

De l'Hôpital—saved the public weal. Bruyerinus affirms, however, in his work "*De Re Cibiaria*," that the renowned chancellor would never suffer on his table any dish of foreign origin. But this is scarcely a precedent to go upon. What if a Prince of Wales should prefer boiled leg of mutton and turnips to "*potage à la John Russell*," or roast beef to "*poulardes à la Dame aux Camélias*," or "*petites bouchées au Prince de Galles*." One thing is quite certain, and that is, that the whole army of "foreign scullions," as the Italian followers of the Medici are termed, with anything but a refined culinary diction, would be all up in arms.

Under Henry III., a taste for warm drinks was joined to that of spicy dishes. Under the Valois, indeed, not a single repast was made without a jug of hot water, and even wine was drunk lukewarm. This was only the revival of an ancient practice, for the guest of Athenæus is made to ask for hot water in order to comfort his stomach—*aquam jube decoquere, visceribus ut auxiliemur*. We might also quote those slaves whose office it was to bring both boiling and lukewarm water to the guests, and those new spouses who, according to Botius, "*de potu antiquorum*," administered warm water at the nuptial festivities—*calidam nymphea ministrat aquam*.

The all-important art of making sauces was, strange to say, neglected by the great cooking nation till the time of Louis XIV. Under Louis XIII., meat was still either roasted, or rather baked or broiled: every baker had an oven, where the citizen, as well as le grand seigneur, sent his meat to be cooked; but with the advance of civilisation came the demand for sauces. It requires to be versed in the language of cookery to express the proper meaning conveyed by the word sauce. Sauces are to food what action is to oratory. Scientifically prepared, they restore the appetite, flatter the palate, are pleasing to the smell, and inebriate all the senses with delight. With transcendental cooks the prodigy of a perfectly well-made sauce is ranked among the proofs of the immateriality of the soul, for, it is argued, the wisdom and fertility of nature are not displayed with more splendour in the works of the creation than the genius of the cook in the composition of a sauce. It is in this respect that the English are most wanting: every one is acquainted with the satirical allusion that the English have only one sauce and a hundred religions. Melted butter, we are indeed told, plays in English cookery nearly the same part as the Lord Mayor's coach at civic ceremonies, calomel in the practice of medicine, and silver forks in fashionable novels. Melted butter is to English sauces what stock is to French soups—melted butter and eggs, melted butter and parsley, melted butter and capers, melted butter and anchovies—it is still always melted butter.

Unhappily, libertinism of morals, which had crept from the throne to the lowest ranks of society, not only put a stop to the "march of gastronomy," but actually caused it to retrograde for a time, as did likewise the revolution. Who can imagine a *sans-culotte* appreciating the refinement of a "*culotte de bœuf à la Napoléon I^{er}*," or a republican indulging in such aristocratic "*plats*" as "*oie à la Don Carlos*" or a "*pyramide à la rentrée des armées*."

The example of the regent, who admitted concubines to his "*petits soupers*," was followed by all his courtiers. It became fashionable to dine with actresses and ladies of easy virtue, but of difficult digestion. The manly food that had been served at the table in olden times had to give

way to sugar, syrups, and essences, which were mixed in every dish presented to these Sybarites, and the cook of the day groaned over his art prostituted, and his genius misapplied.

The epoch of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. was a brilliant one for the progress of gastronomy. Something of this is admittedly due to the English, who, with the taste for horses and equipages which they introduced into France, also took over new fashions, customs, and, above all, freedom of opinion. But when the people threw aside the royal purple, which suited them so ill, they returned to their onions like the Hebrews of old. The tribunes, it is true, were no sooner permitted to eat to keep themselves alive than they kept open house, strove to regain lost time, and seemed only to live for the sake of eating. Towards the end of this bloody drama, the mind, we are told, bewildered by the late dreadful scenes, was unable to feel those sweet and peaceable emotions in which it had formerly delighted; the palate required high-seasoned dishes, and "*saucés à la Provençale*" came in with the Directory. Fortunately, the eighth of Brumaire pulled down the five directors, together with their saucepans.

Under the Empire, the art of cooking, thanks to the labours of Beauvilliers, Balaine, Grisnod de la Reynière, and other artists and amateurs, made new and remarkable improvements. The "*Almanach des Gourmands*," which the late Duke of York called the most delightful book that ever issued from the press, made a complete revolution in the language and literature of gastronomy; and although the Restoration opened a new era for those who were hungry, a constitutional monarchy introduced representative forms which were favourable to epicurism, and especially so to the circulation of that great work of art, the "*Cuisinière Bourgeoise*," and the revival of imperialism brought back into vogue the aristocratic dishes of the "*haute école*," still must we date back to M. Grisnod de la Reynière's work the first impetus given to that glorious rise of transcendental cookery which has culminated under a Esterhazy and a Demidoff, in the publication of the "*Gastronomie Princièrè*."

Cooks have ever been remarkable for their eloquence—an eloquence which is as much their own as their dishes—in defence of their art. It is admitted, they say, that a change of food, as well as of climates, has an effect on the genius, inclinations, and dispositions of nations. What an intellectual improvement, they hence deduce, has taken place in the northern countries, since the addition of sugar, spices, and other productions of the south, to their former less savoury dishes! "The salts and spirituous juices of these substances," says l'Abbé Dubos, "give a tone to the constitution of the northern nations, or, as physicians call it, an ethereal oil, which the productions of their own country could not effect. These juices fill the blood of northern countries with animal spirits produced in Spain and other warmer climates."

Cookery, again, refines the coarser part of food, deprives the compound substances employed in it of the terrestrial juices therein contained; it improves, purifies, and in some measure spiritualises them. Dishes thus prepared amass in the blood an abundance of purer and finer spirits. Thence arise more agility and vigour of body, more vivacity and fire of imagination, greater extent and force of genius, and increased delicacy and refinement of taste. The improvements in modern cookery are, then, entitled to take rank amongst the physical causes which have recalled us

from the extremity of barbarity to the bosom of refinement, talents, wit, arts and sciences.

The pleasures of the table never were incompatible with the gifts of genius or the investigations of the understanding. On the contrary, they appear to be most favourable to their development. Who ever met with a man, eminent in no matter what calling, who did not like a good dinner, unless he were dyspeptic, phthisical, or hypochondriacal? The constitution essential to greatness is as intimately allied with good feeding, as good cookery is to intellectual pursuits. "I cannot conceive," says Dr. Johnson, "the folly of those who, when at table, think of everything but eating; for my part, when I am there, I think of nothing else; and whosoever does not trouble himself with this important affair at dinner or supper will do no good at any other time."

Yet somehow or other, skilful and well-directed cookery makes but slow progress in domestic life in this country. The immortal Ude attributed this to the opposition of the medical profession and the antagonism of the ladies. But, in regard to the first, all professional men are by no means opposed to good feeding. Dr. Day remarks, in his admirable treatise "On the Domestic Management of Diseases of Advanced Life," "That the food of old people should be easy of digestion; and I have found," he adds, "in many cases that they bear made dishes (if not too rich) better than plain boiled or roasted meat." The opposition of the fair sex is a more delicate point to treat of, and it is, perhaps, better left where Ude leaves it, "that their palates have been completely benumbed by the strict diet observed in the nursery and boarding-schools." "If poetry," says a writer on cookery, "be the offspring of Love, why should we not call cookery the sister of chemistry? for surely we may do so with equal reason and justice." Professional men, however, make a study of the chemistry of the kitchen, of animal chemistry, and of dietetics, such as "artists" little dream of, and we fear that, if we were to detail some of the conclusions arrived at by Liebig, they would not precisely tally with the ideas entertained by the "haute école," aspirants to which, too frequently, talk of chemistry without having any precise notion of what chemical action involves.

It will be necessary, in order to convey an idea of what M. Ferdinando Grandi conceives to be a "princely repast," to extract one or two of his "menus" for forty persons. *Dîner*: Le potage à la Demidoff. Le potage Sultane. *Hors-d'œuvres*: Les petits pâtés à l'Abd-el-Kader. Les croquettes au vis-à-vis. *Relevés*: Le turbot à l'Union universelle. L'esturgeon à l'Arioste. Le filet de bœuf à la Jules César. Le chevreuil à la biche-au-bois. *Entrées*: Les poulardes à la Prince Albert. Les ortolans à la Paul Demidoff. Les pains de foies gras à l'Erminia degli Ermini. La magnonnaise de poisson aux quatre ports de mer. *Rôts*: Les faisans garnis à la Guerrazzi. Les jambons Anglais au Congrès. *Entremêts*: Les petits pois à la Constantin. La timbale à la violette. Les gâteaux à la Demidoff. La timbale au 15 Septembre. La bombe à la Gule. Les soufflés à la Colomb.

Here is another "menu" for the same number of guests. *Dîner*: Le potage à la Guillaume Tell. Le potage à la Belle-vue. *Hors-d'œuvres*: Les petits pâtés à la Turbigo. La friture mêlée à la Mantovaine. *Relevés*: L'esturgeon aux flottes réunies. Les soles à la Demidoff. Le filet de bœuf au nouveau règne. Le lièvre au Gladiateur.

Entrées : Les suprêmes de volaille à la Lucullus. Les cailles à l'aigle romaine. Le pain de foies gras à la liberté. La magnonnaise de thon à la Vespucci. *Rôts* : L'oie à la Nelson. La hure de sanglier à la Machiavel. *Entremets* : Les artichauts au retour de la chasse. Les concombres farcis à la balle Césaire. La timbale à la grandeur de la France. La crème à la San Domingo. La gelée à la bonne façon. Les soufflés à la Jeanne d'Arc.

It will be seen that, in these "menus," fish not only appears among the relevés, but also in the entrées, after, for example, beef and venison in the one case, and beef and hare in the other. In this instance both are "magnonnaises," as M. Grandi spells it; but, in other "menus," we have "filets de soles à la distinguée," "timbales d'huitres à la Raphaël," and "filets de turbot à la l'Ettore Fieramosca," in the same position, that is to say, after "rosbif à la Nouvelle Zélande" (a flavour of cannibalism), "la pièce de bœuf à la Napoléon III.," "le jambon à la reine Victoria," and "la longe de veau à la Nouvelle Amérique." What is more strange is, that we have a "bastion de soles à la Cronstadt" among the rôts, and immediately preceding the sweets. We have seen salt herrings consumed under similar circumstances, but this was at a dinner strictly "à la Russe." The notion of a "famille de truites réunies," not only fried, but comfortably served up in the same dish together, under similar circumstances, is very happy.

Having given some idea of what a princely "menu" is supposed to consist of, our readers may wish to know something about the dishes in particular. This is not an easy task, for the language of cookery is not readily rendered into English, and the author himself states that he has avoided minute explanations, for, writing for his brethren of the "haute cuisine," he is sure, he says, to be understood by them. As an example of a "potage," that à la Demidoff may take precedence, first, because Prince Anatole of Demidoff is the author's *Mæcenas*, and secondly, because it stands first on the list of new inventions.

"Take fresh chickens and cut them into pieces. Put with them bits of ham, a few truffles and mushrooms, two anchovies, and season with cayenne pepper. When the chickens are half done, take them out and lay them aside. Add a 'bonne espagnole' to what your chickens were cooked in, and you will have your 'bouillon.' Then replace your chickens, and let them boil slowly at a corner of the fire in a stewpan. When the potage is ready, serve it up like turtle-soup. It must be accompanied with little glazed onions on a separate dish, round which may be disposed bouquets of a 'printanière de légumes.'"

"Potage à la John Russell" is begot out of mutton-chops, chickens, and pearl barley, and is served up with glazed turnips. "Potage à la Sultane," of game, chickens, and rice. "Potage Abd-el-Kader," of ducks and onions. "Potage à la ville de Berlin," of partridges. "Potage à la Druse," of hare and sausages. "Potage Irlandais," of turbot. "Potage à la Cialdini," of carrots, turnips, potatoes, onions, peas, and white haricots. "Potage matelote à la Florentine," of oysters, soles, eels, crayfish, and frogs' thighs. "Potage au 15 Septembre," of pheasants' eggs and cream. "Potage au héros de Palestro," of ham, onions, and endive. All these potages have their accompaniments on separate dishes. In the latter case the accompaniment must be braised chickens and capons. The "potage à la Villafranca" must be

accompanied by "suprêmes de volaille" and "filets de canards royaux." "Potage Victoria" is composed of forced meat, larks, chickens, mushrooms, and truffles, aromatic stock, with madeira and heads of celery for an accompaniment. "Potage au trouveur" contains hare, pea-fowl, hams, sausages, tomatoes, and malaga wine. "Potage au Mont Blanc" is so called because it is accompanied by a pyramid of rice. "Potage à la moderne" is concocted from beef, veal, and goose, and is accompanied by "foie gras" and yellow of eggs on bread. Admiralty soup comprises turbot, soles, oysters, crayfish, and anchovies: It is accompanied by "suprêmes d'esturgeon," decorated with anchors. Field-marshal's soup, of which the main constituents are poultry, game, endive, and sorrel, is accompanied by marshals' batons manufactured with "farce à quenelles." The main constituents of "potage Magenta et Solferino" are chicken, hare, and partridge, decorated with cocks' combs and cannon-balls of beetroot. The potages "à la Dumas" and "à la Thérèse" are vegetable soups, that of the romancer being served up with chickens, that of the singer with cauliflowers and other vegetables. Pheasants play a chief part in the "potage à la Rothschild" and "potage à la souveraine."

The hors-d'œuvres are, for the most part, of a still more refined and complicated character. The petits vol-au-vents, or pâtés à l'Abd-el-Kader, not so much so. The vol-au-vent is filled with scallops of filets of wild boar and chopped capers, and served up with a white "chemise de béchamel." "Croquettes au vis-à-vis" are of two kinds; the one is composed of game and truffles, flavoured with madeira, the other of chicken and mushrooms, flavoured with champagne. Both are served up on the same silver dish, vis-à-vis to one another, with lemon and fried parsley. The "petits pâtés à la Turbigo" are filled with a mixture of tomatoes and yellow of eggs, but the "friture mêlée à la Mantovaine," or Mantovaise, is more varied. Croquettes of rice and mushrooms, and croquettes of eggs and truffles, are, in this "plat," served up with "farce de volaille." Fish and birds are sometimes brought together in hors-d'œuvres, as in the "friture comme il vous plaira," in which fried fish are served up with poultry, tongue, lobster, rice, and mushrooms.

In the matter of relevés, the receipts are still more astounding. Even a boiled turbot must, to suit princely tastes, be served up with tails of crayfish masked in a "sauce allemande," fine herbs, filets of soles, quenelles de Bar à la Périgord, and oysters au gratin. "Esturgeon à l'Arioste" demands for its concoction two bottles of white wine, besides soles, eels, and whiting, and decorations of crayfish and truffles. "Saumon à la Regent-street" must be steeped eight hours in two bottles of champagne. It must be served up garnished with "suprêmes d'esturgeon," "bouquets d'huitres," and "queues d'écrevisses," also two lobsters, carrots, turnips, and truffles, the whole accompanied by potatoes, "en bonne purée, à la maître d'hôtel," and "en olives." Sturgeon "au Grand Steamer" is flavoured with two bottles of sauterne, and decorated with a steam-boat made with rice. "Soles à la Demidoff" are cooked in champagne, and served up with truffles, "petits bouquets de crêtes," "foie gras," "rognons de chapon," "jaunes d'œuf," "quenelles de volaille," and of champignons.

The accompaniments are "concombres farcis à la ravigote dans une casserole d'argent." The "famille des truites réunies" must consist of one large trout and eighteen smaller ones. Over the large one must be

written, Lake of Como, on the others, Vaulcuse, Maria Zell, Carlsbad, Geneva, Lucca, and Baden. "Faisans à la Demidoff" constitute a dish so complicated that the author has given an illustration to assist the comprehension. It comprises fillet of beef, quails, capons, truffles, and quenelles of game or poultry, and it is decorated with the initials and coronet of Prince Anatole Demidoff. If we were to say what we thought of the result, in as far as the design is concerned, we might be accused of want of taste, and justly so, never having partaken of pheasants after the Demidoff fashion. "Chevreuil à la biche au bois," "filet de bœuf au nouveau règne," "pièce de bœuf à la Napoléon III.," "selle de sanglier à la Gerard," "poulardes à la Dame aux Camélias," "longe de veau à la Nouvelle Amérique," "lièvre au Gladiateur," "ros-beef à la Nouvelle Zélande," "chevreuil au Chasseur Impérial," "filet de bœuf à la Jules César," and "jambon à la Reine Victoria," are among the other "grands relevés de boucherie" which the inventor has deemed worthy of illustration. The effect of a "biche au bois" is obtained by surrounding a fawn with dwarf trees "à la Japonaise;" the "new reign" is adorned with the arms of France and Italy, and ticketed N. and V. Beef "à la Napoléon III." is ticketed with colossal Ns in white of egg, inserted into the largest truffles procurable. Wild boar "à la Gerard" is made manifest by a huge lion's head—we say "made manifest" advisably, for the illustration looks more like a sarcophagus than a succulent dish. Veal "à la Nouvelle Amérique" is decorated with stars and stripes, and ticketed north and south. Hare "au Gladiateur" is surmounted by horses and jockeys cut out of vegetables, and ticketed Epsom, Paris, Ascott, (?) and Doncaster. Huge hunters' horns, the inevitable game-bags, and the indispensable casquettes, usher in "chevreuil au Chasseur Impérial." "Filet de bœuf à la Jules César" and "jambon à la Reine Victoria" are ticketed in the same appropriate manner. The latter dish is, we fear, calculated to raise a smile—a thing that ought not to be permitted in serious gastronomy.

"Entrées chaudes" consist mainly of dishes of game, as "suprêmes de volaille à la Lucullus," "cailles à l'aigle romaine," and "cotelettes de mouton à la Lord-Maire;" but fish also make their appearance in this course, in the shape of "saumon à la Don Juan," "pâté de soles à la Princesse de Galles," "homards à la Carignan," "tortue à la Demidoff," ditto "à la Saïd Pasha," and "pâté de tortue à la Paul Demidoff." What are called "pains," or loaves, are among the most ornamental dishes. "Pain de canetons à la Michel Angelo" is almost worthy of the name it bears for artistic conception; and "pain de foie gras à l'Erminia del Ermini" is even in still better taste. "Chaud-froid de cailles à la Charles Albert" and "chaud-froid de Ris d'Agneaux" are also very ornamental dishes. So likewise of the "timbales," as in those of oysters "à la Raphaël" and lobsters "à la Borgia." It is, however, in the dessert line—"entremets de douceur," as they are designated in princely gastronomy—that the genius of the artist displays itself in its utmost magnificence. An "arbre à la ville de Florence" is simply tasteful; a "pièce montée au labyrinthe," rather formal; a "tour à la gloire," and "pièces montées à la Demidoff" and "à la gloire des deux nations," glorious and bellicose; but a "bouquet de gibier" is really pretty, and a "pièce montée à la Lucullus" is evidently brought forward as the *ne plus ultra* of culinary art.

OUR TOWN.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT OUR TOWN, AND ITS INHABITANTS IN GENERAL AND IN PARTICULAR.

OUR town is a very important place. Once we returned two members to the imperial parliament, as we are rather fond of boasting we did; but, somehow or other, we got into Schedule C in the Reform Bill, and became disfranchised. To be sure, some people might have said something about the matter; all I can say is that it was a nice snug little borough. We hadn't many burgesses, but they were all most respectable men—nobody could deny that. What finer old English gentleman than Sir Peter Ackfield could be found at their head? Perhaps Sir Peter's purse was the better for each election, and possibly the burgesses might have benefited in one way or another—at least they always seemed to think returning a new member very good fun. However, those good old times are passed; we now look upon politics as vulgar, and consider ourselves, and wish to be considered, a refined and aristocratic community.

Shall I describe our town first, or its inhabitants? Our town, because it is our town, because we live in it, because we are proud of it, shall have the preference. Indeed, our town cannot be jealous of itself; whereas, if it were to be discovered that one of the inhabitants had surreptitiously, or otherwise, unduly obtained the pre-eminence, the rest would undoubtedly be exceedingly outrageously jealous—indeed, I would not venture to calculate the consequences which might accrue to myself or to others.

Our town has a straight street, tolerably long and tolerably broad, with houses of various heights, sizes, and grades. In some, lollipops, marbles, tallow dips, shoe-laces, and gingerbread are sold; in others, reside the lawyer, medical practitioner, the banker—for we have a bank, an agricultural bank—and Miss Snigs—for Miss Snigs is somebody in our town. We have many other notables among the aristocracy of our town; I merely mention these just now to show the contrast which must exist between such a house as lollipops could be sold in, and such as Miss Snigs would inhabit. The contrast will appear greater when more is known about Miss Snigs. The upper stories of the first-mentioned domiciles have the appearance of being anxious to ascertain what their bases are about. As they have had that inclination since I can recollect, it is possible that they will retain the same position for many years to come. The high-pitched roofs are covered with tiles green with the moss of ages, the rafters beneath bent into graceful curves and waves. In some, the upper story projects over the lower, and sash-windows are unknown. The materials of which they are built it is difficult to ascertain. The walls seem to be formed of tiles and lath and plaster, but here and there a little brick or stone crops out, and the framework is evidently of stout oaken timber, against which time has striven in vain. Gradually the houses rise in size and importance, though some, even of the largest, have the venerable appearance of those I have described.

Such is the Green Dragon Hotel, dignified and respectable, with its broad way into the back yard, the coffee-room on one side and the narrow winding stairs to the bed-chambers on the other. Here post-horses even still are kept, and flies and saddle-horses—hacks well able to follow the hounds, I suspect, at a respectful distance. We have shops, too, with glass fronts, three drapers at least, besides a dealer in Berlin wool who sells stationery and toys; two chemists, an iron-monger, a crockery-shop, among our upper-class tradesmen, whose houses are of respectable dimensions; but oh, how transcendently superior is the abode of Miss Snigs, covered with white stucco, with its green venetian blinds, its well-whitened door-steps, the massive knocker of its front door, its iron railings, and its back entrance.

The residence of Mr. Bubsby, our banker, surpasses that of Miss Snigs in imposing grandeur, for though it is of red brick, that red brick is very bright, and it possesses a portico, with pillars and iron railings—all our more aristocratic houses have iron railings, but then it has a court-yard on one side, with a coach-house and stables, which Miss Snigs does not possess. Mr. Bubsby himself is worthy of his house. He is a family man—a man of substance, of high respectability. He feels it, he knows it. You see it by the circular contour of his black satin waistcoat and breeches, by his frilled shirt-front and ample white necktie, such as none but a substantial man would venture to wear now-a-days. Mr. Bubsby is a stout man; his cheeks are well filled; his short hair is white; he has a fresh colour; he wears well, and shows by his cheery laugh and smile that he is well contented with the world. Could Mr. Bubsby have looked so comfortable, and smiled so cheerfully, had his bank been insolvent? Surely not. Therefore it was a satisfaction to all who banked with him, and who did not, to see Mr. Bubsby look so comfortable and smile so sweetly. In truth, we were proud of Mr. Bubsby's well-filled waistcoat and pleasant smile. It showed that we were flourishing—that is to say, that our town was flourishing—for if we had not prospered neither could he, at least so we flattered ourselves. Then, again, Mr. Bubsby was the great wine-merchant of our town; indeed, the only one, as well as the principal coal-merchant. He had had a rival, a poor, thin, pale-faced, black-visaged man, a broken-down speculator with a large family, who had ventured to set up in opposition; but Bubsby couldn't allow such interference, and never had his coals been cheaper or better, till the thin tall man became bankrupt and disappeared from our town.

Mr. Polypip, the solicitor of our town, resided next to Miss Snigs, in a long, low house, with a row of windows facing the street, and his office at one end. On the door was "Polypip and Co., Solicitors." I could never discover who the Co. was. I believe that he was a snuffy little fusty man in a brown coat with spectacles on his nose, and whose face was the colour of one of his own most dusty wormeaten parchments. It was whispered that he took all the dirty work; all troublesome clients were, at all events, turned over to him. Simon Ferret was his name. Polypip had reasons for not wishing to have it associated with his own, so Ferret remained the Co. in all business matters. Polypip himself was a man of honour. He would have

been very angry had any one ventured to doubt the fact. If anything went wrong, or any business transacted by the firm was pronounced discreditable, he did not scruple to remark that it was done against his advice or wishes by that little rascal, Ferret. Polypip was a teetotaler, a tall thin man with a high forehead, tolerably exact in his costume, always wore a white neckcloth doubly folded round his long neck, and looked as if he had been subjected to an extraordinary lateral pressure, which had lengthened out his head and raised his shoulders towards his ears. Polypip's garden adjoined that of Miss Snigs, and, although the intervening paling was high, he was able in certain places to look over it as he paced up and down in meditative mood on the adjacent gravel walk. Miss Snigs might, or might not, have been aware of these stolen tiptoe glances, but they began to have an effect, if not on the fair damsel herself, on the hitherto unoccupied imagination or heart, or the thoughts, at all events, of Mr. Polypip. Had Miss Snigs been Miss Snigs's niece, pretty Mary Bolland, who occasionally came to stay with her—one of a hard-working curate's seven daughters—it is questionable whether those tiptoe glances would have had the effect they produced, for Polypip had, as he boasted, his feelings under perfect control. So he might, any he could have entertained for so mature a maiden as Miss Snigs, without any overpowering exertion on his part. It might have been her clear four hundred a year, and her comfortable house and well laid-out garden, besides a paddock and two or three other fields, which had some influence in softening his stoical heart, but that he more than once strenuously denied such an accusation. One thing was certain, that he had resolved to win the fair Martha Snigs, if he could.

"Faint heart never won fair lady. I'll try," he said to himself. "Her personal attractions are not excessive—at least, a young man would not consider them so; I opine; but, then, the securities in which her property is invested are undoubted. If her sister, Mrs. Bolland, had left hers where old Snigs placed them, she wouldn't have lost the greater part of them."

As offering a great contrast to Mr. Polypip, I must mention our medical practitioner, Dr. Quinsey, a retired naval surgeon. He had a little round head, with a pair of sharp, good-natured eyes in it, and a very small amount of hair; the rest had been blown off, he used to aver, in a typhoon in the Indian Seas. His head was, indeed, similar in shape to one of the round shot, with the effects of which he had had practically to deal. His body was suited to his head—that is to say, it was round and short, as were his legs and arms, though, all put together, he appeared a very compact, active, little man. He was straight-forward, honest, and good natured, and no respecter of persons. Had he been sent for by the poorest cottager in the parish requiring his immediate aid two miles off, and at the same time by Mr. Bubsby, or even by Miss Snigs, he would have gone directly to the poor man, and let them understand that they must wait. This system did not increase his worldly wealth, but the little doctor had a warm nook in the hearts of not a few of the humble poor who dwelt in and about our town for many miles round. Lieutenant Shakings, also of the navy, was a great friend of his. They had been shipmates more than

once, and knew how to value each other. Lieutenant Shakings did not live in our town, but a little way out of it, on the top of a hill whence he could enjoy a good view of the sea, for our town is near the sea, though we are proud to say it is far too aristocratic to be a seaport. The lieutenant's domicile was unlike any other in the town or the neighbourhood, or, indeed, anywhere else. He built it himself—that is to say, he was the architect and designer—and he was very proud of his production. He had some assistants. The most important of them was an old follower, a regular sea-dog, Tom Kelson by name. He was the lieutenant's factotum, his only servant or attendant. He could no more have got on without Tom than he could without the hook at the end of his arm, with which he had grappled many a foe, and hung on by while clearing the wreck of a fallen mast or lashing an enemy's bowsprit to the rigging of his own ship. His other assistants were a mason, a broken-down cabinet-maker, and a ship's carpenter, whom he found straying along the road in search of work. The production was of a nondescript order—had a nautical look from the foundation to the roof; the windows were wonderfully like port-holes; a verandah, of which he was highly proud, had the appearance of the stern gallery of a line-of-battle ship. Wood had far more largely entered into the composition of his mansion than stone or brick, for which he had no affection. But he most prided himself on an arch formed of the two largest bones in a whale's mouth over his entrance gate, and the figure-heads of two ships in which he had served, and which formed ornaments in the Gog and Magog style on either side of his extreme front porch. Beneath this front porch were benches, on which the wearied passer-by could rest while he went in search of whatever food his larder could supply. Occasionally he might be seen there himself enjoying his pipe on the watch for a friend, but generally he indulged in the pleasures of conviviality in the gallery or the room above, which greatly resembled the gun-room of a frigate.

But the lieutenant himself is more worthy of description than his house, and yet, to look at him, you only saw a broad-shouldered shortish man with long arms, a large head with long hair, which, though thinner than once it was, had scarcely a tinge of grey. Kindness and good nature beamed from every line of his broad honest countenance, which was seamed, and scared, and indented in a way which showed the hard battles it had had for many a long year with the elements, and I don't know what shape the nose might have been when he was an infant, it was now so curiously knocked about, and twisted, and flattened; his mouth, however, had escaped injury, and a good large honest mouth it was, filled with big, white, pearly teeth, which looked capable of munching up a sea-horse or a walrus.

I have given a fuller description of Lieutenant Shakings than I had intended, but the truth is, he was a favourite of mine, and so he was of everybody who could appreciate honesty, and bravery, and true worth. But at this rate I shall never be able to get through the description of one half of the inhabitants of our town, or of certain events, and sayings, and doings of them, which it is my purpose to record. I said that our town has one straight street—it has likewise

other short streets, or rather roads, branching off at right angles to them. A little way down one of these branches was a villa residence, neither very large, nor altogether a picture of neatness, for the landlord was a hard man, penurious and avaricious, and the tenant, Mrs. Towzell, a widow lady with a large family, and limited, very limited means; and when a fence gave way, or a bank slipped down, she was unable, and her landlord would not, repair it. Thus, the appearance of Rose Villa was not altogether such as our town was proud of; yet inside it was as clean and tidy as the widow and her one servant could keep it, and her young people would allow it to be kept. They were high-spirited, somewhat riotous children, and the widow had never gained entire control over them, though they loved and obeyed her, and were really anxious to do what might please her. When I used to see the whole eight or nine out with her scrambling away across the country, she following meekly as best she could, she put me in mind of a hen with a brood of ducklings, which, in spite of her warning chuckles and entreaties, will go into the water. People knew well enough that Mrs. Towzell was a highly respectable lady; but many found cogent reasons for not calling on her, or inviting her to their entertainments. She was not likely to ask any of them in return. Lieutenant Shakings, however, found an opportunity of introducing himself to the widow, and many a little comfort or luxury he also by some means added to her scanty board. Now a dish of fish which he had caught—now a basket of game—some vegetables from his own garden, or couple of fowls and a dozen of eggs of his own rearing. Then people would send him more hampers of wine and sweetmeats, and even plum-cakes, than he could possibly consume, so he was forced, he said, to send them over to Widow Towzell for her young ones. He bestowed on her even more substantial benefits. He took a great fancy to Jack Towzell, the widow's eldest boy; and Jack took a great fancy to him. People said that Jack was a big, idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and that he was going to the dogs. They might have been right. Jack was a big fellow, and idle because he had nothing to do; but whether he was good-for-nothing was to be proved. He delighted in listening to the lieutenant's adventures, till nothing would satisfy him but to go to sea. He never let his poor mother rest till she had promised not to hinder him. The lieutenant told her that he would arrange matters if the lad's mind was set on going, and that she need not trouble herself. So he did in a truly liberal manner—ordered the boy's outfit—got him as a midshipman on board a man-of-war, and arranged to pay for him the required allowance.

"You must do us credit, Jack," he whispered, as he shook hands with the boy on the deck of the frigate to which he had got him appointed, and on board which he had accompanied him as she lay in Plymouth Sound ready for sailing. "Serve God, obey your captain, and stick to your colours."

Jack followed out the rule his friend had given him, and gained favour with officers and men. A gallant action on the coast of Africa, just as he was old enough to pass, obtained him his promotion, and Jack came home a young lieutenant, to rejoice the hearts of

his mother, and brother, and sisters, to thank his old friend, and to disprove the prognostications of those who had asserted that he was good for nothing.

CHAPTER II.

AN ACCOUNT OF A GRAND TEA-PARTY IN OUR TOWN.

MISS SNIGS had her niece, Mary Bolland, staying with her, and, on the occasion of her visit, gave a tea-party. It created quite a sensation in our town. Who was to be invited—who left out? Everybody couldn't go, that was certain. Mr. Polypip was on the tenter-hooks of expectation. Should he be asked, and if he was asked, how could he best make progress in the good graces of Miss Snigs? Gentlemen were valuable commodities in our town, from their scarcity—that is to say, young gentlemen; but could Mr. Polypip consider himself a young gentleman? He discovered that Lieutenants Shakings and Towzell were both asked. His heart swelled with jealousy. Could he submit to be overlooked? Was he inferior in rank and social position to them? At length an invitation came; it was short and formal, but it afforded him immense satisfaction; he pirouetted round on one leg, with the other stuck out at right angles, in his delight.

"I'll profit by the opportunity, and then I'll strike while the iron's hot, and Martha Snigs shall be mine." And he clasped his hands in an ecstasy, such as he did not often indulge in.

Miss Snigs's tea-party came off. All the rank and fashion of our town were there. Mr. Bubsby shone conspicuously, equalled only by Mrs. and the Miss Bubsbys. The family of Bubsby took up a good deal of space in any room, especially in Miss Snigs's parlour, grand as it was compared to most others in our town. Dr. and Mrs. Quinsey were there, as also the vicar, Mr. Goodman, and his lady, and the curate, Mr. Jones; but he hadn't a wife, so he came alone; and endeavoured to make himself agreeable to the Miss Bubsbys.

The Independent minister, Mr. Rory, was also present; for Miss Snigs was of the liberal school, and, whatever her other failings, held the rational notion, that those who may reasonably hope to meet hereafter need not be excluded from each other's society below on account of slight differences in their religious opinions. It was rumoured that Sir Peter and Lady Ackfield were coming. Miss Snigs, however, expressed herself humbly fearful that she could scarcely anticipate so great an honour. All the guests were assembled, Mr. Polypip with a tie, the ends of which tickled Miss Bubsby's broad brow, and Miss Snigs's chin at the same time was bending gracefully over the back of a chair to admire a pencil drawing, produced by the latter lady, of an Arcadian shepherdess milking a cow, the said Mr. Polypip casting sheep's glances every now and then at Miss Snigs's pretty niece, Mary Bolland, who was listening to an adventure narrated in an animated style by Jack Towzell, when a carriage stopped at the door. The knocker sounded sonorously. Miss Snigs started—her heart beat quickly.

The butler—not Miss Snigs's own private butler, for she had none,

but the butler-general of our town; what tea-party was complete without him?—announced Sir Peter and Lady Ackfield, and—what a contrast to Mr. and Mrs. Bubsby—a quiet little old gentleman, and a lady in black silk, with snow-white hair, entered the room. They tried to make themselves at home, and to avoid the attention which was lavished on them by all present.

“We are glad to come and see you, Miss Snigs, and our other friends—very glad,” said Sir Peter. “But you must not make too much of us, or we shall grow vain. Ah, Mr. Polypip! glad to see you. Anything stirring in the legal world? I wasn’t on the bench last week.”

Polypip simpered, and was much pleased at having so much notice taken of him. It was a good sign; it must raise him in the estimation of Miss Snigs. The good old baronet, however, paid the same attention to every one present; at the same time, it was evident that in some of the guests he took more especial interest. Mary Bolland particularly received marks of his approval. Lady Ackfield always spoke to her as “my dear.” Mary would indeed have been considered pretty anywhere. She was so fair and rosy, with such blue eyes, and with such fine light hair, with a tinge of auburn, and she had such a nice round plump figure, with such a sweet expression of countenance. Jack Towzell was evidently captivated. Over head and ears in love, he took no pains to conceal his admiration. I have no doubt that Jack had some wonderfully romantic notions in his head; what lots of prize-money he would make one of these days; there must be a war before long; what might not turn up? he might capture a Spanish galleon, or something of that sort. Shakings had done so, and, though others got the lion’s share, it had made his fortune. Besides, hadn’t he his half-pay? All these thoughts, and many others, passed through the young lieutenant’s mind as he looked up into Mary Bolland’s blue eyes. She thought that she had never seen anybody she had liked so much, and hoped that he would call on her aunt the next morning. He had every intention of so doing. Yet there is an old saying, “that the course of true love never runs smoothly.” But more of that by-and-by.

Miss Snigs’s party was a decided success. I cannot mention one-half of the great people who were there. Lieutenant Shakings himself was present. Miss Snigs observed that she considered it a high honour that so distinguished an officer as the captain should come to her entertainment. (The lieutenant had been given brevet rank in our town.) He replied, that he considered himself honoured by being invited, especially by so charming a maiden lady as Miss Snigs. Whereon Miss Snigs looked softly towards the captain, and said that she was sure he wouldn’t deceive a too—too sensitive heart.

“Never did such a thing in the whole course of my life, and hope that I shan’t begin now, marm,” answered the lieutenant, bluntly, not aware that the speech had any reference to herself.

Miss Snigs was satisfied. The captain would be in earnest, whatever he said or did.

It is not necessary to describe how the tea was handed about, and the cakes and the bread-and-butter, and how the card-tables were made up, and how Mr. Jones and Mr. Rory cast glances of dis-

approval at the players, or how carefully the vicar turned away his head from them, lest, as Miss Tinpenny observed, "he might have had to make some remark on the subject from the pulpit next Sunday, which wouldn't have been gentile or altogether polite to Miss Snigs." I must mention, however, how sweetly Mary Bolland sang, and nicely she played, till Sir Peter got up and whispered in her ear:

"You must come and play to me and Lady Ackfield, my dear, some day soon. We mustn't put it off long. You'll promise?"

Mary readily promised.

The Miss Bubbys also sang and played—I will not say how. They didn't get tired of listening to themselves. Sir Peter didn't ask them to come and sing to him. The rest of the company looked over prints and photographs till everybody knew every one of them by heart. At length Sir Peter and Lady Ackfield went away, and Mr. Bubby, who had had great difficulty for some time in keeping his eyes open, considered that it would be the fashionable thing to order his carriage soon afterwards. Others lingered. The two naval officers and Mr. Polypip were the last to leave the house. Mr. Polypip was the very last. He went back into the drawing-room door, put his head in, cast one ogling glance around, placed his hand on his heart, sighed deeply, and then popped his head out again. Whether this dumb show had any effect on the heart of the fair mistress of the mansion may be doubted; that it had not on the heart, but on the countenance, of her niece, is certain; for, as soon as Polypip's physiognomy had disappeared, she burst out into a merry fit of laughter.

CHAPTER III.

A LAWYER IN LOVE. HOW HE SHOWED IT, AND WHAT WAS THE RESULT.

MISS SNIGS was walking in meditative mood in her garden while Mary Bolland was inside playing, the sweet notes of her voice streaming along through the open window. Miss Snigs was not attached to her own name; she was aware that it was not euphonious, but her disposition was not in reality very sensitive. Her hand had been sought more than once; but she suspected that her fortune was the attraction. Her suitors had, one after the other, been rejected, and she remained Miss Snigs. Her garden took a turn at the lower end, and there were thick shrubberies and trees affording a grateful shade. Jack Towzell and Mary Bolland had discovered that they could there walk up and down without being seen from the house, or by any one, except, perhaps, by a sly little Cupid with a bow and arrow perched up in a tree.

Miss Snigs had reached this secluded retreat, when suddenly an apparition appeared before her—at least she started as if she had seen one.

"Where do you come from?" she exclaimed; "and how dare——"

"Over the garden-wall," answered the apparition, interrupting her. "Oh, listen, adorable Martha Snigs, to what your devoted, admiring, despairing, heart-broken, constant, faithful suitor, lover, friend, Timothy Polypip, has to say."

Polypip knelt on one knee, stretched out one of his long thin arms as if to clutch her, and placed the other inside his waistcoat.

"Get up, Mr. Polypip, get up, sir," she exclaimed, indignantly, in return. "I insist on your going back by the way you came. I cannot listen to your professions and vows. Go away, I say, go away; I don't like you."

But Polypip persisted on keeping on one knee, gradually working himself on towards her, and ogling his eyes terribly.

"Oh, Martha Snigs, Martha Snigs, won't you have me?" he at length exclaimed, pathetically.

"No, I won't, I won't, Mr. Polypip," she answered, resolutely. "Every man's house is his castle, Mr. Polypip, and I consider a lone lady's garden her castle, Mr. Polypip, and that your intrusion in mine is against the laws and institutions of our free country, which you profess to revere and support, Mr. Polypip. There, sir, you have had my answer—you'll get no other."

Polypip had become desperate. He fancied that he could carry the citadel of Miss Snigs's heart by a *coup de main*. He sprang with agility to his feet, and stretching out his arms, exclaimed, as he rushed towards the lady:

"Not thus am I to be foiled, adorable Martha. Be mine you must—you shall—you will! By all the——"

The lady's piercing shrieks interrupted him. What she fancied was going to happen it is difficult to say; but at that moment a sturdy voice exclaimed, "Come, none of that, you old fellow!" and the next instant Lieutenant Shakings scrambled over a paling and through a quickset hedge which divided the garden from a not much-frequented pathway, and running his iron hook through the collar of the lank attorney's coat, he pulled him to the ground by a sudden jerk, and began to drag him along the path.

"Which way shall I take him, marm?" he asked. They were the first words he had spoken to Miss Snigs.

She pointed to Mr. Polypip's garden-wall.

"Over there," she answered. "That's the way he came. Thank you."

Lieutenant Shakings nodded, and dragging along the astonished, confounded, and unresisting man of the law, and seizing him by the lower extremity of his garments, gave him so sudden a hoist, that he sent him helplessly flying over the paling back into his own domain.

Cries, oaths, and other expressions scarcely fit to be repeated, were heard proceeding from the mouth of the man of law, as he lay struggling and vainly endeavouring to rise from among a grove of somewhat ancient and sturdy gooseberry-bushes into which he had been precipitated.

"I'll be revenged! Action for assault and battery will stand! Oh, these thorns! It's worse than *scandalum magnatum*. How dare these gooseberry-bushes scratch me, their owner and master? What was I doing? What was I saying? Nothing. What every Englishman has a right to say—declaring my affection for a peerless lady. What business had he to interfere? I'm a better man than him any day. I'll be revenged—terribly revenged! Oh, these bushes! Shan't have an inch on my body without a scratch. Assault and battery! Revenge! revenge!"

These and similar cries continued to proceed from the other side of the paling till Miss Snigs had reached the garden steps of her mansion.

"You'll come in, won't you, captain, and let me thank you, and let my niece thank you, and my whole household thank you, for the inestimable service you have rendered me in ridding me of the presence of that insufferable wretch, Polypip, in a manner which will prevent him from repeating his intrusion?"

Miss Snigs, as she said this, cast a tender glance at the sturdy though battered form of the old lieutenant.

"Why, as to that, I shall have to scramble back through the hedge if I do not," he answered, bluntly. "But for the matter of tossing old Parchment over the paling, pray don't think about it. I'll heave him over again to-morrow, or any other day he comes, with the greatest pleasure."

Miss Snigs thought how delightful and satisfactory it would be if she could always have the brave officer by her side to heave intruders over the paling, and in all other ways to protect and defend her.

Lieutenant Shakings had, however, just then as much idea of making love to Miss Snigs as he had of proposing to the eldest daughter of the Emperor of China. However, he accompanied its fair mistress into the house and into the drawing-room, where, looking very much at his ease and engaged in earnest conversation with Miss Mary Bolland, he found his friend, Lieutenant Towzell. Miss Snigs started back; the young lieutenant jumped to his legs, for he was sitting down on the footstool at Mary Bolland's feet. It was a comfortable and pleasant seat, and the young lady seemed to have no objection to his being there.

"I had no idea that there were visitors," exclaimed Miss Snigs.

"I hope that you will not consider me a formal one. I came to see your niece, and have had a good deal to say to her," said the young lieutenant, casting a glance with a twinkle in his eye at Mr. Shakings. "But don't let us interrupt you, Miss Snigs. If my friend here has any matters to talk over, we'll take a turn in the garden in the mean time. Come along, Mary."

"Well, I do declare that beats anything I have ever met!" exclaimed Miss Snigs. "Why, it was only the other day you two became acquainted, and now you've taken to call her Mary! Pray, niece, do you call him Jack?"

"Yes, aunt, I have done so," answered Mary Bolland, demurely.

"I'll confess," said Jack, taking Miss Snigs's hand, "you've known me since I was a boy, and so you know that I am not an impostor, or a swindler, or anything disreputable. Well, it did not require for me to see your niece very often to be over head and ears in love with her. Now, we sailors have to do things pretty sharply; here to-day, gone to-morrow; if we don't strike when the iron's hot, the chances are it's cold again before we come back. Mr. Shakings will tell you that."

Miss Snigs looked at Mr. Shakings, and wished that he would strike while the iron was hot; but Mr. Shakings only nodded his head, and remarked:

"Oh yes, marm, it's a fact, no doubt about it. There's a great deal to be said in favour of the young man—of the young couple, indeed; they haven't let the grass grow under their feet, that's very certain."

And the lieutenant burst into a hearty fit of laughter. It was impossible even for Miss Snigs to be either sentimental or angry under such a peal of cachinnations.

"But do you mean to say, niece, that Mr. Towzell has been and proposed to you, and that you have positively accepted him?" she asked, at length.

"Yes, aunt. I really couldn't help it," answered Mary, looking at Jack.

"And pray, young people, on what are you going to support existence?" asked Miss Snigs, who, in spite of a spice of sentiment, was of a practical turn of mind.

"That's just what we were coming to when you interrupted us," answered Jack, promptly. "We should have settled it all in a very short time, and I think that the best thing we can do now is to go out in the garden and finish that part of the subject—eh, Mary? We'll come back and tell you as soon as we have arrived at a satisfactory conclusion."

"Well, I must say, Mr. Jack Towzell, I never have, in the whole course of my life, met with such cool assurance," exclaimed Miss Snigs. At the same time, she did not order him or her niece to stay.

"Faint heart never won fair lady, my dear Miss Snigs, is the opinion we hold to in the navy," observed Jack, tucking Mary Bolland's arm under his, and moving towards the door.

Possibly Miss Snigs thought or felt that the example of the young people might be contagious, and that Mr. Shakings might begin to discover her perfections. Unhappily for Miss Snigs's peace of mind, Mr. Shakings was very far from admiring her, though, for the sake of his young friends, he, not aware of what was passing in her mind, determined, to the best of his power, to keep her occupied for half an hour or so, till they could settle the knotty point they had under discussion.

Mr. Shakings had occasionally in his younger days been employed on diplomatic services. Blunt honesty now, as then, obtained the object of his mission. He had undertaken to make himself agreeable to Miss Snigs for half an hour, or for as much longer a time as he could. He talked of his battles and the countries he had visited, and the adventures he had gone through. Miss Snigs thought him a delightful person. Poor Miss Snigs! The brave lieutenant never for one moment thought that he was making love, or dreamed of a breach of promise. All the time he thought that he was simply making himself agreeable to an elderly spinster lady.

Meantime the young couple went into the garden. What they said, and what sage arrangements they made for their future maintenance, it is not necessary to recount. They both had heard of books which told people how they could live on a hundred a year and two hundred a year, and didn't his full pay amount to a hundred and twenty, independent of the prize-money he was sure to make? Indeed, it would be

a sin not to marry, they were so wonderfully well off. While they were discussing these important matters, the unfortunate Polypip had picked himself out of the gooseberry-bushes, and, having been well covered with cold cream by his housekeeper, had once more betaken himself to his garden. When pacing up and down with green-eyed jealousy at his heart, he overheard some of the tender expressions uttered by the enamoured lieutenant and responded to by the young lady. Blinded by passion, and thus under the belief that the lovers were his one-armed rival and Miss Snigs, he resolved to wreak his vengeance on the head of the gentleman.

Hastening to the dust-hole he filled a large bucket with the finest ashes he could dip up, mingled with broken egg-shells and other refuse, and, armed with this novel engine of warfare, he crept noiselessly back to the palings, near which he guessed the lovers would pass. Mild-tempered men, and even cautious men, when they do get angry, are sometimes guilty of the most outrageous performances. In one hand he grasped a thick garden stake, and, taking a hint from naval tactics, his purpose was to heave the contents of the bucket over the lovers, and then to attack the lieutenant under cover of the dust, just as a ship at close quarters fires a broadside into an enemy, and then the boarders rush on her decks amid the smoke and confusion which their guns have caused. There were, however, two or three points which Mr. Polypip did not take into consideration. There was a strongish breeze, which he did not feel under the paling, and there was a broad border between it and the walk; the paling, too, was high, and the bucket heavy. The young lieutenant and Mary had sat for some time in the more retired part of the garden, when they thought that they ought to show themselves, so they took a turn in the long walk near Mr. Polypip's paling. Still anger made him deaf, or he might have distinguished Mary's tones from those of her aunt. Then he crouched down like some huge serpent about to spring on its prey. The loving couple approached. He sprang up, and, by an extraordinary effort, leaped over the paling, at the same time endeavouring to cast the contents of the bucket over his supposed rival. As he did so, a strong gust of wind sent the ashes flying thickly back in his face, completely blinding and stifling him; but this did not subdue his anger, as might have been the case had the bucket been full of water—on the contrary, it only increased it, and, grasping the stake, he furiously assaulted the young lieutenant. Mary screamed loudly, believing that Mr. Polypip had gone mad; but Towzell, seizing the lawyer's weapon, wrenched it in a moment out of his hand, and began to apply it pretty lustily to his head and shoulders. Had Mr. Polypip retained any reason in that head, he would have speedily beat a retreat, but, instead of so wise a course, he threw himself bodily on the young and active sailor, still under the belief that he was attacking the old one. The consequence of this movement was, that he quickly measured his length on the gravel walk. Meantime, Mary's screams had alarmed the inmates of the house. Some hard thoughts crossed the mind of Miss Snigs. Could the young lieutenant have become too demonstrative in the expression of his affection and frightened her little niece? She wished that the

old one would become a little more so. Still she must go and see what was the matter. Lieutenant Shakings followed, more puzzled than she was, while the two maid-servants rushed out, one with the hot poker and the other with the kitchen bellows, believing that a wild beast had got into the garden, and Sophonisba, the housemaid, having some indistinct idea that the latter instrument might prove a formidable weapon. They all arrived in time to see Mr. Polypip laid prostrate on the walk.

"What could the fellow mean!" exclaimed the young lieutenant, as he surveyed his fallen assailant. "My sweet Mary, don't be alarmed. I'll take care that he doesn't do any harm."

Mr. Polypip was meditating a spring on his opponent, but, opening his eyes, he saw through the dust, which still almost filled them, young Towzell standing over him, and the man he thought that he had been attacking approaching from the house. Anticipating further disagreeable consequences to himself, he, watching his opportunity and springing to his feet, threw himself desperately over the paling. A loud crash of breaking glass showed that he had fallen bodily into a newly placed cucumber-frame, which was not far from the spot where he had previously concealed himself. This was considerably worse than the gooseberry-bushes, as the glass cut him, and the soil below was soft, moist, and odorous. By some means, in his struggles he got his head through the frame, and was seen impetuously rushing along, under the belief that he was pursued, with it hanging over his shoulder. Miss Snigs's gratitude to Lieutenant Towzell knew no bounds. He had evidently saved the captain, for whom the dreadful assault was no doubt intended. She asked the captain how she could best show it.

"Just think, my dear Captain Shakings, what would have been the consequence if that madman had attacked you. I am sure that I should have fainted. Oh dear! oh dear! how terrible it would have been! What can I do to thank the young man?"

"Why, my dear marm, I think the best thing you can do is to let him marry your niece. I've no doubt but that the young couple will make it out somehow or other. Young people always do. I'll lend them a helping hand, for I've got more than I want; and you, I dare say, can do something for your niece. Come, my dear Miss Snigs; don't say no."

"I couldn't say no to you, captain," answered Miss Snigs, sentimentally turning up her eyes, while her heart beat audibly; but the hard-hearted officer didn't take the hint. Poor Miss Snigs!

However, Miss Snigs was a wise woman. She thought that if she allowed the young lieutenant to pay his addresses to her niece, that the example might be contagious, and that, perhaps, the old one might begin to pay his addresses to her, so she said:

"I hope that your young friend will come here as often as he likes. If he really is in love with Mary, I should like to see as much as possible of him, to judge whether he is likely to prove a good husband to the dear girl; and you know, captain, that you will always be welcome whenever you please to accompany him. I shall feel rather lonely if I am deprived of the society of my niece, as I am sure to be

for several hours of the day. Young people, under such circumstances, are always so wrapped up in themselves, they never think of others."

"No fear, marm. I'll come and play a game of backgammon with you whenever I can, and keep up your spirits," answered the gallant officer. "And, I say, if that lank, long-legged lawyer comes philandering after you again, just let Jack and me know, and we'll duck him in a horsepond. That will cool his ardour, I suspect."

"Oh! thank you, captain—thank you! I am sure you are kind and generous, and possess all the qualities which would make a reasonable woman happy."

As the brave lieutenant walked home, he thought over the remarks made to him by the spinster.

"I wonder what the old girl is after?" he thought to himself. "She can't mean that she wants me to make up to her? Bless my heart! I wonder if that's the case? I didn't think it, certainly. But it looks precious like it. Well, I should have thought that she was better off as she is. However, women have their fancies. She's a kind-hearted old girl, and maybe she'd like to be Mrs. Shakings instead of Miss Snigs. Well, it's all the same to me. If it would help Towzell to marry that pretty little dear, Mary Bolland, I wouldn't mind chancing it. I'll just ask him what he thinks, and tell him to ask Mary what she thinks. I'd rather have married his mother if she'd have let me, just to help her keep house and look after the children; but she talked so much about her heart being buried with her dead husband, and that she wouldn't take advantage of my generous sympathy, that I saw that it was no go. It's a great thing to make one woman happy, and if I thought that Martha Snigs would be the happier for marrying me, I shouldn't like to balk her. I must think about it."

Lieutenant Shakings did think about it a good deal. He consulted Jack, who consulted Mary, who at first laughed heartily at the idea, but, after two or three days, said that she had reason to alter her mind; that the moment she broached the subject, her aunt did nothing but talk about the old lieutenant, and at last confessed, amid a perfect eruption of sighs, that her happiness would be gone for ever if Mr. Shakings should remain obdurate.

"Then there's no help for it, Jack, I suppose," remarked the old officer, shrugging his shoulders. "If I find that her heart is really set on it, I'll tell her that I'm her man—I do think that a single woman like her, poor thing! must sometimes feel very forlorn—and if I don't, why, she'll always have that piece of sanctimonious Parchment bothering her. Yes, Jack, I see it is really the right thing to do; and it will put a spoke in your wheel, and that's another good reason."

Thus honest Lieutenant Shakings argued himself into matrimony. So softened was the heart of Miss Snigs on receiving a *bond fide* offer from Lieutenant Shakings, that at his suggestion she settled irrevocably a hundred a year on her pretty niece, with a further sum when she herself should be called out of this sublunary world, contingent on her not having a family of her own.

"Of course, dear aunt, I shouldn't like to deprive my little cousins

in prospect of a larger portion of their inheritance than you have already so generously bestowed on me."

There was a laughing glitter in her eyes as she spoke which she could not suppress. Of course, with so magnificent an income secured to them, the young lieutenant and Mary agreed that it would be quite wrong not to marry forthwith. Miss Snigs at first threw objections in the way.

"I see, Mary, that I must get that good old fellow, Shakings, to come to the scratch himself," observed Jack. "If he asks her to splice at once, and proposes that we should all be married together, she'll consent—no fear of that."

Lieutenant Shakings was ready to do anything Jack wished, and the matter was soon satisfactorily arranged. On Jack's account no time was to be lost, as he could not tell when he might be called away to sea. When Polypip, who had betaken himself to the sea-side for change of air to recover from his bruises and scratches and his wounded feelings, returned, he endeavoured to establish an action for assault and battery; but it was so evident that he was the aggressor, that for once in a way a lawyer was foiled, and caught in his own snare. He soon after sold his business and retired to America, where his talents were more likely to be rewarded than they were in our town.

The marriages of Lieutenant Shakings, R.N., to Miss Martha Snigs, and of Lieutenant Towzell, R.N., to Miss Mary Bolland, were among the most exciting events which have occurred for many years in our town.

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

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MILES.

X.

THE Sabbath-day fell on what would have been our fourth day's march, and we cried a halt accordingly, and kept it as a day of rest, divine service being performed in the saloon tent. On our journey the last two days, Fahrenheit's thermometer showed 102 deg. exposed to the sun; but at six o'clock of a morning, during the last two days' march, and also whilst we were encamped at the foot of Mount Sinai, the thermometer (Fahrenheit's) denoted only 40 deg. For the first six mornings, after leaving Suez, it had registered 48 deg.

From the Wady-es-Shaick there is a short cut, with an occasional steep ascent, through a narrow, rocky, and stony gorge, to the Greek convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, impracticable for laden camels, but through which, if the riders will dismount and walk for nearly half of the distance, the dromedaries can pass. This route we took,

* *All rights reserved.*

as we reached the convent by so doing at half-past ten A.M.; whereas our laden camels, having proceeded *via* the Wady-es-Shaick, did not reach the encamping-ground until between two and three P.M.

The first thing I tried to do on reaching the crest of the last ascent, from whence a gentle declivity led to the site of the convent, along an open plain, or rather through a broad valley, with the imposing sight of Mount Sinai towering up towards the heavens a little to the right of this said valley, was to endeavour to fix upon the very site that had been chosen by Mr. Herbert for his grand and beautiful fresco in the robing-room of the House of Peers, which represented Moses with the two "tables of stone" (Exodus xxxiv. 29, 30) coming down from Mount Sinai and entering the camp of the Israelites, after having been forty days on the summit of the mountain, and which magnificent work of art I made a point of visiting and studying for half an hour only the day previous to my departure from London for the "Land of Egypt;" but I could not realise the exact or identical site, neither from that spot nor from our camp, although I have a pretty tolerable idea of the spot from the neighbourhood of which the view of Moses's return to the Jewish camp was taken.

We had no sooner reached and looked at our bare and naked encamping-ground, which was to be the site of our abode for the next three days, than we hurried away, still mounted on our dromedaries, to the convent, to visit its interior, as well as its Superior and the monks, and to procure a cup of hot coffee to give a relish to the cold provisions which our dragoman had brought on with him for our lunch; for, during our march, we had invariably halted for an hour about one o'clock to discuss our mid-day's meal of cold fowl and tongue, or ham and turkey, and a dessert of oranges (of which latter *one thousand* had been laid in for our use at Cairo, and which lasted us to Hebron) and figs, with dates, biscuits, and gingerbread nuts.

On reaching the convent gates, which were protected by sheets of iron, and after a loud knocking thereat, a voice from a square orifice in the stone wall, which did duty for a window, and which was elevated some five-and-twenty or maybe thirty feet from the ground, inquired our business, and on our dragoman's replying to the monk in Arabic (in which language his question was asked) that we wished to visit the interior of the convent, the monk inquired if we had a "pass" or "permit" from the Greek Patriarch at Cairo, and on being answered in the affirmative, the said "permit" was, as requested, affixed to a cord and hauled up into the convent, and taken to the "Superior" thereof for perusal, who, finding it was all *en règle* and "orthodox," gave orders for our admittance; and, after a short delay, one half of the large double outer gates leading into the large court-yard was opened to us, and as soon as it was closed again, and locked and bolted, we followed the monk into the interior of the convent by a dark and narrow passage, to which access was only had by the unlocking of a low iron-bound door, so low that we had to stoop low ourselves before we could enter, and shortly afterwards we had an interview with the Superior, who ordered coffee to be served up to us. After a short conversation, through our dragoman, in Arabic (for the Superior could not speak either French or English, or even Italian),

we visited the rooms on the floor on which we had been seated, and which floor was situated on the second story facing the church, being simply a wooden verandah, with a slight balcony of the same material, as a protection from falling into the narrow alley or passage paved with stones below. We next asked for permission to visit the interior of the church, and also the library, which was accorded to us; and, after a few more interchanges of conversation with the Superior, through the agency of the dragoman, the former rose to take leave of us, and at once retired to his own quarters.

We will now proceed to the church. Inside it resembled all Greek churches, and was rich in pictures of the Virgin, of Jesus Christ, and of saints. It was originally dedicated to the "Transfiguration;" but ever since the church has contained the relics of St. Catherine it goes by her name, as she is considered to be its patron saint. Inside the centre portion of this building I noticed, standing upright in its large oaken frame, an English eight-day clock, which seemed to be a strange piece of ecclesiastical furniture for the nave of a Greek church. On inspecting it more closely, I read on its dirty silvered-looking dial the following engraved inscription:

W. WASBROUGH.
BRISTOL.

We next visited the small chapel dedicated to the "Burning Bush," in which is a small altar, on which a massive silver lamp was kept continually burning. Before we were permitted to enter this *sanctum sanctorum*, however, we were desired by the attendant monks to remove our boots or shoes from off our feet (Exodus iii. 5), and leave them in the adjoining room or vestibule. As this chapel had neither mats nor carpets spread over the cold, damp-looking stones with which it was flagged, it was some little time before I could make up my mind to remove my boots, as I was afraid lest any injurious consequences might arise therefrom; but, making it a momentary affair, the whole thing was accomplished within a couple of minutes.

From what I could understand from the monks—but, of course, I may have been mistaken in the interpretation which I put on the information which they imparted to us—I gathered this chapel was the site of the identical spot where God appeared unto Moses (Exodus iii. 2). This hallowed and wonderful scene, however, occurred in Horeb, and not at the foot of Mount Sinai, unless Horeb and Mount Sinai are identical, which is not likely (Exodus xvii. 6).

Some *savans* and "literary" travellers hold to the idea that the Mount Serbal, which is left a short distance to the right hand on the road to Mount Sinai, is either Mount Horeb or else the real Mount Sinai.*

The safest guide, I humbly conceive, is to follow the tradition of the sons of Ishmael (the modern Bedouins of the Desert), who most certainly of all living peoples ought best to know *where* Mount Sinai

* Wherever Horeb may be placed by the researches of the modern school of Biblical criticism, we learn, at all events, that it was eleven marches', or days' journey, *via* Mount Seir (Petra) unto "Kadesh-Barnea (Deuteronomy i. 2).

stands, and with one voice these people assert that their "Jebel Mōōssa," or Mountain of Moses, answering to the Mount Sinai of the Bible, is that mountain which rises up out of the plain alongside (but to the eastward thereof) of the Mount St. Catherine, and immediately above the spot whereon the present Greek convent stands.

Before we quitted the church, we were shown the very richly ornamented and very costly silver-gilt shrine, resembling a sarcophagus, which was sent from St. Petersburg as a present to the Greek convent by the Emperor of all the Russias, and which was intended to hold the relics of the sainted Catherine, as well as to requite the monks for their truly invaluable and most incomparable present of the "Codus Sinaiticus" version of our Holy Scriptures, which they had presented to the head of their Church, through Dr. Tischendorff, on his third visit to their convent. In another part of the church we noticed a second silver sarcophagus-shaped coffin, but of smaller dimensions, which the monks informed us really contained the *bonâ fide* relics of their patron saint, and that owing to the impracticability of placing the new coffin (if I may apply the term), from its greater size, in the same snug and out-of-the-way recess in which the smaller one stood, the monks had determined to let each sarcophagus remain in the same position in which they stood at the period of our visit.

We now proceeded to the library, which was a very small room furnished with rows of wooden shelves around the walls, on which the various books stood. They were but few in number. The monks showed us the new edition of the "Codus Sinaiticus," in four large-sized quarto volumes, on paper resembling at all events, if it was not actually, vellum, which had been printed at St. Petersburg and handsomely bound, and which had been forwarded to the convent library at Mount Sinai as a present from the Emperor of all the Russias in exchange for the original thereof. Some of our party were anxious to procure a book from the library, by purchase, as a memento of their visit to the convent, but the monks would not listen to the proposition, and replied, such a thing was simply an impossibility. The convent library contained, also, several manuscripts.

After walking about the interior of the place, which contained a fine deep well of excellent water, but which otherwise contained nothing remarkable to arrest the traveller's further attention, we proceeded to our camp to dine.

The fraternity of religious anchorites, at the period of our visit (which was on Friday, the 3rd of March, 1865) to the convent of Mount Sinai, consisted of a superior and twenty-four monks, all of whom were Greeks, and no Russian priests amongst their number.

Saturday, March 4.—At twenty minutes past eight this morning, all of our party, saving myself, started from camp for the purpose of ascending Mount St. Catherine, a feat which was considered by all those who had ever accomplished it a most fatiguing one. Well aware of this fact, I relinquished the pleasure of enjoying an extended view from the summit thereof, and reserved my strength for the ascent of Mount Sinai, which, in the language of the prize-ring, was to "come off" on the morning following.

On the return of the youngest and the most active of the party to

camp, at half-past five P.M., they told me the ascent of Mount St. Catherine took them five hours to accomplish, of which the first hour and a quarter was performed on dromedaries to the foot of the mountain; that the whole and entire ascent was very steep and very fatiguing work, and had tried their strength greatly: they informed me they could see the Gulfs of Akabah and Suez, as well as the fork where the junction of the two gulfs joined their waters just beyond Cape Ras Mahommed. The "elders" of the party did not get back to camp until a full hour later, and looked terribly "punished" after their day's labour. A second camp had been pitched on the afternoon of our arrival, not very far distant from our own encampment, which we noticed on our return from our visit to the convent, the inmates of which consisted of four young Englishmen belonging to the "Society of Friends," whose personal acquaintance some of our party had made at Cairo, and who had left that city before we did, in order to visit and ascend to the top of Mount Serbal. These young and active travellers accompanied our party to the top of Mount St. Catherine.

I paid the monks a second visit this afternoon (4th of March), and devoted a couple of hours to the convent and its large garden. I resumed the same seat in the verandah that I had occupied the day previous, and was fortunate in meeting with one of the "brotherhood" who understood a little Italian, by which means we were enabled to keep up a conversation. I found he knew likewise a few words of French, which language helped me when my Italian was at fault. After discussing various matters, and after having partaken of a cup of coffee, which he had ordered to be prepared for us, I lit a cigar, and commenced sounding this "brother" as to whether it were not possible to procure, by purchase, any one small book from amongst the collection in the convent library; to which question the monk replied, it was quite impossible—that none of the books were ever sold or given away to any one.

"In *that* case, then," I observed to him, "how was it you allowed Dr. Tischendorff to take away out of the convent library the very valuable manuscript of the Holy Bible, called the 'Codus Sinaiticus,' which that gentleman showed me at Alexandria, the latter end of September, 1859, on his way from Mount Sinai to St. Petersburg with it? Surely, as you have already allowed one visitor to your convent to take away a very valuable book from amongst a heap of others, there can be no objection to your letting me have one of the least value in the collection, on paying for the same, as a *souvenir* of my visit to this convent."

But the monk replied, the thing was impossible, and that it was hopeless for me to have my request gratified.

I now questioned this monk on two other points.

"Tell me," I said, "did the Emperor of Russia ever send you, for the use of your convent, a small steamer? (*püro-scäf*, in Greek and in Russian); for Dr. Tischendorff informed me at Alexandria that, in exchange for the 'Codus Sinaiticus,' although you would take no money for the same, yet that you would wish the Emperor of all the Russias, as the head of your Church, to send you a small steam-boat to ply between Suez and Tor."

"No," he replied, "no steam-boat was ever sent to us; but we received the large handsome silver-gilt sarcophagus you saw yesterday inside the church, as an equivalent for the 'Codex Sinaiticus,' and as some compensation for the manuscript of which our convent has been defrauded."

"Defrauded!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. "How defrauded? I thought that the superior and the monks of the convent had, of their own free and good will, given that manuscript to Dr. Tischendorff as their offering (which the learned doctor told them would prove a most acceptable and welcome one) to the Emperor of all the Russias."

"Nothing of the sort," the monk replied. "The correct and true history of that manuscript is on this wise: we allowed Dr. Tischendorff to take away from out of the convent library that ancient manuscript to show to the Emperor of Russia, on the sole condition that it was to be faithfully returned to the convent library at the expiration of three years. We should not have permitted this manuscript to have been taken away even by Dr. Tischendorff, unless it had been under the written guarantee of the Russian ambassador at Constantinople that it should be faithfully returned within the above-named period." And this monk added, "If that valuable manuscript (bound up as a book) was not returned to their convent, that the Russian government would have to bear the disgrace, as well as the odium, of having broken their promise."

I again questioned him on the subject of the small steam-boat, when he assured me it was quite true that the superior and monks had asked Dr. Tischendorff to request the Emperor of Russia, in return for the use of the above manuscript, to make them a present of a small steam-boat for the use of the convent, and that they still lived in hopes of having their request fulfilled.

The monk said to me: "You must bear in mind that we cannot part with, even for money, any of the books or manuscripts in the convent library; for they are all *heirlooms* attached to, belonging to, and forming part of this convent." (Which information the Superior of the convent, shortly after this conversation, corroborated.)

We now rose up from our seats to welcome the superior, who, accompanied by two or three of the "brotherhood," came to see me, on hearing I was inside the convent. He did not take a seat, but, after inquiring after my health and where the remainder of my fellow-travellers were, he proposed a walk in the convent garden, to which I very willingly assented. On our way, I observed how cautious the "fraternity" were to keep the low iron-sheeted doors and gates of their convent always locked and bolted, in order that no Bedouin might enter within the precincts, and study the "ins and outs" thereof. The monks were erecting a range of buildings, resembling farm out-houses, inside the large court-yard which separated the convent from the garden; and they were surrounding this court-yard with new stone walls, the whole of which, when completed, will give a pleasing appearance to the spot; which *sadly* requires it, for the present aspect of the old convent is "sadness" personified.

The garden was a very extensive one; indeed, it ought rather to be

called an orchard, for the smaller kitchen-garden was nearer to the convent. Herein I observed several large olive-trees, besides plum, apricot, and almond trees, the latter being in full bloom. There were also some vines and a few other trees, whose names I did not note down at the time. There were likewise several remarkably fine cypress-trees, which are very prominent features in the landscape, for a very considerable distance before the convent is reached.

The monks informed me this had been a remarkably mild winter, for generally the summits of these two mountains were covered with snow at this present time. In mid-winter, the snow lay from two to three feet in depth inside the convent. After having walked through the orchard, the superior suggested we should go outside thereof, and seat ourselves near the stone bridge which spanned the torrent, all but dry at present, where carpets were soon spread, and a cold collation of bread, biscuits, and dried fruits was served, with coffee.

After partaking of this refreshment, which proved very acceptable to me, who had breakfasted in our camp before eight o'clock, I rose and bade the superior and the monks farewell, informing them I regretted I should be unable to return to the convent to pay them a third visit; and, wishing them all long life, I retraced my steps back to our tents.

I may mention, before I quit the convent, that on my arrival thereat this afternoon, and just before we proceeded to the orchard, I presented an "Atmospheric Clock," which I had brought with me from London, and which was regulated for twenty-three and a half hours, to the convent, and pointed out to the Superior, as well as to the monks, how it acted, and how it was to be adjusted and regulated. After some few lessons, which I repeated three or four times, it seemed to me the monk, who spoke Italian, had acquired the requisite information I had imparted to him, and comprehended how to regulate it and re-set it when the mercury in the tube had run down.

They were profuse in their thanks for my gift, none of the "brotherhood" having ever seen or even heard of such an invention before that day. I was informed they always kept "Arab time" inside the convent; and I explained to my pupil, and showed him how and by what means the "atmospheric clock" could be regulated and adjusted so as to denote either European, Turkish, or Arab time.

Sunday, February 5.—This was a fine cool day for our ascent of Mount Sinai, and after an early breakfast we all proceeded to the convent on foot, and obtaining thence two or three of the monks to act as guides for our party, who, from having been bespoken the day previous, were in readiness to accompany us, along with another of the "fraternity," who had especial charge of an Arab porter that was laden with coffee and sugar, and bread and eggs, and charcoal, besides coffee-pots and cups and saucers, &c. &c., we all started off together on our road up the mountain at nine o'clock. The pathway that led to Mount Sinai had been made by the hands of man, and thereby rendered comparatively easy of ascent as a path, although the road was sufficiently steep to try some of our lungs, as well as our knees and the calves of the legs. Before we reached the summit, which it took us three hours in all, commencing from our camp,

to accomplish, several of our party were glad to cry frequent halts to enable us to rest our limbs and to draw breath; for it was really most fatiguing and most tiring work. We were just twenty minutes, fast walking, from the camp to the convent, and two hours and forty minutes climbing up the mountain. About half way up we came upon a small, rough-looking stone building, which was fitted up internally as a chapel, wherein were lamps, as well as candles, kept burning, whilst the rudely-plastered stone walls were ornamented with paintings of saints hung around. A small altar stood within. The lamps and candles probably were burning this day on account of its being the Sabbath-day, as well as to show off this humble Christian shrine to the best possible advantage to the thirteen strangers who had arrived from far-distant countries to make a "pilgrimage" to the top of Mount Sinai. One of our attendant monks, after entering the chapel, forthwith lighted a silver censer, which he carried with him, and swayed the burning incense to and fro, and especially under each painting of a saint, the odoriferous smoke and fumes from which curled in waves around, and seemed to lessen, at all events for the moment, the toils of our ascent thus far up the mountain. When about two-thirds of the way up, we came upon some particles of ice in small thick sheets, which we broke into fragments and ate. On reaching the summit of this "world-renowned" mountain, we observed a couple of small stone buildings, the first of which, on the left hand, was a Greek chapel, over whose portal was inscribed the date—1864.* It contained a "screened-off" altar, whilst the walls were hung with small paintings of saints. The other building was erected over a cave or grotto, which had been handed down by tradition under the name of Moses's Cave. This building contained only one room, which, like a "dawk-bungalow" in India, was used by travellers for shelter from the weather, or to sleep in, should they have previously decided on spending the night on the summit of the mountain, whether on religious or on scientific grounds, or whether with the intention of ascending to the top of Mount St. Catherine from Mount Sinai after a night's rest; the two mountains lying close together, and separated only from each other by a very deep gorge or valley, or *Khud*, as we should say in the Himalayas.

It had been previously arranged before leaving our camp that divine service on this Sabbath-day (the first Sunday in Lent) should be held, according to the ritual of the Church of England, on the summit of Mount Sinai, which rare circumstance each individual of our party would, no doubt, hereafter consider and look back upon as having been an event in his life. Amongst our number we reckoned two ministers of the Church of England, two of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and one of the Church of England in America—five clergymen in all! The remainder consisted (as the members of the congregation) of two Englishmen, one Scotchman, and one American, besides the four young Englishmen belonging to the "Society of Friends," who had accompanied our party from the camp.

* As I find entered in my note-book; which might mark the year in which it was repaired or probably enlarged, for this building had been built long previously.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE TURKS IN EUROPE, AND THE CANDIAN INSURRECTION.

RUMOURS of a coalition, or, at all events, an understanding, between Prussia and Russia, in regard to the "Question of the East," have been current ever since the latter has become one of the dominant powers of Europe. The rumours have been contradicted and denied, and have surged to the surface again, in spite of protestation. That Prussia has—although by its geographical position and its commercial and financial interests, one of the least involved of the European powers in the affairs of the East—always taken the deepest interest in the future of that vast, ill-governed, and variously peopled territory, is well known to those who have watched the progress of events for some time past. When Ibrahim Pasha occupied Syria, and threatened the dominions of the Sultan in Asia Minor, Prussia alone sent officers of distinction to the great pashaliks of Angora, Koniah, and Malatiah, to aid the Turks by their counsel and instructions; Barons Moltke, Vincke, and others were present at the disastrous combat of Nizib; and both Prussia and Austria abetted the English when the Holy Land was finally rescued from the hands of the Egyptians. Austria and Prussia held aloof in the Crimean war, because the English were then in alliance with France, and the interests at stake were no longer the same. France was fighting for the ascendancy of the Latin over the Greek Church at the Holy Places; Austria was also Roman Catholic, but it did not see that religious interests precisely called for the supremacy of France; and Prussia was Protestant, but has never been able to see that it was the interest of the Reformed Churches to wage war for Muhammadanism simply out of opposition to the Greek Church, and still less that, rather than allow the supremacy of that Church, it was a wise policy to take up the cudgels for the benefit of the Latin Church. The recent appointment of a Prussian prince as ruler over Rumania, or United Moldavia and Wallachia, has brought this historical interest, taken by Prussia in the affairs of the Orient, still more prominently forward, and no longer permits of a doubt being entertained that, whether in coalition or without, Prussia will not remain a quiet spectator of the dismemberment of the Muhammadan power in Europe, or of any events that may threaten to lead to such a result; but that having provided itself with a lever as powerful as that possessed by Austria in Croatia, by Russia in Bessarabia, and by England in Greece, it will be prepared to move in one sense or another the moment an emergency shall arise.

That the sense in which this movement will be made will be adverse to what has been so long the traditional policy of England—that of up-

holding the empire of the Osmanlis in the face of all kinds and descriptions of short-comings, incapable administrations, corrupt practices, financial derangements, and wars of extermination against the Christian races—is at once evident on the surface of things. Prussia has no financial or commercial involvedness in Turkey to blind it as to the true position of affairs, and to lead it to ignore positive facts in the presence of supposed pecuniary or political interests. Nor can Prussia have any particular projects of aggrandisement in the East. It sees that a catastrophe, to which Great Britain has so long and so wilfully closed its eyes, must take place shortly, and it is prepared to prevent, as far as lies in its power, any one power obtaining the lion's share, and to secure some such arrangement as may be conducive to peace in the East, and, at the same time, preserve intact the equilibrium of power in the West. Whether it has any particular interest in the prospects of the Christians of the East, or of any particular branch of these persecuted races, we are not prepared to say; but Prussia, as itself the seat of a mixed Reformed and Romanist Church, would most probably sink all considerations of the prospects of any particular sect, in the more enlightened consideration of what would be most beneficial for the welfare of all. Whichever Christian party, by its industry, intelligence, and morality, shall be most worthy of support in its own locality, or over more extensive areas, would most assuredly be countenanced in its struggle for emancipation, its claims to its own historical domains, and its inalienable right to national existence and independence, by a power which would be unembarrassed by any other considerations in awarding what is right to the parties concerned, be they Servians or Bulgarians, Greeks or Armenians, Syro-Greeks or Latins, Maronites or Jacobites. As to the Romanians, their fate may be considered as settled in advance. They are now, for the first time after the lapse of ages, under the rule of a European prince, and they will never revert back entirely to the sway of the Mussulman, however long they may be in obtaining a real national independence.

We have seen, when noticing Monsieur G. le Clerc's work on Moldo-Wallachia, that he says: "In Greece, the French and English parties have never attained the importance or the popularity of the Russian party, which has made itself the apostle of the 'great idea,'—that is to say, the expulsion of the Osmanlis from Europe, and which has taken for auxiliary community of interests and creeds. Hence it is that the youth of Romania, like that of Greece, believes itself to be united by the most intimate bonds to the fate of Italy as to that of all oppressed nationalities; it believes itself already mistress of Constantinople, and declares itself to be ready to follow the banner of the first adventurer that will show it the way."

Such, indeed, is the dominant feeling among all the oppressed Christian nationalities of the East. The Servians are essentially Europeans, as are also the Bulgarians. Like the Greeks and Romanians, they have neither lost the feelings of race and nationality, nor the memory of their kings and rulers of old, and a really united Italy will be with them a signal for the emancipation of European Christianity from the shackles of Mussulman despotism and tyranny. The feeling described above as common to the youth of Greece and Romania is, to all intents and purposes, shared alike by the Christians of Bulgaria, Servia, and Bosnia, as

also by the Christian races of Western Asia, only in a minor degree, as they are further removed from the indoctrinating influences of European civilisation. But none are so utterly prostrated by Moslem rule as to be dead to a sense of nationality, or insensible to aspirations for religious and political independence.

Austria bereft of its Italian provinces, and excluded from influence in Germany Proper, will be driven by the force of circumstance to strengthen itself by expansion in the East. Croatia is already in main part Austrian. Bosnia, with its two hundred thousand Greeks and a hundred and fifty thousand Catholics, has long been in a state of semi-independence of the Porte. Its people, vassals or bannat allies of Hungary during the middle ages, would, with the exception of the more fanatic and intolerant Mussulmans, probably prefer, if not independent, to constitute part of a European dominion than to remain subject to an Asiatic power encamped, rather than settled, in these fine realms. Herzegovina and Montenegro are essentially Dalmatian. Their interests lie in the Adriatic, and their incorporation with Turkey is an anachronism.

Servia has never ceased to struggle against Muhammadan supremacy. During the long contest betwixt the Austrians and Turks for Hungary, the Servians vigorously supported the former with a fine body of troops, to which the Austrians gave the name of Rascians. The treaty of Belgrade, concluded in 1739, yielded Servia to the Porte; but a considerable part of the population crossed the Danube and the Save, and settled in Slavonia and Temiswar. Those who remained behind were exposed to so many oppressions that they were driven to revolt, and under their native chief, Czerni Georges, were not only enabled to maintain the struggle with advantage, but also to garrison the fortified places with native troops. When the treaty of Bucharest was negotiated in 1812, the cabinet of St. Petersburg stipulated for the introduction of certain clauses on behalf of its Servian allies, and Turkey offered to place Servia on the same footing as the Danubian Principalities; but the Servians resisted these terms, and Russia, attacked by France, was compelled to leave them to their fate. A fierce struggle again commenced, in which the Turks were victorious; but the Servians obtained several important privileges: their national senate secured the power of regulating the administration of justice, and they preserved their own laws. The Turks are obliged to content themselves with garrisoning a few fortified places, as Belgrade, Semendria, and others; while the Servians, like the Bosniaks, descendants of the ancient Slavonians, and originally governed by native princes, retain the manners and language of their ancestors, are a majestic and high-spirited race of men, and, although they belong to the Eastern Church, are European to all intents and purposes, and are only incorporated with the Turkish Empire by one of those accidents of war which dim for a time the lustre of that nationality which is so much prized by all, but without extinguishing it. It is questionable whether so high-spirited a people would consent to a pacific incorporation with Austria, or whether some of the European powers would tolerate such a conquest or annexation. It is certain that the Servians themselves, unable to cast off the yoke of the Osmanlis, except with external aid, would be better off under the sway of a Christian prince than under that of fanatic Moslem pashas and a brutal soldiery. They would also be stronger

under a great and powerful monarchy than as a separate nationality. But small states cannot always be made to understand or appreciate this state of things.

In as far as Austria is concerned, the novel circumstances which have arisen in her position in Europe would very much affect the light in which an attempt to aggrandise herself in the East, and recoup the loss of her Italian territories, would be viewed by most European powers. With the exception of Spain, now the most laggard of all European powers, a great future may still lie in store for the Hapsburgs. With a Protestant minister like Beust at the head of foreign affairs, with constitutional measures no longer in abeyance, with that form of representative government which is essential to political salvation, with ministers responsible to the country for their acts, with a free press, and with the excessive privileges and domains of the Church clipped and curtailed, there is nothing to prevent Slavonian Austria holding up its head as one of the great powers. But to do this it must seek for homogeneity in the East—with Buda-Pest perchance for its capital, as in the days of Maria Theresa—and the territories watered by the Central Danube, the Drave, the Theiss, and the Save, for the seat of its future prosperity and power. Such a result would render the dreams of many an ultra-Panslavist so many realities; would give a political expression to what has long been a geographical fact; and the difficulties anticipated by some, in different dialects, persuasions, and habits and manners, would be gradually merged in one commonwealth, having the same aspirations to unity and progress.

Bulgaria, on the other hand, belongs geographically and hydrographically to the Lower Danube, although its inhabitants are of Slavonian origin. The ancients felt this when they designated their country as Moesia Inferior. It is, however, no more Turkish than Servia or Bosnia. Its inhabitants, ruled over by a long series of native kings, were engaged in sanguinary contests with the Greeks of the Lower Empire, before they came in contact with, and were ultimately subdued by, the triumphant Moslems. Since that fatal epoch they have entirely laid aside the military character that once belonged to their ancestors. The great body of them are altogether pastoral, and live in small hamlets, forming clusters of houses which have neither the regularity, nor deserve the name, of towns. They never mingle with the Turks, who are easily distinguished by their red caps, sashes, pistols, and yatigans, and still more by a ferocity of aspect, a rude assumption of demeanour, and an undisguised expression of contempt, which are made but too manifest among Christians in out-of-the-way places. The Bulgarians present a striking contrast to their rude and brutal masters. They wear round caps of brown or black sheepskin, and jackets of cloth. They carry no weapons; the expression of their countenances is for the most part open, artless, and benevolent, and their demeanour is also generally kind and courteous. These simple and amenable peasants, naturally thrifty and industrious, would constitute with Rumania the two most important portions of that future confederation on the Lower Danube, which would almost inevitably rise from out of the ashes of the Turkish Empire in Europe.

A French traveller descending the Lower Danube, and contemplating those long shores now silent and devastated, yet once so flourishing, asks, "Is a reparatory future reserved to them? Will the Turk ever

pass over the Bosphorus? The descendants of the Roman colonies, who people in the present day Wallachia and Moldavia, will they one day succeed in constituting a nationality by holding forth their hand to their Christian brethren in Bulgaria? [The writer also introduces Transylvania and Macedonia, but they do not come into the same category.] Such were the questions which crowded upon our minds in descending the Danube. We further asked ourselves, How is it that the fourth basin of the great river, so largely provided by nature with forests and minerals, and so richly endowed with lands whose fertility can only be compared with the banks of the Nile, remains three-fourths uncultivated and unproductive? How is it that the Gauls when they fell foul of Greece, how is it that the Crusaders, never founded there a durable empire? Most assuredly the hordes of Thibet never met on the shores of the ocean with any soil to equal that which their horses first trod under foot in these realms."

Assuredly, also, if the Dacian and Moesian races have survived so many calamities, if they have not perished from off the face of the land under the oppressive tyranny of the Turk, the vitality of the races must be great indeed, and Heaven cannot but have some secret design in store for those populations whom the Western powers met with on the banks of the Danube, and whom they have adopted as the "daughter of Pharaoh did Moses." The latter simile goes, we fear, beyond the mark; the utter indifference with which Servian, Bosnian, Bulgarian, and Romanian interests are viewed in Western Europe is at times most disheartening. But a great step forwards has certainly been taken in the appointment of a Prussian prince as ruler over Romania; the very perplexities and humiliation of the Austrians will also urge them onwards in the same direction, and it will soon be as disgraceful to be ignorant of these down-trodden populations as it is to ignore the sufferings of our fellow-creatures in bondage. The signs of the coming emancipation of the Slavonian races from Turkish misrule and oppression are in our own times too manifest and significant to be passed over as the dreams of Panславists, or the vain aspirations of political or religious fanatics.

The claims of the Greeks to the possession of the southern provinces of what is now Turkey in Europe, including Byzantium of old, are founded upon historical antecedents, the superior intelligence and aptitude of the people, their numbers, and the necessity there is for the equilibrium of power that a native population should one day succeed to the Osmanlis, in preference to the stranger, be he Muscovite or German, Slavonian, Italian, Frank, or British.

The struggle between the Greeks of the Lower Empire and the Turks commenced long before the day when Muhammad II. reined his steed in presence of those beautiful mosaics which covered the dome of St. Sophia. But a few years ago the coat of whitewash which hides these profanities from devout Mussulmans was removed for reparations, and a colossal image of the Virgin—*Panhagia*, as the Greeks call her—was seen to dominate the sanctuary, while to its right was a gigantic figure of Constantine, and to the left another of John Paleologus. What memories were contained in this vision! The memory of a struggle which has continued ever since, and no wonder, when the subjugation of the Lower Empire divided the land into two portions, the "dar ul Islam,"

or "house or home of Islamism," and the "dar ul harb," or the house or home of war—the abode of the infidel! Hence the "Jihad," or state of permanent war, between the true believer, the inhabitant of the dar ul Islam, and the inhabitant of the dar ul harb, which can only be suspended by the Aman, or "pardon," or by treaties and tribute, but which can never be annihilated so long as there exists a single infidel on the face of the earth who is not converted to Islamism, or who has not consented to pay tribute! The Crusades were the reprisals of the Jihad, or religious war, and whenever the tribes arise at the voice of a marabūti in Algeria it is always at the same evil cry—the perpetuity of the Jihad. Some writers, going back as far as Gibbon and Montesquieu, have endeavoured to show that the position of the Greeks in a material point of view, subjected to a simple tribute, was an improvement upon their condition of servitude under their own corrupt government; but human nature is not mere matter; it possesses the higher gifts of intellect and soul, and it is impossible to see one's native country ruled by barbarians, oneself despised and down-trodden, the churches of our ancestors despoiled and fouled, and religion supplanted by fanaticism, and not to nurse discontent and imbibe the seeds of revolt.

It would be amusing, were such serious interests not involved, to see where Philisiamism is the order of the day, as in England and France, how tranquilly the public prints write of the burning wrongs of the Greeks. Inditing leading articles on the war of extermination in Candia, the Greeks, they intimate, had little or nothing to complain of; the rule of the Turk was mild, and the tribute light; there were no signal acts of oppression; there was simply the dislike of a foreign yoke! But had these writers extended their travels beyond Constantinople and Smyrna, Cairo and Alexandria, Jerusalem and Beyrut, where the presence of European authorities, of a considerable European population, and continuous intercourse with people of all nations, have softened down asperities, and brought about at least a conventional show of respect, they would understand how the lip of scorn and the eye of hatred—never absent when enemies by race and religion are in presence—can arouse the spirit of revolt as much as overt acts of violence; and the latter are never entirely wanting. There are oppressions and humiliations which the Christian is everywhere subjected to, and more especially in remote parts of the empire, which it would be tedious to enter upon in detail. It is only to be regretted that, in almost all instances, your Philisiamist knows nothing of the interior of the country or of the details of life; but almost all modern travellers now depict matters more or less as they really are, according to the amount of their experience and their means of observation.

The question of races is admitted by Ubicini, a writer who favours the Turks as opposed to the Russians, to be in a state of actual crisis, and to involve the question of the empire: that of its maintenance or of its disintegration in a given time. This eminent writer also, whilst extolling the attempts made to conciliate the Christian races by the Sublime Porte in our own times, admits that they are practically nullified by the pride and religious prejudices of the Mussulmans themselves, and by the pride of race, the memory of past oppressions and humiliations, the desire for revenge, and the undying hatred of the conquered Christian. And is it

to be wondered at? Why, there is not a Briton, brought up in the spirit and enjoyment of personal independence as he is, that would not, were he suddenly placed in the position of a rayah, come to blows before twelve hours had passed over his head. And yet we have no sympathy to spare for the oppressed of Epirus and Thessaly, or for the valorous Cretan! The sentimental ameliorations projected or purported by the Osmanli, we are tranquilly told, and as if in bitter mockery, best promote the lessons of experience and the counsels of a wise policy. One day the wisdom of the policy of Philislamism will be judged of in all its fulness!

In our own times, in the presence of six millions of orthodox Greeks (Rûm Milleti), two and a half millions of orthodox Armenians (Armeni Milleti), 75,000 Catholic Armenians (Armeni Katoliki Milleti), 800,000 Latins (Rûm-Katoliki Milleti), and 150,000 Jews (Yhudi Milleti), it has been pertinently asked, as M. Blanqui did at the Institute, is there really a Turkey? The reverse presented itself a first time in 1640, again in the reign of Murad IV., and lastly on the occasion of the revolt in the Morea in 1770, when it was seriously proposed by the Divan to exterminate the rayahs in a mass.

The revolt of 1770 had its origin in the desire of Catherine to obtain possession of the Crimea. A favourable diversion would, it was felt, arise from embarrassments in Turkey, and Orloff was sent to foment them. The Montenegrins and Maniots were the first to be gained over, but the Russians never disembarked more than eight hundred men to their aid. Nearly fifty thousand Greeks were put to the sword, and their houses burnt; and although Admiral Elphinstone destroyed the Turkish fleet at Tchesmé (July 7, 1770), the war did not cease till 1774, by which time three-fourths of the Greek warriors were exterminated. The treaty of Kutchuk Kainarjî, which resulted from this war of independence, opened the navigation of the Black Sea, and accredited European consuls at the scalas, or ports, of the empire. This was the beginning of that Greek trade which attached the people so closely to Russia. The consulships were given mostly to Greeks, and when not so, still the numerous persons connected with the consulate were Greeks, and these persons enjoyed the same privileges as the consuls themselves—that is to say, the immunities provided by their bérats. Nay, these immunities were ever purchasable for sums varying from three to four thousand piastres. The Ægean and the Black Seas became then, for the first time, covered with the feluccas of Greek traders, while the Greek islands became populated centres of an active commerce; and so matters went on, until, as we have before depicted it—thanks to a system first inaugurated at Ambelakia, in Thessaly, of commercial associations granting equal rights to the capitalists and to the working classes, or navigators—the commerce of the Levant has virtually passed into the hands of the Greeks, and there is not a great commercial port or city which has not its wealthy Greek houses. Odessa itself is three-fourths Greek; and the trade of Constantinople, Smyrna, and Salonica, is almost monopolised by the same nation. With this progress of external commerce arose manufactures within, and the wool factories of Thessaly and Epirus, the oil of Candia, the grapes of Corinth (currants), and the silks of the Peloponnesus, became sources of positive wealth.

Intelligence and civilisation invariably advance side by side with com-

merce and industry. Generally the march of knowledge is slow and gradual, but with so apt a people as the Greeks, schools, colleges, and libraries sprang up almost miraculously in every direction. In the metropolis, at Smyrna, at Chios, at Cydonia, at Janina, even in the smaller towns, the Greek youths sought for knowledge under learned professors, instruction penetrated the villages, and information hitherto confined to the Phanar, or secluded in the cloisters of Mount Athos, spread rapidly over the land. Finlay and Gordon, in their several histories of the Greek Revolution, have both alike pointed out how the spirit of patriotism, long forgotten, arose out of this spread of intelligence, and the past glories of ancient Greece became not only a familiar theme with the literary man in his study, but resounded in the ears of the Klephte in the mountains, of the mariner in his barque, and of the merchant behind his counter. The progress of knowledge among the Christians of the East is at all points indeed utterly inconsistent with the political and financial attempts to bolster up the empire of the barbarian Mussulmans.

The treaty of Kainarji, Finlay remarks, made a great change in the condition of the Greeks. It afforded Russia a pretext for interfering in their favour whenever they were treated with gross injustice, and the interference of Russia soon led to like interference on the part of the other European powers; so that, before the end of the eighteenth century, the Christians in many parts of the Sultan's dominions were beginning to acquire a recognised species of foreign protection. The pashas in large commercial cities often found it less dangerous to enrich themselves at the expense of the Turks than to venture on open exactions from the Greeks. A provincial Mussulman could rarely find an advocate at the Porte; an oppressed Greek could either bribe a dragoman or interest a consul to awaken the meddling spirit that rarely sleeps in the breast of a diplomatist, and thereby secure the protection of some ambassador at Constantinople. But as it was evident that the whole fabric of society among the Mussulman population of the Othoman Empire presented an insurmountable barrier to the introduction of just laws and an equitable dispensation of justice, so experience at last proved that no foreign protection could secure the lives and properties of the subject Christians from the tyranny of a government which paid no respect even to the lives of its Turkish and Mussulman subjects. The Sultan's government, like the government of the Roman emperors, was a monarch's household transformed into an imperial administration, and both destroyed the resources of their subjects, and depopulated the regions they governed, without making any distinction between the conquerors and the conquered. Hence it was that a conviction that the Othoman Empire was hastening to dissolution became prevalent both among the Christian and Mussulman inhabitants of European Turkey at the commencement of the present century.

In the year 1820, no Christian government, except that of Russia, considered itself entitled to interfere with the manner in which the Sultan treated his subjects of the Greek Church. Any interference on the part of Great Britain, under the pretext that the king exercised a protectorate over the Ionian Islands, would have been treated as an unjustifiable assumption. The Sultan would have considered himself as much entitled

to suggest measures for governing the Muhammadans in India as the King of England to advise any changes in the treatment of the Christians in Turkey. All questions relating to the East were then beyond the domain of public opinion, and very little was known in England concerning the condition of the modern Greeks.

The testimony of travellers was curiously enough, at that epoch, as discordant as that of historians, and precisely the same state of conflicting opinions in regard to the real condition of the Greeks existed previous to their emancipation as now exists with regard to the actual condition of the Slavonian and other races. Some represented the Greeks as suffering intolerable oppression, as living in hourly fear of their lives, or of the confiscation of their property; others declared that no people in Europe were so lightly taxed, and subject to so few personal burdens. They were said to enjoy a degree of religious liberty which the Catholics of Ireland might envy; and that they had a more direct authority over their municipal affairs than was possessed by the citizens in French communes. The Greek Church was known to possess considerable wealth and great political influence over all Turkey. Greeks were known to exercise sovereign power in Wallachia and Moldavia, and to profit by the corruption that existed in every branch of the Osmanli administration at Constantinople. The primates of Greece collected the greater part of the Sultan's revenues in Europe; and the Greek municipalities were, in many districts, allowed to exercise an almost unlimited authority. It was evident, in fact, that the condition of the Greeks presented many anomalies. At Constantinople, the Greek was a crouching slave; at Bucharest and Jassy, a despotic tyrant; at Chios, a happy subject; and at Psara and in the villages of Mount Pelion, a free citizen.

The Greek Revolution came at last. It delivered a Christian nation from subjection to Muhammadanism, founded a new state in Europe, and extended the advantages of civil liberty to regions where despotism had for ages been indigenous. The importance of the Greek race to the progress of European civilisation is not indeed to be measured by its numerical strength, but by its social and religious influence in the East. Yet, even geographically, the Greeks occupy a wide extent of sea-coast, and the countries in which they dwell are so thinly peopled that they have ample room to multiply and form a populous nation. Their influence extends, however, far beyond the territories occupied by their race, for Greek priests and Greek teachers have transfused their language and their ideas into the greater part of the Christian population of European Turkey. They have thus constituted themselves the representatives of Eastern Christianity, and placed themselves in prominent opposition to their conquerors, the Osmanli or Othoman Turks, who invaded south-eastern Europe as apostles of the religion of Muhammad, just as in olden times the Moors and Saracens did south-western Europe. But the Greeks, during their subjection to the yoke of a foreign nation and a hostile religion, no more forgot that the land which they inhabited was the land of their fathers, than the rayah Greeks and the Slavonians, Romanians and Syrians, do to the present day, and in their instance their antagonism to their alien and infidel masters, in the hour of their most abject servitude, presaged that their opposition must end in their destruction or deliverance.

It is easy to understand how the provinces and islands, the population of which is chiefly of Greek origin, have chafed under the yoke of the Turks ever since the mother country has regained its independence. Nothing but a sense of the utter fruitlessness of revolt has kept down the strongest impulse for freedom that perhaps ever yearned in human breasts. The very bandits, like their brethren in Italy, give a political colour to their crimes, by asserting that patriotism guides their acts. Unfortunately, the Klephtes, like the Calabrians, are not always particular in selecting their victims. The one sometimes mistakes a merchant for a Turk, as the other does a tourist for a liberal. The greatest struggle of the successive rulers of Greece has indeed been to keep the party of action in control. Wise men know full well that the time has not yet come for the Greek provinces that are still tributary to the Porte to attempt to win their independence; all the aid that Greece herself could give would only lead to greater losses and sacrifices, and to the most signal disgrace and discomfiture. Yet there is a strong party in a country unfortunately too prone to change, too excitable for restraint, and too ardent to weigh consequences, who would any day hurry their government into a fatal struggle. Great Britain, in handing over the Ionian Islands to King George, would appear to have almost lent its countenance to aspirations of this nature. Greece has already a respectable navy, and with the Seven Isles is certainly greatly strengthened, and better prepared some day to recover those provinces and islands which still remain Turkish. The Greeks themselves are brave enough for anything, and the valorous Cretans have shown that they may be exterminated but not subdued. But of what avail revolt and war against overpowering numbers? Only last year, Monsieur le Normant wrote in his work, "*La Grèce et les Iles Ioniennes*:" "With its dilapidated finances and disorganised army, Greece will not for a long time yet be in a position to give any cause for anxiety to Turkey in a military point of view. It has not the means to undertake a campaign to emancipate Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, or Crete, or even to foment and sustain a serious insurrection in those provinces against the authority of the Porte."

And yet the insurrection in Candia has been serious enough in every sense of the word, and has been carried on with a determination and spirit of self-sacrifice worthy of better results! Candia, ancient Creta, is one of the largest islands in the Mediterranean Sea, and is situated at the entrance of the Greek Archipelago. Its length from east to west, from Cape Salmone to Cape Crio, is about a hundred and sixty miles; its breadth is very unequal. In some places, towards the middle, it is about thirty-five miles broad, in others about twenty, narrowing to only six. Its coast, especially towards the north, is indented by deep gulfs, of which those of Kisamos, Canea or Khania, Suda, Armyro, and Mirabel or Spinalonga, are the deepest, and the three principal towns of the island—Canea or Khania, Retimo, and Candia—are on that side. The common European name, it is to be observed, is unknown to the Cretans as applied to their island; it was first given to it by the Venetians from the Saracenic Khandax (*Megalo-Kastron*), now Candia town.

The interior of Crete is very mountainous, woody, and intersected by fertile valleys. The whole island may, indeed, be considered as a pro-

longation of that mountain chain which breasts the waters at Cape Malea, with the island of Cythera interposed. The geological formation resembles that of the Hellenic peninsula, and from the traces of the action of the sea upon the cliffs, especially at the west end, it seems that the island has been pushed up by powerful subterranean forces, which were in operation at very remote times. A continuous mass of highland runs through its whole length, about the middle of which Mount Ida, composed of a congeries of hills terminating in three lofty peaks, rises to the height of 7674 feet; to the west, this culminating point of the island is connected with the chain called by Strabo "Leuca Ore," or "White Mountains," whose snow-clad summits and bold and beautiful outlines extend over a range of three hundred stadia. The prolongation to the east forms the ridge of Dicte, and tradition speaks of those ancient workers in iron and bronze—the Idaean Dactyls.

Mount Ida, connected in ancient story with metallurgy, was, as its name implied, covered with wood, which was extensively used in forging and smelting. The forests could boast, according to Theophrastus, of the fruit-bearing poplar and the ever green platane, trees which are no longer met with: as also the cypress, cedar, and palm. According to Pliny, everything grew better in Crete than elsewhere. The ancients make frequent mention of the Cretan wines, among which the "passum" was the most highly prized (Mart., xiii. 106; Juv., xiv. 270). Its honey played a conspicuous part in the myths concerning Zeus. The island was free from all wild beasts and noxious animals, a blessing which it owed to Hercules; but the Cretan dogs could vie with the hounds of Sparta, and the Cretan "Agrimi," or wild goats, are the supposed origin of all our domestic varieties.

The island has but one lake (Limne Koresia), but the drainage is carried off by several rivers, mostly summer torrents, and which are dried up during the hot season; but the number and copiousness of the springs give the country a very different aspect to the parched tracts of continental Greece. Although the island is nearly filled with mountains, there are several extensive valleys or plains; that of Messaria, which is near the centre of the island, near the site of the ancient Gortys, is the most productive. The country about Retimo and the plain near Candia are also very fertile, producing wheat in abundance, good wine, lemons and oranges, and all sorts of fruit. The sugar-cane and palm-tree also thrive here. Tournefort found here the *ladanum* (*Cistus ladanifera*) in abundance, and it is supposed to be the same as the "dictamnion," so celebrated among the physicians, naturalists, and poets of antiquity (Theophrast., H. P., ix. 16; Pliny, xxv. 8; Virg., *Aen.*, xii. 412; comp. Tasso *Jerusalem*, lib. xi. 72).

The cycle of myths connected with Minos and his family threw a splendour over Crete, to which its estrangement from the rest of Greece during the historic period presents a great contrast. The "lying Cretans" dared to show not only the birthplace, but also the tomb of the "father of gods and men," and the Dorian invaders made Crete the head-quarters of the worship of Apollo. It is curious, in connexion with the well-known story of the Minotaurus, Theseus, and Ariadne, to mention that there is a very remarkable and extensive cave apparently, partly natural, partly excavated, which presents a very intricate maze,

with several square chambers supported by piers. It is called by the natives the Labyrinth, and although tradition relates that Minos employed Dædalus, an Athenian artist, on his return from Egypt, to build a labyrinth in imitation of that of Mœris in Egypt, he may very well have excavated it from the rock, as is the case with some of the Egyptian temples. Minos, according to tradition, was also the first who had a navy, and by its help he cleared the Grecian seas of pirates, expelled the Carians from the Cyclades, and settled his sons in them. The fame of the Cretan mariners dates, indeed, from anti-historic times.

Since the Grecian islands formed, from the earliest times, stepping-stones by which the migratory population of Europe, Asia, and Africa have crossed over to either continent, it has been assumed that Egypt, Phœnicia, and Phrygia founded cities in Crete, and contributed new arts and knowledge to the island. No proof of Egyptian colonisation can be adduced; and, from the national character, it is probable that settlers of pure Egyptian blood never crossed the Ægean. Traces of Phœnician settlements may, however, undoubtedly be pointed out, and there is also an evident analogy between the ancient forms of worship of Crete and Phrygia, and the legendary Curetes and the Idæan Dactyls are connected on the one hand with the worship of Zeus, and on the other with the arts of Phrygia.

The Dorians first appear in Crete during the heroic period, at an epoch when the Homeric poems mention different languages and different races of men as inhabiting the island—Eteocretes, Cydonians, thrice-divided Dorians, Achæans, and Pelasgians, all co-existing on the island, which is described to be populous, and to contain ninety cities (*Od.*, xix. 174). These Dorian mountaineers converted into mariners—the Norman sea-kings of Greece—must, therefore, have come to Crete at a period, according to the received legendary chronology, long before the return of the Heraclidæ. They appear in the same poems as hardy and daring corsairs; and this characteristic is supposed by those who regard the myths of Minos as purely legendary, to have given rise to that naval supremacy which was assigned by Herodotus, Thucydides, and Aristotle to the traditional Minos and his Cretan subjects.

The island, which collectively stood aloof both in the Persian and Peloponnesian wars, consisted of a number of independent towns, who coined their own money, had a senate and public assembly, were at constant feud with each other, but when assailed by foreign enemies laid aside their private quarrels in defence of their common country, to which they gave the affectionate appellation of mother-land (*metris*)—a word peculiar to the Cretans. Afterwards centres of states were formed by Cnossus, Gortyna, and Cydonia, and after the decay of the latter, Lyctus. The first two had a "hegemony," and were generally hostile to each other. The generous friendship of the heroic ages, which was singularly regulated by the law, is said, however, to have degenerated in these early times into a frightful licence, and the Cretan stood condemned by theological opponents, as early as about B.C. 600, if St. Paul alludes to Epimenides in his epistle to Titus (*i.* 12; comp. *Polyb.*, iv. 47, 53; vi. 46), as an habitual liar, an evil beast, and an indolent glutton.

Internal disorders became at one time so violent that the Cretans were under the necessity of summoning Philip IV. of Macedon as a

mediator; but they were not only at war among themselves, but also with the Cilicians, and with the kings of Syria and of Egypt. The ever warlike Cretans were celebrated in these early times for their archery, and were often employed as mercenary troops by other nations. They materially assisted, for example, Demetrius II. to recover the throne of Syria over the usurper Alexander Balas.

Crete was only conquered by the Romans B.C. 67, under the Proconsul Quintus Metellus Creticus, after a prolonged and obstinate defence. As a province under the Romans, the Cretans preserved their bad fame, and "*Cretizare cum Cretensibus*" became a common proverb, equivalent to "to deceive the deceiver." Under Constantine, Crete became the seat of a consul, and it remained subject to the Byzantine emperors till A.D. 823, when it was conquered by the Saracens, who built the town of Khandak (Candia), which has ever since been considered the capital of the island, and has given to it, as before observed, its European name. Crete, in its flourishing days, could boast of its hundred cities—a Cretan hyperbole probably, but adopted by Stephanus, Ptolemy, Strabo, and Virgil:

Centum urbes habitant magnas uberrima regna.

Æn. iii. 106.

Nicephorus Phocas retook the island in 961, and after the capture of Constantinople by the Franks, Baldwin I. gave the island to Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, who sold it to the Venetians in 1204. The Venetians kept possession of Candia more than four centuries; it was one of their chief possessions in the East, and the first of the three subject kingdoms—Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea—whose flags waved over the square of St. Mark.

In 1645 the Turks landed fifty thousand men, besieged and took Canea; in the following year they took Retimo; and in 1648 laid siege to Candia, the capital of the island. This siege, one of the longest in modern history, lasted twenty years. The Venetians strained every nerve for the defence of the place. The order of Malta, the Pope, the Duke of Savoy, Louis XIV., all sent auxiliaries to the relief of Candia. Francesco Morosino conducted the defence. The Vizier Achmet Kupriuglu, "Son of the Bridge," was sent with large reinforcements in 1667, and at length, in 1669, the Venetians having exhausted all their resources, surrendered Candia to the Turks by a convention, in which they retained for the time being the forts of Suda, Spinalonga, and Carabusa, on the coast of the island. In the last three years of the siege, twenty-nine thousand Christians and seventy thousand Turks were killed. The Turks made sixty-nine assaults, and the Venetians made eighty sorties; the number of mines exploded on both sides was thirteen hundred and sixty-four.

The Turks divided the island, which they called Kirid, into three pashaliks, or governments—Canea, Retimo, and Candia; and, on the occasion of the war with Greece, the Sultan made over the island to Muhammad Ali, and it has since been jointly occupied by Turks and Egyptians. Candia, the capital, is still a strong place, but much decayed compared with what it was under the Venetians, and its harbour is nearly filled up. Canea is hence, now, the most frequented harbour in

the island. Retimo has also a small port. On the south coast are the small towns of Hierapetra and Sphakia. The latter is in the district of the Sphakiotes, a race of mountaineers occasionally robbers and pirates, who are said to have never been totally conquered by the Turks.

The persistence with which the Cretans have held by many of their old manners and customs, and, to a certain extent, preserved some features of their character, is very remarkable, and can only be explained by their islanded exclusiveness and mountaineer habits. The tumblers and the old cyclic choros, noticed by Homer three thousand years ago (Ill., xviii. 590, 604), are still to be detected in the games and dances of modern Crete. The dress of the peasant continues to resemble that of his ancestors; he still wears the boots as described by Galen, and the short cloak mentioned by Eulopolis and Aristophanes. Although so long subject to the Venetians, who placed an archbishop of the Latin or Western Church over them, they also never abandoned the tenets of the Eastern Church.

Such are the remarkable people who rose in insurrection against their masters—aliens in blood, language, and religion—during the present autumn months. As far as can be gathered from the most conflicting reports and telegrams that it has ever been our lot to sift, it would appear that the Egyptian troops advanced into the interior upon the first breaking out of the insurrection, to chastise the rebels according to the system usually pursued by Turks and Egyptians alike. The Egyptians appear to have advanced as far as to the neighbourhood of Vrissa Vrynes, or Theriso, the chief mountain town of the Cretans at the foot of Mount Ida, and on a spur of the rocky country that intervenes between that range and the Malaxa hills. There are said to have been only four battalions of Egyptians; and although the direct attacks of the Cretans were, it is said, uniformly repulsed, they having no bayonets or knowledge of bayonet tactics, still it would appear that the Egyptians were fairly beleaguered in the mountains, and had even to throw up earth-works for their protection. The Egyptian general, Shaiin Pasha, moved up two additional battalions to relieve the beleaguered troops, but without success, the Egyptians having finally been obliged to capitulate, leaving arms, ammunition, and baggage in the hands of the Cretan victors. It appears that some confusion has since arisen, from this first movement having been confounded, not so much by the reporters as by those who received the reports, with subsequent movements of greater import, and has given rise to much misunderstanding.

The earliest symptoms of revolt are, however, said to have shown themselves at Selinos, and on the 6th of September the Mussulmans made a sortie from the city of Candia, pillaging all the villages on the plain, and massacring every Christian they met, without regard to age or sex. This was a fearful way in which to treat the spirit of revolt, which was thus further aggravated, and extended to every Christian Cretan throughout the land, and it cannot be surprising that the Cretans became fierce in their retaliation. It is only wonderful, not that they should have taken the Egyptians at a disadvantage, but that they did not, when successfully beleaguered, put every one of the inimical and exterminating force to death. The sacking, pillaging, and devastation of the Christian villages around Candia, upon which occasion the churches

were also pillaged, everything destructible in them destroyed, and their interiors fouled as a signal act of contempt, was followed, three days after, by an attack upon a group of Christians who had got together for self-defence near St. Myron, and who were driven into the mountains with loss.

At Retimo the Turks were driven back within the walls, and here, as elsewhere, wherever the insurrection showed its head, Turks and Egyptians alike retorted by the pillage and massacre of unoffending townspeople. The British vice-consuls at Candia and Retimo both suffered largely from these unjustifiable proceedings, and the latter had the whole of his country estate ravaged and devastated.

Fighting took place at the same time at Kisamos and Selinos, and at Malaya, close to Canea, the Cretans assaulted a stronghold occupied by about 100 Albanian irregulars, and some gunners with two mountain-guns, on the night of September 15-16. The next day the arrival of reinforcements from the city checked the advance of the Cretans, and ultimately obliged them to retrace their steps to the hills. Canea became, on the arrival of Mustapha Pasha with his Turkish reinforcements, the centre of military operations against the mountain country. Behind the city is a beautiful plain of three or four miles' width, beyond which rises a line of hills, of which Mount Malaya (ancient Berecynthos) is the highest point. The stronghold before alluded to constitutes thus a sort of outwork of the mountains. The country from Malaya back to the main range of the White Mountains, ten to fifteen miles, is a succession of bold ridges with narrow valleys, more or less fertile, between; and Malaya being, as we have seen, protected by a fort which the Cretans assaulted in vain, the latter established their foremost line of defence on the farther side of the first of these valleys—a rocky ridge, strengthened by the piling up of stones here and there. Mustapha Pasha advanced against these hill-defences on or about the 24th of September, with a force of some eleven thousand men, and the reports of great guns and musketry lasted for several days—the air at night being filled with the smoke of burning villages. The Turks are said to have lost 120 killed and about 800 wounded in carrying one defile. A further concentration of troops, strengthened by additional reinforcements, took place after this first reconnaissance, but second advance into the interior, at Canea. The district and town of Selinos was entirely abandoned, the whole of the Mussulman population called within the walls, and garri-sons were retained only in the towns of Retimo, Candia, and Kisamos.

Mustapha Pasha, thus reinforced, moved early in October from Canea at the head of twenty-one battalions (some 18,000 men), with twelve pieces of artillery, to attack the Cretan insurgents. The object of the expedition was the reduction of Theriso, Vrissa, or Vrysses, as before observed, the chief mountain stronghold of the Cretans, and situated in the hills between Mount Malaxa and the Asprovouna, or "White Mountains," or rather on one of the spurs of the White Mountains themselves. There are only four passes throughout the whole length of the island, through the lower range of hills to the upland hilly district that extends between it and the lofty central range of Mount Ida. Two of these are situated, one opposite Canea, where a small river cuts its way down to the sea, the other about ten miles westward, where the Platanus comes through. On

a height overlooking the Platana, and near its source, is Lakus, or Lakia, and near it, Meskia, both strong places. Turning eastward from Meskia, and following the chain of valleys, a precipitous range is encountered, which runs north and south, and crosses from the Asprovouna, or White Mountains, to the Malaxa ridge. At its western foot runs the stream which makes its exit near Cana, and through the gorge of which runs the most direct road between Cana and Theriso.

The route adopted by the pasha was that of the Platana, not by the river, but over the hills to the westward of it. He started on the 9th of October, and the next day the campaign opened at Lakus and Meskia.

These places appear to have fallen before the Turkish artillery after two or three days' resistance, and, as a sequence, the Cretans abandoned Theriso as untenable, and withdrew to Surba, a position less easily turned. The mountain strongholds of the Cretans were thus left to the tender mercies of the Turks, who are likewise said to have assaulted Surba, and to have afterwards withdrawn from thence, after destroying the villages, to Kerania, following the Malaxa ridge to Kalyvia, at the entrance of the Bay of Suda. This is the system of repression uniformly adopted by the Turks against mountain tribes in insurrection, whether in Taurus or in Kurdistan; their fastnesses being untenable, they are always destroyed, whilst the homes of the insurgents are burnt by way of reprisals, and as a lesson for the future.

It may be true that the indomitable Cretan sharpshooters harassed the Turks the whole line of their withdrawal, and that at one place—Stylos—they may have had to sustain a vigorous onslaught of the Christians; and it would appear that under the able command of the Greek, Coroneos, they are still holding out in localities, but with their villages burnt down, their stock and produce ravaged, all the coast towns in the hands of the Turks, the sea-board held by their ships of war, the ports of Sphakia bombarded, and all the Sphakiote shipping destroyed, nothing but starvation or submission would appear to remain for the insurgents, and the greater portion have already adopted the latter alternative.

The insurrection in Candia, like all other insurrections of Christians against Mussulman oppression, has been accompanied by the usual atrocities. Even many who submitted and obtained firmans of protection from the pasha were brutally murdered on coming down from the mountains. This was particularly the case with a family at Zulu-Karia, who were all put to death by the Bashi-Bozuks. It was, in fact, a war of extermination, and all this merely because the people of Crete dared to petition the Sultan, that to protect their chosen representatives they took up arms, and refusing to permit their deputies to be arrested, they were driven into rebellion—no concessions having ever been made by the Porte, or any terms offered, except instant and unconditional submission, with the loss of all their natural rights and privileges. "If the Christian world," writes a correspondent from Cana—and "our own correspondents" are by no means so infatuated with the sublimity of the Porte as in the days of Lord Palmerston, whatever the consuls may continue to be—"wishes to know when the government will suppress this movement, I think I may safely respond that it will be when, from privations or battle, not enough of the Cretan Christians are left to show fight. If Europe can afford so large a sacrifice at the shrine of Mecca, I do not pretend to judge."

And so it will continue to be—incessantly recurring scenes of pillage, devastation, and extermination presented to Europe calmly looking on—so long as one party foment discord and revolt (not that in this particular instance Russia or Greece appear to have had originally anything whatsoever to do with the movement), whilst another party abets the Muhammadans in their sanguinary and merciless reprisals. Such melancholy episodes of extermination—they cannot be even honoured by the appellation of war—will, indeed, ever recur until one or other of the said parties gain the ascendancy. It is in this point of view that the adhesion of Prussia, since it has become one of the dominating powers in Europe to the anti-Philislamite party, or to that which is opposed to Muhammadan supremacy and tyranny in Europe, becomes of the highest importance in furthering that solution of the “Question of the East,” which, if not precisely in accordance with British and French interests, is, at all events, most in accordance with the interests of true religion and of a general humanity.

THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

YOUTH, golden youth!
When Time flies with angel wings,
And gush brightest fancy's springs;
Bounding hour of body's health,
Strength and freshness passing wealth;
When, like the heart, the step is lightness,
And the eye is dewy brightness—
The eye, the gay soul's fairy dwelling,
 Ever sparkling,
 Never darkling,
Still of hope and pleasure telling.
When the brow no care discloses,
And the cheeks are softest roses,
Where the dimple plays for ever,
But sad tears will wander never.
When the lip, so wreathed and merry,
In its redness mocks the cherry,
And the hair, so glossy, bright,
Shineth like a crown of light,
Or in rolled-up mass appears,
No grey line to tell of years.
Oh, delightful, maiden youth!
 Time to return no more,
 With its rich golden store,
Happy, blessed youth!

Beautiful season of glad dreams!
When the far-beckoning future seems

Not dark and lowering, but with sky
 Softly cerulean, with a bow
 In every cloud, and still on high
 A sun with summer glow :
 When in the opening path of life
 Appears no thorn of woe or strife,
 But roses strew the way,
 The vista green and gay,
 With music of hope's birds for ever ringing,
 And fancy's fairies singing,
 While pleasures on each side, with radiant eyes,
 Promise a Paradise.

Youth, enchanting youth !
 All-to-gold transmuting youth !
 No thoughts of coming leaden years,
 Of trials, hard experience, tears,
 Entering the palace of the brain,
 The airy, happy brain,
 To throw a shadow there,
 Or whisper of despair.
 Youth, spring-time of the soul, all joy, all light
 The Eden of existence, blest and bright !
 Though riper age can joy pursue,
 Hath soberer charms as witching too ;
 Youth, it is given to all awhile,
 Its fervid thoughts, its sunny smile :
 Youth, buoyant-hearted youth !

Time to return no more,
 With its rich, golden store,
 O happy, blessed youth !
 Maiden, with the beamy face,
 Laughing eyes, and form of grace,
 On whose lip no sigh is heard,
 Blithesome as an April bird,
 Moving in the glittering dance,
 Like a white cloud, to and fro,
 With good temper in each glance,
 With thy young cheeks all a-glow :
 I do blame thee not, fair creature,
 When I view each lovely feature,
 When I see the joys that rise,
 Sparkling in thy violet eyes,
 I but think of that bright day,
 When my soul, like thine, was gay ;
 I but blessings breathe upon thee ;
 May Time's hand rest lightly on thee
 May no grief thy dear heart blight,
 May'st thou draw from love delight !
 Take thy guileless pleasure now
 While youth's roses deck thy brow ;
 Grace, and beauty that endears,
 Oft will crown maturer years,
 Yet, back-gazing, still I cry,
 As the joy-wing'd moments fly—
 Envied season, hopeful youth !
 Time to return no more,
 With its rich, golden store,
 O happy, blessed youth !

SNOWED UP.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART VIII.

THE SPIRIT'S PROPHECY.

I.

AN UNPLEASANT CONVERSATION.

MISFORTUNES, it is said, never come alone, and the family at Clair Hall were to experience the truth of this adage.

Linda and Minna were deeply affected at, as they thought, the death of their sister, who, neither of them doubted, had been upset in Buckra Jem's boat, and drowned in the bay. They felt convinced that, as she had purchased an outfit for Harry St. Clair, and had assisted him in his plan of escaping from his home, she had taken the opportunity of going on board the Spanish vessel in the evening to see Colonel Mentilla once more, under the pretext of recommending Harry to his care; and had thus met with her death, as the boat had probably been upset when returning to the shore.

But conjectures were of no use, and Mr. St. Clair was so fully convinced that Adela was with Don Alonzo Alvaez, that he would not hear of her sisters putting on mourning for her, and would not allow her to be spoken of as one who no longer belonged to this world. The family, including Mrs. Rivers, all awaited with great anxiety letters from Colonel Mentilla and Don Alonzo, for if Adela had eloped with Don Alonzo, or been kidnapped by him, they felt sure that Colonel Mentilla would lose no time in communicating the truth to them, however painful it might be. And Linda, at least, was convinced that if her poor sister still lived, and had actually gone in the Spanish ship, Colonel Mentilla would accord her his protection as a brother, and take the kindest care of her.

But some time must necessarily elapse before they could hear from their late guests, for there was no direct communication between their island and any part of the Spanish Main, as it was still called, and letters had to come round *via* St. Thomas, where, only occasionally, some little vessel arrived from La Guayra, Cumuna, or one of the other ports along the upper sea-board.

During this time circumstances occurred which partly withdrew their thoughts from the all-engrossing subject of Adela's disappearance. An unfortunate turn had taken place in Hector Graham's affairs. Doubts of his uncle Mr. Craft's integrity began to be whispered through the mercantile part of the community in the island; it began to be suspected that he had dealings with a somewhat notorious house in New York. The partners in this commercial house were noted for their shrewdness and cleverness; their victims hinted at dishonesty; but they were successful, and success, like charity, covers many sins, so they held on their way—cheating, or doing something very like it, whenever they found an

opportunity, but with admirable cunning, and showing so bold a front, that none ventured to accuse them openly.

It was certainly not in Mr. Craft's favour that he had any connexion with this house; he excused himself, however, by saying that he had always found them attentive and obliging, and he did not believe the ill-natured reports about them.

Hector was very indignant that a syllable should be said against Mr. Craft, and espoused his cause warmly; Mr. St. Clair also took his part, and *his* opinion had great weight; but even Mr. St. Clair could not help wondering what Mr. Craft was doing with Hector's property, and why he did not hand it over to the young man, and give him some account of his stewardship.

At length he said, one day, to his young friend:

"Hector, I hope you won't be offended at what I am going to say, but as your father and I were intimate friends before you were born, and I have always taken much interest in you, I naturally feel anxious about your welfare; and you will allow that there may be still another reason why I should be anxious to see you master of your own property, and making yourself comfortable as a West India planter, if you intend to settle in the island, that is to say, which I have been given to understand you propose doing. Even if you are tired of this place, and think of leaving it, you ought to know the state of your affairs, and upon what you have to depend."

"I do not think of leaving the island, sir; my wish is to remain here, at least for a few years, and I should be very glad if my father's house were put into habitable repair, and I were able to make it my home."

"Then why is not your wish carried out? The house which your father and mother found a comfortable and pleasant residence might surely suit you!"

"Most certainly; but I am told that more money would be required to put it into good order than the proceeds of the estate can at present afford."

"Humph!" uttered Mr. St. Clair, in a sort of grunt. "The house should never have been allowed to get so terribly out of repair—you know the common saying: 'A stitch in time saves nine.' There was no need to let that good house go to ruin: a few trifling repairs from time to time would have kept it in order, and would have scarcely added anything to the expenses of the estate. If your father had left me your guardian, and in charge of the property, as he at one time intended to do, things would have been very different. I don't want to praise myself, or to disparage Mr. Craft, but, I must say, I don't think he has acted judiciously in all respects."

"Perhaps not," replied Hector; "but no doubt he acted for the best; therefore I must not blame him."

"Suspicion is not generally the fault of youth," observed Mr. St. Clair, "and you are especially free from it; still there must be limits to the utmost confidence. Having no right to do so, I have never in any way interfered with Mr. Craft's management of your estate, or your affairs; he has never spoken to me about them, and I could not thrust my advice upon him. But, Hector, I have heard reports from time to time that made an unpleasant impression on me, to say the least; and I

have been hoping that you yourself would speak to me of your affairs, so as to give me a legitimate right to inquire into them."

"I assure you, dear Mr. St. Clair, it was not any want of confidence in your kindness, or your knowledge of West India affairs," said Hector, "that prevented my applying to you; it was entirely out of a feeling of delicacy towards my uncle. He seemed so harassed with business, and so annoyed when I brought forward my own affairs, assuring me at the same time that all was right, and that everything should be done to my entire satisfaction soon, that I really had not the heart to worry him about statements and accounts."

"Statements and accounts are exactly what *ought* to be ready to be rendered almost at any moment," said Mr. St. Clair. "But we will not speak of these. It is some time since I have been on your estate, but the other day, as I happened to be riding past it, a heavy shower of rain came on, and I turned my horse into the alley of lime-trees, or rather lime-fences, which leads to the dwelling-house on your property. As I rode up to it, I found that there was not even a negro there to take charge of the house. The beautiful grape arbour, which formed in your father's time a verdant porch leading to the dwelling-house, was all in disorder, several of the laths broken, and only a few stunted bunches of half-withered grapes hanging where there used to be such a profusion of splendid fruit. I dismounted, and tying my horse to one of the still-existing poles, I made my way into the house; but what a sight met my eyes!—what sad decay! Some of the rooms were quite unroofed, others in such bad condition that the rain poured through them. I could hardly find a dry spot wherein to shelter myself. Now this is a bad state of things, and, I must say—excuse me, Hector—tells very much against your uncle. The manager and overseer he has put on the estate, too, must be extremely careless and remiss in their duty. I observed that the cane pieces were by no means properly weeded, and the removing of weeds from among the canes is absolutely necessary."

"Certainly. But remember, my dear sir, how very fast weeds spring up in our warm climate, and Mr. Craft has been obliged to borrow the services of some of the negroes on my estate to help to do some very important work on his own plantation. But that will soon be finished now, he says, and then he will send some of his own negroes to help my people."

Mr. St. Clair uttered another guttural sound of disapprobation, and then remarked, dryly:

"Well, if you are willing that *your* property should be sacrificed to the improvement of *his*, there is nothing more to be said. If you choose to let yourself be ruined out of a sense of delicacy to your aunt's husband, so be it. You have a right to judge for yourself, but I have also a right to think of the future prospects of my daughter. When a West India proprietor is once ruined, whether by his own fault or that of his agents, depend upon it he is done for; it will be next to impossible for him to retrieve his fortune. Debts, perhaps small at first, soon accumulate to serious sums, with not merely simple but compound interest to be paid on them. Once get into the toils of these European or American merchants, and you may wake up some fine morning to find yourself minus everything."

Hector felt angry at Mr. St. Clair's dictatorial way of speaking, and especially at his assuming that he had debts. With a flushed face he answered :

"I do not know what should induce you to suppose, sir, that I am in debt. I can only assure you that I did not owe a shilling when I left England, and I have incurred no debts here, that is certain."

"I did not assume that *you* had incurred any debts, my good fellow; but you may be even largely in debt notwithstanding. Money may have been borrowed on your behalf, transactions may have taken place of which you know nothing—nothing as yet, at least, and I am sorry to see your indolence—you need not frown, Hector—I will add your apathy, in matters of vital importance to your future career in life."

"If by my indolence and apathy, Mr. St. Clair, you mean my perfect confidence in the honour, and integrity, and kind feeling of my uncle, I am willing to lie under the stigma of such accusations."

"Very well, very well, take your own way; but if it leads to beggary," continued Mr. St. Clair, in rising wrath, "my daughter cannot"—he stopped for a moment, then with forced calmness added—"cannot marry a beggar!"

"If your kind prediction prove true, sir," said Hector, "I should never ask your daughter to make such a sacrifice."

The gentlemen parted, not exactly on their usual friendly terms. Mr. St. Clair ordered his gig, an uncomfortable little conveyance to which he was very partial, and Hector asked one of the men-servants to order his horse, and until it should be got ready he remained pacing up and down the room with hasty strides, and did not attempt to go to the young ladies' morning-room. But he had not paced the apartment long before light steps were heard approaching it, and Minna stole in, her countenance expressive of mingled curiosity and anxiety.

"What have you and papa been closeted so long alone for, Hector?" she asked. "I just caught a glimpse of papa's face as he was getting into his gig, and I thought he looked as if something had disturbed his serenity. Did you bring any bad news? Anything about our poor dear Adela?"

"No, dearest Minna, I brought no tidings of poor Adela. But your father and I have had a little—what shall I say?—a little tift."

"A tift! Hector, you surely did not—you would not surely quarrel with my father?"

"I did not quarrel with him, Minna, but he seemed much inclined to pick a quarrel with me. He rated me as if I had been a schoolboy, accused me of indolence and apathy, told me I would be ruined, and, Minna dearest, he ended by saying, that if I became a beggar, he would not let you marry me!"

"But papa must have been struck with a sudden fit of insanity!" exclaimed Minna, in amazement and dismay. "The strange loss of Adela must have affected his poor brain. *You* a beggar! How could that be? You have done nothing to ruin yourself."

"No—but he seems to think that my uncle has been plotting my ruin, and that I shall be brought to beggary through him. I must say I think this is very unfair towards Mr. Craft."

"But, dear Hector, though it is very kind of Mr. Craft to give you a

home in his house, don't you think he ought to have your own house repaired, and let you have the option of living there if you like?"

"I hope he will begin the repairs soon, Minna; but if I am a beggar, or to be a beggar, the house will be of no use. Neither you nor I can live upon air, you know; and if I am ruined, which your father seems to think probable, heart-breaking as it will be to me, my darling Minna, our engagement must be given up. Such is your father's decree, and my judgment, though not my heart, tells me that he is right."

"But he is *not* right!" cried Minna, stamping her little foot passionately on the floor. "Why should he not help you? He is rich enough, and who has such claims on him as his own daughters? Hector, I will not give you up, happen what may. It was not your fortune or your estate that I cared for, it was for yourself, and whether you are rich or you are poor can make no difference in my feelings."

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear, generous girl; but my own feelings for you would prevent my involving you in the misery of extreme poverty. And I could not become a pensioner on your father's bounty. However, let us hope that Mr. St. Clair takes too dark a view of my prospects, and that my uncle has acted honestly by me. We will get as many workmen put in as possible to repair the house; the porch, which your father was so vexed to find in such a state of dilapidation, will look blooming again under your care, my sweet Minna; the terraces for flowers in the sloping-ground behind the house which you project, shall be made; and, Silver Dale, I hope, will once more become the abode of happiness and love."

Minna dried her tears and resumed her bright smiles, while she said:

"We will try to persuade papa of all this when he comes home to-day, dear Hector, for of course you will stay and dine with us?"

"No, not to-day, dearest; it would be rather uncomfortable. Your father will soon recover his usual good humour, I dare say, and, in the mean time, I shall attack my uncle vigorously. I hope speedily to come with intelligence that will be pleasant for you and satisfactory to Mr. St. Clair. My love to Linda, and good-bye for the present."

II.

MR. CRAFT'S SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

HECTOR went home fully determined, though in the kindest and most courteous manner, to bring his uncle to book.

"For his own sake as well as for mine," he said to himself, "it necessary that I should have all the mystery that seems to hang over my affairs cleared up. It is a great pity Mr. Craft did not have the dwelling-house in Silver Dale kept in habitable order. Mr. St. Clair is right in saying it would not have cost much to have done that; *now*, the estimate may be very high."

Such was the tenor of his thoughts as he rode homewards. On arriving at Mr. Craft's house he was met by his aunt, who did not seem in her accustomed placid humour, but looked fretted and annoyed.

"How glad I am that you have come home to dinner, Hector!" she exclaimed. "I quite dreaded dining alone with Matthew, he is so cross to-day."

"What is the matter?" asked Hector, somewhat anxiously.

"How do I know? He never tells me anything. He told me about an hour ago, however, that he was going to St. Thomas by the packet which is expected this evening, and desired me to give orders that his clothes should be packed, and to see that all was ready for the voyage."

"By the packet which is expected this evening!" echoed Hector, aghast at the information.

"So he said. I asked him to take me with him, for I should like very much to go to St. Thomas for two or three weeks; the stores there are much larger and better than ours here, and I should like to buy a variety of things. But he got quite angry at my asking to go, though I told him I could be ready, short as the time for the preparation is. He never will take me anywhere; it is too bad. When he went to New York, about eighteen months ago, I tried hard to persuade him to let me go too, but he would not. I think it is very unkind; don't you think so, Hector?"

"Well, I think he ought to have taken you to New York, aunt; it would have been a pleasant trip for you. But this appears a very sudden determination of his to go to St. Thomas; he did not mention a word about it to me this morning."

"Oh, catch him do that! He keeps everything very secret; he does not let his left hand know what his right hand does. None but fools babble, he says."

"I will go and speak to him," said Hector. "There are one or two questions which I *must* have answered before he goes."

"You will only be wasting your breath, my boy; you will get nothing out of him that he does not choose to tell."

"There is no reason why he should not tell what I am going to ask," replied her nephew, as he left his aunt to proceed to Mr. Craft's private room.

He knocked at the door, and tried to open it, but it was bolted on the inside. Hector felt surprised at this, for doors are scarcely ever bolted, in fact, scarcely ever closed, in the West Indies. He knocked again more loudly, and called out:

"It is I, uncle. I want to see you for a moment."

The door was unbolted, and Mr. Craft presented himself in the doorway.

"I am extremely busy, Hector, at present, and if you have nothing *very* particular to say, pray excuse me just now. Another time I shall be quite at your disposal."

"But, my dear sir, I have just heard from my aunt that you are going down to St. Thomas by the packet now expected from England."

Mr. Craft's face darkened, and he muttered, in a very low tone, between his teeth:

"Chattering idiot!"

The exclamation seemed to have almost forced itself from him; perhaps he thought Hector would not have caught the words, but his look of extreme surprise convinced Mr. Craft that his nephew had heard them. He took his resolution accordingly, and throwing the door open, he said, dryly:

"Come in."

Hector went in, and found the writing-table covered with papers, some single, some tied up into bundles; his quick eye discerned on the label of one batch of papers, "Silver Dale Estate," but Mr. Craft immediately pushed it aside, and threw a sheet of foolscap, covered apparently with calculations about lumber and tiles, over it. As he did so, he glanced uneasily at Hector, and perceived from the expression of his countenance that the little incident had not passed unobserved by him.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, uncle, when you are busy, but I really must beg you to give me some little insight into my own affairs. I am the more anxious for this as you are going to St. Thomas, on business, of course, and may be detained some time there."

Mr. Craft remained silent, but began turning over some papers, as if he wished to find some particular one.

"How provoking! I cannot lay my hand on it!" he exclaimed. "I had made out a statement to give you, but you see it is, unfortunately, mislaid—got mixed up with other documents, no doubt. That comes of being in such a confounded hurry."

"I saw a packet of papers labelled 'Silver Dale Estate' a minute ago; perhaps you are looking for that?"

"No, no," replied Mr. Craft, impatiently. "That packet merely contains the manager's and overseer's returns; you could not make head or tail of these without a great deal more elucidation than I have time to give you at present. No, it was a brief but clear statement of your affairs, to let you know how matters stand until I could go into all the particulars with you, which I intend to do when I return from St. Thomas."

"Thank you, sir. I shall be quite content to wait for the particulars, if I can only be made acquainted now with two or three facts."

"What facts?" demanded Mr. Craft, placing his elbows on the table, and supporting his head with his hands.

"In the first place, I wish very much to know if 'Silver Dale' is in debt?"

"In debt!" echoed Mr. Craft. "What put that into your head?"

"The dilapidated state of the dwelling-house suggested such an idea," replied Hector.

"I think what you call 'the dilapidated state of the dwelling-house' should rather prevent such an idea, as this shows that no expenses have been incurred which could be avoided."

"I should like to have an idea of the value of the estate, and what rental I may, on an average, expect to derive from it."

"You speak like a tyro in West India affairs, Hector. The value of landed property is always changing here. To know what Silver Dale is worth at present, you must get a certain number of experienced planters to put a valuation on it. That can't well be done to-day, I should think," said Mr. Craft, with a slight sneer; "and as to the rental you may reckon upon, as that depends upon the crops, and the crops depend upon the amount of rain necessary for the growth of the sugar-canes, your rental depends upon the clouds. Who can question them? I don't pretend to have any superhuman knowledge."

Hector felt he was baffled. Mr. Craft either could not or would not answer his questions. He could not press them further on one who had

been his guardian, who was his uncle, and at present his host. He could only hope that Mr. Craft would find the paper of which he had spoken, and hand it to him before the arrival of the packet.

"If you have anything more to say, Hector, you must make haste; time is flying, and I have a great deal to do."

"Can't I help you, uncle, to arrange some of these numerous papers? Can I copy anything for you, or, in short, be of any use to you?"

"Thank you, my dear fellow, for your kind offer," said Mr. Craft. "But it would take me longer to give you work than to do it myself." He looked at his watch. "I shall get it all done, if I am not interrupted."

Hector took this as a hint to go, and accordingly he left his uncle's writing-room not a whit wiser than when he entered it.

The dinner that day was a hurried and silent one. Mr. Craft had to see early in the evening the manager of his own estate, the manager of Silver Dale, and the manager of another estate which was under his charge. The packet arrived about nine o'clock, and sailed again at midnight, and Mr. Craft went on board, without having placed in Hector's custody the "brief but clear statement" of his affairs promised to him.

III.

A THUNDERBOLT.

THE mail-bags were, of course, landed that evening, but the letters were not sorted and delivered until the next morning. They came early enough for the recipients of some of them. There were one or two thick letters for Mr. Craft, and two despatches for Hector. One was from a friend of his, who had been the companion of his schoolboy-days, and with whom he had kept up his intimacy; the address of the other was in a handwriting he did not recognise. He opened the letter from the stranger first, wondering who his unknown correspondent could be. He was standing as he opened it; he glanced rapidly over it, and then, as if he had received a severe electric shock, he sank down, pale as a corpse. A sofa was close by, happily, and he sank on it, or he would have fallen to the ground.

One low groan was all that he uttered, but he sat leaning against the arm of the sofa, with his hands pressed over his eyes, while the swelling veins of his forehead showed how much he suffered.

"Hector, what is the matter?" cried his aunt, who was just finishing her breakfast.

"The matter is, aunt, that I am ruined," replied Hector, with desperate composure. "Silver Dale is deeply in debt, and is to be sold by the creditors."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Craft. "You cannot have brought your estate into hopeless debt already; you must make a mistake, my dearest Hector, from your ignorance of the stupid slang phrase they use in business letters."

"No, dear aunt, it is all plain and intelligible; but do not let me distress you with my—my misfortunes. God grant me strength of mind to bear them! Yet such an unexpected reverse is terrible—terrible!"

"What a pity Matthew went to St. Thomas last night!" sighed poor Mrs. Craft. "If he had only been here, I dare say he could have put everything to rights."

Hector was silent.

"But never mind, dear; he will be back soon, and then these merchant gentry, who crow so loudly now, will have to sing very small. England is our mother country, and we all like it very much, but still we can't help knowing that there is a deal of grasping and cheating going on in it. Many a fine West India property has been utterly destroyed by these—blood-suckers at home."

Hector allowed his aunt to talk on. He was not listening to a word she said; he was only thinking of Minna, Mr. St. Clair, and himself. No question now of repairing the house at Silver Dale and living there—no matter what average rental the estate could yield; his father's and his grandfather's property would pass into the hands of strangers, be bought, perhaps, by some enterprising manager, who would fit up the house in which his mother had lived and died, for a black woman and her coloured children!

And how had all this misery been brought about? Not by any fault or folly of his own assuredly; but some one was to blame, and that one could hardly be any other than Mr. Craft. That gentleman's going off in such a hurry, and so secretly, to St. Thomas, did not tell in his favour; no doubt he wished to be out of the way when the thunderbolt first fell.

"It is too bad," at length he exclaimed aloud, "to leave me here, in utter ignorance of my own affairs, to meet this storm."

"If you are speaking of Matthew," said Mrs. Craft, "I think it was too bad not to take both you and me with him. But these Englishmen are very selfish."

What was now to be done? That was the question for poor Hector's consideration. Had it not been for his little "tiff," as he had called it, with Mr. St. Clair the day before, he would have gone to him for advice. But after what Mr. St. Clair had said about his daughter, Hector felt he could not apply to him. No, the sentence of separation between him and his beloved Minna had been pronounced beforehand; and as he could not now become Mr. St. Clair's son-in-law, he felt that he had no right to intrude his affairs upon him.

In the letter he had just received from the English mercantile firm with whom Mr. Craft had corresponded, it was said that they had written to him three or four times since his return to the West Indies, and they thought that, as he was of age, he might have taken some interest in his own affairs, and entered into some arrangement with them; that they had no wish to be hard upon him, but when they found that he took no notice of their letters, of their proposals, and no steps to pay his debt, on the contrary, that a further advance of money for his estate had been demanded from them, they considered it was high time to wind up the affairs of Silver Dale, and bring it to sale for its debt to them.

Poor Hector was quite dumbfounded by this most unexpected view of his position. He had never received a single letter—a single line—from the English firm. He had no knowledge of any loan having been ever obtained, or ever asked for, yet he could scarcely doubt the assertions

made in the letter which had just reached him. What had become of the former letters addressed to him? Some one must have secreted them, or destroyed them—and who could that person have been but—Mr. Craft?

"What a fool I have been!" he exclaimed. "Mr. St. Clair charged me with apathy—apathy! It was far worse than that—it was insanity—it was wickedness! Well, what is done cannot be undone, but this will be a lesson for me in future."

"Are you going out this morning, aunt?" he asked of Mrs. Craft.

"No."

"Then will you lend me your barouche? I wish to see Mr. Balfour, the agent of these . . . these . . . blood-suckers, as you call them; and, you know, the town where he resides is almost twelve miles from this—rather a long ride on horseback in the broiling sun."

"Oh! take the barouche certainly, dear Hector, and I hope Mr. Balfour will be able to give you some good news."

But Mr. Balfour had no good news to give. He was a kind-hearted, amiable man, therefore he felt very sorry for poor Hector. He sympathised sincerely with him, but he could not alter the stubborn facts.

It appeared that Mr. Craft had, from time to time, borrowed money on the security of Silver Dale, for the purpose of improving the estate, he said. He had never paid a shilling either of the principal or the interest, but had always some pretext or other for asking longer credit. When Hector himself returned to the island, the principals of the firm from whom money had been borrowed on his account determined to put themselves in direct communication with himself, as he was of age, and quite competent to take charge of his own affairs. But they found that he never took the trouble even to acknowledge their letters, much less to notice his debt to them; on the contrary, that he had empowered his uncle to ask another loan, seeming to think that they were bound to supply him with any amount of money he chose to have. This conduct naturally annoyed them, and they had resolved to bring the property to sale, to repay themselves.

Mr. Balfour was astonished to find that Hector had not received one of the letters alluded to, that he was quite ignorant of any debt on his estate, and had not empowered his uncle to ask for any advance whatsoever.

"The fact is," said Mr. Balfour, "your uncle is an unmitigated rascal, and you have been his dupe and his victim."

"But what can he have done with all the money he borrowed on Silver Dale?" exclaimed Hector.

"Made use of it himself, no doubt," replied Mr. Balfour.

"How cruelly I have been deceived in that man!" cried Hector.

"He has not been in very good odour here for some time past," said Mr. Balfour; "but of course you would be the last to hear this. My advice to you is, to follow Mr. Craft to St. Thomas immediately, tell him his villany has been found out, and threaten him with a lawsuit if he does not refund the money he has purloined from you. By-the-by, there is a little sloop to sail from this for St. Thomas to-morrow. The accommodation will not be good, but never mind that, go by it; I will

give you a letter of introduction to a friend of mine, who is a lawyer in St. Thomas; put yourself into his hands at once, and let him take what steps he may think necessary, without any regard to your near connexion to the culprit. I will put off the sale of your estate as long as possible, and I shall write the house at home the real state of things."

Hector thanked Mr. Balfour most warmly for his kind promise and friendly advice; he engaged his passage by the little sloop to St. Thomas, and then returned to his aunt's house in better spirits than he had left it in the morning.

Hector thought that Mr. Balfour's kindness was quite disinterested; and so it was in a great degree, but Mr. Balfour was also, perhaps, unconsciously influenced by other feelings. He was a great admirer of Linda St. Clair, though he had not yet ventured to propose to her. He knew of Hector Graham's engagement to Minna, and he, of course, thought that Linda would be pleased and obliged by his doing everything in his power to benefit Hector.

"We may be brothers-in-law some of these days," he said to himself; "besides, he is a very good fellow, and, if I can possibly help him out of his difficulties, I shall be very glad. But how could he have been so supine as to let that man Craft keep him in leading-strings all this time!"

That was, indeed, a wonder, and to none more than to Hector himself, when he awoke from his dreams of security.

It was a great act of self-abnegation on Hector's part not to go to Clair Hall, and not to tell all his affairs to Minna and Linda. But he dreaded encountering Mr. St. Clair, and probably being catechised by him. He felt sore and sensitive in his new position of a man ruined and overwhelmed by debt, therefore he abstained from going to take leave of those who were so dear to him. But he wrote a long letter to Minna, and a shorter one to Mr. St. Clair, in which he thanked that gentleman for all the kindness he had shown him, and assured him that, whatever might be awaiting him in the future, he would always remember him and his family with gratitude and warm regard.

These notes were not sent to Clair Hall until late in the evening; and, at an early hour the next morning, Hector left his home and embarked on board the miserable little vessel that was to take him to St. Thomas.

Mr. St. Clair and his daughters drove over to Mrs. Craft's house immediately after breakfast, but the bird had flown, and Mrs. Craft could only reiterate her surprise at Mr. Craft's and her nephew's sudden departure, and wonder why they had not gone together. She was eloquent also on her disappointment at neither of them having asked her to accompany them, though they both knew that she wanted to go to St. Thomas to buy a lot of things.

Hector's absence made Clair Hall duller than ever, and Mr. St. Clair could get nothing but sullen looks and cross answers from Minna, who believed that her father was to blame for Hector's having gone to St. Thomas.

"And if yellow fever should be raging there!" she exclaimed over and over to poor Linda, who had anxieties enough of her own to bear.

Hector had a tedious voyage in the wretched little sloop; but he lost no time on arriving at St. Thomas in carrying his letter of introduction

to Mr. Balfour's friend, and making inquiries respecting his uncle. To his great dismay, he found that Mr. Craft had just sailed for New York!

"You must pursue him," said the lawyer; "but first we will call on the agent for a house in New York with which he is known to have dealings."

The agent was very unwilling to give any information, but the lawyer cross-questioned him so skilfully, that it was elicited from him that Mr. Craft had taken a good deal of money with him, and that he had for some time past been in the habit of transmitting money to America.

Following the advice of the Danish lawyer at St. Thomas, and also acting on what he himself thought right, Hector lost no time in pursuing Mr. Craft, for he took the very first opportunity to New York. He was fully determined to arrest Mr. Craft on a charge of embezzlement, and try if he could not be made to refund a portion at least of his ill-gotten money. But poor Hector was again unlucky. He found out the very hotel at which Mr. Craft had stayed the few days during which he had been in New York, but he was no longer there, he had left the city to go somewhere in the interior. The rather disreputable merchants with whom he had been connected either could not, or would not, give any information about him, further than that he had removed a considerable sum of money he had in their hands, and that he intended purchasing land, perhaps among the Mormons, perhaps in the backwoods. After very diligent and searching inquiries, Hector ascertained that his uncle now called himself Mr. Matthews, ignoring the "Craft" altogether. With untiring energy, and with the sagacity of an Indian, Hector found out his trail, and followed it up until he arrived at Natchez.

"Natchez," says an American writer on the history and geography of the Mississippi valley, "is romantically situated on a very high bluff, two hundred and eighty miles above New Orleans. The river business is transacted at the division of the town which is called 'under the hill,' a repulsive place, and unhappily but too often the resort of all that is vile from the upper and lower country."

In such a place Mr. Craft, *alias* Matthews, might have found congenial society—congenial, at least, in want of principles, though probably too vulgar to suit his taste.

Hector arrived at Natchez flushed with the hope of at length catching the delinquent. But no, he was doomed again to disappointment. He could hear of no one of the name of Matthews or Craft, though the waiters at one of the hotels told him that an English gentleman, answering the description he gave of his uncle, had stayed two or three days at the hotel; but they believed his name was Nichols, and at any rate he was gone, whether to the Far West, or down the Mississippi, the waiters could not tell.

Though Hector felt pretty sure that Mr. Nichols was no other than Mr. Craft—as his name happened to be "Matthew Nichols," he considered it would be useless to endeavour further to hunt him up. He might as well "seek for a needle in a bundle of hay," as try to discover Mr. Craft's whereabouts in the savannahs and woods of "the Far West." The pioneers of civilisation in these then wild and uncultivated regions

were spread over such a vast extent of country, that it would have been a hopeless task to have tried to trace any particular individual among them.

And as to going down the ocean-like Mississippi, Mr. Craft might have landed at one of the villages on its banks, had he taken that route; and to proceed to the expensive city of New Orleans on a mere chance—and a very slight chance to boot—Hector found would be impossible. His finances were dwindling down, and there was nothing for it but to make the best of his way to one of the ports in the Atlantic States, and take his passage in the first ship bound to St. Thomas or any of the other small West India Islands.

IV.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

DURING Hector's absence, a visitor, who was by no means welcome to the young ladies, presented himself often at Clair Hall. This visitor was no other than Mr. Dunville, the attorney-general of the island, who was Linda's declared admirer. She had never liked that gentleman, and now she positively disliked him. She was vexed at his forcing his disagreeable attentions upon her, and very much annoyed to find that her father seemed willing to encourage them.

Now that the two patriot officers were gone, Mr. Dunville thought the field was quite open to him. He fancied that Linda must have been mortified that Colonel Mentilla, who had pretended to be so devoted to her, had coolly taken himself off to his own country, leaving her in the lurch, and that she would, therefore, be glad to accept a good offer, as he considered his to be.

"The St. Clairs can't hold their heads so high now as they used to do," he said to himself; "the eldest daughter has either drowned herself or gone off with that Spanish fellow, Don Alonzo Alvarez—a disgraceful proceeding, to say the least of it—and if report speaks truly, young Graham, who is engaged to the third daughter, is all but ruined, over head and ears in debt already; so that if the girl marries him, the father will not only have to support his daughter but her penniless husband, and probably a troop of little beggars by-and-by. Linda should be thankful to get me, and Mr. St. Clair should be rejoiced to get *one* daughter well married."

Such being his sentiments, the attorney-general spent at least four evenings in the week at Clair Hall, regardless of Linda's yawns and Minna's frowns. Mr. St. Clair, too, asked him often to dinner, which, of course, gave him encouragement. At length he thought it was time to speak out, and one day, when he and Mr. St. Clair were alone after dinner, he made his proposal, assuring Mr. St. Clair that the marriage settlements should be such as would perfectly meet his approval.

Mr. St. Clair felt rather disgusted that the marriage settlements should be brought more prominently forward by Linda's admirer than her virtues and attractions, which her father thought might have been dwelt on with a little more unction in an offer of marriage. However, he showed no

sign of disapprobation; he thanked Mr. Dunville for the compliment he had paid his daughter, and assured him that the connexion he proposed would give him great pleasure, but that he had no idea what Linda's feelings and wishes might be, for, as he added, "Young ladies do not take their papas into their confidence in their love-affairs." Linda, therefore, he said, must answer for herself; and if the answer were such as Mr. Dunville would like to receive, he (Mr. St. Clair) would be extremely glad.

Mr. Dunville had a good opinion of himself, and knew that he held a good position in the island, so he did not feel the least timidity in offering himself to Linda, and certainly his surprise was very great when that young lady decidedly refused his proposals. He could not conceive what objection she could have to him, and considered himself very ill used by her not accepting him with *empressement*. What did Miss Linda expect? He was about one of the best matches in the island, and how could she do better than to marry him? Inferior sort of men are generally the most presuming, and Mr. Dunville, though the attorney-general, and doubtless very clever in regard to the legal business committed to his charge, did not happen to have the qualifications which please young ladies.

"He is a cross-grained, stupid ass," Minna said.

"He is a heavy, tiresome person," Linda declared.

"You marry *him*, Linda!" cried Minna. "Why, you would die of ennui in a month."

But Mr. St. Clair was rather favourable to Mr. Dunville's suit; his darling Linda would be settled near him; the attorney-general was well off, and she would have every comfort in domestic life.

Yes, every comfort, she said, except in the master of her establishment; he was a wretched bore, and she never could be induced to put up with him.

"But take a little time to think of it," said Mr. St. Clair. "Do not be so peremptory in your refusal, Linda dear; you may change your mind on reflection."

"Never, papa!" replied Linda. "This is utterly impossible."

"Young ladies *do* change their minds sometimes, my dear, and Mr. Dunville may succeed in time in making an impression on your flinty heart."

"Never, I repeat," said Linda, gravely. "I cannot marry Mr. Dunville, come what may. Dismiss the man and the matter from your mind, dear papa. You can't want to get rid of me, do you?"

"Get rid of you, my darling!" echoed her father. "No, that I don't. But I wish you to be well settled in life for your own sake. Poor Minna's prospects, you see, are now very uncertain, and Adela's most extraordinary elopement tells against our family."

"Ah, dearest Adela! would to Heaven we only knew that she were safe and well!" exclaimed Linda.

"I believe that she is quite safe and well," said Mr. St. Clair, "for I do not think that Don Alonzo Alvaez would be such a scoundrel as not to marry her if he induced her to commit the terrible imprudence of going off with him."

"And . . . and . . . papa . . ." almost gasped Linda, "if she were married to Don Alonzo—married without your consent . . . could you forgive her?"

Linda clasped her hands, and looked up beseechingly at her father, while tear-drops trembled in her eyes.

"My darling Linda! what can you think of me to suppose for one moment that I would *not* forgive her? Poor girl—poor deluded girl!" cried the old gentleman, with a faltering voice, and tears in his own eyes.

"Oh, dearest papa! how good, how kind of you! I feel as if a weight were lifted off of my heart. You would really forgive your erring daughter for forgetting her duty to you, the best of fathers—for taking a step of such importance without your knowledge and approbation! Oh, how good—how good!"

Linda trembled with agitation, and tears were now running down her cheeks. She felt impelled to confess then and there her own secret marriage, and the words were almost on her lips, when she suddenly remembered poor Mrs. Rivers, and her extreme dread of her brother's anger. It passed rapidly through her mind that without her aunt's consent she had no right to disclose what had taken place at her house, and in her presence. She ought to obtain her kind aunt's permission before she communicated to her father the tie which now existed between herself and Colonel Mentilla, and the confession so nearly made was withheld.

To have such a secret weighing on her conscience was a great trial to poor Linda, and there was no one to whom she could confide it. She could, of course, speak to her aunt, but she seldom saw Mrs. Rivers alone, more particularly since Hector's departure. One morning, however, that poor solitary Mrs. Craft had begged Minna to come and spend the day with her; Linda seized the opportunity of driving over to her aunt's. She then told Mrs. Rivers how near she had been to making a confession of her clandestine marriage to her father, but that she had remembered she had no right to say a word about that event without her aunt's knowledge, and had checked herself.

"Thank Heaven you did not tell him, Linda!" exclaimed Mrs. Rivers. "He would have been so dreadfully angry at me. And not without cause, for I know I was wrong, very, very wrong. I should not have yielded to Colonel Mentilla's entreaties. It was my duty to let your father know what was going on; but you see, my dear, the poor colonel and you seemed both so miserable, after my brother refused Don Alonzo for Adela, that I had not the heart to thwart Mentilla's plans. I was very foolish, my dear child, and I have repented my folly ever since."

"Then, aunt, let us make the only reparation we can, and tell papa now, and beg him to forgive our . . . at least *my* indiscretion."

"Your father would forgive you fast enough, dear; you are young and inexperienced, and much attached to Colonel Mentilla. Excuses would be made for you, but not for me. All your papa's anger would fall upon me, and justly too. Do you know I blame myself for this misfortune about poor Adela; and if she is dead, I shall look upon myself almost as her murderer. If I had told my brother the state of things between you

and Mentilla it would have been known in the family, and Adela would not have gone on fancying that he cared for her."

"It was a sad mistake!" sighed Linda. "But let us now explain everything to papa, and have no more concealments."

"Explain everything to your father, Linda, without Colonel Mentilla's knowledge and permission?" asked Mrs. Rivers. "Both you and I promised him that the marriage should remain a secret until he could claim you as his wife, and make his own explanation to my brother. You were wrong as a daughter, and I, as your aunt, to make this promise. But your having failed in your duty to your father is no reason why you should fail in your duty to your husband. Colonel Mentilla trusts you; are you to betray his confidence?"

"Not for worlds!" cried poor Linda.

"Then take my advice, and wait to see how things turn up. You can always make your confession, but you can't recal it when once made."

V.

WAILING AND GRIEF AT CLAIR HALL.

THERE were wailing and grief at Clair Hall—grief and remorse in the heart of poor Mrs. Rivers, and great regret and dismay all over the island—when it became known that Adela was not, as so many, including her godmother, Mrs. Sutherland, had supposed, with the patriot officers, and married, or about to be married, to Don Alonzo Alvaez.

Letters had been received both from Colonel Mentilla and Don Alonzo. In the letters to Mr. St. Clair, announcing their arrival in South America, the two gentlemen had sent their kindest remembrances to his three daughters, and Colonel Mentilla enclosed a little note addressed to "Las Señoras Adela, Linda y Minna St. Clair." There was no mention whatsoever of Adela's being with them. Mrs. Rivers had also received a long letter from Colonel Mentilla, and a shorter one from Don Alonzo, the latter evidently written for the purpose of conveying a message to the beautiful damsel he admired so much. Neither of the gentlemen made the slightest allusion to Adela's having paid them a farewell visit on board their sloop before they left the harbour of the little island, on the shore of which they had been driven by the hurricane. Colonel Mentilla, however, wrote both Mr. St. Clair and Mrs. Rivers that the youth, Harry St. Clair, was with him. He did not like the life he was leading in his native island, and had smuggled himself on board their little vessel to get away from it. They did not discover him until early in the morning after they had sailed, when they were too far off to return and put him on shore. Colonel Mentilla added that he and Don Alonzo had taken every care of the boy, that he would keep him with himself as long as he possibly could, and make him learn Spanish. After he had acquired a knowledge of this language, he would endeavour to find some suitable occupation for him at Caraccas.

So it was the coloured lad, Harry St. Clair, who was safe and well with the two patriot officers. Where, then, was Adela?

This was a question which no one could answer; the sea would not give up its dead. The ever-murmuring waves would tell none of its terrible secrets. There was only one clue to her fate—the boat belonging to poor Buckra Jem, which had been found keel upwards, giving evidence that those who had trusted themselves to it had perished among the dark waters on that sad and eventful night!

There was wailing and grief at Clair Hall; and not even Colonel Mentilla's long and most affectionate letter to his dear Linda—which came under cover to her aunt—could comfort the bereaved sister or diminish her sorrow. She had always declared her belief that poor Adela was drowned; but still her father's strong conviction that the missing girl was well and safe, and would soon be heard of, influenced her to a certain degree, and she had imperceptibly begun to imbibe this idea. Not that she ever for a moment thought, like her father, that Adela had gone off with Don Alonzo, or would marry him. She knew Adela's feelings too well for that. But she believed that if Adela had been so wildly imprudent as to follow Colonel Mentilla, much shocked as he might be at the strange step she had taken, he would be her kind friend and protector, and would place her with some respectable family until she could return to her home.

These dreams were at an end now. Mr. St. Clair, his daughters and his sister, were all forced to admit the deeply distressing truth that she, whom they loved so much, was numbered with the dead. All of them, except Minna, blamed themselves in their own hearts. Mr. St. Clair, poor deluded man, blamed himself severely for not having allowed Don Alonzo Alvaez to marry Linda. Mrs. Rivers took to her bed, and became quite ill, in consequence of reflecting on the part she had acted; Mariana was in despair, howling and crying, and anathematising herself for not having watched "pore Miss Adela" better.

"I might hab seen," she exclaimed to poor broken-down Mrs. Rivers, "dat Miss Adela was out of her mind; and if I had only had de sense to hab watched her well, she could not hab gone and been drownded in dat Buckra Jem's boat. But howeber she could get to go in *it* I cannot tink. Well, de ways of de Lord is wonderful, and p'raps He hab taken her from suffering in dis world. May she be a happy spirit up yonder, aldo she did not hab Christian burial in dis eart. Eamen!"

Linda came to see her aunt, and tried her best to console her.

"You have nothing to accuse yourself of, Aunt Dora," she said. "You did your utmost to undeceive poor Adela, and her infatuation about Mentilla certainly does look as if she had laboured under monomania. I alone am to blame; I ought to have confided the truth to her, and not been so fearful of hurting her feelings as I was. I have been to blame all through. I allowed my unhappy sister to deceive herself; I deceived my poor father, and I fully deserve all this misery. But oh, aunt! pity me, pity me! My dearest Mentilla will soon be in danger; they expect another engagement with those horrid Spaniards, and if he is killed, or severely wounded, how shall I bear it? In putting on this deep mourning for poor Adela, I feel as if I were putting it on for him too. My heart is full of mourning for them both."

"But, my dear child," said Mrs. Rivers, "do not anticipate calamities

that never may arrive. 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof,' I am sure."

"Ah, what changes in so short a time!" cried Linda. "Such happy days can never return as when Mentilla and his friend were with us, Adela alive, and charming every one with her grace and beauty, Minna full of hope and joy, and poor Hector the gayest of the gay, without the slightest idea of the ruin hanging over him!"

"Our present distress is a great contrast to those agreeable past days, certainly," replied Mrs. Rivers; "but, with the exception of the loss of our dearest Adela, all may go well yet. Colonel Mentilla may return to explain everything to my brother, and claim you; Hector's affairs may be got into some sort of order, so as to let him and Minna marry. So try to keep up your spirits, my dear girl. Indeed you must do so, in order to cheer your poor father."

Everybody in the island, with the exception of one individual, sympathised with the St. Clairs, and regretted the loss of the beautiful Adela. Only one individual was so hard-hearted as not to feel for them, and that person was the attorney-general, who could not forgive Linda for having declined his matrimonial overtures.

"Adela," he said, "was desperately in love with one of those Spanish fellows, and drowned herself, no doubt, because he would not be bothered with her. Linda, of course, fell in love with the other one, and some day we may hear, as he has decamped without her, that, like 'unfortunate Miss Bailey,' she has 'hanged herself with her garters.' The youngest girl, who will also be disappointed in her projected love-match, may take the lover's leap, and throw herself from the top of the Blue Mountain; there is a flat rock up there, projecting a few feet over the side of the hill, that would be just the very place to enact such 'a thrilling tragedy,' as the local newspapers would probably call it."

The attorney-general was certainly not a very amiable man. Mr. Balfour, Linda's other admirer, felt very much for her distress and that of her family, and redoubled his efforts in Hector Graham's favour; but Mr. Balfour had not yet received his quietus, therefore he had no reason to be spiteful or angry, as Mr. Dunville had.

ENCHANTMENT-LENDING DISTANCE.

A CUE FROM CAMPBELL.

BY FRANCIS JACOB.

CAMPBELL opens his favourite poem with a note of interrogation: why, of a summer evening, do yonder cliffs of shadow tint appear more sweet than all the landscape smiling near? And the poetico-philosophical reason is at once at hand:

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.*

Which reflection leads to others on the similar delight with which we anticipate life's promised joys, "each dim-discovered scene" in the future appearing brighter and better than the more definite and familiar objects of time present and past.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of the least popular of his narrative poems, works out another moral from a similar idea:

And now the eastern mountain's head
On the dark lake threw lustre red;
Bright gleams of gold and purple streak
Ravine, and precipice, and peak—
(So earthly power at distance shows;
Reveals his splendour, hides his woes).†

The parenthetical application is one with a *pensée* of La Bruyère's: "La province est l'endroit d'où la cour, comme dans son point de vue, paraît une chose admirable: si l'on s'en approche, ses agréments diminuent, comme ceux d'une perspective que l'on voit de trop près."‡ Wordsworth, again, gives us a parallel passage on the mountain illusion, where he tells of an excursion among

—mountains stern and desolate,
But, in the majesty of distance, now
Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,
And beautified with morning's purple beams.§

Beautified. Things are pretty, graceful, rich, elegant, handsome, but, argues Mr. Emerson, until they speak to the imagination, not yet beautiful. This he takes to be the reason why beauty is still escaping all analysis. "It instantly deserts possession, and flies to an object in the horizon. If I could put my hand on the north star, would it be as beautiful? The sea is lovely, but when we bathe in it, the beauty forsakes all the near water." In short, his doctrine is, that the imagination and senses cannot be gratified at the same time.||

When William Hazlitt was a boy, he lived within sight of a range of lofty hills, whose blue tops, he tells us, blending with the setting sun,

* The Pleasures of Hope.

† Lord of the Isles, canto iii.

‡ Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. viii., De la Cour.

§ The Excursion, book ii.

|| Essay on Beauty (1860).

had often tempted his longing eyes and wandering feet. At last he put in execution his project of visiting them, and on a nearer approach, instead of glimmering air woven into fantastic shapes, found them huge lumpish heaps of discoloured earth. "I learnt from this (in part) to leave 'Yarrow unvisited,' and not idly to disturb a dream of good."* His doctrine is one with Emerson's,—that whatever is placed beyond the reach of sense and knowledge, whatever is imperfectly discerned, the fancy pieces out at its leisure, and at its own sweet will. Distant objects please, on his showing, for this among other reasons, that they imply an idea of space and magnitude, and because, not being obtruded too close upon the eye, we clothe them with the indistinct and airy colours of fancy aforesaid. "In looking at the misty mountain-tops that bound the horizon, the mind is, as it were, conscious of all the conceivable objects and interests that lie between ; we imagine all sorts of adventures in the interim ; strain our hopes and wishes to reach the air-drawn circle, or to 'descry new lands, rivers, and mountains,' stretching far beyond it : our feelings, carried out of themselves, lose their grossness and their husk, are rarefied, expanded, melt into softness and brighten into beauty, turning to ethereal mould, sky-tinctured." Where the landscape fades from the dull sight, we fill the thin, viewless space with shapes of unknown good, and tinge the hazy prospect with hopes and wishes and more charming fears.† *Miramur ex intervallo fallentia.*

Cowper, like Campbell, wrote a poem on Hope ; and in the course of it he asks, Is hope exotic ? grows it not at home ? and answers,

Yes ; but an object bright as orient morn
May press the eye too closely to be borne ;
A distant virtue we can all confess,
It hurts our pride and moves our envy less.‡

We are never more apt, according to Dr. Moore, to be mistaken than in our estimate of the happiness of grandeur. The grove overlooking the precipice, he goes on to say, has a fine effect at a distance ; we admire the sublimity of its situation, and the brightness of its verdure when gilded by the rays of the sun ; we grudge no labour in scrambling up to this seat of pleasure, which, when attained, we often find cold and comfortless, overgrown with moss, pierced by the winds of every quarter, and far less genial than the sheltered bank from which we set out. "In like manner, many men who are viewed with admiration and envy at a distance, become the object of pity or contempt when nearly approached."§ To quote the most classical of French moralists again : "De bien des gens il n'y a que le nom qui vaille quelque chose. Quand vous les voyez de fort près, c'est moins que rien : de loin ils imposent."|| Or, if they *do* make a noise at close quarters, there is more than a chance of its being as windy as that of Mrs. Browning's windmill :

As a windmill seen at distance radiating
Its delicate white vans against the sky,
So soft and soundless, simply beautiful,—
Seen nearer . . . what a roar and tear it makes !¶

* See Hazlitt's Essay, "Why Distant Objects please."

† *Ibid.*, *passim*.

‡ Hope.

§ Zeluco, ch. xxvi.

|| Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. ii., Du Mérite personnel.

¶ Aurora Leigh, book iv.

To sound, by the way, distance usually gives an effect welcome for its mellowness and refinement. Even

—sweetest melodies

Are those that are by distance made more sweet.*

Scottish minstrelsy allows the bagpipes to sound all the better a little way off. The “pibroch proud” played by Roderick Dhu’s gallant pipers, the gaudy streamers from their “loud chanterers” fluttering in the breeze, is sensibly “mellowed” by the “taming” effect of distance :

At first the sounds, by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Waived every harsher note away.†

Bigoted Southrons, who never heard the bagpipes unless played under their street windows by an unlovely mendicant, may be forgiven if disposed to apply to that order of music the after-clause of the poet’s dictum, “sounds heard are sweet,”—namely, but “those unheard are sweeter.” In that sense Mr. Carlyle’s pet proclamation, that speech is silvern, but silence is golden, squares to a nicety with the distressed listener’s judgment.

Hazlitt, in one of his Winterslow essays, amuses himself with wondering if a born lord can have the same idea that every one else has of a peeress in her own right. Is not distance, he asks, giddy elevation, mysterious awe, an impassable gulf, necessary to form this idea in the mind, that fine ligament of “ethereal braid, sky-woven,” that lets down heaven upon earth, fair as enchantment, soft as Berenice’s hair, bright and garlanded like Ariadne’s crown ?‡ Distance is like futurity, writes Goethe’s young Werther ; a dim distance is spread before our souls ; the perceptions of our minds are as obscure as those of our vision,§ and enchantment is the result.

At distance through an artful glass,
To the mind’s eye things well appear ;
They lose their forms and make a mass
Confused and black if brought too near.||

To the same effect as Prior’s stanza are Pope’s couplets :

Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Consider’d singly, or beheld too near ;
Which, but proportion’d to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.¶

Young Werther shall supply us with another illustration,—where he records his greater self-satisfaction ever since he associated more freely with his fellows, and found that they were much more nearly his fellows, and nothing like so much his superiors as, until he thus consorted with them, he had supposed.** At a distance they had rather awed him : seen *vis-à-vis*, conversed with *tête-à-tête*, they were no such sublime

* Wordsworth’s Sonnets, Personal Talk, No. ii.

† The Lady of the Lake, canto ii.

‡ On Personal Identity.

§ Werther: June 21.

|| Prior: To the Hon. Charles Montague.

¶ Essay on Criticism.

** See the opening section of book ii. of the Sorrows of Young Werther.

beings after all.—The author of “Adam Bede” makes Mrs. Glegg cherish a sort of Yarrow-unvisited illusion in favour of distant nephews, “far away in the Wolds,” at the cost of nearer ones who, because nearer, are not so dear. And the shrewd remark follows, that people who live at a distance are naturally less faulty than those immediately under our eyes; “and it seems superfluous, when we consider the remote geographical position of the Ethiopians, and how very little the Greeks had to do with them, to inquire further why Homer calls them ‘blameless.’” * Distance, in truth, as Sir Walter Scott has said, produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective: objects are softened, and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary points of character are mellowed down, and those by which it is remembered are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. “There are mists, too, in the mental as well as the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects, and there are happy lights, to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.” †

Chamfort mentions a Monsieur D——, who, “faisant sa cour au prince Henri, à Neuchâtel, lui dit que les Neuchâtelois adoraient le roi de Prusse. ‘Il est fort simple,’ dit le prince, ‘que les sujets aiment un maître qui est à trois cent lieues d’eux.’” ‡ Gibbon quotes, verbatim, with applause, a paragraph from “our philosophic historian,” which tells how the name and authority of the court of Rome were more than revered in the remote countries of Europe, which were sunk in profound ignorance, and were entirely unacquainted with its character and conduct; while at home the Pope was so little revered, that his inveterate enemies surrounded the gates of Rome itself, and even controlled his government in that city; insomuch that the ambassadors, who, from a distant extremity of Europe, carried to him the humble, or rather abject, submissions of the greatest potentate of the age, found the utmost difficulty to make their way to him, and to throw themselves at his feet. §—Within the last few years, the reverence of the Irish people for the far-away Pope has been the topic of similar comment. “Distance has hitherto lent enchantment to the Irishman’s view of the Papacy.” For, as a leading writer—which is something more than a writer of leaders—remarks, the existence of ardent reverence for the court of Rome in the extremities of that vast ecclesiastical frame, while contempt and disaffection gathered round the heart, is a phenomenon sufficiently familiar to the student of ecclesiastical history. “The wretched spectacle of the declining monarchy of Leo and Hildebrand—with its Mumbo-jumbo ceremonial, the dastardly and degrading tyranny of its political government, and its abject dependence on the temporal support of the Roman Catholic despotisms—was transmuted, before it reached the Irish mind, into a glorious image of divine beauty and paternal benevolence,” which accordingly made the Irish sword start in genuine loyalty from its scabbard at the look which threatened the Holy Father with insult. || So Macaulay, long before, in one of the earliest of his historical essays, had

* The Mill on the Floss, book iii. ch. ii.

† Waverley, ch. xxix.

‡ Chamfort, Caractères et Portraits.

§ Hume, History of England.—Gibbon, Rom. Empire, ch. lxix.

|| Modern Crusades.—*Sat. Rev.*, x. 377.

described the people of Italy in the middle ages as too conversant with the whole machinery of the Church—the arrangement of the pulleys, and the manufacture of the thunders—to be enchanted as far-off worshippers were likelier to be. “Distant nations looked on the Pope as the viceroy of the Almighty, the oracle of the All-wise, the umpire from whose decisions, in the disputes either of theologians or of kings, no Christian ought to appeal. The Italians were acquainted with all the follies of his youth, and with all the dishonest arts by which he had attained power.”* Familiarity of that kind is inevitably the breeder of contempt.

The Russians, according to one British sojourner among them, have about the same liking for their winter as for their government. “Both are very splendid; but it is uncommonly hard lines to bear either; and distance (the greater the better) lends wonderful enchantment to the view both of the frozen Neva and the frozen government.”†—But indeed on what soil of either hemisphere—in what *revue, des deux mondes*—might not similar reflections be excogitated, à discrétion?

After emerging from the literary nest of honest Dribble, the *pauvre diable* hack author, and passing safely through the perils of Breakneck-stairs, and the labyrinths of Fleet-market, Geoffrey Crayon expresses his lively sense of disappointment and disenchantment at the peep of literary life thus afforded him by his guide, Buckthorne. To his expression of surprise at finding it so different a world from what he had imagined, Buckthorne replies: “It is always so with strangers. The land of literature is a fairy land to those who view it from a distance; but, like all other landscapes, the charm fades on a nearer approach, and the thorns and briars become visible.”‡ Madame de Sévigné calls it very good of her daughter to confess something like fear for wits—“que vous avez peur des beaux esprits: hélas! si vous saviez qu’ils sont petits de près, et combien ils sont quelquefois empêchés de leurs personnes, vous les remettriez bientôt à hauteur d’appui. . . . Prenez garde que l’éloignement ne vous grossisse les objets; c’est un effet assez ordinaire.”§ To cite a couplet from one of our old dramatists:

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off, shine bright;
But, look’d at near, have neither heat nor light.||

When Sir Walter Scott’s trusty adherent, William Laidlaw, buried a favourite child, Scott records in his Diary that he witnessed the funeral at a distance; and goes off at that word. “Ah, that *Distance*! What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdities, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination.” A Scottish wedding, he pronounces, should be seen at a distance;—the gay band of dancers just distinguished amid the elderly group of spectators—the glass held high, and the distant cheers as it is swallowed,

* Macaulay’s Essays: Machiavelli.

† Sala, A Journey Due North, ch. vii.

‡ Washington Irving: Buckthorne and his Friends.

§ Mme. de Sévigné à Mme. de Grignan, 13 janvier, 1672.

|| Webster, The Duchess of Malfi, Act IV. Sc. 1.

should be only a sketch, not a finished Dutch picture, when it becomes brutal and boorish. Scotch psalmody, too, he goes on to say, should be heard from a distance: the grunt and the snivel, and the whine and the scream, should all be blended in that deep and distant sound, which, rising and falling like the Æolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of one's Maker. "Even so the distant funeral: the few mourners on horseback, with their plaids wrapt around them—the father heading the procession as they enter the river, and pointing out the ford by which his darling is to be carried on the last long road—none of the subordinate figures in discord with the general tone of the incident, but seeming just accessories, and no more;—this is affecting." What Sir Walter found not affecting—or at most, affecting rather his spleen than any other organ,—was the "assisting" at a funeral itself. "I hate funerals—always did;—there is such a mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner perhaps heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine."* Proximity sometimes lends contempt and disgust to the view, not less efficiently than distance does enchantment.

Viewed at a distance, ancient London, as Lord Lytton has observed, was incalculably more picturesque and stately than the modern; but, when fairly within its tortuous labyrinths, it seemed to those who had improved their taste by travel, the meanest and murkiest capital of Christendom.† Sir Walter Scott, in sending Simon Glover to the wild and silvan region below and around Ben Lawers, makes him see hamlets half hid among the little glens that pour their tributary streams into Loch Tay—of which he says, that, "like many earthly things, [they] made a fair show at a distance, but, when more closely approached, were disgusting and repulsive, from their squalid want of the conveniences which attend even Indian wigwams."‡ The wild Irish hamlet and hovel of yesterday, if not to-day, answers to the picture but too well. As Mr. Thackeray, in his *Irish Sketch-book*, writes of the picturesquely situated town of Bantry—a town of cabins, than which "an ordinary pigsty in England is really more comfortable,"—go but a few score of yards off, and these wretched hovels lying together look really picturesque and pleasing; but diminish the interval, and "I declare I believe a Hottentot kraal has more comforts in it: even to write of the place makes one unhappy."§ In one of Mr. Kingsley's characteristic sallies against mountain scenery and mountain *mores*—translate it manners, or morals, which you will—we find the remark that mountaineers look well enough at a distance; but that seen close at hand you find their chief distinctions to be starvation and ignorance, fleas and goitre, with an utter unconsciousness—unless travellers put it into their heads—of the "soul-elevating glories" by which they have been surrounded all their lives.||

Mr. de Quincey was walking one day, with Wordsworth, in the sequestered valleys of Cumberland, when there broke upon them the

* Diary of Sir Walter Scott, April 8, 1826.

† The Last of the Barons, book ii. ch. i.

§ Irish Sketch-book, ch. viii.

‡ The Fair Maid of Perth.

|| Chalk-Stream Studies.

view of a little pastoral recess, within the very heart of the highest mountains—where a hamlet was seen of seven cottages, “clustering together, as if for mutual support, in this lovely, but still awful, solitude.” A solitude, indeed, so perfect, Mr. de Quincey—at that time new to the Lake country—had never yet seen; nor had he supposed it possible that, in the midst of populous England, any little brotherhood of households, as he expresses it, could pitch their tents so far aloof from human society, from its noisy bustle, and (he ventured to hope) its angry passions. His guide, philosopher, and (at *that* time) friend, appears to have guessed his thoughts, and thus disenchanted him of a fond illusion. “Yes,” said the poet, “nature has done her part to create in this place an absolute and perpetual Sabbath. And doubtless you conceive that, in those low-roofed dwellings, her intentions are seconded. Be undeceived then: lawsuits, and the passions of lawsuits, have carried fierce dissension into this hidden paradise of the hills; and it is a fact, that not one of those seven families will now speak to another.”* Sad type of many a seeming paradise here on earth, that—trust not to seeming—becomes, on a nearer view, only a paradise lost.

When Theodore Hook sends the Maxwell family a sea-voyage that ends in Fayal Bay, he describes the pleasant relief they felt at the aspect of the place, after the wearying sameness of the sea; but one of them being, like himself, an old traveller, is proof against the “luring and tempting aspect of the capital of Fayal, as viewed from the brig.” Some experience in Portuguese colonies has prepared this voyager for the horrors that await the sojourner in those parts: “dirt, and filth, and an overwhelming smell of fried oil and garlic; houses like pigsties, and streets choked with mud, with no scavengers save the pigs themselves.”† Portugal’s own capital is subjected to the like strictures by a more distinguished pen:

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,

et cætera, et cætera ejusmodi, as the noble poet sings in one stanza. But how sings Byron in the next?

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily;
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
No personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Tho’ shent with Egypt’s plague, unkempt, unwashed; unhurt.‡

In Sir Archibald’s well-worn phrase, “no words can express” the beauty of the city of Constantinople as seen from the waters across the

* See the opening pages of De Quincey’s critical biography of Richard Bentley, D.D.

† Maxwell, vol. iii. ch. v.

‡ Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage, canto i.

Hellespont, with its hundred mosques and minarets, and scenery that "kindles the imagination with the idea of unseen beauties." But a nearer approach "considerably dispels the illusion, and reveals, under this splendid exterior, in a larger proportion than usual, the evils and sufferings of humanity."* For the distant enchantments of glittering domes and cypress groves, stately aqueducts and castellated crags, verdant slopes and umbrageous cemeteries, watered by the meanderings of that sea so brightly, beautifully blue, you have to accept in exchange the squalid sights, smells, and surroundings in general of a confused mass of narrow streets, of the close, and wynd, and back-slum sort,—too often an offence to the five senses all and sundry. So with Trebizond, on the Black Sea,—of which they tell us that few places are more magnificently situated, or have a pleasanter aspect at a little distance, with its red-topped white houses peeping out from rich foliage; but within, there is the disappointment of mean hovels, and ragged beldames, and repulsive-looking beggars. So with Bagdad—charming in the distance, while surrounding groves of date-palms avail to hide the meanness of the dwellings, which are set off too by a profusion of tall minarets and graceful domes, the gaily coloured tiles on which reflect the rays of the sun with a green splendour quite resplendent: but the interior is "a labyrinth of narrow unpaved streets and crooked lanes, rendered noxious by the filth and offal cast into them, which a tribe of half-savage dogs, without owners, alone clear away."

Cowper paints a well-rememberable picture, in his best water-colour style, of a cottage he took a prodigious fancy to,—perched on a green hill-top, but close environed with a ring of branching elms that overhung the thatch: so thick beset with foliage too of dark redundant growth, that he called this low-roofed lodge the "peasant's nest." And hidden as it was, and far remote from such unpleasant sounds as haunt the ear in village or in town, the bay of curs incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels, and infants clamorous whether pleased or pained, oft had he wished the peaceful covert his.

Here, I have said, at least I should possess
 The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
 The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.
 Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
 Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
 Its elevated site forbids the wretch
 To drink sweet waters of the crystal well;
 He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
 And heavy-laden brings his beverage home,
 Far-fetched and little worth; nor seldom waits,
 Dependent on the baker's punctual call,
 To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
 Angry and sad, and his last crust consumed.
 So farewell envy of the *peasant's nest*.
 If solitude make scant the means of life,
 Society for me!—Thou seeming sweet,
 Be still a pleasing object in my view,
 My visit still, but never mine abode.†

* Continuation of History of Europe, vol. iii. ch. xiii.

† The Task, book i.

Mr. Dickens's Will Fern, just come from gaol, not for the first time either, or the third even, or the fourth, harangues the fine folks at Sir Joseph Bowley's on the subject of his house and home. "Gentlefolks, I've lived many a year in this place. You may see the cottage from the sunk fence over yonder. I've seen the ladies draw it in their books, a hundred times. It looks well in a pieter, I've heerd say; but there an't weather in pieters, and maybe 'tis fitter for that, than for a place to live in. . . . 'Tis harder than you think for, gentlefolks, to grow up decent, commonly decent, in such a place. That I grewed up a man and not a brute, says something for me—as I was then."* It would no doubt be very pleasant, as a social-essay writer observes, to go on in the sentimental belief that those picturesque hovels at the wood's edge, with their mud walls, and their thatched roofs golden with the stone-crop or green with velvet moss, are the abodes of health and innocence, of primitive manners, and Saxon purity. "These statements have been recited hundreds of times in pretty story-books, and simpered by pretty lips. It is of course not very material to their truth that the parish doctur's reminiscences of those bowers of bliss have not unfrequently a close connexion with malignant typhus, and with an indignant appeal to the inspector of nuisances." It is said to be universally acknowledged that Clovelly, in Devonshire, is a romantic spot: that it is like no other place; for no carriage can ever pass up or down it; it is embosomed in oaks; it hangs on the side of a steep hill, and enthusiastic describers go so far as to say that it is the only place in England where the moon can be properly seen, since at Clovelly, and at Clovelly alone, the traveller looks through a lane of overarching oaks, and sees, as in the frame of a picture, the golden line of glory on the sea. So that, altogether, "if any one says Clovelly is not a romantic spot, he ought to be fiercely contradicted." But, adds the anonymous essayist on Romantic Spots in general and Clovelly in particular, there is another side to Clovelly—a side which does not appear in guide-books, but which immediately forces itself on the traveller. "There is much romance at Clovelly, but there is also very much dirt and very much discomfort. It is very curious that the one street should be so narrow, but it is also very unwholesome. It is poetical to have a brook gurgling and leaping down the main street, but it is very prosaic to find that this brook is made to answer all the purposes of a sewer. No free air from land or sea sweeps up this miserable alley. Night and day there is one close all-pervading smell of donkeys, fish, and babies."† It is the old story of Miss Ferrier's picture of a Scottish village, with its first impression on a fair enthusiast from the south. The beauty of the morning, we read—the song of the birds—the sound of the waters—all combined to lull her visionary mind into an Elysium of her own creating; and as she walked along, in all the ideal enjoyment of her Utopian schemes, she found herself at the door of one of those cottages the picturesque appearance of which had so charmed her at a distance. "A nearer survey, however, soon satisfied her that the view owed all its charms to distance. Some coarse, lint-haired, mahogany-faced, half-naked urchins, with brown legs and black feet, were dabbling

* The Chimes, pt. iii.

† Essay on Romantic Spots, *Sat. Rev.*, xx. 292.

in a gutter before the door; while some bigger ones were pursuing a pig and her litter, seemingly for the sole purpose of amusement.”*—Mrs. Gore’s dandy *par excellence*, that other Pelham, Cecil Danby, is more than a little bit of a cynic; but it is not sheer cynicism in his town-bred *ton* to avow, as he does, that to him the nut-brown maid is a homely creature,—and your neat-handed Phyllis, with her savoury messes, a kitchen-girl peeling onions. He owns to having no taste for the rural in animated nature. “Its nails are dirty—it wears black stockings—it eschews the toothbrush—it scratches its head—it does a thousand revolting things.” Such soulless greensward charmers, he protests, should never be viewed nearer than in one of Gainsborough’s pictures, feeding pigs or rabbits.†

Middle-class people, and upper-class, are constantly to be met with who really believe that a life of rural labours and rustic hardships must be the most agreeable of all existences. “Utter folly!” exclaims the author of an English story dedicated to German readers: “They suffer visions of new milk, brown bread, marigolds, and sweet straw beds, to blind them. The iron spoons, the heaviness, the fleas, to say no worse—and alas that I must add it, the too frequently recurring want—are kept out of sight.”‡ And that popular “Parson,” whose *Recreations* were at first of Country flavour, professed himself long since to have found out that the country, in this nineteenth century, is by no means a scene of Arcadian simplicity; that men lie and cheat there just as in town; and that the country has even more of mischievous tittle-tattle; that sorrow and care and anxiety may well live in cottages grown over with jasmine and honeysuckle, and that very sad eyes may look forth from windows round which roses twine. “People may pace up and down a country lane, between fragrant hedges of blossoming hawthorn, and tear their neighbours’ characters to very shreds.”§ You must be moderately distant from the village to be quite enchanted. Perhaps at a more than moderate distance.

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small!
And yet bubbles o’er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite;
And Jack on his alehouse bench has as many lies as a Czar.||

(It was in the heat of the anti-Muscovite fever which led to the Crimean war, that Mr. Tennyson thus complimented the august Head of all the Russias on his presumed pre-eminence in powers of mendacity.)

* The Inheritance, ch. iv.

† Cecil, vol. iii. ch. i.

‡ Millicent; or, Our English Homes of the Present Day. Printed and published at Göttingen, 1858.

§ Recreations of a Country Parson, First Series: Concerning Country Houses and Country Life.

|| Tennyson’s Maud, iv. 2.

ALEXANDER PETÖFI.*

IN glancing at the taste which prevails at present in relation to literature, it is remarkable how little those works are regarded which demand a refined feeling, and some degree of attention, to be comprehended and enjoyed. Works which cost no labour of thought—in fact, those of mere amusement—rule over the field, and this whether in translation or original composition. Nor does it matter how much such works are out of natural keeping, if they only possess novelty of detail. Then as to the nature of the subjects, those are most approved that are allied to the more familiar topics, to customary modes of thinking, and common-place manners. Often, indeed, a mere repetition of scenes of common life, extravagantly heightened in colouring, is in favour. The value of literary works is estimated by their approximation to pictures of vulgar life, and the language detailed in that walk of life by the way of dialogue. The taste in art partakes of a similar character. There is a total absence of high-mindedness in works of art, which follow instead of lead. The popular judgment rules by the taste of the ignorant many in place of the intelligent few, who judge by study and not by a prevalent fancy. Thus all resembles a picture that is a common-place fac-simile, a copy sufficient to identify, but destitute of elevation and the touches of master genius. Whether this want of elevation in sentiment and a regard for common-place arises from lack of study, or, which is full as likely, from all high aspiration being entombed in the Temple of Mammon, its existence is by no means a subject of congratulation. The disregard of the literature of other countries is a natural result of such a state of things. The poet whose name is at the head of this article has been made known and admired in all the other European kingdoms, and even the United States of America; but England is indebted to the present translation alone for a knowledge of the very name of one of the first poets the world has produced.

We are under an obligation to Sir John Bowring that at last we obtain some knowledge of Petöfi and his works. That they must lose in the best translation is clear, but we welcome that of which we should never else, in all probability, have known a syllable, in the very remarkable, and interesting as well as beautiful, volume of poetry before us—beautiful from its simplicity, its lofty bearing and warmth of patriotism, as well as from love, elevated tone, and high passion. We were before indebted to Sir John Bowring for a volume of the poetry of the Magyars, published in 1830. The volume contained a sketch of the language and literature of that people. We had also from the same source a volume of the Cheskian Anthology, published in 1832. For these works the public is deeply in his debt. Still, what an extensive field is open for England in the literature of the East of Europe. We find that the German people alone have pub-

* Translations from Alexander Petöfi, the Magyar poet. By Sir John Bowring, LL.D., F.R.S., Correspondent of the Hungarian Academy, &c. Trübner and Co
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lished a work containing the productions of the best part of a hundred Hungarian writers.

In a short narrative prefixed in the present volume, we learn that Alexander Petöfi was, in his short career, as remarkable for the incidents of his life, as for his high merit as a poet. His Hungarian name was Petrovich Sandor. He was born in 1823, at Little Körös, in the county of Pesth. His father was in humble life, and by trade a butcher, possessing a little land. His last residence was at Szabadszállás. It does not appear that he showed any marks of precocity at school. His family had been ruined by an overflow of the Danube. He had begun to write verses at the Lyceum of the town of Schemnitz, but he neglected his studies, and was reproved by his father. Soon after this he joined a low German theatrical company, with which he was found, brought home, and committed to the care of a relation to complete his education. There he attended not more assiduously than before, making Horace his only instructor. Soon after, however, he ran away again, and enlisted for a soldier. He now wrote verses on the barrack walls. Serving in Croatia, he became ill, and was invalided. In 1842, he joined some strolling players again; utterly failed, and was reduced to want. At last he contrived to reach Presburg, where he turned reporter, the Diet being then sitting. There he got an introduction to Pesth, and made a little money by translations from the English and French. Once more he attempted the stage, and failed. He now became a contributor to a newspaper at Pesth, for which, two hundred miles distant, he started with two florins in his pocket. He was only twenty years old. He hid a volume of his manuscript poetry in his bosom, and set off, full of high-flown dreams. He then took the appellation of Petöfi—a name destined to be immortal in his native land.

At Pesth he was introduced to Vörösmarty, the first of the Magyar poets, but was coldly received, until he read some of his verses, at which his new friend was enraptured, declaring that Hungary had never produced such lyrics. He soon rose in favour, carried off prizes, publishing his "Versek" (Ofen in 1844), volume succeeding volume. Still he hankered after the stage, and, again failing, abandoned the idea for ever.

Petöfi was called vulgar by some, but the popular voice rewarded him. He heard his songs sung in the streets when he arose in the morning; and the audiences in the theatre, even where he had failed, rose on his entrance into the house with an "All hail!" In 1848, when the political storm broke out in Central Europe, and the people of different nations attempted to break the yoke that pressed them into the earth, Petöfi became a representative distinguished by his eloquence. He established the first newspaper that had appeared without a censorship; and the same year, 1849, joined the patriot army under Bem, for whom he conducted the public correspondence. He was present at the sanguinary affair at Segesvár on July 31, in which the Magyar army retreated. Here, it is supposed, he was trampled to death in the confusion, though his body was never discovered. It was most probably flung into an enormous trench among hundreds of undistinguished victims in the contest for freedom. In consequence of this uncertainty, several spurious Petöfis arose, and

published poetry under the same name. Thus perished this remarkable man. He left a widow, married to Professor Horvath, and a brother, named Stephen, who has written poetry. Ten thousand florins have been collected to raise a monument to his memory. He left one son.

His productions were numerous, astonishingly so, for his literary life lasted but six years. Among them are critiques upon Shakspeare, Shelley, and Ossian, and on numerous works in the French and German. The poet's history, too, is full of interest. He left three thousand compositions, many passionate and free, but all, as said of our Thomson, without

*One immoral, one corrupting thought ;
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.*

The works of Petöfi were translated into German, in part at least, as early as 1845. In Germany, Heine repeated the praises of the poet, asserting that his rustic song was sweeter than that of the nightingale. Von Arnim declared him the most original lyric poet in the whole world's literature. In the German Album of Hungarian poets Petöfi stands foremost. Humboldt expressed high admiration of him. Grimm ranks him foremost among the great poets of all ages. Béranger declared himself honoured that his name should have been associated with that of Petöfi. German, French, Polish, Italian, Danish, Belgian, and the United States' critics, all save the English, sounded the poet's praises long ago. England left him unnoticed. Her sons have been very differently occupied, absorbed in speculations that confer little glory upon them, by erecting temples to Plutus and seeing them crumble into ruins, and in those ruins displaying too much moral degradation.

In the translations from Petöfi here proffered it is impossible not to discover the ardent spirit of the true poet, the fervor that displays itself in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." It seems as if the following "lines to a friend" had been written in England, if there be a poet there that could have honestly felt his vocation was so much above the heads of the gold-hunting classes :

We live in vile and venal days, and know it ;
The world is but a coin of golden dust,
And on it the impression of the poet
Is but a transitory bit of rust—
O no ! he is the image of the king
On the world's currency—he, the truest test
Of the pure ore, that makes the metal ring,
Of all the meriting he the worthiest.
Art *Thou* a poet ? Ring the music loud,
And of thy great inheritance be proud !

The above lines were addressed to a friend. Some to his lyre show the same lofty feeling, the consciousness of a high vocation :

Lyre, let passion shake thy strings !—
For the songs thy minstrel sings
Are his last—repeat them !
That the eternal mountain's height,
That the ages in their flight,
Never may forget them !

But we have broken in upon the history of this great man. It affords another proof that a poet must be so born, and cannot be made. We have done this because there is too little to communicate more than we have stated, and because his works must stand for himself, the immortal monument of him upon earth.

His first work appeared in 1843, and his last in 1849. Never did poet before him accomplish so much in so short a space of time. His labours now make ten volumes—a precious legacy to his country. The first collection of them contained his portrait, which we should like to have seen. His poems alone were one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Of these, “*Janós the Hero*” is the longest. His first production was entitled “*The Village Hammer*,” published in 1843; the last appeared in 1849, with the title of “*The Assessor of the Judgment-Seat*.” Austrian tyranny suppressed some of his works. He wrote two plays; a romance, “*The Hangman’s Rope*,” “*Rural Tales*,” three volumes; two volumes of *Travels*; *Correspondence with Contemporaries* from 1843 to 1848; *Conversations with Bem*; *Fragments*, and numerous other pieces. He translated works from the German, some of Béranger’s songs from the French, and portions of Shelley, Ossian, and Shakspeare. The list of his labours is almost incredible for extent as comprised within the space of six years. But we have not space to particularise more, and must refer the reader to a book that will amply repay the purchase and perusal of the short memoir attached, if it were for that alone.

Of the few of his works which Sir John Bowring has selected for translation, the poet’s principal labour, “*Janós the Hero*,” is one, and the longest of all he wrote, consisting of twenty-seven parts. The next is “*Istók, or the Fool*,” remarkable for the simple beauty of the narration. Both are too long, and extracts would be unsatisfactory. The shorter pieces are numerous, and many very beautiful. We lament not to be able to extract largely, or to give one here and there entire—in other words, to pillage a little because we cannot afford to pillage more. We also regret to sever some of these poems, lest we should commit so many literary murders. The following bespeaks Petöfi, the poet of freedom:

So they suffer—millions! million slaves! They suffer—
And they bear the chain—the intolerable chain—
Has not heaven a hope—a dream of hope to offer?
Shall they pray and plead, and pray and plead in vain!
No, my songs shall wake, while nations shout and wonder,
Liberty and light, in storms of living thunder!

That is in the true spirit of a poet; what poets ever sang otherwise of freedom, save the miserables who sell themselves and principles, and playing the weathercock to courts and courtiers, die into forgetfulness almost before the grave closes over them.

“*Istók the Fool*” is one of the most bewitchingly simple poems we ever read. It has all that truth and simplicity, all that nature which Wordsworth tried hard to execute, and failed so lamentably in attempting. Petöfi had the vast wild Puszta, or Pampas of Europe, for his scene of action, with their inhabitants and their huts, and he felt the influence of the pictures before him. We cannot analyse the charmingly simple poem of “*Istók*” for want of space. We must content ourselves with extracting here and there a few striking passages from

different pieces in this delightful volume. It must have lost by translation, and yet, under this disadvantage, they are pre-eminently fine. There are many passages in "Istök" like the following:

Yes, even in this world's midnight, He
Some streaks of light hath given;
And midst our dark mortality,
Hung up a star in heaven.
And from that star a ray falls down
As radiance fell on Eden.
Bright, all the hills with light to crown—
Sweet, ocean's depth to sweeten.

Again:

A nowhere born, unowned am I,
The cloudland my dominion;
My ancestors were nobody,
My soul a petrel's pinion!

The poet breathing an inspiring patriotism in many of his works, we can imagine his indignation at his country's yoke. It breaks forth in more than one of these pieces. Thus in a poem entitled "The Hungarian Nation," a stanza or two are as follow:

Is there in Magyar land a single spot,
Unsanctified by hero Magyar blood?
Has not that blood, which warmed our sires, imbued
Our country's soil!—Alas! the scathing blot
Of shame is on their sons' ingratitude.
Has falsehood superseded ancient truth?
Have the old lions given birth to hares?
O fathers, rich in glory! through your tears
Can ye forgive the now degenerate youth
That your proud name, but not your glory, bears?

Thus he patriotically proceeds through some stanzas further, his love of country evident in every line, and concludes:

Shall I be silent? No!
Whate'er be mine, of suffering, sorrow, shame,
In spite of Heaven itself, my country's name,
Until redeemed, I'll doom to waste and woe—
Till her soul rises, or mine sinks below.

He was susceptible of the kindest impulses as well as of the most patriotic, as we infer from his expressions in numerous places. His attachment to his family, his parental regards, and that affection to her who had won his heart, are all ardent. There is one sweet poem of this last character, entitled "Hope." But all is simple, and therefore more attractive. A little piece, called "The Power of Love," runs thus grandly:

Think not that my fancy comes from stubble under,
No! 'twas born in lightning—no! 'twas heard in thunder;
When a babe I drank the hot milk of the dragon,
When a youth the blood of lions filled up my flagon.
Wild and high its flight—that flight there's no restraining,
Conquering land and land, and revelling and reigning,
Now upon the sea in wildest exultation,
Now 'twixt earth and heaven in comet-like vibration.
With a whirlwind's speed, the wilderness embracing,
Glancing through the fields, among the forests racing;

Rattling round the oak-trees, pouring out the fountains,
Raising up the valleys, bringing down the mountains.

Where is the wild horse so frenziedly that bore me?—
See, there stands a flower, a smiling flower before me;
Like the exhausted gale, with evening's odours laden,
So I stand subdued before that smiling maiden.

The reader must be referred to the volume itself for the longer poems, to which we have merely alluded. "*Istók*" is delightfully unpretending, and exceedingly attractive. In "*Janós*" there are passages of wonderful power. "*Janós*," says the translator, "is one of the most popular of Petöfi's poems; a peasant separated from *Iluska*, his beloved, makes the tale." He passes through many marvellous adventures, and returns home to find his faithful mistress is no more. From her grave he plucks a rose, which becomes his companion through terrible adventures that he meets with on his way to Fairyland. Then he flings the rose into a lake, with the intention of following it and ending his misery, when his love, *Iluska*, suddenly arises all radiant from the waters, which are the waters of immortality, and he throws himself into her arms. They then become king and queen of Fairyland. No idea of the poem can be given from this bald description, and we cannot afford to extend remarks which, to be more effective, require far more space than we can spare—in fact, we can do no justice to Petöfi in this little notice, nor to the translator, compared to his merits. Then how much is lost in the best translation! The work itself must be perused to be fully felt and understood. The following passage is from "*Janós*," describing a part of the Fairyland:

Winter comes not there, the fruits and flowerets blasting;
But there reigns a spring of beauty everlasting;—
There no suns are seen ascending and descending,
But a gentle light—a day-dawn never ending;
There they fly about on never-wearied pinions,
Death was never known in those divine dominions;
There no thoughts are found of idle earthly blisses,
But they live a life of loves, and joys, and kisses;
Grief has there no tears, if tears are ever falling,
They are only tears, hope, happiness, recalling;
And when tears are dropped, in marvellous transformations
All the tears are turned to diamond constellations;
And the fairy children, amidst their songs and dances,
Heavenly rainbows spin of the gay light that glances
From those radiant eyes, and warp them into fringes
Of the evening clouds, like those which sunset tinges.
There are beds of flowers—sweet violets, scarlet roses—
Where they lay them down, and when the eyelid closes,
Odorous zephyrs fan the senses, and romances
Other than thin air awake their playful fancies;
Ours are dreams—all dreams from fairyland ideal,
Shadowing things at best, all worthless, all unreal!
But the love that binds the virtuous and the youthful,
That indeed is bliss, the truest of the truthful.

This kind of description proceeds yet further. *Janós* is welcomed by the fairy inhabitants, and in a little time is met by his beloved *Iluska*, to whom he is united for ever, as already observed, together with the sovereignty of the Fairyland.

CYRUS REDDING.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

VI.

FRIGHTENED, shrinking, and stupified with grief, the feverish little girl crept shivering into a corner of the coach, nor could articulate a distinct word in answer to the questions addressed to her by a good-humoured-looking old gentleman who sat beside her, and a lady who was opposite, accompanied by a maid and child. The latter, however, with a true mother's heart, continued her gentle attentions to the desolate creature, until she at last won her into a comparative state of calmness; the swiftness with which they whirled along likewise helped to restore her, and when, after some hours' journey, they arrived at the Firth of Forth, she was enabled to go on board the ferry-boat with some degree of composure. It would have been difficult to define her thoughts on that sad day, in such a blended mass of sorrowful images did they crowd upon her. Nanny, her pets, her garden, the familiar faces of the Macintoshes, continually presented themselves to her imagination, and, strange to say, more than all the rest, the remembrance of her mother; for although not quite four years old when she lost her, yet the recollection of that dreadful and sudden death—for it was sudden at the last—continued fresh in the memory of her disconsolate child. It was about a year and a half after Madame San Isidora had been resident at Broombank Cottage that this event took place; she had become gradually weaker and weaker, yet nevertheless as spring advanced, and the weather permitted, she always exerted herself to go into the garden with Christine in order to teach her the names of the shrubs and flowers. On the eventful day in question she had appeared better than usual, and had kept her darling lying in her arms all the morning singing her simple songs, many of which she herself had taught her, besides various wild Highland airs which the child had caught up as if by magic from hearing them sung by the country-people. The day was unusually mild and bright, and the fond mother, holding her little girl by the hand, walked feebly into the garden. A bush of primroses, which Christine had remarked just bursting from the bud the evening before, had opened their dewy petals to the warm noonday sun, and struck the child's eye as she slowly moved along. With an exclamation of delight she sprang forward to gather some, and then ran back to present them to her mother, when, just as she approached her, she perceived her totter, and an instant after fall heavily to the ground. For a moment she gazed on the closed eyes and death-pale face, and in another rushed wildly towards the house, screaming loudly for help. Madame San Isidora was immediately conveyed to bed, and every possible means taken to restore her, but she never revived entirely to the full powers of perception; once only she fixed her eyes wildly on the frightened and awe-struck Christine, who was clinging to the bedpost, and articulated in a choking tone, "My child! my child!" but the pulses of life were ebbing fast, and not long after the doctor arrived she breathed her last. The poor little girl had been taken away when the dreadful moment approached, but when all was over Mrs. Macintosh

thought it right to let her see her mother once again, and that sight never afterwards left her infant mind. The pale still figure that opened its eyes no more, nor stretched forth a hand to greet her, remained for ever engraven on her memory, and saddened all her childish thoughts. She became so pale, thin, and delicate, that her good-tempered aunt was glad to let her roam about with Nanny, and amuse herself in any way that served to distract her from the vulture grief that sat gnawing at her heart, and this was the origin of the plaintive songs and desultory pursuits which had so much struck the ear and arrested the attention of Mrs. Mordaunt. On this painful day the image of her fond parent came back to her recollection in many a varied way during the hours of her dreary journey. The kind lady when tending her child recalled looks and tones of her mother never to be forgotten, and ever and anon arose the bitter remembrance that they would return for her no more. Few so sorrowful hearts ever entered the beautiful town of Edinburgh, or drove through its splendid streets with more agonised feelings. When the coach stopped, an affectionate husband and sister were waiting to receive the gentle Mrs. Stuart and her baby; but not even their affectionate greetings entirely distracted her attention from her lonely little travelling companion, and she only quitted her hand on seeing a finely dressed footman step forward to take charge of "Miss," as he called her, and conduct her to her brother's house. The small trunk which contained poor Christine's simple wardrobe was quickly consigned to a porter, along with the box sent to her by Mrs. Mordaunt, whose precious contents had been carefully packed by herself with many a tear and sob, and then the fine manservant strode quickly away with the pale and exhausted child trotting by his side. It was lucky for Christine that natural elasticity of muscle and constant practice had given her such command of movement, otherwise the rapid step of her conductor would soon have overpowered her diminished strength; even as it was, it required a continual effort to keep pace with him, and she felt relieved when they at last stopped at a handsome mansion in Ainslie-place, and the footman told her that they had now reached his master's house. They had lost sight of the porter who carried all Christine's earthly possessions, and during their rapid progress along the streets she had taken many an anxious peep round for him in vain. Ushered into a spacious lobby, she absolutely trembled at the sound her coarse and heavy shoes made on the glittering wax-cloth with which it was covered; but this cause of fear was lost on ascending the stairs, when her footfall became unheard on the thick rich carpet. The door of the drawing-room was then thrown open, and the footman announced in a loud and distinct voice, "Miss Christine Douglas." The next moment the trembling and overpowered little girl found herself in presence of the dreaded family, who, her naturally quick observation had led her to perceive, were no favourites with the old friends she had left behind.

A pompous, fine-looking man, who appeared elderly to his young sister, was standing with his back to the fire when she entered, and near him, on a sofa, sat a lady, to whom he was in the act of speaking. She was little, thin, and pale, with a peculiarly acid expression of countenance; she had likewise a high prominent build of forehead, which, accompanied by a certain tightness in the upper lip, betokened bigotry and obstinacy,

with not a little tendency to self-esteem. Nevertheless, even as a woman advanced in life, she was extremely pretty, with great refinement of appearance. At a little distance, beside a small table, were placed two sly, demure-looking young ladies, seemingly about sixteen and seventeen, the one busy with worsted work, and the other netting a purse. The gentleman elevated his eyebrows on Christine entering the room, and, taking one of her brown little hands in his, for she had lost her gloves in her travelling agonies, he led her towards the lady, presenting her with these words:

"Bessy, this is our sister."

"You are late in arriving, Christine," said his better-half, in a soft, dulcet tone, but which, nevertheless, struck the acute ear of the young listener as sounding singularly disagreeable and false, and not more so than did the expression of the forced smile with which it was accompanied.

"I don't know," replied the child, nervously, and in a low voice.

It is probable that the accent in which she made this true but simple answer sounded uncommonly broad and coarse, for she observed the two young ladies exchange a meaning glance and smile. Their keen little mother apparently perceived it, too, with displeasure, for the contraction on her brow deepened—she always frowned—and she desired her daughters to shake hands with their father's sister.

"We must not call you their aunt," she continued, with the same false tone and smile, "as my daughters have a decided superiority in respect to age."

This was one of Mrs. Douglas's *pretty* ways of inculcating humility. The young ladies extended each a white hand decked with sparkling rings, and scarcely touched the little one put into theirs.

"You must be tired," pursued this pattern woman, "and had better have some tea with Lucy and George up-stairs, and go early to bed."

So saying, she rang the bell, and ordered the footman to show "Miss Christine" to the schoolroom. Glad to escape from this cold and formal reception, the timid child followed the man-servant to the floor above, and, as he threw open the door, was announced in the same ceremonious manner, with the additional words that his lady requested Mrs. Brownlow to give "Miss" some tea, and send her early to bed. The governess, a rigid-looking elderly woman, was presiding at the tea-table of her two young charges, the one a pretty, blooming, carefully dressed girl about the same age as Christine, and the other a bluff, coarse boy, apparently a year younger. Mrs. Brownlow requested the man to place a chair for the young lady, and then desired her to take off her bonnet and sit down. Trembling with nervousness and sick with fatigue, the poor child obeyed, and tried to eat the bread-and-butter and sip the tea placed before her, but, when she attempted to swallow, the recollection of Broombank Cottage, with its dear familiar objects, presented itself, and she felt choking with suppressed emotion, which was by no means calmed by perceiving the rude boy George making faces at her, and kicking his sister's feet under the table whenever the governess's head happened to be averted. At last Mrs. Brownlow, observing the expression of extreme weariness and grief Christine's pale countenance betrayed, rang the bell for the under nursery-maid, and consigned her to her care to be put to

bed. Murmuring a scarcely articulate "good night," she gladly hastened away with her buxom companion, and was conducted to the attic room intended for her occupation ; and here was her first gleam of consolation. The chamber, though small, was elegantly furnished when compared to her humble garret at Broombank, and, what was still more important to her comfort, there she not only beheld her trunk, but Mrs. Mordaunt's much-prized box safely deposited in a corner. She flew to open it with hands trembling with impatience, anxious to convince herself that all her treasures were safe, and continued occupied in joyfully inspecting them during the time the woman was engaged in arranging her scanty wardrobe in a handsome chest of drawers. At last she got into the pretty white bed, kindly wishing the servant good night, and, after saying her accustomed prayer, almost immediately fell asleep. Rest tranquilly, thou grief-stricken child ! for thou hast past the sharpest hours of infant sorrow, and although many miserable and weary days await thee, yet thou hast within thee that pure and warm heart, that gay elastic temper, and those germs of genius, the brightness of which will gild thy after-life, and raise thee over the dark and sordid cares that now threaten to overwhelm thy young and brilliant spirit !

It was with a bewildered mind that Christine awoke when summoned to rise next day by Jane, and be conducted to the drawing-room to join in the family worship which was ostentatiously gone through every morning in the household of Mr. Douglas. There are people who must make themselves conspicuous somehow, and Mrs. Douglas, having necessarily ceased to create sensation as the captivating unmarried woman, and in being a pattern young wife and mother, now endeavoured to become remarkable by a rigid observance of propriety and religion. It was with different feelings than those with which Christine used to kneel beside Nanny, saying in heartfelt piety the short and simple prayer taught her in real trust and truth by her humble friend, that she now knelt amongst the gay party assembled in the elegant and luxurious drawing-room of Mrs. Douglas, and listened to the long prayer, long chapter, and still more lengthened and wearisome exposition, read out in a sing-song tone by her brother. It must likewise be acknowledged that she understood but little of what was said, for, besides a great part being quite above her comprehension, her attention was distracted by George and Lucy playing tricks with one another behind their governess's back, so she was much relieved when at length the wearisome ceremony finished, and she and her young companions were permitted to retire to the nursery. Mrs. Brownlow remained behind for a few minutes to receive orders from Mr. and Mrs. Douglas about her new pupil, and no sooner did George and Lucy find themselves alone with their little aunt than they flew at her, as if with the intention of tearing her to pieces. They kicked her, they spat at her, and tumbled her about, tearing her hair all down about her face, seemingly quite delighted to have an opportunity of manifesting their mischievous propensities and of venting their post-up exuberance of spirits in escaping from the thralldom of the drawing-room and when out of their governess's sight, who had strict orders never to permit them to indulge in any noisy demonstration of activity or merriment. It was not that they positively intended any ill, but it was their manner of showing their new companion that, when they happened to be

alone, she might expect a little romping and rough usage, as they had decided between them that she was an intruder, and must be taught her place in their select circle.

Mrs. Brownlow's approaching step, however, soon put a stop to this new species of welcome, and the frightened child sat down to breakfast, wondering why she had been subjected to such treatment, but without a thought of complaining of it. Breakfast, however, went on very well, until some word, pronounced in a broad accent by poor Christine, drew forth a reproof from the governess, and peals of laughter from Lucy and George, quite overwhelming to her moral courage. It was still worse when she began to read to her new instructress, and it required all the authority of the governess to restrain the hilarity of the other pupils, and which was at last only effected by her subjecting them to a penance. When the tearful reading lesson was ended, Christine was set to write. Here, however, she got off much better, her accurate eye and steady hand enabling her to go on smoothly and firmly, so as far to excel her carefully-taught companions. After some irksome hours of instruction she had her luncheon, and was permitted to retire to her room for half an hour to prepare herself for a walk; but when she reappeared in her coarse bonnet and little cloak before Mrs. Brownlow, her eyes were red and swollen, and she could not breathe without sighing. The chilly heart of the governess was touched with the expression of suffering in her pale, gentle face, so she greeted her kindly, and took her by the hand when they sallied forth. Christine's tender feet suffered much with the hard stones she walked over, and many a bright vision of the broom-clad braes she had quitted rose on her thoughts and dimmed her eyes to the elegant houses they passed, making them appear like grim spectres frowning down upon her. At length they returned, when she had tasks assigned her to learn for the next day's schooling, and obtained permission to con. them over in her own apartment, on condition that if she were found deficient, she must remain in the schoolroom for the future, and study them beside Lucy and George.

Safe in her little chamber, with the door bolted inside, poor Christine set herself earnestly to work, and here she found of infinite use the faculty which she had so often exercised for Nanny's amusement. In a very short time she acquired perfectly what she had to learn, and then she rewarded herself by opening her precious box and feasting her eyes on her doll, books, and paint-box. Time flew past, and when summoned to dinner, it appeared as if only half an hour had elapsed. Mrs. Brownlow superintended her pupils' repast, and then retired to dress for the formal meal below stairs, the only time in which she was allowed to present herself in the ceremonious circle; for Mrs. Douglas was one of those who never permitted the governess to enjoy any degree of familiarity or companionship, having her merely in attendance upon her elder daughters when engaged with their masters. After dinner the three children, freshly arrayed, were allowed to make their appearance for a few minutes to partake of the dessert, and then returned with the depressed instructress to the schoolroom.

Time at last habituated Christine to the routine of the house and her lesson duties; her fear wore off, and her progress was remarkable in everything to which her application was required. Her singing she kept

for the pleasant hours of retirement in her own little room, at which times her beautiful voice might be heard by any one on the same floor ringing high, sweet, and softly, in the well-remembered songs acquired at Broombank, or in the new and intricate airs she overheard the elder young ladies hammering at in their private parlour when practising for their teachers. Lucy was being taught the pianoforte, but upon Mrs. Brownlow's suggesting that she thought "Miss Christine had a great talent for music, and would probably profit by taking lessons," she was silenced by Mrs. Douglas, and told "that it would be unwise to have her instructed in an accomplishment which she might afterwards have no chance of keeping up;" and the governess was warned against instilling into her mind any undue estimation of her abilities, as although she was "quick," yet she was by no means "a clever girl." The same thing occurred with the dancing-master, who was in raptures at the extraordinary facility with which she caught up his instructions, and the singular grace displayed in all her movements, in executing everything so easily acquired; he therefore naturally expressed his admiration to the lady of the house when she came to ascertain what progress her children were making. From that time Christine was banished the schoolroom when the dancing lesson was going on, but this did not prevent her retaining what she had already been taught, and also practising all her old steps, whirls, and graceful attitudes before the large and elegant dressing-glass, which she placed in a slanting position to recal to her mind the convex mirror at the cottage. Merrily she balanced, cut, and pirouetted to her own singing during the time that Lucy and George were labouring below stairs, and hopping about out of time in awkward imitation of their wearied and impatient master. Her voice acquired power, fulness, and facility by the very means taken to prevent her becoming a proficient in instrumental music, and her figure and movements singular elasticity and grace from her natural gifts being perfected by secret and constant practice, thus proving how impossible it is to repress the force of decided genius when placed in situations where the bright buoyancy of the spirit, as yet *unbroken*, can gild the surrounding gloom, and shape the very shades that obscure it into fairy forms of embellishment and beauty. Often, too, in the long winter evenings, when her young companions were taken by their mother or elder sisters to some juvenile party, which Christine was never allowed to join, she would sit with her work beside Mrs. Brownlow, and imbibe information from the well-read but melancholy woman, who soon became much fonder of her new pupil than she dared to own, as all commendation of the young people was strictly forbidden in the *well-regulated* household of Mrs. Douglas. In this manner every distinction as to what was right or wrong became confounded in a mass of obscurity, the matchless matron carefully avoiding being enlightened on any points which she *felt* would reduce the apparent superiority of those "burning and shining lights;" for such, she was anxious to persuade the world, were the *well-brought-up* descendants of her husband and her peerless self.

What were the orphan's feelings with regard to her relations it would be difficult to define, except to the extent that she certainly had no affection for them. She was so gentle in temper, so diligent in application, that no complaint could be made against her; but yet Mrs. Douglas's

jealous and lynx eye, seeing perfectly well the immense difference in natural endowments between her husband's sister and her own offspring, allowed this conviction to influence her acid mind to depreciate her on every possible occasion, and Christine rarely came into her presence without some fault being found with her. Thus, though imbibing information, refinement, and command of manner in her new position, and enjoying many hours of tranquil and solitary amusement, yet her natural buoyancy of character in some degree gave way. She became depressed, pale, and delicate; constant colds, arising from the chill easterly winds which prevail during spring in Edinburgh, served also to unstring her nerves, and she in no way recovered her natural elasticity until her brother and his wife, with their two elder daughters, betook themselves to pay visits in the country as soon as the summer weather began. Then her gaiety revived in some degree, and her philosophy became steeled against the tyranny of Lucy and George, who exercised it without control whenever Mrs. Brownlow was out of sight. They would sometimes insist upon forcing their way into her room, tumbling her things all about, dashing her much-prized books upon the floor, and teasing her to open her box to show them her doll and drawings; but although on every other point yielding and uncomplaining, yet here she made a decided stand, not only positively refusing to gratify them, but never neglecting when she went out to lock the door of her chamber carefully and put the key in her pocket. She was well aware that, however strict had been the system pursued in their education, the words discretion, good temper, and truth were not in the least understood or acted upon in a genuine sense by Lucy and George, when the least gratification to any whim of the moment came in the way. Those unfortunate children had, in fact, become systematic liars from the manner in which their childish enjoyments and elasticity of spirits had been depressed by their mother's unsound notions upon the subject of education; and, in consequence of not being permitted any expansion of natural feeling, nor the amusement of merry and free romping, they sought to let their pent-up exuberance evaporate in plotting and mischief, telling falsehoods with the gravest possible face both to their mother and governess. Whether Mrs. Brownlow was aware of their complete corruption in this respect was beyond Christine's young observation to discover; at the same time she was acute enough to perceive that if the governess had complained to Mrs. Douglas, it would have been quite sufficient to have brought upon her a dismissal. So decided was this woman on every subject where her self-conceit was concerned, and so obtuse on points which much less clever people generally see distinctly, that she was, in fact, quite impracticable where her preconceived ideas were called in question; therefore Lucy and George went on in their own way.

Christine about this time received a letter from Nanny, in answer to one she had got Mrs. Brownlow to send for her; this made her very happy, as from it she learnt that her favourites were all well, and her garden kept in nice order by the gardener. She dared not address her aunt or cousin, as in consequence of Mr. Douglas and Mr. Macintosh having quarrelled, she had been positively forbidden ever to hold any communication with the family. Nevertheless, one day early in summer—that the children had been permitted to go to the horticultural garden

to see some show of flowers—when she caught a glimpse of her cousin in the crowd, she had slipped away from the others, and Lizzy's attention had been awakened by feeling little arms twining round her. On looking down she found the poor child beside her regarding her with tearful eyes; a moment after she was gone; and that was the only time that any one of the dear familiar figures of her early home had ever crossed Christine's path. Still it was a comfort to have seen Lizzy for that short space, even though she dared not speak to her; and the letter from Nanny further relieved her depressed spirits.

The summer and autumn at length wore away, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas returned with their young ladies for the winter. George had become so boisterous and rude that it was decided he should go to school in spring, and in the mean time Guy, the second son, was to come home for the Christmas holidays. This was his first appearance in the family circle since Christine had joined it, as, shortly before her arrival, he had been sent from home, in consequence of his uncontrollable and insolent conduct, of which his prolonged absence had been the punishment. She feared his coming, as she easily perceived that his sisters looked forward to it with dread, although his father and mother affected to feel much pleasure in the prospect of having "dear Guy" again under the paternal roof.

VII.

THE dreaded Guy at last arrived, and Christine, along with the others, was summoned to meet him in the drawing-room. She beheld a tall lad about thirteen, who possessed all the personal beauty of his father, with something of the keenness of his mother's physiognomy, and a recklessness of appearance quite his own. He had drawn one of the fine chairs as close as possible to the fire, and was warming his chilled fingers and feet, without the least regard to a certain decorum and rule which Mrs. Douglas always insisted upon being observed in her generally chilly sitting-room. He was in the act of wielding the glittering poker, and smashing the coal, at the moment the children entered, in despite of the deepened frown of his mother. He welcomed Lucy and George very affectionately, however; but upon Christine's being presented to him, he received her with a broad stare and a coarse laugh, at the same time observing, "What a funny little tiny-bit-thing of an aunty he had got." The child shrank back from his bold address, and retired half frightened behind the two elder young ladies, who were, as usual, occupied in netting purses. He caught her by the hand, again pulled her forward, and regarded her attentively, remarking, as he did so, "I say, mother, she will be much handsomer than any of my sisters."

Mrs. Douglas looked severe and offended.

"Do you hear, Christy, Christine, Tiny, or whatever your name is? I tell you that you would be very pretty, if it were not for that colourless lank hair you have got. I hope you like Mrs. Brownlow and mamma, with all their prim-prieties? But I am sure you don't, though you dare not own it." Then suddenly jumping up, he exclaimed, "I must be off to see Tom Carruthers, and will be back by dinner-time."

"Remember, Guy," said his father, solemnly, "that I do not approve of that boy, who teaches you so many bad habits, and that vulgar way of speaking, and positively will not permit him to come here."

"Very well, father, I shall go the more often to see him, then," replied the dauntless and incorrigible youth. "I say, mother," looking back from the half-closed door, "are you and I to have war, like we had before I went away?"

Mrs. Douglas looked much annoyed, and disdained making any reply, but that, "if he were not back in time for dinner, he should not be waited for."

Guy scampered down-stairs, and his exit was known by the loud bang of the street door as he went out. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas exchanged a meaning glance, and the children were dismissed to the nursery. For several days his family saw very little of Guy; he was constantly with his old companions, and any time that Christine happened to meet him in the drawing-room, or after dinner, she was appalled by his free and defying manner towards his parents. He never by any chance made his appearance at prayers, being either in bed or engaged out of doors in skirmishing with snowballs, or off to some skating-party at Duddingstone Loch. If reprimanded for his irregularities, he made a jest of his father's displeasure, or twitted his mother with what he termed her "make-believe;" he tormented his elder sisters, calling them prudes, and alleging that, at the bottom of their hearts, they were dying to be married to get away from home; and to Lucy and George he deigned very little notice. He honoured Christine, however, with much more attention, constantly addressing her as "Tiny" or his "little aunty," both of which expressions were most disagreeable to his mother, who hated undignified familiar abbreviations of names, and never permitted them amongst her children, nor had ever, after the first interview, alluded by any chance to the exact degree of relationship in which Christine stood with regard to her family. Yet with all her formality, cleverness, and despotism, she could in no way restrain this turbulent youth, more particularly if he took it into his head to cajole her, for it was a singular and incomprehensible fact, that of all her children this boy, who braved her authority and often laughed at her to her face, was the only one for whom she experienced any degree of real maternal tenderness. Mr. Douglas was nothing but a handsome cipher in his own house, whose partialities, if he had any, were for his daughters, who, however much they might deceive, never disputed any point. Of Guy he was evidently afraid, and left him entirely to the management of his wife, only showing disapprobation by making a solemn and sententious speech occasionally, accompanied by an elevation of his eyebrows, and a severe glance darted across the bridge of his nose, the only defect in the symmetry of his features arising from his eyes being so nearly set to one another as to approach to a squint. It was odd enough that the most timid and uncomfortable individual in the house soon became the one who feared Guy the least. This was Christine, who, after one day when he caught her alone in the schoolroom, and had led her to talk of Broombank, became great friends with him. She had wept in speaking of her mother, Nanny, and her pets, and the strange rough boy had drawn her affectionately towards him, and had kissed her in calling her his "dear little Tiny," adding, in his Edinburgh slang, that he was sure she was "confoundedly uncomfortable with Mrs. Brownlow, his mother, and their *proprieties*, and those *little limbs of Satan*, Lucy and George." Although he occasionally tormented her, yet he always finished by insisting upon being reconciled;

and as he was abundantly supplied with pocket-money, he very often made her little presents, which materially increased her stock of comforts. I am sorry to say that Christine soon grew very fond of the scapegrace, and always bounded forward with pleasure to meet him, and even went the length of admitting him into her *sanctum sanctorum* to let him see where she had placed a rose-bush and geranium he had given to her. She also showed him her books, doll, paint-box, and submitted to his inspection her poor attempts at drawing, laughing heartily at his criticisms thereon. She was much amused by his coarse, quaint mode of expressing himself, and, although he indulged in this in the evident intention of teasing his father and mother, yet he never placed her in an awkward position by speaking disrespectfully of them behind their backs, as Lucy and George did. In short, she felt happy either in conversing, romping, or dancing with Guy, which pastimes Mrs. Brownlow sometimes permitted in the schoolroom, as she thought it was the best way of preventing his going out in search of amusement, and on that plea had obtained Mrs. Douglas's consent to allow it to a certain extent. The holidays, however, began to draw to an end, and Christine grew sad at the thoughts of parting with her new friend. Within a few days of his departure, Guy tried his influence with his mother to induce her to take a box at the theatre to see an exhibition of mechanism and phantasmagoria, which had come to Edinburgh for the amusement of the youthful part of the inhabitants during their Christmas holidays. Mrs. Douglas resisted for some time, as it was against her principles to enter the door of a playhouse; but the shrewd boy knew his power so well, and employed so many droll arguments and winning ways to gain his point, that he at last succeeded, and ran off to secure the box in case his mother might change her mind after more consideration. Owing to an accidental absence of Mrs. Brownlow's, the children happened to be in the drawing-room when he returned with the joyful intelligence that he had secured one of the best boxes for that evening's entertainment.

"And now, dear Tiny!" he exclaimed, with a countenance glowing with pleasure, "you shall sit on the front row before me."

"You mistake, Guy," said Mrs. Douglas. "I do not permit Christine to go to any amusement of the sort."

"Don't you intend taking Lucy and George?" he asked, with surprise.

"Yes, certainly," she answered, "since you have requested it; but with Christine it is different; she is not *my child*, and I consider such recreations as quite out of her way."

An ominous cloud appeared on Guy's brow.

"Then I tell you what it is, mother," he answered, savagely. "If you refuse me this favour, and will not let Tiny accompany us, I shall go to Tom Carruthers's, and stay there until I go away."

"I repeat, Guy, that upon this point I am decided," insisted his mother.

"Then I repeat that it is a confounded shame, and so I'm off," replied he, at the same time taking up his cap. "I'm off to Tom's, and shall get drunk with him every night till I return to school, and shall not see you again before I go to sea, for I am determined to be a sailor in spite of you, so farewell."

"For Heaven's sake, child, be reasonable!" said Mrs. Douglas, frightened at this threat, which she well knew would put her *amiable maternal* character in a bad point of view.

"Then be *you* reasonable!" urged her son, with quite her own determination, "or assign some good cause for Tiny not accompanying us."

"Christine is not *my child*," replied the judicious parent, "and she will have no opportunity in after years of attending expensive amusements. She is only your father's sister, and, as she is entirely dependent upon his bounty, she consequently will not have it in her power to indulge in habits of luxury, and may be truly happy if his goodness supplies her with the simple decencies of life."

"I am sure my father is rich enough," argued the pertinacious youth, "and, as she is his sister, how comes it that she is not rich likewise?"

Mr. Douglas's face grew ashy white, and a contraction passed over his brow; he looked imploringly at his wife, who appeared unusually disturbed.

"Well, then," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "for this once I shall grant your request; but remember, it must never be repeated, so let us have no more about it."

Guy jumped up and seized hold of Christine, who, frightened and nervous, had listened to the dialogue with breathless attention. She had much wished to see the phantasmagoria, but had scarcely dared to hope that she would have been permitted so great an indulgence, and the discussion that had taken place had brought before her eyes a picture of her poverty and dependence which she never before had realised to her own thoughts. She now knew herself to be an object of charity, a thing she never had been taught to feel by the common-place Macintoshes, and much of unpleasant detail in her situation was explained, which till now she could never rightly understand.

At that moment a deep and intense wish for independence sprang up in her childish mind, accompanied by a lively feeling of gratitude towards her rough champion, and she embraced him with an energy of affection which arose much more from the sense of his kindness than from the pleasure she promised herself in witnessing the desired exhibition. Her caresses were warmly returned by the mutinous boy, and he led her off in triumph, determined in his own mind that she should enjoy everything to the utmost. After dinner, when Christine had retired with Jane to prepare herself for this, unexpected treat, she heard a tap at her door, and, on opening it, found Guy in the lobby with a man, whom he introduced as Mr. Horn, a hairdresser, whom he had brought to cut and arrange her hair before presenting herself below stairs. With somewhat of awe Christine submitted to the operation, and, when it was over, had herself arrayed in her best frock. When quite dressed, she looked in the glass, and could scarcely believe her eyes when she beheld herself. Her hair was arranged on her forehead in bunches of glossy curls, and, from its extreme fairness, somewhat resembled spun glass, so soft and lustrous did it appear lying on her singularly white and polished brow. Her frock, which was of a light green, set off her clear complexion, and her large hazel eyes looked brilliantly dark with their rich long fringes reflected on her cheek, which, although generally pale, was now tinged

with a beautiful pink. There was also a charm in her appearance that she herself could not appreciate—the expression of genius and sensibility, which added the distinction of mental superiority, and gave refinement to the slightest of her graceful movements. The triumphant Guy led her down to the drawing-room as his own particular charge, where she looked, in contrast to the others, like some elevated spiritual fairy creature brought in contact with a set of handsome over-dressed milkmaids. The sly boy took good care not to make any observation upon the subject to his mother and sisters, although maliciously enjoying their evident surprise and annoyance, but kept fast hold of his protégée by the nicely-gloved hand, and took good care to be of the first carriage load that set off to the theatre. When they entered the box, he placed Christine in the front row exactly before him, where he listened to her exclamations of delight with great pleasure and much self-congratulation. Never had the poor child experienced such an evening of enjoyment; the music, the mysterious changes of the phantasmagoria, the crowd, and brilliant lights which blazed and faded with the different representations, and, above all, “dear Guy” at her back, to whom she could impart all her thoughts, and obtain information about everything that puzzled her! It was truly a bright night in her hitherto clouded existence, and when she returned home she sank to sleep with a feeling of delicious excitement that brought all the evening entertainment before her in her dreams, blended with the few objects which clung round her heart, and held so pertinaciously their places in her memory. Next morning she rose like a lark, singing to herself snatches of the beautiful airs she had heard overnight, and with much care arranged her glittering curls, which the maid had put in papilottes on her going to bed. She then went gaily skipping downstairs to the schoolroom, in hopes of finding Guy there, to thank him in the fulness of her heart for the delicious treat she had enjoyed. There he was sure enough, though not exactly as she expected to find him. On entering she beheld him elevated on a kind of platform, composed of a chair placed on the large table at the end of the room, with a sheet of written paper in his hand, and his sisters, brother, Mrs. Brownlow, and the nursery-maids all grouped around, seemingly listening with great mirth and edification to what he was in the act of reading with marked emphasis and much gesticulation. The moment Christine appeared there was a shout, “Here she is—read it again, Guy!” upon which, with dignified solemnity, he began anew:

Tiny, like the opening roses,
Fifty thousand charms discloses,
Enough to make the old ones stare
When Barber Horn has dressed her hair.

When foremost seated in the box,
Just like some worthy in the stocks,
On other nymphs look down with scorn,
Who ne’er were dressed by Barber Horn.

There proudly conscious let her sit
And smile contempt upon the pit,
Who, to a meaner fortune born,
Were never frizzed by Barber Horn.

Let older ladies pass their jokes
On infant beauties in their frocks,
Their anger let not Tiny dread,
Confiding in her strength of head.

Let languages yeleft "the dead"
And learning line the scholar's head;
The outside still be Tiny's care,
Her study how to curl her hair.

Let poets leave all other songs,
And sing of combs and curling-tongs,
And hither running, crowd in flocks
To celebrate fair Tiny's locks.

Forgotten be great Nelson's name,
And Wellington's immortal fame;
From both their brows be laurels torn
To make a *wig for Barber Horn.*

Thunderstruck stood poor Christine, her large eyes gazing on the malicious Guy, who, absorbed by this brilliant emanation of his muse, was quite unconscious of the martyrdom suffered by the innocent object of his unprovoked satire.

At the first verse, the faint colour on her fair cheek deepened to crimson at the implied compliment to her beauty—which had, indeed, astonished herself when she looked in the glass the evening before. The second stanza, however, quickly did away anything that might have been pleasurable in the allusion, when she heard herself compared to a culprit sitting in the stocks, besides being accused of looking down with scorn upon people born to humbler fortune; on which subject the dispute of the previous day had left a most painful impression on her mind. The third cut deeper still, in directly charging her with "smiling contempt upon the pit," and large tears rose in her eyes at the injustice of such an accusation. The fourth and fifth verses brought her agony to a climax, and sent her white and slender fingers through her glossy curls, pulling them all down as straight as possible about her face, whilst her bosom heaved with suppressed sobs, although the absurdity of the sixth calmed in some degree her rising agitation. But the winding up of this sublime effusion—in which it was proposed to tear the laurels from the brows of the two great and most renowned heroes of England to make a wig for the honest, jovial-looking man who, with so much conceit and self-complacency, had dressed her hair the evening before—struck in such a manner the vivid fancy of the child of genius—so susceptible of every change from sorrow to mirth—that she burst into a hysterical laugh, at the same time that the tears of mortification and wounded feeling were streaming over her cheeks. Such a storm of mixed emotions entirely deprived her of self-command, and, quite forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, family prayers, and everything else but the excitement of the moment, off she darted up-stairs, dashed into her room, and throwing herself upon her bed, gave way to an uncontrollable burst of agony. That Guy—"dear Guy"—had become a traitor—had made her so happy for an evening only to turn her into ridicule afterwards—it was dreadful! It was his unkindness that cut her to the soul; and she sobbed and wrung her hands in the bitterness of despair. All at once she found an

arm put round her waist, accompanied by the words, "Tiny, dear little Tiny, you are not surely angry with your own Guy?" She struggled to rid herself from his encircling arm, sobbing out as she did so, "Cruel, cruel Guy, to make me first so happy, and then to mock me!"

"You dear little touchy tiny-bit thing, do you not know that it was all a joke, just to make us laugh in celebrating your first appearance with your hair dressed? Come, kiss and be friends. Why, don't you know, Tiny, that I like you better than all the rest put together; that nobody in the house cares half so much for you as I do? Come, kiss and forgive me, and accompany me down-stairs to breakfast. You know, Tiny, that in two days I shall be no longer here to ask you, and perhaps shall never see you again, as I am determined to go to sea, and my uncle, the admiral, has promised to get me afloat."

This was enough to melt the tender heart of the gentle, affectionate child; she threw her arms fondly round his neck, and wept as much at the thoughts of his departure as she had before done at what she had believed his unkindness. It was, however, some time before she recovered sufficient composure to descend with him to breakfast, and, before doing so, was obliged to bathe her face in cold water, besides swallowing a little to calm her agitated nerves.

"But why are you destroying all your beautiful curls, Tiny?" asked Guy, on seeing her occupied with a wet hairbrush smoothing them all down.

"I shall never wear curls again, Guy," she replied; "for you have made me feel how ridiculous it is to be vain."

And, strange to say, from that time henceforth, she never did wear her lustrous fair hair in any way but in simple bandeaux.

With Guy's departure died away many feelings of pleasure, and her heart grew sad in proportion as the other members of the family became more cold and unkind. Guy had taught them that Christine possessed superiority on many points which they had never before permitted themselves to believe. He had never ceased vaunting her beauty and grace, her dancing, and exquisite voice—to which he had often been in the habit of listening when she was not aware—so that now the pique of jealousy was added to other ungenerous feelings towards the quiet, unobtrusive little girl. No more merry dances were permitted for amusement in the schoolroom in an evening, and a chance note sang when going up or down stairs was reprimanded. The elder young ladies scarcely ever addressed her, and Lucy and George grew unbearable in their tyranny whenever their governess was out of the way.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

A CHAIN for thee,
 Thou haughty and defiant main,
 Chanting Time's anthem with thy wild refrain!—
 Wilt thou laugh no more in thy curbless power?
 Art thou vanquished now in thy nuptial hour?
 Art thou chained at length, proud Sea?
 'Tis the victorious Land,
 That with imperial hand
 Hath forged thy fetters—to her rock-clad side
 She hath enchained thee—thy triumphant bride!
 Proud scorner of control,
 Rave with thy tempest-tone—shriek with thy phantom-wind,
 Thou canst not baffle the immortal mind,
 The clay-encircled soul.
 Man mocks thee; thou art his, and shalt obey—
 Thou thunderest in vain—
 Thy pride must stoop to own a conqueror's sway,
 Born of the human brain.
 Ay, thou with all thy storms
 Must yield thee to the reach of human thought,
 The feeble earth-born worms
 Thou scornedst so, and set'st so far at nought,
 Engulphing myriads in thy mad disdain,
 Have turned upon thee,
 And e'en Thou, the Free,
 Art circled with a chain!

 Didst thou not mark,
 Imperious Ocean, that the fiery spark
 Which hurls the thunder through the darkening heaven,
 Had stooped its dazzling glories to be won?
 Didst thou not dream
 That ere its noblest mission could be done,
 Its glorious gleam
 To curb thee would be given?

 Ay, Ocean, Air, Earth—all
 Shall bend before the shrine of Human Thought,
 Whose deathless lustre hath been caught
 From a celestial source.
 Nor shall it ever pale or pall,
 But with increasing force
 Mount upward, onward through the lapse of time,
 Till mingling with its Origin Sublime,
 Its coruscating ray
 Brighten the brightness of eternal day.

 Hail we its triumph now,
 As harbinger of happier light,
 While round Britannia's—Columbia's brow,
 The laurel and the palm shall twine,
 As they whom kinship, harmony divine,
 Unceasingly unite!

BELLE SAXON.

New York.

IDALIA.

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

BOOK THE FIFTH.

RIEN QUE TOI.

CHAPTER XV.

"I GIVE MY BODY FOR EVER TO INHERIT PUNISHMENT AND PINE."

CONRAD PHAULCON slowly gathered himself from the ground, faint, blind, staggering from the force with which he had been thrown, and looked on her where she had fallen senseless—her proud head sunk on the grey wood-ashes, her face white with the whiteness of death. He thought her dead : and a mortal dread fell on him, a mortal chillness froze his heart. In his own cruel, tyrannous way he loved her still, and he thought that he had killed her. Moreover, she had been faithful to him. Listening and watching there, he had found that she had kept her bond to him, and had not betrayed him. The evil against her died out from him ; a shame that was almost remorse stole on him. Senseless there, like some fair statue shattered down by a hand that stayed not for sake of beauty or of genius, she smote his conscience, all dulled, and crushed, and burnt out though it was. Throughout their lives he had betrayed, and oppressed, and goaded, and dishonoured her ; throughout them she had done him good for evil, and been true to him against his own untruth. This strength and this fealty pierced him harder, because of their utter unlikeness to the cowardice and the greed of his own nature.

With hands that trembled, and tears that stood thick in his eyes, he touched her, and sought to revive her ; his temper was the temper of a child, and he had a child's fleet facile emotions, a child's wanton cruelty and worthless repentance. Like a child, he could wring his bird's throat without mercy, and weep useless tears when the victim lay cold and huddled in death.

"Idalia—Idalia?" he murmured, softly. He feared the sound of his own voice in that stillness.

After a while sense returned to her ; her lips parted with slow struggling breaths, her veins grew warm, her eyelids quivered and opened heavily to the glare of the resinous flames. She knew him where he bent above her, and lifted herself with a sudden breathless shuddering force.

"Go, go, go! Never dare come again in my sight!"

He lingered, scared and awed by the words and the gesture that were like an imprecation upon him, by the blaze of her eyes as they unclosed, wide and wild, to the tawny light.

"Go, go!" she cried afresh. "You could hear what he deemed me, and hold your peace! Go—there are wrongs gods themselves could not pardon."

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He knew it; he turned slowly away, and went from her glance, from her presence.

She rose faintly, and reeling slightly; her eyes dwelt on the black noiseless gloom and the chequered play of the flames, with that gleam, like the gleam of madness, in them, that had had irresistible terror for the man she banished. She stood awhile looking out at the darkness that closed her in, whilst for all the world without the morning sun was shining. She was like one drunk with alcohol; her brain was stunned, yet her force intensified; the power and the vitality in her were strong almost to ferocity—the ferocity of that unbearable suffering which is in itself a madness. Like some lithe-limbed leopardess stung to blood-thirstiness by the dastard shot that has struck it from an unseen hand, she passed swiftly across the depths of shadow to the place where the boy Berto lay sleeping still in the intense slumber of long fatigue.

She laid her hand upon him. "Wake."

He did awaken, and sprang wonderingly from his bed of dry sea-grasses.

"Illustrissima! What is there?"

"There is need of you."

"I am ready." The fair, pale, boyish face had the calm keenness of the Napoleonic type. "It is——?"

"Treason."

"Ah!"

His eyes caught the terrible meaning, his mouth he terrible smile, that were on hers.

"Treason—against me; if to me, so to all; so to Italy. A traitor never sins *once*. Go seek Lousada and Veni; seek your brethren, seek any one of our people. They know how to avenge the unpardonable sin. Bid them bring him here; I will give him his sentence."

The boy smiled; the smile of a St. Just.

"He has lived his life," he said, in the old Roman idiom. "His name, Eccellenza?"

She stooped and breathed it on his ear: the name of Victor Vane.

Without word or pause he bowed low, took his rifle, and went on her errand; a child by years, yet already weighted with the weariness and the wisdom of maturity, by reason of the penalty he paid for having let his childish soul brood over the burdens of the peoples, and dream of liberties under the leprous shadow of a dominant priesthood, whilst other children laughed, and played, and only asked of life that the vine should give fruit, and the sleek herds milk, that their gay feet should ply in the tarantala's measure, and the sweet sun dance in their own bright eyes.

She, left there in solitude, and bound by her word to keep the limits of her den, paced to and fro in the fire-lit darkness in that fierce, futile rebellion with which she had paced the dungeon of the Church. Her eyes were burning, her throat was swollen with long thirst, her teeth were locked like a vice. All sense, thought, volition, seemed scorched up and withered in one intolerable misery, one unalterable shame. One thing alone seemed left to her—her vengeance.

She was of the nature which happiness makes sweet, rich, generous, as southern sunlight; which calamity renders fearless, strong, and nobly calm beneath all adverse fate; but which wrong and treachery in an instant turn hard, dark, dangerous as the force of iron.

She laughed aloud, in the loneliness.

"He played the traitor!—so! Well, he will learn how we deal with traitors. Fool, fool, fool!"

Then, as that laugh died, the weakness of her bodily frame, the agony of her soul, beat down the false alien strength of bitter passions.

"Oh, my love!" she moaned. "It was for your life, not for mine."

And she sank down amidst the grey ashes by the fire that was slowly dying out, with the stupor of exhaustion stealing on her, and her eyes fastened on the gloom beyond, strained, and senseless, and savage with pain, like those of an animal that is chained to a stake for the torture.

To her, there could have been no martyrdom like the martyrdom of undenied dishonour; borne for his sake, and incurred through the fulfilling of her oath.

Without, the boy Berto passed into the white hot glare of day. His errand was perilous; and he knew what Tedeschi rods were like, how Papal steel could thrust; but he had the firm, silent heart that Nature early gives to those whom she will hereafter make leaders amongst men, and, having a purpose to accomplish, he did it unflinchingly, through to the end. He went swiftly and straightly now over the lonely shore, with the eye of a hawk, with the speed of a greyhound, glancing on every side for those he sought, and going warily, lest he should be seen by the soldiers, whom he knew were out, more or less near, seeking for the proscribed who had escaped them. He ran swiftly, mile on mile; reaching a crest of land, he paused at last for breath. On one side lay the sea, now blue and laughing in the full noonday; on the other, mountain-bounded, the low-lying lands, with their broad sunlit desolate tracks dotted with the herds of swine and grazing buffaloes, with thickets of wild myrtle and green pools of water. There he saw what made him drop suddenly, and hide like a young hare.

What he saw were the barrels of carbines among some acanthus-covered stones that screened a score or so of soldiers, and farther onward the solitary figure of a man in the clothing of the Capri fishers. The soldiers lay close, their heads alone above the fallen blocks of shatter-travestine; the tall form of the Capriote, dark and towering against the intense light, came onward, fast, blindly, taking heed of nothing, seeing nothing, in his path, passing straight through the horned cattle as though they were an insect cloud, with his head bare to the heat, and his eyes without sense in them; headlong, as if he were deep in drink, yet with a nameless, terrible madness on him that had as terrible a majesty.

Fascinated by it, the Roman boy watched him as he reeled through the sunlight, while the browsing herds were scattered by the tornado of his course. Others watched him also, as he came nearer and nearer straight across the plain, pausing for no obstacle, breaking through all vegetation, passing like the wind over the width of the country. Then, rapidly as a lasso is thrown, the soldiers sprang upon him as he passed the broken stones; his arms, his limbs, his body, were bound and knotted with cords ere he could cast off one of the score of hands that seized him; fettered, powerless in an instant, with the naked blades flashing round him, he stood like a wild horse netted by guachos, his mighty muscles panting under the close-drawn bonds, his eyes wide-opened on his captors, red and glaring and senseless. There was no escape possible.

He stood a moment, looking vacantly down on his bowed limbs and the savage wolf-eyes of the soldiery. All consciousness seemed dead in him; he had rushed on through the scorching day till, had they not arrested him thus, he would have fallen sun-stricken; he was passive from the sheer intoxication of suffering, and he was weak in his body also, for, from a wound on his shoulder, blood was oozing through his shirt. Yet, as he felt the withes on his limbs, he made one bound, like some magnificent forest animal entrapped; he fought against his captors then on the sheer instinct of combat, with his head dropped like a bull of Aragon when it charges to give to the torreador the fatal blow of the *cogida*, and with his firm white teeth, the only weapon left him, clenched hard and fast at the throat of the soldier nearest him.

For some minutes there was a struggle that made even the bold veins of the Roman boy run chill—weakened, hampered, jammed, powerless as the captive was, he had terror for his assailants, as the bull when its black hide is steeped scarlet with gore, and its flanks are transfixed with the lance-heads, carries death for picador and banderillo still. Then, brute force conquered; the hirelings of Francis were scarce better than brigands, and courage awakened no homage in them. When they fell away a little from each other, and the dust of the parched plain that had risen in clouds above the scene of the conflict sank, they had pulled him down as with a lasso—he was stretched there on the short burnt turf, his eyes distended, his mouth filled with sand, his limbs lashed fast with cords.

To them he was but a Capri boatman, a thing of the people, a scum of the sea, a rebel on whose life a good price was set, an animal to be thrust to the shambles, how roughly mattered little so that out of his heart they should cut that which they sought to know.

They heaved him up, with a kick, by the ropes they had passed round his waist and under his shoulders; they loosened a little the cords binding his ankles, and bade him stand, holding a carbine at his head; then they fastened him by his belt to two of the strongest-built of their band, and, with bayonets fixed in his rear, drove him on in their centre as the Aragon bull is driven on at the point of the lance from pasture to circus.

So they took their way through the white breadth of the sunlight over the brown lonely plains, with their prisoner set in their midst. He had never spoken once.

The child Berto rose slowly from his hiding-place in the low myrtle-bushes; many a time his hand had been on his rifle to send a message of death through these wolves of the Apennines who wore the King's livery, and dishonoured the title of soldier; as many times he had paused, knowing that one shot could avail nothing, and that, were it fired, he would only share the captivity of the man whom he sought to release. As his slight girlish frame rose up out of the leafy screen and against the sunny blue of the sky, his teeth were set tight, his pale features had grown like marble.

"They go to take him to their captain;—they will make him tell where her refuge is. If he will not tell, they have rods, they have the water-torture—drop, drop, drop, ah! till one is mad!" he muttered aloud, in his breathless rage. He knew nothing of this stranger, save that he guessed him by his dress to be the sailor whom he had heard had rescued

her from Taverno—in the cavern his sleep had been too profound to awake to any distant sound—but the sight of the conflict and the capture alone sufficed to rouse all the revolutionary and patriotic soul that was in him. He wrung his hands as he watched the soldiers move over the plain, growing dark and distant as some far-off troop of buffalo.

"Ah, the brigands! the assassins! And I could not fire a bullet for him!" he cried, in his solitude. "Miladi must know of it. She can say whether he will bear the scourge and be silent. If I had thought he would speak, I would have shot him dead before they could have got him. Almost I wish I had. It had been surer."

For the Roman lad knew the means—passing the strength of humanity to endure—by which men who were mute against royal or priestly will were made to find voice in that fair dominion of Naples.

"She must know," he mused;—waited an instant, then with the speed of a lapwing, once having the swell of the hillocks between him and the soldiery, he retraced his way over the lowlands to whence he came, until out of the laughing brilliancy of the noon-sun he came into the darkness of the cave, which now was only lightened by the low flicker of the expiring pine-flames.

Her attitude had never changed. There was that in it, as she sat beside the great heap of silvered ashes and of burnt-out wood, that struck the boy's heart with a sudden awe and fear. The abasement, the subjection, of a fearless life has ever in it a certain terror—the mournful terror of every fallen greatness—for those who look upon it.

He went softly to her, and spoke low in her ear before she saw him by her.

"Eccellenza, the soldiery are out."

She gave no sign that she heard him.

"The soldiers have him! Can you trust him, *Illustrissima*?"

She still seemed to hear nothing where her gaze was fixed upon the dying fire. The boy touched her timidly.

"The King's people have him, Miladi. Will he be true?"

She started, as though some corpse had been galvanised to life, and turned her face to him.

"True? Will who be true? He whom all are false to? Yes, true to death—true to death!"

He saw that her mind wandered, that she had not aright understood him.

"Eccellenza, hear me," he said, softly. "The soldiers have made that friend of yours their prisoner."

A cry broke from her that woke all the echoes of the cave, and thrilled the lad with its piteous wail; she sprang to her feet, convulsed to passionate energy, to fresh existence.

"Prisoner? The King's prisoner?—*he*!"

The boy's voice sank to a whisper; he had not thought it would move her thus; he knew she was well used to send men out to die.

"They took him on the shore there, by the ruins; they caught a brave man like a snared wolf, the cowards! He fought—*gods!* how he fought; but they threw him like a bull in the lasso. Will he keep silence, think you?"

"*Will he?* He will keep silence till they lay him mute in death.

Ah! God reward you that you came to tell me! Keep silence? He would perish by a thousand tortures ere ever he would betray his darkest foe!"

She knew nothing that she uttered as the words poured from her lips; she put the wondering child aside, and swept across the vault to the chill dense shadow where the Greek had crouched; she stood before him ere he had seen her move.

"I break my word to you. I go from here."

"Go!"—he rose dizzily; the violence of his fall had stupified him.

"Go! Not where I do not follow."

"Follow, if you will."

"Where, then?"

"To the soldiers of Francis."

She laughed aloud as she spoke—the laugh of a breaking heart; she knew that the cowardice of his nature would no more let him pass out where she went than if gates of adamant opposed him. He was startled and bewildered; he felt tenfold fear of her as she stood there in the shadows before him, with that despair on her face and that laugh on her lips; he had thought her dead or dying; a superstitious hesitation held him afraid and irresolute.

"Wait—wait," he said, stretching his hands out to hold her. "What is it you dream of? What mad thing would you do?"

"Save the life you and I have sent out to destruction."

Before he could arrest her she had passed him, and was far out beyond the watch-fire, and lost in the gloom of the entrance-passage; her hand was on the boy Berto's shoulder, and thrust him out down the tortuous passage, swiftly and silently up to the open air. When once more the darkness lay behind her, and on her face was the breath of the morning, she bent to him.

"Which way?"

He pointed to the northward, looking with wistful anxiety in her face.

"Miladi, what is it you will do?"

"My duty—late in the day."

The hound had followed at her side; she stooped and kissed his forehead, then sent him from her back into the shelter of the cavern, reluctant yet obedient.

"Will you not need him?" the boy asked.

"No. Even a dog's life is too noble to perish for mine. See you to him, and cherish him for my sake."

"I! I go with you, Eccellenza."

"No—go rather on the errand I gave you."

"But—"

"Hush! I have said—none go with me. And—for that you came and told me this thing—may the beauty of life rest with you ever, my child."

She passed her hand softly over his fair curls, with the glow of the morning fallen full on her eyes, and the brightness of the sea lying before her.

Then as rapidly and silently as a shadow passes she went from him on her fatal way.

Over the heavy, rugged ground the soldiers forced their prisoner, with his arms lashed behind him, and the carbines held at his temples. They were a dozen men under a corporal, scouts sent out by the commandant of the gendarmerie scouring the shore ; low scoundrels who had been thieves ere they donned the King's uniform, and would be brigands when they had doffed it. So that they dragged him to their captain, and compelled him to tell what they sought from him, they heeded nothing beyond. His bound feet stumbled over the rough declivities, his chest was stifled under the crossed cords till he could barely breathe; with every jerked step that his guards took over the roughness of the ground their shot might be lodged in his brain; the red ants, disturbed in their hills, swarmed up his limbs and clung there; the open wound of his shoulder was cut by the tight-drawn ropes; still he said not one word, but went on in their midst, with his bloodshot eyes staring out at earth and sky yet seeing nothing, and with a heavy, sullen, murderous darkness on his face and on his soul.

Of physical suffering he was insensible; the deadness of despair had numbed in him all corporeal consciousness. There had only survived in him the mere mechanical brute instincts of defence and of resistance. Beaten in these, he resigned himself, passively, dumbly; too vast a ruin had fallen on his life for him to heed what befel his body. So far as thought still was distinct to him, so far as any ray of it pierced the blackness of desolation in which every memory save one was lost, he wished that they would strike him dead upon the plain they traversed.

They wondered that, cramped and bruised as he was, and strong to ferocity as they had found him, he went with them thus mutely and unresistingly; they did not note the keen, hard, ravenous, longing look, as of one starving at sight of food, that his eyes ever and again cast upon the steel tubes of the slanted carbines that carried death and oblivion so near, and yet denied them, to him.

Beyond this he knew nothing; he was dragged over the low-lying country at a pace as swift as the heat of the day and the unevenness of the uncertain paths would allow; whether he had force to bear it, in the sultry noontide of summer, they never heeded. If he had fallen, they would have pulled him on still, as best they might, with his head striking the stones. He knew nothing; the sunlight was like the blaze of fire ever about him; the hard, hot skies seemed to glitter as brass; water, mountain, the darkness of myrtle, the rush of wild birds, the blue gleam of the sea, the brown baked earth beneath his feet, these were all blurred, shapeless shadows to him, while his eyes looked out, straight onward, with the red, dusky, mastiff flame in them that made his guards mutter among themselves that this man was mad, and should be shot like a mad dog.

And they judged right: he was mad, with the Othello madness that believes what it adores dishonoured.

At last their march paused; the silence was broken by the noise of loosened tongues; there were stir, and tumult, and the clash of arms around them; they had joined their comrades, they had brought their prisoner to their captain to be judged. Under some mighty pillars of yellow travertine, the lonely relics of some forgotten temple, four or five score of black-browed, loose-harnessed soldiers, the worst of a worthless

army, were scattered, lying full length in the shade, taking their noon-day meal, or slaking their thirst at a sluggish noxious streamlet stealing by the columns' base amongst the violet-roots. They had been checked a moment in their search by the sea for the fugitives; and lay like hot, panting, ferocious dogs, ready to rise and use their teeth at a moment's tempting.

They swarmed round him like a pack of wolves, but no change came on his face; with a hundred soldiers round him, lean, savage, ruffianly, for the most part, as any Abruzzian banditti, with the glitter of their steel, the muzzles of their carbines, the yelling of their oaths, the clamour of their triumph about him where he stood powerless in their midst, they could not tell that he even saw them there. His eyes never glanced to them; they looked still, straightly, sightlessly, to the low line where sea touched sky; there was no consciousness in them, but there was that reddened light that stilled their riot of exultation with a vague sense of danger in this chained man standing so calmly in their hostile crowd.

They fell back as their commander, told of the capture, came from the nook of shadow, where, with his subaltern, he had been at rest apart. He was little more than a *guerillero*—a coarse, rough, careless, Calabrian-born filibuster.

He glanced over the captive brought him, in whom he, like his men, saw but a fisher of Capri.

"A fine animal," he muttered, as he glanced over a paper of instructions, comparing the details there with the personal appearance of his prisoner. "So! you are the sacrilegious scoundrel who broke into the monastery of Taverno, and used foul violence against the august person of his sacred grace of Villafior?"

"I am."

Erceldoune answered mechanically; his tongue clove to his mouth; his voice was hoarse and savage.

"Basta! you are in haste to be hanged!" swore the Calabrian, half disappointed at an avowal which left him no excuse for the ingenuity of threat and torture. "Since you confess yourself guilty, go further, and tell us—what have you done with the bona roba you stole from her prison?"

The word struck like the stroke of lightning.

Life, sense, shame, grief, rage, rushed over his hearer with a torrent's force; the foam gathered on his lips; he strained for a moment like a fettered lion at his bonds;—then he was still as with the stillness of death.

"Speak—where is she?"

He made no answer.

"Have you no tongue? We will make you find it, and use it. Tell me—quick!—where is this woman hidden?"

His vengeance was in his hands; one word, one gesture only, to where the sea-cave lay, and his wrongs would be avenged without the lifting of his hand.

"Speak out," hissed the soldier, whose rage was rising. "Where is this empress-democrat? Where does she hide? She knew how to use that buffalo strength of yours; but she will fool you, once she be free.

We know what Miladi is! Give her to us; and you may save yourself a necklace of hemp, mayhap?"

There was still no answer to him; the great dark eyes of his captive looked out, far beyond him, far beyond all around them, with a dry, vacant, senseless agony in them that never changed.

"Has the sorceress put a spell on you?" swore the Calabrian. "Look you—you are safe to go to the gallows. *Corpo di Christo!*—it will be odds if his Grace do not think a quick twitch of the noose too gentle a punishment for you: Monsignore has a long arm and a heavy hand! You are a fine animal—it were a pity all that sinew should rot in quick lime; we will get your life saved somehow, if you put us this minute on the track of your mistress?"

He might never have spoken for aught by which he could tell that he was heard. The threat that his body would be given to slaughter had little import to the man in whom all life, save the mere breath of existence, had already been slain by worse than a thousand deaths.

"Have you no voice?" yelled the commandant, infuriated that his unwonted offer of mercy met no response. "We will find a way to make you speak, with your will or against it! Once for all—will you show us where this woman is sheltered?"

"No."

The Calabrian gnashed his glittering teeth.

"*Altro!* You defy us, you hound? We will see how long that obstinacy lasts. I have license to deal with you as I see fit; to string you up by the throat to that column if I judge it right in the need of my service. We will soon make you find voice, you dog of a rebel! Here! take him, and lash him to that pillar; there in the full sun."

He was already bound fast, in cords that crossed and recrossed, and left him scarce liberty to draw the air through his lungs; it was an easy matter to fasten him to the shaft of the shattered column that stood in the glare of the noon, unshaded even by a branch or a coil of ivy.

"Strip his shoulders, and let the gnats find him out," laughed the Calabrian, moving away to finish his meal and take a mid-day slumber. "We will see if they and his thirst do not make him give tongue."

He was obeyed.

They stripped the linen from his chest and shoulders, and left him, lashed with cords to the travestine, in the fullest force of the vertical rays; his wound uncovered, and his head bare. At his feet ran the half-dry brook. They went themselves into the shadow, and lay laughing, swearing, mocking, taunting, chanting obscene songs, and holding up to him in the distance the wine-cans they had drained.

The insults passed by Erceldoune unnoted, the jeers unheard; in the desolation of his life they were known no more than the sting of an insect is felt by one whom the smoke and flame of a burning pile is consuming.

Yet they had chained him to a martyrdom.

The intense heat poured upon his brain; the scorching light quivered about him; his veins swelled till it seemed, with every fresh pulse of the blood, they must burst; the innumerable winged insects, humming through the summer hours, attracted one by another, settled on his naked breast, and thrust their antennæ into the bruised skin, and pierced their stings into the opening of the wound. He could not free

his hands to brush one of them away. His throat was dry as leather; his tongue was swollen and black; his thirst was unbearable; and at his feet the shallow water stole, to madden him with the murmur of the cool ripples he could not touch. The moments were as hours; the minutes as years. The earth, the air, the sky, were as one vast furnace that enclosed him; where the jagged and beating nerves had been laid open by the hatchet-stroke, the buzzing gnats alit, and clove, and stung, and feasted. Weaklier men would have had the mercy of insensibility;—with him the vital strength, the indestructible force of life within him, kept every nerve and every sense strung to their keenest under the torture.

Yet when they came to him ever and again and asked him if he would speak at last, his silence remained unbroken. He was faithful to those who had betrayed him.

He could receive release, as he could take vengeance, by the utterance of one word. He could deliver over his assassin to justice, and unloose his traitress to the doom that waited her, by the same sign that should free him from this slow, excruciating death. He could cease to suffer, and become the just accuser of those by whom he was destroyed. He could sever his bonds, and divide those whose guilty union was a worse agony to him than it lay in the power of his torturers to deal. His own fate and theirs rested in his choice.

And he bore his martyrdom and kept silence. The supreme hour of his passion had come to him and tempted him, and found him strong. The purity of his honour would not let him take a traitorous shame even against those who dealt him treachery; the great love in him could not forsake her utterly, although itself forsaken and betrayed.

The bond of his word was as religion to him still; and in his sight, though fallen, lost, dishonoured, she still was sacred.

So far as thought could come to him in his agony, his thought was still to save her.

And he hung there, bound by the waist, with the blaze of the sun in his blind eyes and on his throbbing brain, and the clouds of the booming circling gossamer wings growing darker and larger as his tormentors swarmed down to fasten upon him.

One of the soldiers, whom he had heavily bruised in the struggle for his capture, came out of the shade and dipped a wooden cup in the brook, and held it just beyond the reach of his lips.

"Speak, and you shall have drink!"

His throat was baked like burnt clay, his mouth was full of dust, his tongue was cloven to his teeth; he longed for water with the death-thirst of the desert.

The Italian reached and touched his beard with the rim of the cup, so that the coolness of the draught mocked him close.

"Will you speak?"

He faintly moved his head in denial.

The soldier laughed with taunting mirth, and shook the water from the bowl out on to the herbage at his feet: he knew that every wasted drop would be an added pang.

Still he never spoke.

They left him again to the Tantalus torture. He had his freedom in

his own choice; in the utterance of one word; and he let them do their worst upon him rather than turn traitor to the woman whom he held his mistress.

They came and grouped about the pillar, and looked up in his face again with riotous laughter and foul-mouthed outrage at him in his defencelessness. The brazen sky burned above in pitiless fire; the smiling cruelty of the salt sea mocked him with its tossing sunlit freshness; the red ants were slowly climbing the base of the column, scenting blood, and swarming upward to fasten on him; through the air the first mosquito winged its way, herald of troops to come.

"Will you answer now?" asked the chief.

He turned his aching, scorching eyes on them, while his mouth could scarcely whisper the reply:

"No!"

The Calabrian flung himself round on his men in the rear.

"Take him down, and scourge him till you cut the truth out of his heart!"

They were like a herd of Pyrenean dogs; the sight of prey roused all their ravenous instincts. Men tasting once the power and the pleasure of torture rarely pause till they lose their sport to the king-player, Death.

They unbound him from the column, and fastened him afresh to a low block of stone, stripped to the waist, so that his chest and back should be left undefended for the curling thongs of the lash; his face was set still seawards, so that the fair breadth of the free waters mocked him with its liberty. His head hung heavily downward; throes of pain like the scorching of fire throbbed through his wounded flesh, the rushing of pent-up blood filled his lungs, his brain, his ears, his throat to suffocation. There was a pause of some moments; they were weaving together some cords and some leathern belts into the thing they needed. The chief sauntered near him once more, and looked at him doubtfully; he knew the Capri mariners could be dogged in brainless obstinacy as any Capri mule, but he saw that this man's endurance was far more than the mere mute, contumacious persistence of a sullen ignorance. He struck away, half compassionately, a gnat that was alighting on his prisoner's bare breast.

"You are too fine a brute to be cut in pieces with the lash. Look you, they have tough arms, have my men; they will make their belts lay your lungs open if you keep silent. Do you know how the leather can eat a man's flesh?"

He bent his head in assent; in Russia he had seen a serf die under the scourge.

"You do? Well, that grand frame of yours will not spare you; they will mash it to pulp. Will you not speak—now?"

"I have answered."

"You are a fool and a madman!" swore the Calabrian. "You lose your life for a worthless woman."

A spasm that the bodily torture had never brought there passed over his captive's face. He kept silence still.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders, and strolled away.

There was a moment's longer pause, then two soldiers came to their work; they had the whips that they had made, with the heavy buckles at

the end of the belts serving as the leaden points with which the lash is commonly weighted. The blows would fall from either side as the strokes of the woodman's hatchet fall on a tree. The rest of the band closed round in a semicircle, their commandant slightly in advance.

Then—then only—as he saw the scourges in their hands, and knew the indignity that approached him, the mute calm of his endurance, the apathy of that desolation of the heart in which all bodily suffering passes as nought, changed and broke. All the fire of his nature, all the pride of his race, all the dignity of his manhood, flashed to sudden life; he never spoke, he was bound, motionless, but he raised his head and looked them full in the eyes, with all the haughty passion of his fearless blood once more aflame. It was but one look; his arm could not avenge him, nor his strength resist the outrage; yet before it they paused and quailed. For the instant they stood irresolute, cowed by the challenge of his unshrinking leonine regard; then, savage at their own sense of shame, they threw themselves forward, the metal-weighted thongs swirled round their heads, gathering full force to curl around him like a serpent's folds; the watching soldiery drew deep noiseless breaths in silence, the hot hushed air of noon had not a sound upon it; he stood erect to his full height, the courage of the soul victorious over the torture of the body; before the uplifted hands could fall, a single word echoed down through the stillness—"Wait!"

The scourgers paused; the chief swung round to see who dared bid his men's obedience halt; into their startled crowd came the woman they sought. Against the glitter of the sea and the brown desolation of the plains, they saw Idalia.

From the captive they had bound a long bitter cry rang—a cry that the lash would not have forced from him, though it should have cut his heart in twain.

Breathless as a long-chased stag, she pressed her way to him and fell at his feet, and strove with both hands to wrench apart the knots that held him, and looked upward at his face with the dumb agony of the brutes. The Calabrian seized her, and drew her back; he knew her but by name, and her face was strange to him.

"Woman!—how dare you? Who are you——?"

"I am Idalia Vassalis. Take me—bind me—scourge me. But let the guiltless go."

The rough mountaineer looked at her amazed, awed, dazzled, doubting his own senses.

"You are the Countess Vassalis?" he echoed, slowly.

There in her masque-ropes, with the gold all soiled and blackened, the scarlet aflame against the sun, breathless, worn, exhausted, yet with such command in her eyes, with such misery on her face, with such majesty in her glance, she moved him to fear as the sight of Cleopatra, captive, would have moved a Latin boor of the cohorts.

"Yes, yes, yes! Are there no men here who can swear to me? I am the rebel you seek. Take me; do what you will with me; deliver me up to your masters—but free that man who is innocent!"

The Calabrian shaded his eyes with his hand; he felt giddy before her.

"Is it she?" he whispered a comrade.

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"It is she," said a Lombard from the ranks. "I saw her before Verona; my shot killed a horse under her."

She turned her head to the soldier.

"I thank you for your witness. Now—do your duty. Bind me, and free your prisoner."

"Free him! So!—he has as much guilt as you."

"He has no guilt. You tortured him to discover me;—now that I yield myself to you, what plea have you to hold him longer? Unloose him, I say; fasten me there in his stead; use those thongs upon me; it will not be the first time you scourge a woman. Take him down, and bind me there in his place by every justice in earth and heaven!"

Erceldoune's voice crossed her own, husky and forced with difficulty from his swollen, parching throat.

"Do not heed her. She speaks only to save me——"

The Calabrian laughed coarsely.

"Ah! This fine Capriote dog, is he your love-toy, then, 'llustrissima?"

"He is my victim. May not that better release him?" The coarse outrage had no power to wound her; she had no consciousness except of the man who, for her sake, was bound in the cruel scorching noonday well-nigh to the pangs of a crucifixion. "Is he to suffer for those who have wronged him? He does so when he suffers for me. If I be your enemy, I am tenfold his; will not that quell your rage against him? I have ruined him; that should give him grace in your sight. From first to last he has been wronged by me. Plundered, wounded, left for dead by those who were of my people; used by me, forsaken by me, driven to peril and bondage by me—has he not more to hate me for than you? In the nobility of his heart he shields me still, because he once has pledged me shelter, because his honour still is greater even than his immeasurable wrongs; but he does so only because he is above even his own just vengeance, only because he will not purchase freedom even at cost of lives that are his curse."

She sank down at his feet once more; she strove to rend his bonds asunder;—he seemed to her great as never man were great in that silent martyrdom, endured for those who had betrayed him. He looked down on her, doubting his own senses, doubting that the burning of the sun made him, in delirium, dream the words he heard, the face he saw.

"Free him!" she cried aloud, with that ferocity of unbearable misery which makes the gentlest savage. "What plea have you to hold him? I am here; I surrender to you. Take me to king or priest, as you choose; give me only his liberty for mine!"

Instinctively his heart went out to save her; his consciousness awakened through the feverish mists of pain enough to know that remorse flung her here to perish for him, enough by unconsidered impulse to seek to save her still.

"Do not heed her, I say," his lips breathed hoarsely. "She only speaks to spare me——"

"Ho!" laughed the Calabrian; "how you quarrel for the kiss of the lash! Now we have you we will keep you—both."

She turned on him with her old imperious command:

"You will not dare to take his life! He is of England—not of Italy."

Such things as he has done against your king and your laws he has done never for himself, only at my instance——”

“A likely tale, to screen your fellow-rebels, Miladi! Tell it to more credulous hearers——”

“You think that *I* speak falsely?”

For the moment the old glorious challenge of her disdainful pride beamed from her face;—they who saw it thought, despite themselves, that if this woman were not above a lie, then never truth was uttered in this world.

“It is no matter how you speak,” the Italian made her answer. “You are my prisoners; I shall but give you over to those who will judge you.”

“Give me, then. Am I not here that you may do your worst with me? But by all justice, all mercy, all pity, leave him free!”

“It is impossible!”

She threw herself before him; she let her fallen hair bathe his feet, she poured out the vivid utterances of an eloquence that none ever heard unmoved, she sued to him as never for herself would she have sued an emperor; for the only time in her life she abased herself to supplication—she to whom the praying of such a prayer was worse than the endurance of any chastisement.

The Calabrian heard her, startled, dazzled, shaken, but he would not yield.

“It is too late,” he said, abruptly. “Miladi, why did you not think before what serving you might cost to a brave man? You treated him like a dog: well, he must die a dog’s death. The blame of it is not *mine*.”

There was a certain pathos in the words; he was brave enough himself to honour the courage he had so mercilessly tried; her head sank as though the rebuke of Deity spoke by the rough soldier’s mouth; she crouched, with a low moan like a stricken animal’s, at the foot of the column where Erceldoune was bound.

He turned on her his strained and aching eyes.

“Why have you so much mercy on my body?”

There was an infinite reproach in the infinite patience of the wondering words. Why had she who had slain his soul, his spirit, his hope, all in him that made the living of his life of any peace, of any worth, thus had mercy on the mere torture of limb and nerve and sinew? Why did she who had been so pitiless, so wanton in her cruelty, feel compassion and contrition before the coarse, indifferent doom of merely physical pain?

The Calabrian looked at them in silence, then motioned to his men.

“Take them from the sun-glare, and bind them together.”

In a sense he felt pity, because he felt the homage of courage to courage, for this man whom he had seen so loyal at such awful cost; but for her he had no emotion, save dread of her as a sorceress, save wrath against her for one whose fell temptations had been so fatal and so ruthless.

She made no resistance; she never felt the grating of the leathern thongs upon her wrists; she had lost all consciousness of personal suffering; she had come to deliver up her life for his, and the sacrifice was

given too late: she had no knowledge left her save this, no heed for whatsoever they might do to her, though she had given herself back to a worse captivity than the prison of the grave. As the lash with which the soldiers coupled them like hounds was pulled tighter, drawing her wrists together, and toward where she was sunk on the parched turf at his feet, her hand touched his:—he shuddered as he had never done when the mosquito had thrust its sting into his unshielded breast.

She felt rather than saw that mute agony of the bound, defenceless, powerless limbs: it passed through her in tenfold bitterness. This man, who had held himself unworthy to touch but the hem of her garment, who had deemed himself blessed as with the gift of gods if her eyes but dwelt with a smile on his, now shrank from the contact of her hand as from pollution, from iniquity.

"Take me away," she moaned wearily. "Would you chain him to his murderers?"

They hesitated, and looked towards their chief.

"Leave me, and take him down!" she said, with that vibration in her voice that scared them like startled sheep. "He dies there, and you have not mercy enough even to lift him up one drop of water, even to thrust away one sting that fastens on him. He is dying, I say. If you are men, and not fiends, unloose him!"

They had been as fiends in their sport; the southern cruetty that will rend a bird's wings from its body, or a butterfly's dainty beauty asunder, laughing softly all the while, had been awakened in them; they were loth to quit its indulgence.

He looked as though she said aright, and that he was dying lashed there to the column; his eyes were blood-red, his mouth open and swollen, his forehead purple with suffused blood; his heart beat visibly, great slow laboured throbs, under the cords: he was fast losing consciousness.

She wrenched herself from their hold, and caught the wooden cup the soldier had cast down and filled it with the water of the stagnant stream, and held it upward to his lips; he quivered from head to foot, and shrank from the draught that through the parching heat he had been athirst for with so deadly a longing.

"Do not torture me—more!"

The whisper was almost inarticulate from his dry stiffened lips; the cup fell from her hold. She knew his meaning; she remembered the memory which made the thirst that he endured less torture than that action from her hand. She turned passionately on the nearest soldiers.

"Show some human mercy! Bind me there in his stead, tear me limb from limb as children tear the fire-flies; it will be rarer pastime for you to put a woman to torment! You know what manner of thing is justice? Then if you do, by every law of justice make me suffer, and spare him."

Under their drooping lids his eyes lightened a moment with a gleam of consciousness: his instinct was still for her defence.

"Let me be. So best," he said, faintly. "It will soon end."

She was worthless, she had so declared herself; she was his traitress and another's paramour; yet the loyalty in him survived still—still to lay his life down for her had its sweetness to him.

A shrill wailing cry broke from her like that of some creature perishing in the trough of waves or under billowy flames.

"O Christ! have you no pity? Take him down while there is breath in him, and bind me there in his stead. I will never bid you spare *me* one pang!"

They looked doubtfully at their chief; he signed them to obey her.

"She says justly; it is she who ought to suffer. Loose him, and bring him out of the sun."

They unloosened the knotted cords that swathed his limbs to the column; when they were wholly unfastened he swayed forward, his head fell on his breast, his body bent like a reed, there was foam upon his beard, and his eyes were closed.

A great stillness came then upon the soldiery about the place; through them, under their breath, they whispered that their work was done—that he was dead.

She alone thought not as they thought, that his sacrifice for her was crowned by the last sacrifice of all.

"He is not dead," she said, simply.

There was a strange calmness and certainty in the words that thrilled through those who heard them; they looked at her, neither touching nor opposing her; she had terror for them—terror for them as of some great, fallen, half-shameful, and half-glorious thing. Every intense passion carries its reaction of fear upon those who witness it; hers had such on them now. They dimly felt that if they, in their wanton cruelty, had been the actual murderers of this man, she knew herself far more utterly his destroyer than they could be, who had but harmed his mortal form.

"He is not dead," she said, with that vibration of an exquisite joy crossing the icy desolation of despair, which smote the most callous there to some vague sense of unswerving pain;—as though her voice reached him, he raised himself slightly, where two soldiers held up his sinking frame, his lips gasped for breath, his eyes unclosed to the dazzling gleam of the day, he stood erect, while a loud cry broke from him:

"O God!—*I cannot die!*"

The English words missed the listening southern ears; she alone knew the agony in them of the great imperishable strength that would not let life leave him, that would survive all which strove to slay it—survive to keep sensation, memory, knowledge in him, and to refuse the only mercy he could ever know, the mercy of oblivion and annihilation.

The Calabrian, who had ordered him his torture, looked softened, and went and laid his hand upon his prisoner's shoulder.

"You are a fine brute. I am sorry you provoked us. See here—this woman is the guiltier: she says so: she is come to suffer in your stead."

He heard, though all his senses still were dim—though earth, and sea, and sky, and the ring of the armed men, and her face in the white furnace-heat of the sunlight, were all one misty blaze of colour to him. He heard, and his lips moved faintly.

"She shall not suffer—for me."

So far as thought could be clear to him, he thought that, having sinned so deeply against him, remorse at the last had struck her, and drawn her to bear witness for him; he thought that there yet dwelt in her too much still of native courage, of inborn nobility, to let her rest in

safety and security, whilst through her sin, and to give her freedom, he endured the doom to which she had cast him out; he thought that, so far, she was true to herself, though false with worse than a Delilah's treachery to him. To take vengeance upon her was a poor, vain, wretched quittance that never glanced by him; a grossness, a baseness that could have no place with him; his great tortured passion could no more have slaked itself in such a payment than it could have wreaked its wrong by the bruising and the marring of that mere loveliness of form which had been the lure and instrument of his destruction.

The Italian swore a heavy oath.

"Are you mad? Why, of her own testimony she has been your ruin?"

He saw his captive's breast heave with a mute, tearless, convulsed sob, that no corporeal torment had ever wrung from him.

"Of a woman's compassion she says it—out of her own mouth you would not condemn her?"

It was the sole denial, the sole evasion of the truth that ever his voice had spoken. To save himself, he would not have borrowed the faintest likeness of a lie; but in the dizzy mists of his reeling senses, in the exhaustion of intense pain, this one instinct remained with him—to save her even from herself, to screen her even from the justice that would avenge him.

As she heard, where she stood bound, held back by the guards who had seized her, her eyes met his across the breadth that was between them, of hard, hot, white, cruel light;—guilty or guiltless, faithful or faithless, by that look he knew that she loved him as no woman will love twice.

His head sank, his eyelids closed, he shivered in the scorching day. She loved him, or she had not come thither—she loved him, or never that language had burned for him in her glance. But this love—love of the traitress, of the voluptuous betrayer, of the temptress of sin, of the "queen of evil, lady of lust"—what was this to him?

He could have better borne to see her lie dead at his feet.

Some touch of veneration for the courage they had witnessed, for the self-sacrifice they vaguely understood, had come upon the brigands round him—brigands in their coarseness, their training, and their brutality, though they wore the livery of a monarchy. They had seen that this man could hold his own in contest with the strength, and the rage, and the prolonged resistance of lions; they saw now that he could suffer and submit with the mute-enduring patient self-surrender and self-command of those saints of whom the priests had told them, in their boyhood, dim, pathetic, ancient legends, half forgot and half remembered. They yielded him a certain, reluctant, wondering homage, and they brought him, with more gentle usage, where the thickly woven olive and acanthus made a shadow from the sun, and gave him water to slake his burning throat, and drew the linen folds of his dress over his wounded chest with what was, for them, almost tenderness. To her they had no such pity; they knew her a revolutionist, a rebel, an infidel, as they were told, a woman of evil, murderous, and fearful sorcery, who could revenge with the *jettatura* all those who incensed her by resisting her seductions; they hated her with a great sullen hate, the stronger, because it was the barbarous hatred that is born of fear; but for their commander they would have shot her down

with a volley from their carbines, that those fatal eyes might gaze on them no more with the glance that they believed could wither them like a sorceress's incantation. They bound her arms behind her with ruthless severity, till her fair skin was lacerated and bruised; then they forced her down on to the yellow grasses that grew lank and long among the fallen temple-stones, and passed the ropes that bound her round a block of travestine: from the moment that she had asked for his deliverance she had never spoken.

He was so near her that, stretching her hand out had she been free, she could have touched him where they had laid him down; his pain-racked limbs were stiff and motionless; he could not have stirred one step to save his life; his frame was racked with cramp, and the virus from the insects' teeth seemed to eat like vitriol into his flesh; his face was buried in the grasses as his forehead rested on his arm; he could not bear to look upon her; he could not bear to feel her gaze was on him. To the watching eyes of the soldiers about them, to the certainty of captivity, or worse, that waited them, they were both unconscious; all that either knew was that presence of the other, which surpassed any martyrdom to which military and priestly power could ever bring them.

There was silence for some time around; the chief of the scanty troop had sent the fleetest runner among them northward for orders from the one who, with the warrant of his Grace of Villafior, had the direction of his search, and the disposition of his prisoners. He was uncertain what to do, and whither to take them; in a thing of so much moment he feared to move rashly or wrongly: the people were inflamed moreover, the times were rife with unrest and sedition, the mouths of the populace were whispering tales that made the national blood burn hot against the Bourbon; he feared a riot—even it might be a rescue—if he bore this woman, to whom his superstition gave such spells, and to whom the revolutionists gave such homage, in the full noonday captive towards Naples.

An hour heavily passed by; round them the soldiers were couched, panting, in the heat, but with their look watchful as a dog's, and their cocked carbines slanted towards those they guarded. Where they had fastened her she sat with her head bowed down, and her eyes, that burned like fire under their swollen aching lids, fastened on him where he lay; he never stirred, but every now and then a great shudder shook his whole frame, though he never lifted his face from where it rested on his arms, though his limbs felt dead as with the numbness of Arctic frost. Fettered, she sat and looked on him—this man, who had thought no evil thing could ever come to him, once having gained the treasure of her love. He had lost all actual knowledge that she was near, in the exhaustion that had succeeded to the long strain on every nerve and fibre. Delirious teeming fancies swam before his brain even in that lethargy of worn-out powers; in them he had no sense of the reality of her presence beside him, but in visions he believed he beheld her, the priestess of passion and pain, the goddess of darkness and of the spells of the senses, whom no man shall worship and live.

The messenger returned. The answering command was whispered by him to his officer. There was noise and movement and haste and delay around them under the shadow of the aged silvered olive-trees. Neither knew nor heeded it. Fate had wrought its worst on them.

The soldiers brought a long low waggon, taken from a homestead some way in the interior, oxen-drawn, and commonly used to bear the load of millet-sheaves at harvest, or the piles of purple fruit at vintage-time. They half dragged, half lifted him upon the straw within it—with a kindly gentleness still, for they pitied him inasmuch as he had fallen beneath her power, they honoured him inasmuch as their uttermost ingenuity of torture had failed to wring from him one moan or oath; and they roughly motioned her to a place beside him, a superstitious terror of her keeping their hands from touching, and their tongues from offering her insult. She stooped over him where he lay, half senseless, on the strewn corn-stalks.

“O Heaven! how you suffer!”

The darkness of his eyes, humid and lustreless, gleamed on her a moment under his half-closed lids; he turned with restless fever on the straw.

“You think *this* pains?”

WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XVIII.

BEFORE I left Naples I had fixed on Gerace as the most southern point of Italy that I cared to visit, and you will please to observe that I have kept to my determination, a circumstance for which I intend, of course, to take credit. You will wonder what great attraction Gerace possessed; but this is easily accounted for, as it stands not far from the site of Locri, the most southern of the celebrated cities of Magna Græcia. I have now only to continue my course northwards along the coast for two hundred miles, and I shall visit the site of every ancient city that was famous in former times in this part of the world. I have no doubt that you imagined that I was wandering through the country without any definite object; you will now fully understand this part of my plan, and the rest I must leave to be developed by time. You will recollect that I started from Naples on Tuesday, the 29th of April, and I have reached Gerace on Sunday, the 18th of May, having not loitered much on my journey.

Casal Nuovo stands at the foot of that ridge of the Apennines which terminates near Reggio, opposite to Sicily. It rises to a considerable height, though I found that I should have no difficulty in crossing it, mounted on one of the surefooted ponies of the country. This passage of the mountains is called Il Passo del Mercante, and, as you will not be surprised to hear, is beset with brigands. I found that the Marquis of Gagliardi had, with a degree of kindness for which I feel deeply grateful to him, given directions to his agent that several of his tenants should be

sent, fully armed, to accompany me across this dangerous pass. I could have willingly dispensed with this attendance, and, indeed, made strong remonstrances against it; my kind host, however, pleaded so strongly his master's imperative orders that I had nothing for it but to submit, and as all with whom I have conversed declared that it would be a miracle if I escaped, I am inclined to believe that there must have been some real danger. My guard consisted of four men, of whom two were mounted on horseback and two were on foot; they were all, I could see, of very different calibre from the armed police, of whom I have spoken with such contempt. They were men of quick eye and firm purpose, on whose effective assistance I might confidently rely if any danger should present itself. They were furnished with long-barrelled rifles, and were not unprepared for a closer onset and a more deadly struggle. As for myself, my only weapon of defence, if weapon it could be called, was my dilapidated umbrella, which I fear the Italian brigand would not be inclined to consider very formidable. If we met them, however, I intended to flourish it in the way we sometimes alarm cattle; and as they are probably unacquainted with such an article, they might imagine it some deadly weapon of war, and take to flight.

As soon as we left the village our ascent of the mountain began, and continued for upwards of three hours without intermission through a thick wood. Occasionally there was an open glade, and then the eye stretched across an extensive plain to the sea, which lay unruffled in the distance, studded with small islands, among which was Stromboli, sending up without ceasing volumes of smoke. Of the island my eye could distinguish nothing; but the lofty peak with the smoke was a remarkable object, and at night my companions said the flames were distinctly visible. As we approached the top a very different scene awaited us, for we got enveloped in so thick a mist that I could have thought myself suddenly transported to my native hills; at last we reached a region where a fearful tempest of thunder and lightning was raging. The wind blew a hurricane, and rain fell in torrents. The climate had completely changed, and I had now to complain of being nearly frozen. I cared little for myself, but my papers and maps stood a great chance of being completely spoiled. I avoided this, however, by transferring them to my companions, who were all furnished with long Calabrese black cloaks, descending to their heels. We were now traversing the territory of the brigands, and though I could not be persuaded that there was the slightest danger from man amidst so fearful a manifestation of the powers of nature, my companions thought otherwise, and took those precautions which their experience of such scenes dictated. Strict silence was enjoined, though I considered this very needless, as the brigands must have had very quick ears to hear even the loudest trumpet amidst the roar of the thunder, as it ran echoing along the mountain's side. One of my guards preceded us by a few yards, and, with his finger on the trigger, kept a sharp look-out on every tree and bush which we passed, while my other companions seemed to be equally on the alert. The beech and the oak were growing in great luxuriance, and the open glades were covered with green grass, reminding me of my native hills. On the summit there was a small piece of table-land, which I was surprised to find partly cultivated, and the grain was just beginning to make its appearance above ground,

showing that the temperature of this high-lying spot must not differ much from our own more northern latitude. Here the wind blew with such terrific fury that it was dangerous to remain on horseback, and we all dismounted, prepared to throw ourselves on the ground to avoid being swept away. I thought of the havoc I had witnessed near Paola, and of the wish that had crossed my mind, that I had been present to see Nature in all her terrors, and it seemed as if I were going to be gratified more speedily than I had then imagined. Sometimes there was a pause in the storm, but we found it was only nature collecting her forces for a grander onset. The lightning was most vivid, and the peals of thunder seemed as if the heavens were rending. Virgil might have been present when he sketched his beautiful description of a thunder-storm (*Georg. i. 328*):

Ipse Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit; fugere feræ; et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit; ingeminant Austri, et densissimus imber;
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora plangunt.

The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involved in tempests, and a night of clouds,
And, from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry god;
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd,
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows;
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore;
And now the woods, and now the billows, roar.

I could not help thinking that this was a disagreeable introduction to *Magna Græcia*, on the frontiers of which I was now standing, and if I were inclined to be superstitious I should consider it a bad omen.

Our descent was by a far steeper path than that by which we had mounted, and it was not long before we had left the storm above us. We met a woman with a careworn countenance, and two men, who were completely enveloped in their long cloaks; but, though we stared at each other with suspicion, neither party entered into conversation. As we gradually issued from the dark clouds with which we had been surrounded, the eye rested on the wide expanse of the Ionian sea, with its whitish-blue colour, which not a breath of wind seemed to have ruffled, and on which the sun was shining brightly. We reached a small village, *Agnana*, consisting of only a few houses in the gorge of the mountains, and whose inhabitants were said to act as spies to the brigands, and to warn them if an unprotected traveller attempted to cross the mountain. Here we got some coarse bread, cheese, and execrable wine. About a mile below this village all danger was declared to be at an end, and, though we were still

many miles from Gerace, my guard thought they might return to Casal Nuovo. I wished to pay them for the trouble they had taken, but they refused to accept anything, saying that they were only too happy to be of use to any friend of the Marquis of Gagliardi; and here I took a farewell of my companions, and proceeded on my solitary way, allowing my muleteer to return, that he might have the protection of my guard in recrossing the mountains. I was not sorry to be left alone, as I felt little inclined to keep up a conversation with those with whom I had so few ideas in common. I know not whether the scenes through which I had just passed might not have imparted a feeling of melancholy to the mind, and made everything appear less joyous than it would otherwise have done, but I suffered an oppression of spirits, for which I could not account. Though the sun shone brightly, and not a drop of rain had fallen where I now stood, there was a gloom and melancholy around which pressed heavily on the spirits. The Apennines run here nearly parallel to the shore, and at the distance of about four miles from it. As far as the eye can reach, the intermediate space is intersected by numerous undulating ridges, which run down to the shore, and allow of no plain of any extent. At some distance stood the village of Gerace, on a high point, and the gloomy and dark appearance of its houses seemed well to harmonise with the deserted aspect of the surrounding country. I can scarcely tell in what this eastern side of the Apennines differed from the western, for there was loneliness in both, but it was more striking here. The sides of the hills had no marks of cultivation, and even the footpath along which I was proceeding seemed seldom to be trodden. In fact, I could have imagined myself in the midst of an uninhabited country, if I had not seen the castle of Gerace towering in the distance. After some time I reached Gerace, and inquired for the Sotto-Intendente, to whose care I was recommended by my kind friend the Marquis of Gagliardi. A respectable house was pointed out as his residence, and on entering it I was introduced to an old gentleman of a mild and benevolent countenance, who received me in the kindest manner. I dare say that I was a spectacle well suited to call forth a feeling of compassion, as I had been thoroughly drenched on the mountains, and I must have looked jaded and worn out. His excellency's clothes were scarcely suited to my spare figure, but I was glad of any change, however ridiculous might be my appearance.

I am now at last in that part of Italy which I have long wished to visit. It has been sometimes asked why it should have been called *Magna Græcia*, and various ingenious reasons have been suggested, but the one which is most obvious is probably nearest to the truth—that it was from the importance and power of the Greek colonies, which had at a very early period extended over the whole of this part of the country. The name, indeed, does not seem to have had any very definite application, including, sometimes even the island of Sicily, yet it was more usual to restrict it to the portion of Italy lying between Locri and Tarentum. It thus contained eight republics, which were generally independent of each other—Locri, Caulonia, Scyllacium, Croton, Sybaris, Heracleia, Metapontum, and Tarentum. Many other smaller cities might be enumerated, which were included under the appellation of *Magna Græcia*; these, however, were the most important. The shore, of which they had taken possession, was

well provided with spacious bays and gulfs, its fertile plains were watered by numerous streams, and its climate could not be excelled. Everything, therefore, concurred to raise it to as high a degree of perfection as nature could possibly reach without the assistance of art. The activity and industry of man exerted on such a country produced the results that might naturally be expected. Abundance of everything that could gratify the desire was the reward of his industry, and if the same exertions were now made, Nature would pour forth her riches with a not less niggardly hand. The secret spring, however, that called forth these exertions is now wanting. Liberty and independence have left those shores, and I am told that I shall find the whole little else than a barren desert.

Of the Greek cities in this part of Italy, the oldest was Locri, the ruins of which are found at no great distance from Gerace. It is said that it was founded principally by a colony of slaves, who, during the absence of their masters, had carried off their wives. Whatever may be the truth of this tradition, its citizens became in later times famed for their riches and importance, which they owed in a great measure to the wisdom of their code of laws conferred on them by Zaleucus. Their prosperity was injured by what at first appeared calculated to promote their interests. They became intimately connected with Dionysius the elder, who married the daughter of one of its principal citizens, and in consequence of this alliance the city fell into the hands of his son Dionysius, who tyrannised over it in a manner that can scarcely be credited. From that time the prosperity of the city gradually declined, and after it became part of the Roman Empire, it sank into insignificance.

Such was the city the site of which I proceeded, in company with a friend of my host, this morning to visit, and found it to be upwards of four miles distant from Gerace, close to the shore. Its ancient walls can be traced nearly round its whole circumference. A portion of them to the south are in a tolerable state of preservation, and show that they were constructed of large blocks of calcareous limestone, in which the country around abounds. For half a mile on the side next the sea the remains of the wall are visible, so that the sea seems to have undergone no change in this part of the coast for the last two thousand years. The site of the city occupied a space of ground about two miles in length by less than a mile in breadth, extending from the sea-coast, at what is called Torre di Gerace, to the rising ground leading to the Apennines. From the slopes of these hills the city extended towards the sea, and had its harbour, if harbour it can be called, at the mouth of the little river St. Ilario. A French nobleman, the Duc de Luynes, was here a few days ago, and caused the foundation of a building of considerable size to be excavated. The basement is constructed of massive blocks of limestone, placed over each other without mortar, and close by are scattered pieces of immense columns of the same material, which had no doubt decorated the building. It is situated outside the walls, on the brow of a hill of no great height, yet so as to overlook any building lying between it and the sea. All the intervening space is covered with fragments of ancient buildings, of which only one at the north-east corner would appear, from the immense blocks of stone for its foundation, to have been of considerable size. I examined with care every spot close to the shore for the site of the

Temple of Proserpine, which Strabo mentions as the richest and most magnificent that Italy possessed, but not a vestige of it can be seen, if it is necessary to suppose that it was close to the shore. We know that it suffered severely from Pyrrhus, but we can scarcely imagine that its foundations should not still exist. It may possibly be the building which I have just mentioned as having fragments of pillars lying around. There is a hill called Esopis, mentioned by ancient geographers, on which the citadel of Locri was situated. I vainly tried to determine which of several ridges ought to be considered the spot where it stood. There is no hill of a very decided character, though several ridges run down to within a quarter of a mile of the sea. There are three small hills, on one or other of which may have been the fortress; three ruined forts are now seen on them, called Castellaccio, Mantelle, and Sietta. Some have thought that Gerace was the ancient Esopis: this is impossible, as it is at least four miles from the site of these ruins; and, besides, no ancient remains have been discovered in its immediate vicinity. There are, indeed, a few ancient marble pillars in the cathedral and a single inscription; these, however, could easily have been transported from the shore, and we know that this has been often done elsewhere. I have not the slightest doubt that Locri was situated on this site, and did not include Gerace, which had its origin in the middle ages, when the inhabitants took up their residence at some distance from the sea, that they might be in some degree beyond the reach of piratical corsairs. As I was not pressed for time, I wandered away towards the mountains, and stumbled on what must have been the remains of an aqueduct, which had to penetrate through a rock for a considerable distance. Along this shore, in the summer season, water must have been brought from the hills to supply such a population as Locri contained.

Having satisfied my curiosity respecting the ruins of Locri, I proceeded on my return to Gerace, passing through a grove of olive-trees and a vineyard, where that peculiar species of vine, from which the *Vino Greco* is procured, was trained to a trellis-work five or six feet in height. In the vicinity of Naples the vines are trained from tree to tree; it is seldom the case here. We passed also a few mulberry-trees, which supply food for the silkworm, and I find that the manufacture of silk is pursued with considerable success. I expressed a wish to see their cocoons (*bacche di seta*), but I observed from their answer that they were averse to the proposal, and I afterwards found the cause of the refusal to be not particularly flattering to me. They are afraid to expose the silkworm to the gaze of a stranger lest an ill-omened look should destroy them. I am thus subject to the imputation of a *Jettatore*, of whom I have already spoken. They have, however, a mode of neutralising the effect of the evil eye by making use of incense, together with palms that have been blessed on Easter Sunday; olives, too, that have been blessed have the same effect, if they are burned in the room where a *Jettatore* has been. This superstition respecting the evil eye is found everywhere throughout Italy, and seems to be applicable to everything. Sannazaro, who was born A.D. 1458, says, in his sixth eclogue:

L'invidia, figliulo mio, se stessa macera,
E si diletta come Agnel per fascino.

"Envy, my son, wears herself away, and droops like a lamb under the influence of the evil eye."

This, as you are aware, is merely a continuation of a Roman superstition, as they, too, had evidently some dread of an evil eye. Thus Virgil (*Eclog.* iii. 103) says:

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

"I know not what evil eye it is that is casting its envious glance over my tender lambs."

This idea of the palm averting the danger is also handed down from the ancients. Pliny (xiii. 9, 2), speaking of the dwarf-palm (*chamærepes*), which he says grows in great quantities in Sicily, and which is still to be found in this southern part of Italy, states that the "hard interior of the fruit, when polished by the elephant's tooth" (*dente politum*), has a good effect against the evil eye (*contra fascinantes*).

I told you that spitting in the direction of the person supposed to possess this power was a mode of averting the danger. Pliny (xxviii. 7, 1) says the same thing: *Simili modo et fascinationes repercutimus*.—"In the same way, i.e. by spitting, we hurl back on the individual the effects of his evil eye."

I was curious to see the contents of the little purse made by the Capuchins, and suspended round the necks of the children, but I found the matter was regarded in too serious a light by mothers to venture on such an examination. It might have cost me dear, as the Italians are of a revengeful nature. It would have been strange if they had been found to contain a representation of the membrane virile, which we know was suspended round the necks of the Roman children. Varro (*de L. L.* vi.) says: *Pueris turpicula res in collo quædam suspenditur, ne quid obsit, bonæ scævæ causâ*. There was lately found at Pompeii, over the mouth of a baker's oven, a stone priapus with this inscription: *Hic habitat felicitas*.—"Here dwells good luck."

In this province there are seventy-two cultivators of the silkworm, but the only silk manufactory on a large scale that I can hear of is at San Leucio, near Naples. It is supported by government, who supply it with children from the poorhouse, called *Alberzo de' Poveri*, paying at the same time fourpence a day for every child thus employed. In the plains of Sorrento I found, on inquiry, that there were nearly three hundred persons employed in the manufacture of silk stockings, but they could not compete in colour or fineness with the workmanship of France or England; in strength of material they were far superior. In Penne, a city of the Abruzzi, the nuns of S. Chiara are celebrated for their silk embroidery; and in Teramo there is a manufactory of some importance.

In respect to linen they have made but little progress, if I may judge from the tablecloths and sheets which I have had an opportunity of examining. They are generally coarse and ill bleached. The village of La Cava, near Salerno, has been most successful in its manufacture of linen, and employs about fourteen hundred and sixteen individuals.

I had often heard it positively asserted by some of my learned Neapolitan friends that there were several villages in the remote parts of Calabria whose inhabitants had preserved the ancient Greek language, without much change, from the period when the whole of this coast was

colonised by the Greeks. Bova, about twenty miles to the south of Gerace, was said to be one of them; and you will not be surprised that I was anxious to solve the problem, when it was so nearly within my reach. I had determined to visit it, if I could receive no satisfactory information at Gerace. I made my intention known to my host, when he stated that there were two muleteers from Bova in Gerace at that moment, and he immediately gave directions that they should wait upon me. I have been studying Romaic for the last six months, under one of the few Greeks who survived the fatal siege of Missalonghi, and it occurred to me that they might understand this modernised Greek. They had no difficulty in conversing, though my pronunciation sounded somewhat strange in their ears. In respect to their origin, they understood that they had come from beyond seas a few centuries ago, and I have no doubt that it was a colony of Greeks, that had emigrated from the Morea at the same time that the Albanians came over. Their language appeared, with some slight variations, to be much the same as that now spoken in the Morea. I have thus been saved a journey of forty miles, and however insignificant this may appear to you in your temperate climate, I can assure you that it is a matter of great joy to me.

I give you a few words collected from the muleteers of Bova, which, if you knew Romaic, would satisfy you that I am correct in my belief: *Ψωμί*, bread, *τυρί*, cheese, *κρασί*, wine, *γυνῆκα*, woman, *ἄνδραν*, man, *βοδί*, ox, *ἄλογον*, horse, *πρόβατα*, sheep, *βοσάλι*, cow, *ψικάνια*, shirt, *χοιραδί*, sow, *πούδα*, hen. The words for cow, shirt, and hen seem peculiar, as I do not know them in Romaic.

On my return from the ruins of Locri I visited the cathedral of Gerace, which I found to have suffered severely from the earthquake of 1783, being rendered useless for public worship. The ancient columns of which I spoke, as probably brought from the Temple of Proserpine on the shore, are of white marble, fluted, with the exception of three, which are verd antique, coarse red limestone, and granite. The capitals are of inferior workmanship, and can scarcely be supposed to have originally surmounted them. The great altar remains untouched, but it is in the crypt that divine service is now celebrated.

In the cathedral the inscription to which I alluded was built into the wall, and was to the following effect:

IOVI OPTI
MO MAXIMO
DIIS DEABUS
QVE IMMOR
TALIBVS ET
ROMAE
AETERNAE
LOCRENSES.

THE FATE OF LADY GRACE.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUTH AND EDUCATION OF LADY GRACE.

SELDOM has a more brilliant and beautiful young creature shone for a few brief seasons at Almack's and other fashionable ball-rooms in London, at the opera, at picture-galleries, at botanical fêtes, at breakfasts and archery meetings, or wherever the élite of the upper ten thousand congregate, than Lady Grace, after she appeared as the bride of Sir Gregory Grace, Bart., and M.P. for Itchingpalm.

She was the daughter of a military officer, who, having been constantly on foreign service, had been able to pay very little attention to his children. Her mother, too, though remarkable for her beauty, had very few other qualities to recommend her. She died early, but she lived long enough to tinge her child's mind with most of her own foolish notions, and then left her to all the snares and temptations of the world without the problematical advantage of the protection and advice which even a silly mother, not actually bad, might have afforded. On her death, her young daughter, Eva, was sent to a boarding-school selected at random by those who acted as the guardians of his children in the absence of Major Bertram, while his three boys were left at their respective schools to sink or swim as best they could. An occasional letter from their father, who had seen very little of either his daughter or his boys, and knew nothing of their characters, being the only thing which reminded them that they had any relatives in the world to whom their fate was matter of interest. Mrs. Monsoon, the mistress of the boarding-school at which Eva was placed, was a thoroughly worldly woman, with just principle and sense enough to make her pay her debts and to take care that her elder pupils did not get into actual mischief, but utterly indifferent as to training them for their future struggle in life, while it never occurred to her that she should even hint that during that life they must make preparation for eternity. She saw that Eva, if properly brought out, with her extraordinary beauty, would create a sensation in the fashionable world, and might make a first-rate match, and might probably materially assist in spreading the fame of her school and increasing the number of her pupils. She therefore, for the sake of winning her affection, indulged and petted her in every way, and took especial pains to have her taught the various accomplishments which are supposed to tell most in the world. As her pupil grew a little older, the sagacious lady endeavoured to impress two things on her mind—the first, that her highest virtue would be to show her gratitude for all the acts of kindness she was receiving; and the next was, that unless she was content to throw away the numerous advantages she possessed in her accomplishments and her beauty, she must employ them to secure a wealthy match.

Eva knew and cared very little about money, except that she thought it would be pleasant to have a good supply in her pocket, as many of her

companions had, and therefore, of course, that it would be still more agreeable to have a husband whose chief duty and pleasure it would be to give her as much as she should require. Many of the other girls talked to her on the subject of love, and told her of certain gentlemen who admired them, and of those they thought they should like; but she had never troubled her head much about the matter. Eva's time was to come, however. The girls who learned drawing—Eva was one of them—had gone out one day with their master to sketch from nature, and were seated in a row, he going from one to the other and looking over them, now and then taking a book and giving a touch, now making a suggestion, when a remarkably good-looking young gentleman stood before them with a pleased expression of countenance, as if he expected to be placed as one of the figures in the foreground. The instant he was seen, Fanny Merrivale, one of Eva's companions, started up, and, running towards him, threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"My dear Arthur, where have you dropped from?" she exclaimed, looking affectionately in his face, and utterly regardless of the presence of her schoolfellows or their master.

"Not from the clouds, but from Oxford," he answered. "I came down here with my college friend Willoughby yesterday evening to spend a few days, and, hearing that you were out sketching, I came to look for you, my little sister. There you have my history. The Willoughbys hope that you will come and spend the evening with them, if Mrs. Monsoon will let you; and, as it is a rule of the school that two girls should go out together, that you will bring a companion. I say, Fan, do ask that lovely creature sitting next to you; I was watching her before you saw me—never beheld any girl so near perfection."

Of course all that Arthur Merrivale had said was duly reported to Eva, and, by Fanny's influence, she was permitted to accept the Willoughbys' invitation. They were among the most aristocratic people in the neighbourhood of Itchingpalm, and Mrs. Monsoon was pleased that any of her girls should go to their house. She hoped that she might captivate young Willoughby, who was heir to a title and a large landed estate. She might do better, certainly; but, at the same time, it was not a match to be neglected. Mrs. Monsoon also thought that she herself might probably be invited to the Park—she had never yet been there—she should then certainly secure the patronage of the family; it would be a great thing for her—a very important thing. Eva was therefore permitted to accompany Fanny to the Park as often as the Willoughbys chose to invite her. What might have occurred it is impossible to say; but Frank Willoughby's affections were already set on Fanny Merrivale, so that Arthur had a fair field with Eva Bertram. He made good use of his opportunities, and believed that he had secured a place in her heart. He was young, good-looking, agreeable, ardent, and sincere, honourable and right-minded in all respects. To him she appeared in everything perfect, exquisitely beautiful, sweet-tempered, and amiable. She intuitively avoided discussing matters of high importance; had she done so, she would immediately have got out of her depth. Could it be possible, he would

have asked, that so charming a creature can be otherwise than well principled and virtuously disposed?—he would scarcely have hesitated, in his deep admiration, to have added, pure and holy in all things.

The young people had a delightful time at Stanfield Park. Arthur gladly prolonged his stay at his friend's request, and the two young ladies were invited to spend a week at the Park.

The holidays were near, and, under most circumstances, they would have had plenty to do at school; but Mrs. Monsoon could not bring herself to refuse so advantageous a proposal. While they were at Stanfield a fever broke out in their school. It was arranged that Fanny should not return, and Eva was invited to accompany her friend to the Merrivales' place in the north. Mrs. Monsoon was delighted to hear that Frank Willoughby had followed them there, not being aware that he was now formally engaged to Fanny Merrivale. Arthur before long declared his devoted love to Eva, and she confessed that she loved him in return. But now arose a difficulty neither had thought about. He was a third son, with a very limited income, purposing to be called to the Bar. He was full of high hopes and aspirations, and felt sure that he should before long secure for her that income which she had a right to expect. She had nothing. She was, however, ready to marry him; she was getting tired of being at school, especially now Fanny had left, and she for the time had forgotten all Mrs. Monsoon's instructions. It might have been happier for her had she never returned under that lady's maternal wing. Surely a young devoted husband would have shielded her from the fearful dangers with which she was doomed to struggle.

Eva and Arthur were awoke from their young life's dream of happiness by a letter from Mrs. Monsoon summoning her pupil back. She had got an inkling of what was taking place. "Impertinent, audacious young fellow!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "He will make a fool of that girl, and upset all my plans. If I had thought such a poverty-stricken lad as he is would have made up to her, I would never have let her go from under my charge. However, I must take strong measures to remedy the evil."

"And must you go, dearest?" exclaimed Arthur. "My father is kindness itself; he would be delighted to have you here till you can hear from Major Bertram, and he is so delighted with you, that he tells me he will give me all he can to enable me to marry at once, and that we may live with him as much as we can manage to do."

"Oh, how good and kind!" answered Eva. "But Mrs. Monsoon says that I must come, that my father wishes it, and that he would be very angry if I refused to return under her roof. She is a very kind person, you know, and has always treated me so affectionately. What ought I to do?"

"Write again, and urge her to let you stay," said Arthur.

Eva wrote, but a more peremptory summons was the answer. With a heart foreboding evil, Arthur saw her depart for Mrs. Monsoon's establishment for young ladies. Fanny had let him into some of the secrets of the prison-house.

CHAPTER II.

HOW LADY GRACE WAS WOODED AND WON.

NOTHING could be more kind and maternal than the greeting which Mrs. Monsoon gave to Eva on her return. She inquired affectionately after her dear Fanny, and the excellent old Mr. Merrivale and his fine young sons. It was a pity they were so poor, though the eldest son would have a tolerable fortune. However, if they got economical hard-working wives who knew how to manage a house on two hundred a year, they would do very well. She soon, however, dropped the subject.

"You know, my dear Eva," she continued, "I do not expect you to come back into the schoolroom. You shall be your own mistress as far as lessons are concerned, and you can practise when and as much as you like. I wish you also to enjoy as much society as we can obtain for you. It is desirable that you should go out. The new member will be coming down soon, and people will be entertaining him. He is uncle to little Clare St. Clare, and we intend to ask him ourselves. Indeed, dearest, for your sake we intended to see more of our friends than we have done hitherto."

Mrs. Monsoon had a half-sister, Miss Mott, who ostensibly assisted her on equal terms in the management of the school, and who was always the "we;" but she had no share, no salary, and no voice in the arrangements of the establishment. Mrs. Monsoon was looked upon as a very fashionable person in Itchingpalm itself, whatever the neighbouring gentry might have considered her. She had now the honour of being the first person in the town to entertain the new member at an evening party.

For the sake of their own young ladies and a few others of the élite of the society of Itchingpalm whom they had invited, they made arrangements for dancing. Sir Gregory was a bachelor—a gay bachelor, it was said, and matrimonially disposed. He was very rich, and, it was supposed, had spent some five or six thousand pounds at least in securing the honour of representing the electors of Itchingpalm in parliament. Eva had heard so much about Sir Gregory Grace that she was very curious to see him.

The important evening arrived, and the expected guests came walking and driving up to Mrs. Monsoon's door. A louder knock than ordinary was heard. Mrs. Monsoon bustled across the drawing-room to the door, and a tallish, stout, florid-faced man, with a genial smile and a somewhat pompous manner, appeared. He was warmly greeted by Mrs. Monsoon and many of her guests. He had not been three minutes in the room before his eye fell on Eva. He was struck by her beauty, and desired to be introduced. From the first he paid her the most devoted attention, and thanked Mrs. Monsoon over and over again for introducing him to so beautiful a young creature. What girl under nineteen would not have been flattered by the attentions of so important a person, whom she saw everybody around treating with the most deferential respect? He was good natured and lively, and not bad looking for a man of his age and figure. Mrs.

Monsoon thought him really handsome. Altogether, the evening promised to be a successful one. Mrs. Monsoon was too overwhelmed with pleasure when Sir Gregory begged leave to call the next morning, as he had a trifle or two which he wished to offer her. After he had gone, before Eva retired to rest, Mrs. Monsoon took care to enlarge on Sir Gregory's good qualities, his wealth, his magnificent establishments in the country and in town.

"A happy woman who wins him, but I should say that he is not so easily won," she remarked.

The next morning Sir Gregory arrived. He brought a handsome ornament for Mrs. Monsoon's table, and whispered that he hoped to get her three or four more pupils before long. It was rather too early to begin presenting jewels, but he exhibited some beautiful prints which he begged Miss Bertram to accept, as he thought, from her evident taste, she would value such things. Mrs. Monsoon got Eva next to play and sing. Sir Gregory was enchanted. He came again in the evening. Mrs. Monsoon had asked a few select friends to meet him. They looked upon it as a great honour; he, however, had eyes and ears only for Eva; he could not listen even with patience to others unless they sang her praises.

Among Mrs. Monsoon's chief guests was Miss Blossom, known commonly as 'Tilda Blossom. She would like to have had the baronet for herself, but, as that was evidently out of the question, she was happy to serve her friend Mrs. Monsoon by forwarding his suit with Eva. 'Tilda was in more ways than one a very useful friend to Mrs. Monsoon. She did a good deal in the way of looking for pupils for her, was generally her referee, and was always ready to declare that it would be impossible to find a more eligible establishment for young ladies within the confines of the realm. 'Tilda Blossom accordingly whispered many sweet things into the baronet's ears in favour of Eva, and heard her praises in return. These she duly reported to Eva. She listened, pleased, flattered. It was indeed an honour to be taken notice of by so important a person. Arthur had been kind and gentle and affectionate, but he had never flattered her—never made her presents of value. He had talked of love in a cottage, and she had thought it would be very delightful. Sir Gregory treated her with the utmost deference, complimented her, flattered her, made her magnificent presents, and had a handsome house in town and a fine place in the country. When, therefore, after a high-pressure courtship of three weeks, he proposed, Mrs. Monsoon and 'Tilda Blossom had little difficulty in persuading Eva to whistle Arthur Merrivale down the winds and to accept the wealthy baronet. No time was lost in making preparations for the wedding. Mrs. Monsoon took upon herself to say that she was sure Major Bertram would approve of it—indeed, that he had told her he should not object to his daughter marrying any one whom she considered eligible; "In fact," she observed, drawing herself up, "the parents of my pupils place the most unbounded confidence in my judgment and discretion."

Eva wrote to Fanny Merrivale to tell her of her intended marriage; she could not bring herself to write to Arthur. She made the best excuses in her power for her conduct. She was certain that her

father would never allow her to marry him, that Mrs. Monsoon wouldn't hear of it, and that she should never make a good poor man's wife—she had no art for saving or managing. She never said a truer thing of herself.

Arthur bore the announcement that he was jilted like a true honest man. The character of his love changed. She was not to be his. He would do her all the service in his power—protect her, support her, if need be—and he would go on loving her still. Not a harsh word escaped his lips, not an angry feeling rose in his heart, though he had many sad and bitter ones. From his sister he had gained a tolerable insight into Mrs. Monsoon's character.

"She has been deceived, tempted by that woman—made to fall down and worship at the shrine of Mammon, as her mistress does. Can I yet rescue her? Is she irretrievably lost to me? I will consult Fanny."

Fanny said she would write, and employ all the arguments he might have to offer. She did so, and Eva replied that she had given the matter due consideration; that to act as Arthur proposed would be folly; that people could not live on love and bread-and-butter, and that she had finally rejected him and accepted her wealthy suitor, to whom, at his earnest solicitation, she was to be married in a few days.

"Indeed that letter for ever shuts out hope!" exclaimed poor Arthur, bitterly.

Eva's marriage created as great a sensation as Mrs. Monsoon could possibly manage to produce. She got as much said also as she could in her own praise, and took care that the provincial papers should remark that Miss Bertram was not the only young lady who was making a wealthy match from her establishment—that another was about to be led to the hymeneal altar by the son of one of the largest landed proprietors in the neighbourhood.

Eva, if not happy, was in a flutter of excitement. She had six of the prettiest girls to be found as bridesmaids—three of her own schoolfellows, and three friends of Mrs. Monsoon's, who supplied them with dresses, for which Sir Gregory paid her. The church was highly decorated, and the service choral as it could be made. Mrs. Monsoon patronised the high-ritual style of worship prevalent in Itchingpalm. She said that she considered it not only more fashionable, but more exciting and more suited to people of refinement and sensibility like herself.

Some of the parents rather objected to Mrs. Monsoon's proclivities, but others either thought it all right, or thought it couldn't do much harm if it interested the girls and made them more willing to go to church.

The Reverend Finnikin Fadstool, who acted as father-confessor to Mrs. Monsoon and her young ladies, and was a very frequent visitor at the establishment, performed the ceremony. Alas, poor Eva! No father was present to give her away with an earnest prayer and a blessing, no mother who could afford her advice and counsel, and on whose bosom she could rest her head and weep, had she felt inclined. Her throat was dry, her heart was beating strangely, her eyes were

brilliant, a rich colour was on her cheeks, not a tear escaped her, not a sigh. She had sold herself—she knew that; she braced herself up to go through the work before her with all the composure she could. Her father's man of business had come down to see about the settlements. Two thousand a year had been settled on her; she had reason to be content. The man of business gave her away in a business-like manner. The Reverend Finnikin Fadstool had some conversation with Sir Gregory after the ceremony, and urged on him the importance of allowing her ladyship to follow the style of worship to which she had been accustomed.

"Of course, my dear sir—of course. I don't understand these matters, but Lady Grace is certainly at liberty to do just as she likes."

The carriage drove off amidst admiring crowds, none of the usual ceremonies to ensure a happy marriage being omitted.

CHAPTER III.

THE FASHIONABLE CAREER OF LADY GRACE.

Few persons have created a greater sensation in the fashionable world of London than did Lady Grace when she first appeared after her marriage, on her return from a rapid tour through France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. Sir Gregory believed himself to be far too much engaged in parliamentary matters to spare a longer time out of England. They remained long enough, however, at several places to make numerous acquaintances, both English and foreign. Everybody was eager to know them. Sir Gregory's wealth and his wife's beauty were sure to attract observation. He wished to be popular, and courted observation and acquaintanceship, and he was vain of his young wife's beauty, and lost no opportunity of exhibiting it. He also had the habit, without consideration, of inviting people to his house, telling them he should be very happy to see them. He had thus issued several curious invitations before Lady Grace found out what he was about, and begged him to consider her before he again asked strangers, who might prove very disagreeable on further acquaintance.

When, early in the spring, the wealthy baronet and his bride came to their town house, they already had a considerable number of acquaintances, which rapidly increased. Among them was the fair Countess of Billicoo, who, though no longer young, retained many personal attractions, and in spite of certain malicious whispers, which added another epithet to her name, she managed still to keep up a very extensive acquaintance among ladies of fashion. Sir Gregory was anxious, as soon as possible, to open his house, and, with the aid of the countess, Lady Grace was able to issue invitations sufficient to fill her rooms to overflowing. Lady Grace had a pleasant, unaffected manner, and at once became, in consequence, immensely popular with the gentlemen portion of his guests. The countess expressed her readiness to do anything and everything for her. Among other things, she secured her a first-rate box at the Opera,

and was always happy to accompany her there, or to the theatre, or to any public place of amusement. The countess's charms were tolerably full blown, and the slight, delicate, refined-looking girl, such as was Eva, very naturally was supposed, by strangers, to be her daughter. Sir Gregory occasionally appeared at these places with his wife, but generally his parliamentary duties kept him fully occupied elsewhere. He did not altogether like the countess, but still she was a countess, and he was flattered by her attention to his wife, and by the compliments she paid him whenever she had an opportunity of being in his company. She thought him a fool and an intolerable bore, but she soon saw how to manage him, and took full advantage of her discovery.

Eva had heard of Fanny's marriage, and had written to her, but received no answer. Fanny could not overlook the way she had treated her brother, and though intending to reply, put off writing from not knowing exactly what to say. Her husband suddenly brought her up to London, where, having many friends and acquaintance, they very constantly, for some weeks, mixed in society; in other words, went to a number of dinner-parties, soirées, balls, and concerts. Fanny thought that it would do Arthur good if he would come up and join them.

Almack's is no longer what it was once supposed to be—the concentrated essence of the *crème de la crème*. Still it is the ambition of aspirants for fashionable fame to be seen at it. Lady Grace had not been there. The countess made some little difficulty, but procured her tickets. Lady Grace was fond of dancing. Of course, she had no want of partners. She was standing up for a quadrille, when she found herself face to face with Arthur Merrivale. In spite of her resolution she felt her hand tremble as she touched his; she bowed and smiled sweetly. A stranger would have thought that they were ordinary acquaintances.

"What shall I do?" thought Arthur. "Shall I speak to her? Yes; of course it must be done, and the sooner the better."

He came up as soon as he had seated his partner. She put out her hand. They were soon engaged in conversation. She told him how glad she was to see him, hoped that he would leave his card and come to her next party, and inquired after Fanny. She was in the room, and soon came up. They met as old friends. No stranger would have guessed what was passing in their hearts. They were all going out of town again directly, so could not accept her pressing invitations. Arthur had to leave her, as he was engaged for the next dance. Eva sat by herself for a few moments, silent and more thoughtful than was her wont, with a pang at her heart. "No; I do not believe he ever did love me," she said to herself. "He would not be so cool and composed. Love, it's nonsense! I do not believe such a thing exists now-a-days."

The countess had been watching her, and now brought up a gentleman, whom she introduced as Count Faucher. He was handsome, aristocratic, and of polished manners. He requested, in excellent English, the honour of dancing the next waltz with her. She had never waltzed with any one who danced so well. He was excessively agreeable. He smiled, and told her that they had met be-

fore at Florence, and that Sir Gregory had given him an invitation to the house. Lady Grace hoped that he would avail himself of it. She soon forgot Arthur Merrivale and her humdrum old friend in listening to his agreeable conversation. The next night he was at the Opera, in the stalls below her box. His glass was frequently turned towards her, so were those of many other men. She had got accustomed to the thing. Sir Gregory, who had accompanied her, had to go to the House of Commons. As soon as the baronet had taken his departure, the count appeared humbly at the box to inquire how Lady Grace was. Lady Billicoo begged him to come in. Nothing could exceed the respect with which he treated the countess, while to Lady Grace he was all gentleness and attention—so lively and so agreeable. She could scarcely believe that he was the man who had fought three or four duels, and killed one if not two of his antagonists; yet such he was reported to have done. Fame reported, so said Lady Billicoo, that one of his duels was in consequence of his having run off with another man's wife.

"If he did, I dare say the lady was to blame," observed the countess. "He is such a nice, agreeable man; besides, you know, my dear, men will do those sort of things sometimes, and we shouldn't be too harsh on them. It's generally when there are dull, stupid, or bad-tempered husbands in the case."

These remarks were made some days before. Eva would have done well to have taken a hint from them; but she did not. The count sat for the remainder of the evening in Lady Grace's box. He had been a great deal in England. Knew everybody, and went everywhere. He had anecdotes about all the people present, singers and dancers included. He had something to say, too, about everything going forward in the great world; and though his remarks were often sarcastic, they made the ladies laugh. The countess had invited Lady Grace to stop at her house to take supper on her way home. She begged that Count Faucher would come also. Sir Gregory had been asked, so Lady Billicoo said, but he did not come, and knew nothing of the matter. The repast was refined. Several very agreeable people were present. Lady Grace enjoyed it exceedingly. Her own parties of the sort, when Sir Gregory presided, though grand, were dull in the extreme. Lady Billicoo requested the count to see Lady Grace to her carriage. It was raining. The count's cabriolet had not arrived. He was afraid there was some mistake, and was anxious to get home. Lady Grace offered to drop him at his lodgings. How respectfully he behaved; how overwhelmed with gratitude he appeared at her condescension! It was a pleasure to be of use to a person who received a kindness so gratefully. She might at any time take him again, if he wished it. She felt sure of that.

Her own ball took place the following evening. It was a very brilliant affair—more crowded than she had expected. She had no reason to complain of that. Arthur Merrivale kept to his resolution and came to it. He was, however, very grave and cold, she thought. Thoroughly unlike the count. He asked her, too, some very extraordinary questions—talked about the vanity of earthly wealth—the

folly of trusting to riches—warned her against the snares of the world, of those especially which surrounded her—entreated her to be careful as to the character of those she admitted as intimates—more than hinted that it would be better if the count was not to be seen at her house. He had to leave town the following day; might not meet her again; owned that the time and place were not fitting for a lecture, but felt compelled to speak as he had done. She at last was annoyed with him, the more so that she felt he was speaking the truth—was glad that he was going. At the best of times he was not half as pleasant as Count Faucher, whom he was so disposed to run down. She was relieved when Arthur took his departure. The count was soon by her side. He soon drove away all thoughts of her former lover. She, however, felt very tired and glad when the rooms began visibly to thin. The count stayed to the last. Sir Gregory had gone to the House; there was a late sitting, and he did not again appear. She said that she should not go out all the next day. The count undertook to bring her some books—the last batch of sensational novels. She had no taste for anything else. She devoured two or three volumes during the day, and took a turn round the Park to recruit for dinner. Some political friends of Sir Gregory's were the principal guests; the count had been invited; Lady Billicoo and two other ladies dined, and a few others came in the evening. They all, however, went on to other parties. The count left the table early. Sir Gregory and his friends sat on and talked politics. The count had begun to touch on another subject to Lady Grace. He was cautious, however, not to alarm her. He did not know what might be her prejudices against listening to that style of conversation. He took care to say nothing that would not bear a double meaning. He would wait patiently till the doses of sensational English novels and ordinary French ones he was administering, and dissipation and weariness, had produced their effect.

Lady Grace had not a vacant day in the week, before the season was half over. She went everywhere, because she did not know what parties to refuse. Balls and dinners, and so-called breakfasts and concerts, and garden fêtes, and returning visits, with the Opera on Saturday, fully occupied every moment of her time. By the time Sunday came round she felt that she greatly needed rest. Still, she had always been accustomed to go to church. She had a sort of fear that things wouldn't fall out right well with her if she didn't go. Besides, it was fashionable to go to church, provided it was of the right sort. Lady Billicoo had, as soon as she came to London, invited her to go to St. Ninan's, the church she patronised.

It was so delightful, she said. The church was so beautifully ornamented, and the music so fine, and the priests so exquisitely dressed, and most of them such good-looking young men. Then they had banners of satin and silk. Lady Billicoo had worked a banner herself, all so superbly adorned with gold and silver, and they had jewelled crosses and vases full of the rarest flowers. "Do you know, my dear Lady Grace, that I sat up one whole night with a dozen girls of my acquaintance preparing wreaths and ornaments to

deck our church for a festival the next morning. We had great fun. One of the party read to us occasionally choice pieces out of the last novel, 'Husbands and Lovers; or, Which will she Choose;' very exciting—two elopements, a duel, and a suicide. Dear Mr. Micklebrain, our priest, and two of his deacons looked in occasionally to see how we were getting on, as they went from house to house in the parish. I confess to him, do you know? I don't mind it, because he does not inflict very severe penance. I knew something about him when he was a very young man, and he can't say much to me. I would advise you to confess to him. He is very lenient, I assure you."

Of course, after receiving so attractive an account of St. Ninan's, Eva went there every Sunday, and if it did not fully answer her expectations, it was, at all events, amusing and exciting, as there was frequently some novelty introduced in the way of vestments or decorations as the system was developed. The count went frequently. He said that it suited his taste, though not equal in magnificence to the shows and ceremonies which his own church could produce.

Thus passed Lady Grace's first season in London. Towards the end of it she felt a weariness for which she could not account. Of Sir Gregory she saw but little, and every day he seemed to become more and more absorbed in politics. This, however, concerned her but little. She had never felt a sensation of love for him. She now cared nothing for him. She had to confess the fact to herself. As balls and routs became less frequent, she spent many of her evenings with her friend Lady Billicoo. Cards were introduced. Eva had learned games at Mrs. Monsoon's, and how to hold the cards gracefully. She now found an excitement in playing which had hitherto been a stranger to her. Rich wines were frequently handed round. She often drank more than she was aware of. The count, of course, was there generally. Had it not been for him, she would have lost even more largely than she did. As it was, somehow or other most of what her guests lost went into Lady Billicoo's pockets.

Lady Grace went to Scarborough, after the parliamentary session was over, with Sir Gregory. The count appeared for a short time; long enough, however, to obtain an invitation from Sir Gregory to form one of his guests at his country-house during the winter. The count was grateful—would take advantage of it if he could, but his friends were so kind, he scarcely knew how to divide his time among them all. He might be able to spend a few days. He came, however, and instead of days stayed weeks. For a considerable portion of the time Sir Gregory was absent, called away on business.

Lady Grace went up to London for another season. It was spent much as the last had been, but with still more dissipation and excitement.

Arthur Merrivale came up for a short time, and called and went to several of her parties, and met her out frequently. He was pained with what he saw. Twice he saw her at suppers, when he almost felt inclined to warn her, as he observed the quantity of champagne she swallowed. Once he caught a glimpse of her at the card-table. He could scarcely believe that she was the Eva Bertram he once knew and loved. Ay! and still loved so deeply.

Arthur Merrivale's health was said to be failing. He was advised to travel. He took his way across the broad Atlantic to visit Canada and the United States.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FALL OF LADY GRACE.

THE fashionable newspapers announced one morning to the fashionable world, who were thereby greatly interested, if not scandalised, and whose curiosity, if not pity, was aroused to a high pitch, that the young, lovely, and accomplished wife of a certain wealthy baronet had eloped with a foreign count, well known in the leading circles of the beau monde. A large steamer was gliding rapidly and smoothly over the waters of the Atlantic. On her deck sat, apart from the rest of the passengers, a beautiful young creature. She was said to be a bride, the wife of a French gentleman, Monsieur de Conrade. A shade of melancholy was on her brow, and her eyes were often wet with tears. Still, her husband was as devoted and attentive as man could be, so it seemed. She gave herself no airs, but desired apparently to escape from the society of the other ladies on board. The vessel was bound to New York. She was crowded with passengers, Americans, Canadians, French, Germans, and English chiefly, and an individual or two representing nearly every nation under the sun. The young wife's exquisite beauty of course attracted the men; but whispers were afloat about her, and she was treated somewhat coldly by some of the ladies. Not by all, however. Among them was a good-natured looking woman, loud-laughing, and not over-refined, with two daughters and three nieces, all young and remarkably pretty. The party kept very much to themselves, and did not seem desirous of becoming intimate with the rest of the lady passengers. She appeared, however, from the way that Madame Bubaste greeted M. de Conrade on first meeting him on board, that they must have been formerly acquainted. He did not seem over well pleased at the recognition, and for some days afterwards kept aloof from her. He, however, at last, entered into conversation with her and her young charges, as other gentlemen were doing. She had seen a good deal of the world, had travelled through the States, and knew New York very well. M. de Conrade had never been there, and she was able to give him much information. She, in the mean time, had made gentle approaches towards forming the acquaintance of Madame de Conrade. Her keen eyes had read more of the history of that lovely young creature than the latter was aware of. She well knew also the character of M. de Conrade. She put the two together.

"She is no wife of his," she muttered; "and unless he is changed, she never will be. She would create an immense sensation at Saratoga, New York, New Orleans. She would be worth thousands of dollars to us."

Yes; the once innocent Eva Bertram, Lady Grace, had indeed eloped with Count Faucher. Did she love him? or, was it a fearful infatuation made her commit the act? Did he love her? He admired her beauty, and took good care that she should be able to draw for the two thousand a year settled on her. He had promised to marry

her as soon as she should be divorced from her husband; but he had no wish to hurry on such an event. He had, besides, engaged in certain speculations, which had induced him to visit the States. Millions depended on the result. Her paltry two thousand a year was nothing to what he expected, he said, to realise. Yet it was convenient in the mean time.

They took a tour through the States: the count voted the people barbarians. Eva was miserable. She grew low-spirited. Her beauty faded. They returned to New York to expensive apartments at one of the chief hotels. The count had lately got her to sign several papers. She did not know what they were about. She sat expecting his return one evening, but he did not appear. The night passed away. She became alarmed. The following evening a note in pencil reached her from the count. It ran: "I have to start for Europe forthwith. No time to return to wish you farewell. I have asked a friend to look after you." The next morning she received a visit from Madame Bubaste, who, in the most winning manner, invited her to her house. Lady Grace hesitated. Even then she shrank from the woman.

"By what means do you propose paying for these handsome rooms, my dear young lady?" asked madame. "I am afraid that the count has left you no money. He is a great rogue, has behaved in this way several times to my knowledge, though he managed to get into society in England. They are great fools, are those country-people of yours, and they are as bad here: if a man has a title and insinuating manners, they think him perfection."

"I will sell my jewels," said Lady Grace.

"I will help you; but he probably has not left you many," whispered the temptress.

It was too true; Lady Grace was desperate. Was it madness seized her brain? That was on fire. Her heart was cold—cold.

CHAPTER V.

THE CATASTROPHE.

ARTHUR MERRIVALE had been wandering through Canada to the far North-West, to Rupert's Land, up to the Rocky Mountains. He had descended the Red River, and visited the backwoods and prairies of the States. He had seldom seen an English newspaper, and did not often get letters from home. After a sojourn of some months in Boston and other towns of New England, he went to New York. He was there seriously ill, and as he had suffered from the cold of the previous winter, he was advised to try a sea voyage to a southern climate.

"The sooner you are off the better," said his medical adviser, who, as he turned away, thought to himself, "however, it is a matter of a few months more or less, poor youth."

Arthur found a large handsome-looking steamer, the *Evening Star*, just starting for New Orleans. He engaged a berth without inquiring about her sea-going qualities. Had he done so, he might have learned that she had been condemned the previous Christmas as unseaworthy. He went early on board to avoid hurry, and, as others under similar circumstances would have done, sat watching the other

passengers as they came trouping across the deck. They appeared to be a motley crowd. There came a party of negro minstrels with their banjos, and guitars, and cymbals, and bones; and now poured forth from a variety of vehicles the members of an opera company, not long arrived from France, Italians and French, the men vociferating and gesticulating, the ladies dark-eyed, brisk, and active in limb and tongue, with their chests of theatrical costumes and musical instruments; for there were singers, and dancers, and musicians. First violoncello and first trombone and second trombone, some thirty artistes or more. Besides these came another band—women—nearly a hundred there seemed, mostly young and handsome—good-looking beyond the average of good looks, somewhat over-dressed; the laughter of many rather loud and boisterous, though others were retired and quiet, shunning observation—not hardened yet. They were in charge of six women, or, rather, beings in woman's form. Among these latter appeared Madame Bubaste, not improved in appearance since last she had crossed the Atlantic. Her young companions were with her—not all, though. Two had died miserably, the others required a deeper colour for their cheeks; there was a hard look about their eyes which they in vain endeavoured to conceal by forced smiles. Arthur had remarked that woman. He knew enough of the world to guess her calling. He looked at her with intense dislike and abhorrence. Just behind her, almost concealed by her ample form, he caught a glimpse—it was but for an instant—of a face which painfully reminded him of one he had loved with an honest, devoted love scarcely three short years before. Yes, there was Eva Bertram's figure, and height, and form of feature; but the expression of countenance, the costume, the horrible company she was with! It was utterly impossible—the very thought was fearful. Yet why did she turn her eyes away so quickly as his first met them? The features were strangely, terribly like. He felt sick at heart. He was already weak; he nearly fainted, and had to rest his head upon his hand before he could recover. When he looked up, she had disappeared. That face haunted him day after day, and night after night. He scanned anxiously the countenances of those who came on deck, but she was not among them. Could his fancy have deceived him? Earnestly he prayed that such might have been the case. He learned that the opera troupe, the negro minstrels, and that hapless band of fallen ones, the New York summer season being over, were on their way to spend the winter season in the Crescent City. There were a hundred or more passengers—officers in the army, merchants, commercial travellers, bound south in the pursuit of their lawful occupations. Among the passengers was another person, whose face Arthur was certain that he had seen before. He tried to recollect. Surely fancy did not deceive him. It was in Lady Grace's drawing-room he had met him at dinner several times—he had seen him with her frequently; it had pained him—the man he could not like. He had heard strange whispers about him. He suspected his honesty. Yes, it was Count Faucher. He had no wish to renew his acquaintance. In two days after leaving port a strong easterly wind blew, creating a heavy swell which made the vessel roll and kept many of her passengers ill—only sufficiently so to make them appreciate the calm fine weather which followed.

The vessel left New York towards the end of September, 1866. The first day of October broke gloriously over the calm ocean—one of those days of loveliness, not too often met at sea, the air soft and balmy, the water smooth as a mirror, the sun shining brightly. Everybody came on deck; they paced up and down in their fine-weather costumes—as gay as if promenading in Broadway. The minstrels played merrily, and sang their most boisterous choruses. The opera singers were not behindhand in endeavouring to amuse their fellow-passengers; they sang, they played, they laughed, they talked, they told tales of their adventures, they made love, they flirted, they ate and drank, and were merry.

The next day was the same. Seldom could a more lovely morning be met with on the ocean. The passengers congratulated each other on enjoying a pleasant trip, and arriving soon at their destination. As the day advanced, however, a change came over the face of the sky. Clouds began to gather; they grew thicker and thicker, banking up in the horizon with a threatening blackness. Now they commenced chasing each other across the blue vault of heaven. Faster and faster they came—thicker and darker. The wind blew stronger, whistling and moaning in the rigging. The ocean, hitherto so calm, became covered over with white-crested seas, rising rapidly from mere wavelets to mountain billows. The ship, before so steady, began to pitch and roll. The yards were sent down, topgallant-masts struck, the boats and deck hamper secured, sails reduced. The seamen went about their duties steadily and quickly, no joking among them. The officers looked anxious. It was clear that a gale was brewing—more than a common gale—a hurricane, possibly. The vessel was in the region of storms—off Cape Hatteras.

Arthur Merrivale had come on deck. He watched the signs of the rising storm. Many others were collected there, though a line of demarcation had been preserved between the various classes. Again among the group of women he saw one whose likeness to Eva had so startled him. "It cannot—it cannot be her," he murmured. Close to him stood Count Faucher. That moment he remembered him clearly. His eyes, too, were resting on that lovely countenance. It wore an anxious, terrified look. Could he bring himself to address her to ascertain if his now-fearful surmises were true? "Ah! she is there," he heard the count say. Those few words made his fears almost certainties. At that instant the hurricane burst on the doomed ship; the seas broke against her sides, and sent the spray flying in dense blinding showers across her decks. Cries and shrieks arose; again and again the seas rose as she was tossed here and there, and she no longer obeyed the rudder's command. At length a wave, with greater force than its predecessors, cast her, as if she were a mere log, into the trough of the sea. There she lay, helpless, tossed up and down and to and fro, every timber working and straining, her rotten planks opening, the water pouring through every seam. "Hold on—hold on for your lives!" shouted one of the officers. Scarcely had the words been uttered than a sea carried away the hurricane-deck, and with it several of the crew and a few others unable to save themselves. They were the first victims of many. Arthur clung to the mizen rigging; the count was holding on to a

stay near him. The female passengers and many others had rushed frantically on deck, believing that the ship was already sinking. Again Arthur saw clearly, not ten yards from him, that painful likeness of *Lady Grace*. With tears and cries the affrighted females implored the captain and officers to tell them if the ship was in danger. "Not if you go below and remain quiet," was the answer. "If you impede us in our duty, there is." They were forced back into their cabins. Arthur could bear the suspense no longer. "Count Faucher, I adjure you, tell me, do you know one of those unhappy women who just now appeared on deck? You must have seen the likeness."

The count turned a scowling glance on him, but did not reply. The count had good reason for not wishing his name to be known. Arthur was baffled, yet not the less certain that he saw the count before him. Night drew on, and with it a darkness, dense, black, to be felt, came down with it. The rudder-chains broke, or were unshipped; the wheel-house was washed away, the bulwarks stove in, the sea came pouring down into the engine-room, the fires were extinguished. Still the donkey-engine was uninjured. It was set to work to pump the ship. That, however, was soon disabled. The crew and passengers were now called on to bail out the hold. All classes, mingled now, came rushing on deck. Some of the women began to rave, shrieking fearfully; some again fled below—they believed that death was coming, but dared not face its terrors. Frantically they broke into the steward's store-room, carried off the wines and spirits they found there to their cabins, and with men as abandoned, as hopeless as themselves, commenced an orgie such as has seldom taken place on land or sea. With desperate haste they drained off the sparkling liquors, eager to feel the delirium of intoxication stealing over them. Others, bracing themselves up, hoping against hope, joined the men in baling the ship and casting overboard the cargo, cheering and encouraging them by their zeal and energy. Others, again, sat stupified and overcome with terror. Among which of these was *Lady Grace*? Too weak, it seemed, to labour, she stood on deck, holding to a stanchion, the agony and hopelessness which was at her heart stamped on her countenance. She dared not, like others, attempt to forget her sin; she trembled at the thought of death. Suddenly, with the energy of despair, she sprang forward among the workers, and, seizing a bucket which another, fainting, had relinquished, toiled away with the rest, passing the buckets to and fro from the hold. The grey light of dawning day revealed the pallid countenances of that motley crew as they toiled, but toiled in vain. The captain had done all that man could do; the water was gaining fast; the ship was settling lower and lower in the waves. He entered the main saloon, where the larger number of his hapless passengers were assembled, and, in a husky voice, announced to them that ere another hour had passed away the ship must sink beneath their feet.

The awful intelligence was received in every variety of manner. Some retired to their berths, some lay down in corners to pray, hiding their heads; the only prominent group, an officer with his wife and two infant children clinging together on the deck of the saloon, there to await the death they knew was inevitable. Some shrieked or wept, and wrung their hands; others, the Frenchmen

and Italians, the hapless members of the opera troupe, frantically gesticulated—the women in all cases being generally calmer than the men. Some plucked out their hair by the roots, and several rushed madly on deck, where still more fearful things were enacting. There the hapless daughters of sin and misery were crowding hurriedly, some decked in their jewels and finery, as if to take a drive in Broadway; others, maddened by the liquor, which had failed to destroy their consciousness, were tearing off their clothes, were leaping madly into the boiling surf; others raved and shrieked; some few stood calm and collected. The Germans yielded themselves up to the apathy of despair. The crew, meantime, were hurriedly preparing the life-boats on deck. Those which had been lowered were quickly swamped, or dashed to pieces against the sides of the ship.

The boats on deck were ready, and many were crowding into them, the stronger, too, often forcing away the weaker. A huge sea was seen approaching the ship; the sailors watched it, and knew well its purpose. Arthur Merrivale, with a feeling of forlorn hopelessness, with bitter anguish at his heart, had no desire to live, yet at that moment a sense of duty taught him that he ought to make an effort to save his life. He was making his way to a boat, when a cry arrested him: "Arthur, oh help me, save me!" The words were uttered in a tone of agony by Lady Grace. He sprang forward to answer the appeal. It was at this moment that the giant sea had struck the foundering ship. It was sweeping with terrific force along the deck, through the saloons, carrying all before it. Down, down, sank the shattered wreck. Ere Arthur could reach the hapless lady, the foaming, hissing waters rushed between them. He beheld her, with her arms yet stretched out, borne far away. A despairing shriek reached his ears—it was answered by his own death-cry as he sank beneath the surging seas. The count had beheld the death of his victim. Death to his guilty soul seemed doubly terrible. He worked his way on, thrusting aside all who impeded him. He gained one of the boats, and scrambled on board as the ship sank beneath his feet. Around the fragments of the wreck were dashed here and there, destroying numbers of drowning wretches who attempted to clutch them. The life-boat was overturned again and again and righted; still he clung to it. At length, with a few other boats, it got away from the scene of the disaster; no water, no food, scarcely an oar or sail, broken planks only to guide her. "Ah, ah!" thought the count; "no matter, I am saved; I am strong, I shall enjoy life." Hours passed away. "Water! water!" was the cry. A cask was found; it was full, but the water was salt. In the vain hope of quenching his burning thirst, the count and others drank of it. Ere long his brain began to reel—it felt on fire—hotter and hotter it grew. Ten thousand demons seemed to possess him; with a fearful shriek, and a look such as the few survivors among his hapless companions could never forget, he sprang overboard into the still foaming troubled sea and sank from view.

Of the whole number of crew and passengers who left New York on board the *Evening Star*, amounting to nearly three hundred souls, only twenty-four, in four different boats, ultimately reached the shore, the larger number even of those who got away from the wreck having perished from hunger and exposure.

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

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MILES.

XI.

Sunday, March 5. The day was lovely—all that we could possibly have wished for : a blue sky and a bright sun, with a fine light breeze blowing to temper its powerful rays, while the view all around us was grand and sublime, and the very appearance of the spot showed evident proofs of the terrestrial shock which this mountain, as well as the whole of the adjacent neighbourhood, had undergone in days of yore, when "Sinai quaked;" or, as we learn from the truthful words of Holy Writ, "And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly."

At half-past twelve P.M. divine service, according to the ritual of the Church of England (as I have previously observed), was performed by the five ordained clergymen and ministers of our party on the very summit of Mount Sinai, in the open air, on the north side of the stone-built "accommodation-hut,† so as to give us the advantage of the shade. A hymn was sung previous to the commencement of the service; no less than three different "persuasions" of men, "calling themselves Christians," assembled, in unity of spirit, to worship and to do honour to the Lord God Jehovah on this celebrated mountain—viz. "Church of England" men, "Church of Scotland" men, and "Quakers," or those appertaining to the "Society of Friends." Three different countries, likewise, had sent these parties forth on this pilgrimage—viz. England, Scotland, and America. The "Lessons" read on this occasion were not those appointed for the day, but those which more particularly related to the scenes which had been "in ages far remote" hallowed by the presence of the one eternal God himself on this same mountain, and which had been handed down to posterity in the pages of the Bible.

Divine service, which I need scarcely say left a most impressive effect on the minds as well as on the thoughts of all present, ended, the two parties, who had united for the celebration of holy worship, adjourned to the different spots which had been selected by their respective dragomen for the discussing of the usual mid-day meal, the younger party, or rather our "Friends," having preferred eating their lunch inside the stone building, whilst our party preferred the enjoyment thereof *al fresco*.

From the summit of Mount Sinai we could not see either the Red Sea or the waters of the Gulf of Akabah; but the white sandy soil adjoining the beach, or sea-shore, on the eastern side of the latter sea, was distinctly visible to the naked eye. On the top of Mount Sinai itself we could

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† Or, as some travellers hold, a mosque, or house of prayer, for those of the Mahomedan faith.

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find no red granite, but from a spot near the summit I brought away a couple of small pieces of that rock, and from the very summit, from the *outside* of the den, or cavity in the rock, which goes by the name of "Moses's Cave," I brought away a few pieces of grey granite; but this same grey rock *inside* the cave was too hard, and resisted all our attempts to break or to chip off small pieces thereof with a large iron hammer; whilst from nearly at the foot of the mountain, when ascending it, I brought away some small pieces of red granite in which were particles of quartz.

We varied our return to camp by branching off to the left hand when about half way down, where, by-the-by, we found some quartz as well as red granite, very beautifully marked with fern-like impressions thereon. I must here stop a moment to observe, that on the top of Mount Saint Catherine no red granite was found by the party who had ascended that mountain the day previous, although, as in the instance of Mount Sinai, some was found near the top of the mountain. Some small pieces of the rock from the very summit, of a greenish-grey colour, were brought away, at my request, and made over to me by some of the "young hands" who had ascended Saint Catherine.

On our ascent of Mount Sinai, when nearly half way up, we passed through a sort of pass in the mountain that seemed as if it had been in ages past a fortified post, the remains of which were still visible in an existing archway, a short distance from which, in an open space of ground beyond, stood a solitary fir-tree, the only tree we met with, and which formed, in such a chaos of rock and in such a dreadful "wilderness," a most conspicuous as well as a most pleasing and refreshing object for the eye to rest upon.

It occupied us upwards of an hour in getting over the intermediate ground before we reached the summit of another, but very much lower mountain (probably about one-half of the altitude of Mount Sinai, for I have not the heights by me to refer to), called "*Jebel Sôôfsâphâ*," which formed one of the connecting spurs between Sinai and Saint Catherine, and which has been, according to the most modern interpretation, fixed upon as *the* "identical" site whereon Moses received the two "tables of stone." The labour of the ascent to the summit of this rock, which, when attained, by no means compensated for the time and fatigue spent thereon, was most trying, especially after the steep ascent already undergone of "crowning" Mount Sinai.

The whole scene around, as viewed from the summit of this peak, was indeed a frightful "wilderness"—desolation itself—and "silent as the tomb." Such being the case, it was a very pleasant and agreeable thing for us, fatigued as we were, to stumble upon, all of a sudden, in one of the narrowest, most secluded, and the smallest of valleys, shortly before we commenced this second ascent, a Lilliputian oasis, in which we observed a low and roughly-built stone hut, and a couple of very diminutively-sized fields, wherein the short stubble showed that a slender crop of barley had been raised therein, and that this spot had been selected by the Bédouin husbandmen from its contiguity to a small spring of fresh water, which issued in driblets from the mountain, and flowed in a sluggish and scarcely perceptible current through this valley.

We were all of us most heartily glad when we got safe back to camp,

for the descent from such a spot as the last mountain we had ascended (Sōōsāphā), was, if possible, as arduous and as fatiguing as the ascent. This had been a long Sabbath-day's journey, and very considerably more than what was so considered in the time of our Saviour (Acts of the Apostles i. 12).

The one great fact which forced itself, with an overpowering conviction, upon the reasoning faculties of the human mind after a Sabbath spent on the summit of Mount Sinai, was the belief in the *Unity* of the Godhead. Nowhere else did this sublime and incontestable truth come with greater and more irresistible force than on this hallowed spot. "I am the Lord thy God" (Exodus xx. 2); and, again, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord" (Deut. vi. 4). It is, indeed, a blessed and a happy thing for the more civilised portion of the human race that perfect freedom of thought, as well as of belief in matters of religion, and that the full, open, and undisguised expression thereof is now the "order of the day," and people are no longer, in the said civilised countries (for I hold that Russia, Spain, and Austria are still in the iron bonds of ecclesiastical slavery), persecuted, tormented, and imprisoned for the religious opinions which their enlightened understanding and unbiased conscience have taught them to hold as matters of faith in the way of truth.

Such being my own views, I consider it is not right, on the part of either the Roman Catholic or the Protestant ministers of the Gospel, or of the various missionaries, to attempt to make converts of the Mahomedan population of India to our views of the Christian faith, inasmuch as this particular sect has a very great repugnance, amounting to horror, of our so-called "Trinity," as well as of the worshipping of saints and images, as obtains in the Popish churches and chapels, and which they consider to be but Hindooism (or paganism) consecrated by a baptismal ceremony. This race of people hold with the Israelites, and cling with unswerving fidelity and pertinacity to the *Unity* of the Godhead, as well as to the non-worship of images, and are, consequently, shocked beyond measure at the Christian creed, wherein our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is preached to the world as being not only the Son of God, but also God the Son! I was not in the least astonished or surprised at the Mahomedan population in India rising up in rebellion in the year 1857, on the mere supposition that the government, through the medium of the several different "castes" of Christian missionaries who had spread themselves throughout the whole length and breadth of the "land of Hind," intended (however erroneous the report that was circulated, and which, most unfortunately, obtained credence at that time to the above effect) to convert them to the Christian faith, the basis of which creed consisted of three gods—as the "creed of St. Athanasius holds"—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; which form of doctrine is also espoused by supplicants for mercy at the commencement of the Litany service. It is, after all, but a shallow policy the attempting to force or cram any sort of religious belief down the throats of any particular race of people. Reason and education are the best guides, and form the best preachers, as well as the truest, in combination *with a thorough acquaintance* with the contents of the Protestant version of the Bible. The Mahomedans, in their prayers to Jehovah, which their religion enjoins them to offer up *seven times* a day, and for which pro-

ceeding King David had already furnished them a precedent (Psalms cxix. 164), invoke the Supreme Being with "There is no God but God;" and as they have the authority of God's Holy Writ (Deut. iv. 39, and vi. 4; also Isaiah xlv. 21, 22, 23) for their invocation at Jehovah's footstool, it is both unwise, wrong, and impolitic on the part of the Christian missionaries to teach them any other creed which clashes with their belief in the "oneness" and "unity" of the Godhead.*

Our friends in the other camp took leave of us this morning (March 6) about nine o'clock, and proceeded on their way to "Jebel Nakōōss" (or the Bell Mountain), from whence they were to retrace their steps to Cairo. Our dragoman had succeeded in obtaining the promise of eight or ten fresh camels and dromedaries to replace those that were unable to continue the journey on to Akabah. We had been greatly afraid we should have been detained another day in our present encampment, as "difficulties" were said to exist in the way of speedily procuring these animals, to obtain which a couple of Bédouins had to be sent a day's journey into the "wilderness," where the herd belonging to the Shaick of the particular Bédouin tribe (the Towara) who was to furnish them, was pasturing. We were, however, so fortunate as to see them arrive in our camp as the "Nakōōss" party were striking their tents, which ensured our own departure likewise the same forenoon.

Whilst the camels are being laden, I will take the opportunity of writing up my "log" (to borrow a nautical phrase), and insert in this place one or two little omissions. We have learnt from the Book of Exodus that Mount Sinai was on fire when the Lord God Jehovah descended upon it. In like manner Horeb, "the Mount of God," when the prophet Elijah stood thereon by command of the Almighty, witnessed portentous signs, and underwent great changes when "the Lord passed by," for a great and a strong wind not only rent the mountains, but brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; that this strong wind was followed by an earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire (1 Kings xix. 11, 12). I have quoted the above extracts from the pages of Holy Writ, to show

* The Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, as administered by the so-called Christian churches of Rome, in every place where that form of religion is held and practised, and wherein the Romish priesthood are strictly enjoined to teach their flocks that it is Christ's *real* flesh and blood of which they (the priesthood) are partaking after the elevation of the host (which, in the French language, is called "*hostie*," from the Latin word *hostia*, which means a "sacrifice," either sacred or profane; and as applied to the Romish Eucharist, signifying "the body of Jesus Christ contained, or comprised, or included under cover of, or within the elements of the bread and wine;" or, in the very words of the French language, "*Hostie, ce que veut dire, le corps de Jésus-Christ renfermé sous les espèces du pain et du vin*"), both astonishes and astounds the Mahomedans more than anything else on earth. "What frightful blasphemy is all this!" they exclaim. "These Christians, after having crucified their own God, give out they are *actually* eating his flesh and blood when they perform the holiest rite in their creed!"

Surely it may be permitted me in this place to borrow a most apt quotation (which I really cannot resist ad-*apt*-ing to the sequel of my text) from an ancient pagan author, and to ask, in the words of the celebrated Roman orator, although he had been dead for nearly half a century (or forty-three years) *previous* to the advent of Jesus Christ, "Now, do you think that any human being is so foolish as to really believe that the food he is eating is the Deity (or the Godhead) himself?"—*Cicero de Naturâ Deorum*, iii. 16.

that, as both Sinai and Horeb had undergone great organic changes, how impossible and how futile it is at the present day to endeavour to fix upon the identical and self-same sites which were the scenes of God's wondrous agency some three thousand years ago; and yet, strange to say, there are persons from England, as well as from France, and Germany, and even from America, who are, almost annually, arriving in Egypt to prosecute their own researches into the true history of the past, and to carry out their own preconceived ideas of what is the right and correct view of the case which is still in dispute, and which has been so for several ages past, and which is likely to remain so for ages yet to come—even unto the end of the world.

It was only this last winter (January, 1865) the rector of a large parish in Middlesex arrived at Cairo, fully impressed with the one idea in his head, and with the avowed sole object of endeavouring to trace out, according to his own preconceived idea, what he considered to have been the true and real course taken by the Israelites when they quitted the shores of the Red Sea, after their exodus from the land of Goshen. Now, a reference to the Second Book of Moses (xv. 22, 27) informs us, after the Israelites had passed the Red Sea they went out into the "wilderness" of *Shur*, in which they journeyed for three days without finding water, that from thence they came to Marah, and from Marah to Elim, from Elim into the "wilderness" of *Sin* (which was between Elim and Sinai), and thence to the valley of Rephidim, where the children of Israel had to fight for "right of way," or a passage through it, with the Amalekites. Before, however, this battle "came off," Moses was commanded to strike the rock in Horeb, in order that water should flow therefrom. Here it was, in this very "wilderness," that Jethro, Moses's father-in-law, encamped at "the Mount of God," or *Horeb* (Exodus xviii. 5). This quotation shows that Mount Sinai and Mount Horeb were two distinct mountains, unless it be conceded that Horeb applied to the whole of the centre of the Sinaitic range of mountains, of which Sinai was only one particular peak (Deuteronomy v. 2). The valley of Rephidim lay between Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai, for it was only after quitting Rephidim that the Israelites came to the desert or "wilderness" of Sinai (Exodus xix. 1, 2). Now the rector I have above alluded to had conceived the idea that the Israelites had not taken the route which has all along been assigned to them—viz. by way of the Wadies Ghurundul and Feirān, but that they had journeyed from the "wilderness of Shur," straight away in an easterly direction, and afterwards turned due south when they came upon Horeb and Sinai.

In the Wady Feirān (if my memory on this occasion is not at fault), which served us for one of our places of encampment, and to which I have already made a slight allusion, we enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of being able to procure some delicious goat's milk for our evening tea, as well as for our early breakfast, before resuming our journey.

On our way through this "wilderness" to Sinai we passed through the following spots, which are worthy of a far more lengthened notice than I can afford to give them in this narrative. These were the ruins of an ancient town of no mean size, wherein several of the houses (small, stone-built, lower-roomed, "hut-looking" edifices) were still standing, some of which were in a good state of pre-

servation. Secondly, the numerous "Sinaitic inscriptions" cut on the faces of the rocks high up the mountains' sides, as well as low down, and within a few feet of the roadway; while in several places the roadside was covered with large blocks of rock which had been precipitated from above, from the effects of either the shock of an earthquake, or from the rock having become detached by severe frosts and snow, and so rent asunder. Yet all these huge fragments, lying as they did topsy-turvy, were more or less covered with the "Sinaitic inscriptions." To those who may be particularly curious in such matters, I would suggest a reference being made to the different scientific works wherein "due and honourable" mention is made of these rock inscriptions. Thirdly, the valley in which the "Turquoise" mines were situated, and which Major —, who had been encamped there for some ten years and upwards, was working. This English gentleman had evidently his whole heart and soul embarked therein, although at the period of our visit to his tent and camp, *en passant*, he was a great invalid, and suffering from a sharp attack of intermittent fever.

During our journey to Mount Sinai most of our party complained, and with good and sufficient reason, of the badness of the dromedaries which we were given to ride. Their paces were extremely rough, and, with three or four exceptions, all were bad walkers, so that if two of us wished to keep close enough together to enjoy a conversation, or to exchange observations on the nature of the places or particularly interesting spots we might be passing, one of the party had to keep his dromedary at a "jog-trot" pace to keep up with the fast-walking animal of his companion; and this was felt to be both extremely uncomfortable and fatiguing work under a burning sun, and with the additional torment of flies to boot. The dromedaries on this occasion were, it struck me, far too overladen by their Bédouin owners with a quantity of provender for their animals' use, to the great discomfort of the travellers; but, in a long journey like the one we were prosecuting, such "griefs" are unavoidable, unless, previous to "breaking ground" at Cairo, a stipulation (to be rigidly enforced by a large and sufficiently heavy fine if broken through) is inserted in the "agreement" which is attested at the Consulate, that each riding camel (or dromedary) should on no account, unless with the rider's full consent, be laden with either luggage or provender during the journey.

For those parties, especially ladies, who are both desirous and ambitious to visit Mount Sinai, I would most urgently recommend donkeys in preference to dromedaries, on account of their delightfully easy and comfortable pace, as well as for an almost total immunity from vermin, with which the camels and dromedaries abound to a degree perfectly incredible! Besides, camels are most uncouth brutes for ladies to travel on, and the pace most uncomfortable. Throughout the whole of the "Land of Egypt" donkeys are invariably used by the fair sex to ride or to travel on, as well in the country as in the cities; so likewise in Palestine (see Book of Joshua, xv. 18).

Owing to the scarcity of water to the eastward of Mount Sinai, donkeys are very seldom, if ever, taken on beyond that hallowed spot; but from Suez there is no difficulty in procuring water for these animals, as I need only instance "Moses's Wells," "Ain-Hōwārāh," "Wady

Ghurundul," Wady Fēirān, and one or two other places where water is to be had. The only two resting-places or encamping-grounds on the journey to Sinai where this most necessary element is not procurable, are, first, at the second day's encampment from Suez; and, secondly, at the last one previous to reaching Mount Sinai; but to enjoy the great and unspeakable comfort of performing the journey on a donkey rather than on a dromedary, it would be worth the additional expense of hiring an extra camel to carry fresh water for the use of the donkeys.

Should the pilgrim-traveller wish to dismount in search of any particular object, or to cull a peculiar flower by the way, or to stretch his (or her) legs by an occasional walk, he (or the lady) can do so with the most perfect ease if riding on a donkey; whereas, if mounted on a camel, great are the difficulties of managing the brute, for the first thing absolutely necessary is to be able to imitate the peculiar noise which the Bédouins make with their throat and mouth, which the camels perfectly understand, and which has the effect of stopping them; and which sort of "cackling-chuckle" made by the throat, if repeated three or four times, and if at the same time the cord which acts as a guiding-rein is pulled with a forcible jerk or two, the animal then knows what it is required to do. And now comes the moment for great care and prudence, for the beast, bending forward, goes down in an instant on its two fore knees, which sharp and rapid motion, unless the rider is fully prepared for it by holding on to the little wooden post or elevation at the back of the saddle, he will be certain to fall right over the camel's head on to the ground! Moreover, this danger past, it requires the greatest care to get off the animal's back, which should be done as quickly as possible (for they are very impatient, and frequently extremely irascible and savage, and inclined to bite either the rider or their own driver) the very instant the brute is in a recumbent position, with all his four legs under him, as they are in the habit of rising up again *instantaneously* the moment they are down, thereby affording the rider scarcely the necessary time to dismount. This is by no means the only difficulty or impediment in the way of a quick dismount to pick up anything by the way; and it may be as well here to mention that, unless a Bédouin has a "pet" dromedary, which he carefully looks to and feeds as he goes along with "tit-bits" of green food culled here and there, and plucked as chance offers, their owners or attendants do not, either as a rule or even generally, keep alongside of the travellers, whom, once mounted, they leave to their fate, with the necessary caution, however, to keep all close together, and on no account for any one or two of the party to hasten on ahead, or to "dilly-dally" in the rear of the caravan; for instance, supposing the rider to have succeeded in dismounting in safety, he has next to fasten the single cord, or guiding-rein, tightly to the dromedary's near fore-leg, so as to prevent its rising up and getting on its legs again, which it would be sure to do unless it were tied in the manner above described, and walking off, most probably at a trot, in order to regain its comrades, as was more than once witnessed and exemplified on our journey, to the great discomfort, fatigue, and dismay of the unfortunate riders, who, having dismounted, had no alternative left them but to overtake the remainder of the cavalcade on their "ten toes" as best they could, over a heavy sandy road, and through a hot sun and a burning atmosphere!

The object picked up, or the particularly striking sort of flower which had attracted the rider's notice having been culled, his next difficulty is to remount his "steed" in safety, for if careless or indifferent, or unguarded in what he is about, he will be certain to meet with an accident in the shape of a hurt or a "spill." The mode of proceeding, therefore, which old *habitués* have learned to practise in self-defence, when a Bédouin is not at hand to hold the dromedary's head down on the ground while the rider mounts, is to keep up this "gurgling" or *kukrrrrrr*-ing noise in the throat all the while he is preparing for a quick and sudden and instantaneous throwing across the extremely broad saddle of his right leg, which, safely effected, he has to hold on firmly by the small circular wooden post, or rounded and projecting *pommel* of the saddle, whilst the animal, with an instantaneous jerk, sudden and severe enough to throw him off its back, rises to its feet. This danger escaped, the rider loses no time in adjusting his feet in the stirrups, and with a cut or blow of his cane or switch, which he carries in his hand for this express purpose, he makes the brute trot off to overtake the rest of the party. Now all this trouble, inconvenience, and danger is avoided by taking a donkey. Two different but well-known donkey-men at Cairo, on learning I was about to proceed to Mount Sinai, to which spot they had already proceeded more than once, were anxious I should engage the services of their animals and themselves for this journey, but I declined their offer, as I did not intend to return from Sinai to Cairo, and they were unwilling to proceed beyond the "Convent." The riding camels, as well as the baggage ones, are full of vermin, from which plague it is impossible and hopeless to escape! Every traveller must, and, moreover, is sure to, undergo the ordeal of finding, to his unutterable disgust, before he has been many days in the desert, that he has some of these horrid things on his person!

Knowing by former experience such to be the case, I informed my fellow-travellers, previous to our departure from Suez, what they must expect to meet with from a close contact with their dromedaries. None of us, however, suffered any very great inconvenience on this head as far as Sinai, but whilst we were encamped there, as well as on each succeeding day on our journey to Akabah, and especially between Akabah and Hebron, when the thermometer ranged from 15 deg. to 20 deg. higher than it did in the cold and elevated regions of the Sinaitic peninsula, we were greatly annoyed by these vermin, as they caused us to undress oftener than was agreeable to remove them from the inside of our flannel waistcoats, which invariably seemed to be their favourite spot.

I considered myself to have been particularly fortunate, and, comparatively speaking, peculiarly exempt, during this desert journey, on having discovered these insects on three, or at most on four different occasions only, inside my flannel waistcoat, and on each occasion they did not exceed two or three in number. The gentleman who shared my sleeping-tent, however, was not so fortunate in this respect, for, after stripping off all his clothes, one day, on finding the biting of these insects too sensitive, he removed from his flannel waistcoat and trousers and cotton-web drawers between fifty and sixty of these abominable creatures. It was, indeed, a mercy I escaped in the wonderful manner in which I did, and which I can only account for by the vermin not attack-

ing an old Indian when they could feed on younger blood. One of our young "clerics" was terribly upset and "put out" on his first discovery of, and his "initiation" into, the necessity of having to remove the vermin from his under-clothing. To the very best of my belief, every one of us had been "troubled" with the "visitation" of this plague, and no one escaped the torment. Of course, some of the party suffered in this respect more than the others did.

Before concluding this already long notice on the habits of camels, I would observe that camel-riding for eight or ten hours daily, as in our case, was extremely fatiguing to our backs and loins. Camel-men are proverbially short-lived, and this is accounted for by the peculiar motion of the animal's pace acting too sensitively on the kidneys.

I have often thought of that great and most persevering Swiss traveller, Burckhardt, who explored the countries of the Haurān, Syria, Palestine, Moab, Edom, the Sinaitic peninsula, and also Egypt, and have not only wondered at his persevering endurance of the many heavy trials, both mental and bodily, which he must have undergone in the course of his arduous journeys, but I have likewise sympathised with him in the matter of the manifold and severe abstinences which he had to endure, as well in the great torments and discomforts he had to suffer from the vermin with which he must have been frequently overwhelmed. To enable him to "get along" more smoothly, as well as more comfortably, and with certainly less personal danger to himself, he is said to have embraced the Mahomedan religion. On my second visit to Cairo, I can recal to mind my having asked the Rev. Mr. Lieder if this was really the case, or whether Burckhardt had only taken up this faith as a temporary expedient, with the object of facilitating his researches in these very difficult and still more dangerous countries. On this point, however, Mr. L. could afford me no certain information, beyond that he had always understood, and, if my memory serves me rightly, he had been so informed by Mr. Salt, who had long resided at Cairo, that Burckhardt not only had lived the life of, but had died in the faith of, a Mahomedan, at Cairo, where his remains were interred in a corner of the Mahomedan burial-ground; and that, moreover, on hearing of his severe illness, Mr. Salt had gone to visit the poor sick traveller, and had asked him if he would wish to see the Rev. Mr. Lieder, to administer to him the last consolations of the Christian religion, in which faith he (Burckhardt) had been born and baptised as well as educated, but the dying man replied that as he had lived so long a Mahomedan, he had made up his mind, and was perfectly contented to die in that faith, and that he had therefore no wish or desire to receive the visits of a minister of the Christian religion.

I avail myself of this present opportunity to place the above conversation, which I held with the Rev. Mr. Lieder, who had resided for several years in Cairo, to which city he had been deputed as a missionary by (if I mistake not) the London Church Missionary Society, in the year 1831, on record, in the body of this narrative, inasmuch as, whilst I happened to be travelling several years ago in Switzerland, the name of this great and persevering traveller was brought on the *tapis*, and I related what I had been told at Cairo; but a Swiss, who formed one of the party, and who was a fellow-townsmen of Burckhardt, both of

whom were born at Basle, waxed warm in defence of his deceased country—as well as towns-man, on hearing this report from my lips, and said such could not possibly have been the case, for to his own knowledge Burckhardt had died in the Christian faith. When I found that this Swiss had never travelled out of Europe, I did not hesitate a moment in affixing my seal to Mr. Lieder's version of the matter as being the only correct and truthful one.

On my third visit to Cairo, some years after the above occurrence, I repeated the question to Mr. Lieder, and he gave me the very same answer as he did on the first occasion, not being in the least aware that I had previously asked him to enlighten me on the above head. I again repeated the question in February, 1865, a few days previous to my departure from Cairo for Palestine, and I received, in the presence of one or two other visitors whom I happened to meet at Mr. L.'s house, the very same reply as I did on the two former occasions, together with the additional information that, to the best of Mr. Lieder's belief, there was, *at that present moment*, one person, a Mahomedan, living in Cairo, who could point out the exact site of Burckhardt's grave in the Mahomedan burial-ground, which was situated outside the walls of the city, and not far from the tombs of the Caliphs, or Khaleefs,* and that this man was very old, and was named—(his name has unfortunately escaped me)—but was still to be heard of in Cairo. I had neither time nor opportunity, however, to hunt him up, and so the poor Swiss traveller's grave remained unvisited by me.†

* From the Arabic word Khülēfā, signifying a title given by the early Mahomedans to their sovereigns and rulers; but which term has been perverted from its proper and original meaning by the natives (Hindoos) of India, and applied out of courtesy, and when practising "the amenities of life," to the race of cooks and tailors who are attached to the household (when these belong to the Mahomedan faith), and who, when called or addressed by one of the former, are hailed with the customary "prefix" of Khuleefa jée—or, as we should say, "Mister Cook," or "Mister Tailor," as the case may be.

† Since these notes were written, poor old Mr. Lieder has been summoned away to his last account, and, it is to be hoped, to a better and to a happier state of existence than he found in this world, and where he is now at rest and at peace after his thirty-four years' "labour of love" (1 Thessalonians, i. 3) in the cause of our Redeemer at Cairo. For the last few months previous to his death his mental faculties had become very much weakened, and his eyesight impaired, whilst his greatest delight was in singing hymns and sacred melodies, in the German language, in the solitude of his own chamber, to the praise and glory of the Almighty. I have often reflected and thought how very much this truly meek, most kind-hearted, and most unselfish Christian missionary—for, although he was considered to be the British chaplain at Cairo, yet, in truth, he was only a missionary receiving his small stipend from the Church Missionary Society's funds—will be missed by future travellers whose errant steps should lead them to Cairo. Ever since I first had the pleasure to make Mr. Lieder's personal acquaintance, which was in February, 1845, I have ever noticed what an obliging disposition he was blessed with. His house was never free from the presence of tourist-visitors and travellers, some of whom had brought letters of introduction to him, whilst others had merely sent up their cards; and on an interview being obtained (which was never refused when Mr. L. was at home), had apologised for their intrusion, but that they wished Mr. Lieder to be so good as to recommend them an honest dragoman—or, to tell them what they ought to pay for the hire of a *dahabieh* to Upper Egypt, together with a thousand-and-one other questions. In short, poor man! he was made a regular "commissionaire" of, by almost every English and American visitor to Cairo. The greater portion of his time latterly (since the infirmities

GUNPOWDER AND THE EGYPTIANS.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS and travellers are earnestly studying the hieroglyphics on the pyramids, in their endeavours to throw added light on the lost culture of the Egyptians, and yet one great source of information on this subject, entirely within our reach and command, is lost sight of and neglected. It would ordinarily appear natural to consult for such a purpose the writings of contemporary nations, and particularly of any most closely connected with the people under consideration, and specially of any one which had been *intimately associated*, as it were, placed under their tuition, whose chief was educated by their initiated priests, and proved himself deeply learned in all the learning of the Egyptians. I, of course, refer to the writings of the Old Testament, from several passages of which it is to be proved, not only that the Egyptians were acquainted with gunpowder, or some material of the same nature and properties, available for mining purposes, but that *Moses also possessed the same knowledge*. This statement receives confirmation (if we divest the passage of the miraculous, and read it with open-eyed intelligence) from the text of Exodus xix. 13, where God is said to command Moses that no one shall ascend the Mountain of Sinai, touch it, or approach its borders, lest he should be killed; but the means by which such transgressor should die are of a kind hitherto unmentioned in the Bible. The command is thus recorded: "And thou shalt set bounds to the people round about, saying (explaining to them), Take heed to yourselves that you do not go up the mountain, or touch its borders; whoever touches the mountain will be killed." No hand shall touch it; he that touches it will certainly be stoned, or surely shot through; whether man or beast, he will not live. When the trumpet is sounded, they (the people) may (not "shall") ascend the mountain. In no other portion of the Bible is any allusion made to capital punishment by shooting; and such an act as inflicting death on a beast for ascending the mountain is unparalleled.

The idea presents itself to the thinking mind that the mountain was undermined to frighten the people, who were unable to comprehend the

of old age compelled him to give up his schools, and to accept of the small pension of one hundred pounds *per annum* from the Church Missionary Society, which sum, for the last two or three years, owing to the extreme dearness of food, house-rent, clothing, and servants' wages, but just supported life, and barely enabled him and his wife "to keep the wolf from the door") was taken up in receiving the visits of tourists, and in giving them information as well as advice upon the various questions and subjects on which these persons had called to consult him. He was never absent from his post of duty, and was regarded by travellers as a regular "fixture" in the Egyptian metropolis. After his retirement from "active service" he took a short holiday, and revisited, after many, many years' exile therefrom, the land of his birth. Few missionaries have toiled so hard as Mr. Lieder; for, in addition to his schools, he conducted two services, morning and afternoon, in the chapel attached to his house, every Sabbath, besides preaching two discourses, and taking the funeral service of every person who died at Cairo in the Protestant faith. This small tribute to a good and honest as well as humble and conscientious missionary's worth I feel sincere pleasure in paying to Mr. Lieder's memory, and which, after an intimate personal acquaintance with him of twenty years, I should consider, and justly so, this slight narrative of the "Land of Egypt" incomplete without putting it on record therein.

spirit of Moses (or Jehovah), and, therefore, unprepared to accept his teaching; who would not listen to reason and common sense, but yielded to the apparently miraculous. On this hypothesis the difficulties respecting the death of the beast, and the introduction, for this occasion only, of a new form of capital punishment, vanish altogether.

Light is also thrown on other passages, which may thus be understood without recourse to the miraculous, indeed, it may be said, without implying that, on any occasion, it was needful for Jehovah to deviate from those natural laws of which He is the author, that His purposes should be accomplished.

The texts referred to are Num. xvi. 29, 30, 31, 32, where it is said by Moses: "If these men (Korah, &c.) die the common death of all men—if they are visited after the visitation of all men—then Jehovah hath not sent me. But if Jehovah create a new thing, and the earth open her mouth and swallow them, with all their possessions, and they go down living into the pit (schêol), then ye will understand they have blasphemed (or provoked) Jehovah. And it came to pass, as he finished speaking these words, the earth opened its mouth and swallowed them and their houses, and all belonging to Korah, and all their riches."

It will not now be difficult to understand what was the errand of the spies in Jericho, and why they selected a house, not very respectable, because it was situated conveniently near the fortress of the place. Thus it is easy to comprehend by what means the walls fell down at the blowing of the trumpets on the seventh day, most probably the signal arranged.

No apology seems needful for attributing, if not the invention, certainly the knowledge, of gunpowder to the Egyptians, and considering it proved to have been a power known to and possessed by Moses. The Jews never made great discoveries, nor were the authors of great inventions; their occupation was agriculture; they were a religious people—their destiny to promulgate the truth of the unity of God. They are still the witnesses of the pure and undivided monotheism to the present day. At the end of all the manifold prayers on the day of atonement, the words of Deut. vi. 4 are uttered aloud before the open tabernacle, with the greatest solemnity and devotion. They are the last words uttered by the pious Jew in the closing scene of this world's life; and "The Lord our God is one God" are the last sounds that fall on his ears as he passes into the unknown world beyond. To set apart the Jews for this work, to impress this great truth deeply upon the nation's heart, was the end and aim of Moses; and, to effect his purpose, he used all the learning he had acquired from his intimate association with the Egyptian priests and literature.

A RABBI.

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