed her; she did not reply. He set food and wine beside her; she did not note them; she sat immovable. The intense strain on all physical and mental power brought its reaction; a dull stupor, like that of opiates, steeped her limbs, her sight, her brain, in its lifeless apathy.

He looked at her till he grew sick with the heat of the flames, with the blackness of the shadows, with the spice of the pine-perfume, with dead memories that would come to him do what he would. He rose impetuously: he had been on foot or in saddle many days and nights, eating scantily, sleeping still less; all his frame was aching, and his eyeballs were scorched with want of rest.

"You will not leave here?" he asked her, half imperiously, half hesitatingly, since, though he commanded, he yet feared her.

"No."

"You give me your word?"

"Yes."

"Then I will go seek for Veni. He should be here ere now."

"Go."

The monosyllables were cold, impassive, unwavering; to her he could be, now and hereafter, but an assassin, whose crime had been frustrated by hazard, yet could be none the less vile because in its issue foiled. She obeyed him lest a worse thing should come unto the man he had already wronged, but she submitted herself to him in nought else.

He knew that, her promise given, twenty avenues of escape might open to her, and she would still profit by none; he had known her keep her word and redeem her bond at risk and cost that might well have extenuated her abandonment of both. He turned quickly from the watch-fire, and went down into the shadow of the farther recesses, whence a steep cramped stairway, cut upwards through the rock, led, like the shaft of a mine, into the lowest chambers of the building high above on the crest of the cliff—the bell-tower of the fallen castle, bare and crumbling to ruin, deserted, except when, as now, some fugitive who knew its secret sought its subterranean shelter. The stair was perpendicular and difficult of ascent; he thrust himself slowly up it and into the dull twilight, that by contrast looked clear as noon, of the basement square of the campanile. He had no fear that she would fail in her promise, but he had fear—a certain superstitious fear—of that grave, colourless, magnificent face bent above the pine-glow; he could not stay longer under the sense that her eyes were on him, under the scourge of her unuttered scorn, under the mute reproach that her mere life was to him. He would not loose her to freedom, but he feared her. He breathed more freely when he left the darkness of the cavern for the upper earth; he was fevered and fatigued, and timorous of the danger round them as any long-chased stag; he cast himself down to rest awhile on the thick soft lichens covering the tower stones, close beside the mouth of the shaft, up which every faintest sound from the hollow den below came up to him as distinct upon the rarefied air as up the passage of an aural tube.

Alone, by the blazing tumbled heap of pine-wood, her attitude never changed; the light played on the metal of the rifle, in the red-brown of the hound's eyes, on the scarlet and the gold of her soiled and torn masque dress; beyond, on every side, stretched the dense Rembrandt shade of the vault; her eyes, wakeful with a terrible wakefulness that seemed as though it would never again relax and sink to sleep, never stirred from the one spot in the red embers, which they looked at without knowing what they saw.

"It is but just," she thought, with that stern, unsparing, self-judgment which was strong in her as her disdain was strong for the judgments of the world. "I never paused for any destruction; it is but just that I must destroy the only life I prize."

And, as she thought, her eyes filled with a great agony. Justice on herself it might be, but how unjust upon the guiltless!—upon this man

who spent his heart, his honour, his very existence on her, only by her to be betrayed or be forsaken.

Through all the varied dangers of her past, her courage, her genius, her instinct, her prowess, had borne her out, even when at loss and with sacrifice, unscathed and unconquered ; here at last no one of these availed her, but she was bound, powerless and paralysed, under the net of circumstance. Before this she had never been vanquished ; now, she was chained down, beyond escape, beneath the weight of an intolerable oppression.

The pine-embers glowing crimson on the grey ash-dust seemed to stand out like letters of flame—writing of fire that glowed around upon the blackness of the shadows, and seemed as though it repeated in a thousand shapes the words that had fettered all her life. Words uttered so long ago under the great dim oak glades of Greece, while the stars burned down through the solemn woods, and the moan of classic waters stole through the stillness of the night. Words that she had thought bound her by holy withes to noble thoughts, to sacred aims, to patriot souls, to the ransom of the nations, to the armies of the truth. Words pledged with a child's faith, with a poet's enthusiasm, with a visionary's hope, with the all-belief of youth, and with the glow of ambitions too high for earth, too proud for heaven. Words dictated by lips that she had trusted then as though an angel's bidding spoke by them. Words that whilst she thought they but allied her to those who suffered the martyrdom of liberators, who fought for the freedom of speech, and creed, and act, and who were banded together for the deliverance of enchained peoples, fettered her, she knew too late, into the power of one man, into the obedience of evil.

She had taken her oath to Conrad Phaulcon and to his cause, whilst, in the splendour of her dreams and the ignorance of her gracious youth, she had held the one a stainless patriot, the other a glorified martyrdom ; she had been trepanned through the truest beauty of her nature, blinded through the purest desires of her heart. The patriot was a knave, but the more perilous because also a coward ; the cause was a lie, but the more perilous because it stole, and draped itself in, the toga of Gracchus, in the garb of an eternal truth.

Slowly she had awakened to the sure agony through which all youth passes—the agony of disillusion. Slowly she had awakened to the knowledge that in giving herself to the service of liberty she had delivered herself into an unalterable thralldom ; that the guide whom she had followed, as she deemed, to the fruition of idealised ambitions and the attainment of a stainless fame, was but a false prophet with a tarnished glory only in his gift, was but an outlawed and necessitous Camorrist, who saw in her beauty, and her talent, and her wide wealth from the vast Eastern fief, so many means whereby to enrich himself and to ensnare all others. And when she had learned it, and felt its bitter falsehood eat into her very soul, he, lest she should break from him, had cast subtly about her that poisonous film of imputed dishonour which once breathed never passes ; he had done it ruthlessly, or, rather, let others do it and never said them nay, which served as well. She had been sacrificed, true ; but that had been of little account to him, since through it the gold, and the harvests, and the luxury of the Roumelian possessions were shared by him. His name alone, spoken with hers, had cast shadow enough to

darken it. Then, when that last evil had been done against her, she had **grown** hardened to this world, which so easily believed against her; she **had** grown callous to this outlawry, which was pronounced against her **through** the errors of another. She was wronged—she did not stoop to **appeal** or to protest; the bravery of her nature steeled into defiance, the independence of her life accepted willingly an isolation which yet was a **sovereignty**. She had a wide vengeance in her power, and she took it—with too little mercy.

Those memories thronged on her as they had thronged on her foe in the loneliness of the sea-vault, whilst that vow of implicit obedience to his will, of unvarying association with his schemes, of eternal silence on his tie to her, and of eternal devotion to the interests of his order, which **had** many a time aroused in her such passionate and contemptuous rebellion even whilst she repaid his betrayal by fidelity, now seemed to stand out before her in the fantastic lines of the hot embers.

That oath had coiled about her many a time, had stifled, and bruised, and worn, and stung her beneath all the pleasures of her abundant life, **had** made her the compelled accomplice of harm she strove to avert, had **poisoned** those enterprises and those perils which were to her the sweetest savour of her years, had bound her down into an abhorred fealty to a dastard, and had driven her to loathe the sight of those fair hills and stately palaces whose heritage had rendered her the envy of her tyrant. Now it wound round another life than hers. She would have accepted as retributive justice all that could have befallen herself, but here she could not suffer alone.

“How can I save him? How can I save him?” she thought unceasingly; save him not alone from bodily peril and the fruit of his own noble rashness, but from the curse of the love he bore her.

All she could do for him was to save his mortal life; all she could be faithful to him in was to withhold from betraying him. Her nature was strong, and she could have wrung her own heart, burned out her own desires, put away from herself all peace for ever without faltering, could she thereby have purchased oblivion and rest for him; but these things were unpurchasable; his suffering through her was irremediable, and to endure this knowledge she had no strength.

Time passed; she sat still there, her hands clasped round the rifle, her head drooped on its mouth, the flames now dying low to darkness, and now upleaping towards the black roof of the quarried rock. Motionless there, with the tawny lustre of the fire on her, she looked like a statue of bronze, the outline of that attitude of frozen vitality, of mute despair, thrown out distinct in the hot ruddy light against the darkness of the cavern around. A deadening insensibility stole on her; she thought, and thought, and thought, till thought grew an unmeaning chaos; the lengthened want of sleep brought on her the numbness of death by snow-drift; she heard nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing, till a hand touched her, and a voice was on her ear.

“Oh, God! what horror you gave me! I traced the footsteps on the sands down to the mouth of this den, or else——”

The words died on Erceldoune's lips, arrested there by the look he saw upon her face as it was raised and turned to him. In a breathless, pitiless silence they looked upon each other, her head turned back over her

shoulder in an intensity of terror that looked the terror of an infinite guilt, her whole frame shuddering from him, her haughty beauty changed into a shamed and shrinking thing of fear. He, who had prayed that the seas might cover him if once her eyes fell beneath his own, read worse than his death-sentence in that look. His arms, that had been stretched out to her, sank; out of his gaze, that had sought hers in such eager wonder, all the light died; over his face passed the stern, cold, dark agony of doubt.

"You fear me—you!"

The words were few, but they bore to her ear a reproach beyond all others—a reproach too noble in its rebuke to quote the thousand claims upon her trust and honour that his acts had gained. They called her to herself—to the one memory left her—that he must be saved. Her head fell—she had not strength to look on him—and she put him backward from her with a piteous gesture.

"I fear for you. Go—go—go! This place is death."

"Your place is mine. Why are you here?"

She answered nothing; she covered there in the play of the fire's glow, whilst ever and again her glance sought the gloom of the cavern's recesses as a hunted stag's seeks the haunts of the forest whence his hunters may spring. She had said that she would keep truth both to her tyrant and to her saviour; she had said that she would never again touch with hers the hand of the man whom her caress would betray; she had no intent but to be faithful to both bonds. But she had not looked for the ordeal of the actual presence, of the visible torture, of him whom she had consented to forsake; she had no courage to face these; she had taken no thought of how to bid him know their divorce was absolute and eternal. She was usurped by the one knowledge of the jeopardy his life was in whilst near him was the criminal who before had sought it—the criminal she had sworn to screen.

His eyes softened with an infinite yearning as he saw her misery; it was not in him to harbour doubt whilst pity could be needed; his nature was long-suffering and blindly generous; he only remembered that the woman for whom he would have died a thousand deaths was there in her anguish before him—anguish that was for his sake, and was beyond his aid. He forgot all else, with that noble oblivion of a mind that takes no thought for itself. He stooped and strove to lift her up to his embrace.

"Why have you left me? What is it on you? If danger, I share it; if evil, I pardon it."

She drew herself back before his arms could raise her, and let her head sink lower and lower until her forehead touched his feet;—that dauntless brow that had never bent to monarchs or to prelates, nor drooped beneath threat or before peril.

"As you have loved me, loathe me. Go!"

Leaning over her, he heard the faintly whispered words; he started with a shiver that ran through all his limbs; the memory of the guilt imputed to her rolled back on him, like a great sudden wave of recollection, that broke down beneath it every other thought. "It is a traitress of whom we speak," it had been said to him; it looked the remorse of a traitress that abased her at his feet.

He stood above her, not raising her, not touching her, the unspeakable love and compassion in him straining to contest the doubt that froze his blood, the doubt that still seemed to his loyalty of soul so vile a crime against her. He was silent many moments, while the heavy throbs of his heart beat audibly on the stillness. Cast there before him in the hot half-light, all her beauty of form tempted him with remorseless temptation. So that she were his, what matter what else she should be, guilty or guiltless, dishonoured or honoured, with death or with peace in her kiss, with cruelty or with mercy on her lips? All his soul went out to her in a great cry:

"Oh, God! you are mine—you are mine! What do I ask else—or care?"

It was the baser strength of his passion that cried out in those burning words; their fire thrilled her, their echo awoke in her; yet with them the force, which had never before then failed her, revived. Here lay his danger—this danger, born of her own loveliness, that would abase him, and allure him, and destroy him; this danger, which filled her with one instinct alone, the instinct to tear him at all cost from this snake's nest which held his foe, to compel him at all hazards from herself, through whom his destruction came. She rose and looked her hands upon his arm, and pressed him forward out towards the mouth of the cavern.

"Go—go! This place is death for you."

"What!—and you are here?"

The words were stern, with the sternness of doubt and of demand, as he drew himself back from her hold, and looked down into her face with a look that had never been in his eyes before when they had gazed on hers. The longing of his heart and the agony of suspicion strove within him against each other.

A smile passed over her face—the smile that is the resignation, the self-irony, of an absolute despair.

"He doubts at last!" she thought. "He can be saved through that."

And she had strength in her to hope from her soul that such doubt might wrong her deeply enough to spare this man some portion of his pang—might make her in his sight loathsome enough to be thrust out from every memory, cursed yet unregretted.

That smile stung him as scorpions sting; he crushed her in his arms ere she could escape him, in the ferocity of an intense torture.

"You smile at my misery? Are you, then, the thing that they say—the beautiful, pitiless, glorious, infamous temptress, seducing men to your will that they may perish in your work, binding them by their passions that they may die at your bidding? Ah! my love, my love! only look in my eyes as an hour ago, and I will curse myself that I ever asked you such shame; only let your lips touch mine with their sweetness, and the whole world shall call you traitress, but I shall know you truth?"

The impetuous, wild words poured out unchecked, incoherent; he scarcely knew what he uttered; he only knew that the kiss of this woman would outweigh with him the witness of all mankind. They burned deep down into her heart; they brought the subtlety of temptation to her, insidious, sweet, and rank as honey-hidden poison. Her honour broken

with one, her past withheld from the other ; a bond ruptured, a silence kept ; this only done, and the sweetness of liberty and the liberty of love were hers.

But she thrust it from her ; here she had no pity for herself, and here she had pity—exhaustless and filled with an unsparing self-reproach—for this man, who out of the very nobility of his soul, the very guilelessness of his trust, fell thus beneath her feet, and hung his life upon her. She had been merciless to others, devoting them to her need, breaking them through their own weakness, with the un pitying contempt and rigour of intellectual disdain and of sensuous allurements ; here she was merciless unto herself ; here she bent, and broke, and cast away all her own life without pause or compassion. That which she had done to others she did also to herself.

She unloosed herself from his hold, and looked at him with the cold, unnatural tranquillity which had had its terror even for the Greek.

“ Who has called me a traitress ? ”

His eager eyes burned down with imploring appeal into her own ; the ardent fealty that would have disbelieved the voice of Heaven against her glowed through the heavy shadows of pain and dread upon his face.

“ A traitor himself—a liar who shall eat his lie in the dust. God forgive me that I attested the word to you ; but you speak to me strangely, you drive me beside myself ;—doubt has not touched me against you ; I would not soil you with so much as suspicion. Oh ! my loved one, your honour was safe with me ;—do not think that one shaft of his told, that one moment of belief gave him triumph. He spoke infamy against you, it is true, and I swore to him to bring that infamy to your hearing, but never because it glanced by me as truth, never save only for this—to prove him and brand him in falsehood. You know me ; as I love, so I trust, so I honour.”

She stayed him with a gesture ; she could bear no more. The swift, eloquent, generous words seemed thrust like daggers through her heart. The noble, fearless light of faith upon his face made her blind as with the lustre of the noonday sun. This was the man she must forsake for ever whilst their lives should last—this was the love that she must change into eternal scorn of her as of a wanton, murderous, living lie. Her martyrdom grew greater than her strength.

“ Who was he ? ” she asked.

“ Victor Vane ; your guest, your friend.”

“ And he said ? ”

At the name her old superb irony flashed over her face, her old superb wrath gleamed in her glance, her lofty height rose erect as a palm, her eyes met his in all the fulness of their regard. He needed no other denial of the calumnies attainting her.

“ He said ? ”

“ What your look has answered enough.”

“ No. What does he bring to my charge ? ”

“ Vileness that my lips will never repeat. Half-truths wring into whole lies, as only such men can wring them. Chiefly—he bade me ask you two things——”

“ They were ? ”

“ Who it is that sought my life in the mountains, and what tie a Greek—Conrad Phaulcon—bears to you ? ”

A change passed over her face, like that change which steals all the living warmth and hue from features that the greyness of death is approaching. He saw it, and his voice came in broken rapid breaths, imperious and imploring.

"Are they one—this Greek and my murderer?"

She answered him nothing; he saw a hot, deep flush rise upward over her face and bosom—the flush of a bitter degradation.

A moan like a wounded animal's broke from him; he could not bear to live and see shame touch her. He stood above her, while the flicker of the fire glowed dusily upon the dilated wondering misery of his eyes.

"Are they one? Answer me!"

She did not answer, nor did her look meet his.

"That man I showed you sleeping is this Greek!"

She held silence still.

"What! You screen him in his crime? What tie has he to you, then?"

Her teeth clenched tight as a vice to keep herself from utterance of the words that rushed to her tongue.

He stared blindly at her; he felt suffocating, drunk, mad; he stood beside this woman, whose every tress of hair he loved, whose mere touch could send the vivid joy like lightning through his veins, and he arraigned her as her judge for having union and collusion with his attempted slaughter!

"What is he to you? Where is he now?" he panted. "You called him your worst foe. Do women shelter their foes' guilt thus? You would not let me take my justice on his life. What is his life to you?"

She looked at him with the rigid calm returned upon her face, impenetrable as a mask of stone.

"I said that there were things that you could never know. This is of them. I have withheld your justice from you; I have known your assassin, and kept the knowledge untold to you. I have erred against you—greatly. Think of me what you will, what you must."

The reply was spoken with a cruel mechanical precision; she moved from him and stooped above the pine-logs, seeking their heat. She felt as she had done when once, in a Livonian winter, the night-snows had overtaken and enshrouded her, and the life had begun to turn to ice in her veins.

Something in the very action bespoke a suffering so mute and so intense that it struck to his heart, still so closed to evil and so open to faith, so slow to give condemnation, so quick to render trust and pity. He threw himself beside her, drawing her hands against his breast, searching her eyes with the longing love, the bewildered incredulity, of his own.

"Think of you! What can I think? You are my mistress, my sovereign, my wife; you take my love and yield me yours; you have smiled in my eyes, and lain in my arms, and spoken of a lifetime passed together; and now—now—it is my murderer who is sacred to you and beloved by you—not I!"

As though the fire of the words stung her into sudden life, she turned swiftly, all the light, and the fever, and the anguish of passion breaking one moment through the frozen tranquillity of her face.

"Not you? Ah! would it were not, my love, my love, my love!"

In the yearning of the accent a tenderness unutterable broke out and

burst all bonds; as he heard, the darkness passed from his face—a glow like the morning shone there.

“You love me thus! You cannot have betrayed me——”

She stayed him; she knew that this glory of reawakening joy must be quenched in an eternal night.

“Wait. I love you. I cannot lie to you *there*. But that ends, now and always. I say, you have been sinned against heavily; I must sin also against you—sin without shame by forsaking you, sin with shame by life with you. I choose the least. We are divorced for ever. We must be as are the dead to one another. Forgive me, if you can; curse me, if you cannot. Whatever you do, leave me, as though death were in my touch.”

All the ardour, and the yearning, and the warmth had passed from her voice; it was sad as despair, and inflexible.

He listened, watching her with a grave wondering pain and pity; he had his own thought of the meaning of her words, and the patience and the belief in him were infinite.

“Though death came by you, do you think that I would leave you?”

The great salt tears sprang into her aching eyes; in her agony she could have set the muzzle of the rifle to her forehead, and died there at his feet. She had a more merciless ordeal—to live and make herself loathsome in his sight.

“No; you would not,” she answered him. “But—if dishonour came by me?”

His frame shook with a sudden shudder, but still she could not turn away the enduring tenderness that would not take even her own witness against her.

“You use cruel words,” he said, while he stood above her with the dignity of a judge, with a great nobility in the pity of his gaze. “Hear me awhile. I have learnt more of your past to-day; I think that I can imagine what I do not know of it. I think that you have been involved in evil, but through errors that had root in virtues. I think that many have betrayed you and attainted you through the very bravery and generosity of your nature. I think that you have been bound with criminals because you first held them to be patriots, and because your bond was sacred to you even when sworn to worthless men. Do I think aright?”

She heard in silence; her soul went out in honour and adoration of this man, who, out of the truth and the virtue of his own heart, judged and divined her life thus rightly, despite all weight of circumstance, all darkness of calumny. But she knew that to leave him to think this was to bind her to him for evermore. She knew that he must think else than this ere he would be forced from allegiance to her.

“You think nobly, because you think by the light of your own heart,” she said, in her teeth. “But it is not this that you were warned to think to-day! Your counsellor was nearer right. Believe him.”

“Were you what he said, you would not tell me that. I judge you thus by the light of your own nature. You speak to me of divorce—of dishonour. You know the coward who attempted my life, and will not render him up to my justice. These are bitter things; yet I can see day through them. It may be that you have fallen amongst much guilt, and yet are unstained amidst corruption. It may be that you shield a

crime, because to expose it would be treachery in you. It may be that you elect to forsake me because you cannot reveal to me that full truth of your past which should be one of my marriage rights. This is how I judge you. If I judge rightly—I said to you that you could not stretch my tenderness further than I would yield it. I say so now; trust only my love, it shall never fail you."

"Oh, God, cease, or you will kill me!"

She swayed forward and sank down at his feet, her brow and bosom bruised on the cold jagged floor of the cavern; she had exceeding strength, but she had not strength enough to hear those tender words and give them no response; to behold this limitless forgiveness stretched to her, and leave him to think her too callous, too abased, to return to it even gratitude and repentance; to know that, as he judged her, he struck to the very core of fact, and rendered her but sheer and rightful justice, yet that the acceptance of even this justice at his hands was denied her through an alien crime.

He stood above her, the great dew gathering on his forehead; the evidences against her that her accuser had uncoiled one by one in so close a sequence thronged on his memory; her attitude, her misery, her abasement, had so much of guilt in them, yet had so far too much of suffering to be the cruel, wanton, voluntary guilt of such a woman as her calumniator had declared her to be—to be guilt, sensual, tyrannous, and self-chosen.

He stooped to her, and his voice was so low that it was hardly heard above the beatings of his heart:

"I cannot tell; is it—not justice that you need, but pardon?"

She answered him nothing where she had sunk in that bowed, broken abandonment. The nobler his pardon, the darker was the wrong against him. She could have kissed his feet, and cried out to him for forgiveness, as though her own hand had done that murderous iniquity against him. She could better have borne his curse than she could bear his tenderness.

He touched her; his hand shook like a leaf.

"Is it so? I can bear to know you are human by error; you shall be but dearer to me for the truth with which you redeem it."

She looked at him with a swift sudden movement that raised the full beauty of her face upward in the tawny flame-light; it was colourless, and lined with the marks of the damp stones, and had all its proud glory soiled and dimmed, yet it had the grandeur of an intense sacrifice, of an intense passion, in it.

"Ah, you are just and pitiful as a god! Give no pity, give no justice here. Only leave me—leave me, and never look upon my face again!"

"For what cause?"

"For the cause—that of my people—your murderer came."

He looked at her with a terrible incredulity, that was slowly hardening into the stern chill desolation of doubt that he had put from him so long with so leal an allegiance.

"Of your people! You called the Greek to me your deadliest foe?"

She was silent once more: the testimony of half the nations of the

earth would have failed to weigh with him against her ; but by her own blows the storm-proof fabric of his faith was swaying to its fall.

He laid his hands upon her shoulders, crushing under them the loose masses of her hair.

"First your foe, then your comrade—hated and sheltered—condemned by you, and screened by you. What is he to you, this man for whom you forswear yourself thus?"

She answered nothing ; the red shadow of the fire gleamed upon her face, but it was not so dark and so hot as the flush of shame that scorched there. His hands held her like iron. The force of jealousy rose in him ; the ferocity of bitter suspicion worked in him ; against all witness he had disbelieved every accusation brought to stain her, but he could not disbelieve the meaning of that silence, of that humiliation, of that conscience-stricken abasement.

The patience, so long strained, broke at last.

"They say this brute was once dear to you ? Is it true, since you cover his crime so fondly?"

She did not reply ; her head was bent so that he could not look upon her countenance, but he could see the heaving of her breast with its rapid, laden breathing.

His hands grasped her with unconscious violence ; he knew neither what he did or said ; he knew only that she could not meet his eyes, that she could not answer his challenge.

"Is it true?—that you once loved him?"

She bowed her head. A faint, chill, deadly smile crossed her lips one moment ; she smiled as men, lying broken on the wheel, have laughed.

A cry loud and hoarse rang from him down the stillness of the vault ; he staggered where he stood, and loosed her from his hold, and stretched his arms out mechanically, as though he had grown blind and sought support. The merciless light of certainty seemed to have stricken his sight as lightning strikes it ; that hideous assurance of conviction had come on him, against which the mind is at once and for ever conscious no appeal is possible.

Had she denied it, by the trustful tenderness of his nature the evil told against her would have passed, leaving no stain, no shadow even, of mistrust of her ; but before that affirmation of her gesture, before that condemnation of her silence, it lay no more with him to choose between belief and disbelief. His faith fell, as a tree must fall when its roots are severed.

"There is one man—one man only—that your mistress ever loved."

The words seemed whispered by a thousand voices that rushed down the empty air ; he had been betrayed by her that this criminal might be sheltered from his vengeance !

He knew it ; in that horrible hush of stillness that fell between them, his heart stood still, his very life seemed to cease ; it was out of her own mouth that he condemned her. His throat rattled, his words burst, scarcely with any human sound in them, from his parching lips.

"What ! you kneel there and tell me this thing—you who swore to me that no kiss but mine ever touched you ? What ? you fooled me with love-words that you might lead me off the scent of my vengeance ; you turned a living lie to harbour a murderer ? Such villainess is not in woman ! You a traitress !—a wanton !—a slave of your senses !—a

priestess of vice! Oh, God! Say the whole world is false, but not you!"

She held silence still. Her head dropped lower and lower, as though each word of that appeal were a hurled stone that beat her down lower and lower in her abasement.

He forced her upward in his arms with the unwitting violence of suffering, and strained her once more to his embrace, and covered with kisses her lips, her brow, her bosom.

"Say it—say it! Say the world lies and you are true, or—or—I shall end your life and mine!"

Her eyes, heavy with the mists of a great misery, fathomless and hopeless like the eyes of the Fates in Greek sculptures, gazed up to his.

"Do you dream I would stay your hand? It were best so—so I should be yours yet."

"Mine! What then?—you love me though you are my traitress?"

The word rang in sullen echo down the stillness of the cavern; a hard bitter agony passed over her face.

"One may have guilt and yet have love," she muttered, faintly.

He shuddered as he heard her; in the answer a subtle tempting coiled around him; the perfection of her earthly beauty might be his, though it were but the love of the wanton wherewith she loved him; the taint on her soul could not steal the fragrance from her lips, the voluptuous light from her eyes, the mortal glory from her loveliness. The baser passions of his soul longed for her, though every evil that swells the sum of human crime had place in her—though through her should come to him sin, and desolation, and dishonour. Yet he was not their slave; the greatness of his nature rose above them, and trampled out their tempting. He put her from his arms lest his strength should fail him, thrust her back from him so that her breath should be no more against his cheek, her heart throb no more on his own.

"Love that is faithless and shameful? What is that to me? If you have wronged my vilest foe, the woman I loved is dead."

The sentence in its brevity had a despair deep as death.

Where she stood before him she bowed her head, as beneath words that had the weight of a righteous law. For this—that he rose higher than his passions' tempting, that he strangled the assailants of his senses, that infidelity to his enemy would have been as dark in his sight as infidelity to himself—she honoured him with a great reverence.

"Yes. She is dead," she answered him, with a strange, dreamy repetition. "Where has she ever lived save in your visions? She is dead—go. Do not wait by her grave."

There was a terrible meaning in the hushed, hopeless words; across their calmness a single cry broke—a cry that had in it all the desolation of a ruined life, of a breaking heart.

Then silence fell between them. She had no courage to look upon his face; she dared not read all that she knew was written there.

The drooping flames reached a dry bough of pine, and flared afresh with it, and rose up in a writhing column of light that flashed its ruddy glow into the darkest shadows of the cavern. As the flames darted into lustre they shed their hue on the fair head of the Greek stretched out in all its velvet beauty from the deep gloom of the farther vault. He drew

back swiftly, as the tell-tale glare searched for him, and fell upon his face.

Before he could reach the shelter of the inner den, the one he had wronged saw him, and, with the leap of a staghound, hurled himself upon him, and dragged him from the depths of the vault forward into the full light of the flames. The slight limbs of the Athenian had no force against the vengeance of the man who saw in him at once his murderer and her paramour; he was torn out from his lair and tossed upward, as a wrecker's hands may toss a beam of driftwood.

Erceldoune forced him downward into the circle of the burning pines, so that full in their light and full in her sight he should take his justice on the wretch who had once struck at his life, and now took far more than life from him. He only knew that this was the man who had sought to assassinate him; that this was the man for whom and to whom she betrayed him. Yet, beyond the memory of his vengeance, beyond the violence of his hatred, beyond the rage of jealousy in his soul, was a terrible pathos of wonder that looked out at her from the reproach of his eyes;—it was for a thing so vile as this she had betrayed him! it was for a life so infamous as this that she had given herself to guilt!

Reeling, swaying, striving, they wrestled breast to breast, strangers from the far ends of the earth, yet bound together by the kinships of wrong and of hate, while she, who had cast herself between them, strove to part them—strove to tear them asunder—strove with desperate strength to end their contest. Erceldoune thrust her back, and flung her heavily off him.

"You stayed my hand once—not again. Stand there, and see the felon you harbour die as curs die!"

His face was black and swollen with the lust for blood that she had seen there when he had fought with the Neapolitan Churchman. Wound in one another, they struggled together, seeking each other's lives, with the breath of the flames hot upon them. The Greek's lips were white with fear, but they laughed as he glanced aside at her.

"You love to see men at each others' throats? You love to see tigers play? So, so, *Miladi*!—then look here."

He slipped loose with a swift, supple movement, and freed his right arm. There was the glisten of steel in the light; the blade quivered aloft to strike down straight through heart or lung; before it could fall his wrist was caught in a grip that snapped the bone, and wrenching the knife from his hand, flung it far away into the depths of the cavern, while the sinewy arms of the man he had wronged gathered him fresh into their deadly embrace. The slender southern limbs had no chance, the serpentine suppleness had no avail, the fox-like skill had no power, against the mighty frame and the ruthless will of the avenger who at last had tracked him; a shrill scream broke from him as the steel was twisted from his grasp, the numbness of dread overcame him as he was choked in the arms of his victim, and down into his looked the unbearable fire of the eyes he had left for the carrion-birds to tear. A sickly horror, a fascination of terror, held him breathless and unresisting to the will of his foe; Erceldoune swung him upward, and held him, as though he were a dog, above his head, his own height towering in the glow of the flames.

"Oh, God!" he cried, in the blindness of his agony and of his hate. "Is there no death worse than what honest men die for this brute?"

She threw herself on him, she seized the loose folds of his linen dress, she held him so that he had no power to move unless he trod her down beneath his feet.

"Spare him!—for my sake, spare him!"

"For your sake! You dare plead by that plea to me?"

"Oh, Heaven, what matter what I plead by! Give me his life—give me his life."

"The life of a murderer to the prayer of a wanton? A fit gift! Stand back, or I shall kill you with your paramour."

"Wait!—you do not know what you do! I saved your life from him—let that buy his life from you!"

He stood motionless, as though the words paralysed him; all the tempest of his passions suddenly arrested; all the wild justice of revenge, that had made him strong as lions are strong, turned worthless as at last he grasped its power in his hands. The blow that struck him was memory—the memory of that death-hour when through her hands life had been given back to him.

By that hour he had sworn that she should ask what she would of him, and receive it. At last she claimed her debt; claimed by it the remission of her sins—claimed by it mercy to the companion of her guilt.

He stood motionless a moment, the leaden night-like shadows heavy as murder on his face and on his soul—then at her feet he dashed the Greek down, unharmed.

"What you ask by my honour—take by your shame."

And, without another look upon her face, he went down through the gloom, and out to the air, to the sea, to the day, ere his strength should fail him, and the stain of blood-guiltiness lie on his hands.

SOCRATES.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

Is this the end and summit of my hope,
Myself to take the life man never gave,
To wing the soul to that eternal world
Whence it shall ne'er return? To be no more?
By these grey hairs, which never were disgrac'd,
Who charges Socrates with vice or wrong,
And he will hold his peace? Has ever friend
Found black deceit in me, foe treachery?
Have I not fought the people's wars with them,
Lived for their good, and built them up in truth
And holy knowledge, sinking self in all?
Yet must I die and that by mine own hand.
But this shall lead to glory; men will know
That I resolved to brave the last great fear,
And honour truth in me. Open, ye shades!

I long t'explore your dark and vast domain,
 To quench this everlasting thirst to know,
 And bare the secrets of the silent grave.
 I never knew a fear and cannot now ;
 This hand holds firm the draught of hemlock here
 As though 'twere sweetest cordial ; every drop
 Is fraught with greatness in the after time,
 When tyranny is judg'd by equal eyes,
 And we are seen uncover'd as we are.
 Then will the harvest fall to Socrates,
 And men will wonder how the world should act
 Their folly, thinking to kill light in me.
 Pile life on life, and make the earth a pyre,
 Burn up the greatest and the best of men,
 Yet Truth will conquer, and in humble souls
 Shine forth, to make them monarchs of the world.
 The proud Athenian is not sovereign now,
 Nor are victorious generals mightiest souls,
 Arms, splendours, wealth, are minions of the dust,
 Kings fall and their dominions pass away,
 Truth only indestructible remains.

Plato, I had not thought to leave thee thus,
 And thou, too, Xenophon ; pupils ye are
 Both dear to me ; yet give a listening ear,
 While I unravel how this deed is done.
 'Tis mine own act ; I lived before the age,
 Saw vice triumphant, and the priests enthron'd
 With almost regal pow'r, and worshipp'd not
 At their high bidding. Furious and distraught
 In that they could not grapple with the thews
 Of argument, and seeing all their fanes
 Deserted, their false glory overshadow'd,
 And hating virtue and a simple life,
 They will'd my death ; and now, as though mine age
 Were not sufficient safeguard 'gainst all folly,
 Charge me with multiplying on the gods.
 How base such charge is ye do know full well,
 For ye have been with me in all my moods :
 Yet can I see through Time's dim horoscope
 How priests will be the curse of this weak world
 Through all the ages—blind with bigotry,
 And mad to stop the passage of free thought.
 Me they could never conquer ; no, nor ye,
 Nor any who shall place the life sublime
 Higher than fear or the applause of men.

Soft, soft, that subtle poison now doth work,
 Already are the unseen pow'rs upon me !
 Plato ! thy hand, bear witness how I die,
 And all ye great ones o'er the dark confines
 On which I enter, now receive me ! Death !
 Is this then he who kills the strongest pulse ?
 I meet him with a smile ; cowards draw back,
 Not heroes. Who best knoweth how to live,
 Knows how to die. Earth, take my feeble life,
 Eternity, take thou my stronger soul.
 I fail, I die ; friends, foes, a long farewell !

TRANSCENDENTAL COOKERY.*

THERE is as much difference between "*Les Serviteurs de l'Estomac*," that is to say, the simple and necessary articles of nutrition, and "*Les Nouveautés de la Gastronomie Princièrre*," or "*Novelties in Princely Gastronomy*," as there is between servants of the stomach and slaves to their stomachs. The amiable author of the "*History of a Mouthful of Bread*" does not, however, take precisely this view of what are the "servants of the stomach;" he comprises as such all the organs of the human frame, the chief functions of which are, he argues—in as far as mere animal life is concerned—to furnish to the organs of nutrition what are necessary for the sustenance of life generally. "In order to concoct a civet of hare, first catch a hare," your mamma's cookery-book will tell you. That is the first condition imposed upon the cook, upon my lord the stomach, as well as upon the rest, and in order to catch a hare, it requires help. Many organs contribute their part towards effecting this preliminary act, without which no nutrition is possible; and these organs do not serve solely for walking—they are destined to place us, each in its own manner, in connexion, or in relation, if you like it better, with the substances which shall be so far honoured as to be permitted to take up their abode with us."

Nothing more disgusts your true artist in cookery as to treat of his science after such a fashion. Catching your hare, roasting, boiling, frying, or broiling it, no more constitute the sublime art of cookery with him than the daub over a wayside inn constitutes painting in the eyes of a Royal Academician. The greatest praise ever bestowed by a cook was upon the person of Talleyrand, of whom it was said, that had he not been a diplomatist, he might have aspired to the honours of the "*cordon bleu*."† Alexandre Dumas, senior, has made attempts in the same line, but we have only heard of his success at second hand.

Contemplative cooks have long ago endeavoured to realise the truth of the system of compensations between good and evil, and to illustrate the bounties of Providence as displayed in their art in the existence of men capable of consoling nations in grief, by burying in oblivion the loss of their liberties and the tyranny exercised over their reason. It was the cooks, they tell us, who consoled the Carthaginians (whom Plutarch describes as great eaters) for the loss of their freedom, Corinth for the destruction of her museum, and Rome for the oppression of her emperors.

Catherine de Medici crossed the Alps into semi-barbarous France accompanied by a troop of cooks, perfumers, astrologers, painters, and poets. It was at table, in the midst of the fumes of Burgundy and the

* *Les Serviteurs de l'Estomac, pour faire suite à l'Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain.* Par Jean Macé. Paris: J. Hetzel.

Les Nouveautés de la Gastronomie Princièrre. Par Ferdinando Grandi. Paris: Audot.

† The origin of the title "*cordon bleu*" is not generally known. Messrs. de Souvré, d'Olonne, de Lavardin, de Montemart, and de Laval, used to keep open table in olden times. They were all "*cordons bleus*." Their dinners obtained so great a celebrity, that it became customary to say, when speaking of a good repast, it is a dinner of "*cordons bleus*," and of a cook, he is a cook of "*cordon bleu*," and then by abbreviation, "*cordon bleu*."

savoury odour of rich dishes, that the queen-mother meditated the means of quelling a dangerous faction, or the destruction of a man who disturbed her repose. It was during dinner she had an interview with the Duke of Alba, with whom she resolved upon the massacre of St. Bartholomew. She must have been dining upon "hure de sanglier à la Huguenot," or "suprêmes de colombes à la auto-da-fé." The long reign of this woman, during which France did not enjoy a moment's repose, was fertile in splendid repasts. History speaks of two, which surpassed in magnificence everything hitherto related in the annals of good cheer. One was given at the marriage of her daughter Marguerite to Jean d'Albret, who died two days after, not, however, of indigestion; the other was given in honour of the execution of Cavagnes. Modern artists repel with utmost indignation the accusation of cooks having been the ministers of the queen-mother's vengeance, but they admit that Henry de Valois was a prince of good appetite, a lover of wine and good cheer, qualities which his mother had carefully fostered and cultivated, that she alone might hold the reins of government; but they extol the memory of the same appreciative prince, who spent whole days at table, and they declare that the constellations of the kitchen never shone with greater splendour than in his reign—not even excepting that of Heliogabalus of glorious memory! It is to this epoch that is attributed the invention of the "fricandeau," a discovery which, we are assured, required a greater "force de tête" than that of the New World by Columbus. But what is this compared with the discoveries of Gonthier d'Andernach, who in less than ten years invented seven cullises, nine ragoûts, thirty-one sauces, and twenty-one soups? "What Bacon was to philosophy, Dante and Petrarch to poetry, Michael Angelo and Raphael to painting, Columbus and Gama to geography, and Copernicus and Galileo to astronomy," we are gravely assured Gonthier was in France to the art of cookery.

Gonthier, we are told, first raised the culinary edifice, as Descartes, a century after him, raised that of philosophy. Both introduced doubt—the one in the moral, the other in the physical world. Descartes, considering our conscience as the point from which every philosophical inquiry ought to begin, regenerated the understanding, and destroyed that unintelligible empiricism which was the bane of human reason. Gonthier, establishing the nervous glands as the sovereign judges at table, overturned the whole scaffolding of received traditions, the sad inheritance of past ages. Gonthier was the father of French cookery, as Descartes was of French philosophy; but who can assert that Descartes has discovered as many facts?

Although the great influence Henry de Valois had over cookery is admitted, Italian taste in these important matters was not altogether approved of, and modern artists declare that he brought in fashion aromatic sauces, tough macaroni, cullises, and brown sauces calcined by a process like that of roasted coffee. These sauces gave the dishes a corrosive acidity, and, as Jourdan le Cointe remarks, far from nourishing, communicated to it a feverish sensation, which baffled all the skill of physicians in their attempts to cure. Fortunately, we are told, Providence placed near the young King Charles IX. a man who kept a watchful eye over the dearest interests of France. Few people know now-a-days that the noblest political and literary character of the sixteenth century, the rival of Cicero and Horace, as Scaliger calls him—