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Illustrated Magazine

LIGHT & AMUSING LITERATURE.

FOR HOURS OF RELAXATION.

OCTOBER.

DOMINE DIRIGE NOS

HURD AND HOUGHTON, Publishers,

NEW YORK.

The Great American Tea Company.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

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OCTOBER, 1867.

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WHAT DOES THE FACE TELL?

LONDON SOCIETY.

OCTOBER, 1867.

MR. FELIX IN STUBBLE.

ONE deception involves a thousand deceptions, say the approved text-books of morality. Those who took the trouble to read the record of Mr. Felix's adventures in the north will easily recognise the predicament in which he was now placed. He had acquired the reputation of being a first-rate shot, and there now lay before him the option of maintaining that reputation on some lowland pastures where no depraved gillie could possibly become his proxy, or of discovering and confessing the mendacious trick by which he had sought to impose upon his friends while on the moors. Any one acquainted with the weaknesses of human nature need not be told which course of action Mr. Felix chose, nor that he determined, with all his energy, to acquire skill in shooting during the few days which had to elapse before the slaughter of partridges commenced.

Straightway, therefore, the incipient sportsman took to the killing of sparrows, and from morning till night the crack of his gun resounded through the trees which encompass

his house. Several times, as I afterwards learned, he had nearly added peasant-shooting to the list of his performances; his gardener, especially having to work, during this period, on what might be called the edge of his grave. Mr. Felix had begun by aiming at finches and blackbirds as they sat on the nearest rose-bushes or hopped across the lawn; but from that exciting exercise he speedily diverged into the shooting of flying birds, and here it was that he hovered on the brink of manslaughter for several days. Indeed, a butcher's boy, who had a charge of No. 8 shot pass just over his shoulder, went back to the village and declared that the owner of the Beeches had gone mad; that he was roaming through the grounds in a semi-nude state, and trying hard to kill whomsoever approached the house. It needed only one or two repetitions of the story to make the whole village believe that my friend had tarred and feathered himself in order to represent a wild Indian, and that he had already shot two of his servants.

However, by the first of September Mr. Felix was so convinced of his expertness that he had now no more fear of being obliged to tell the story of his Highland escapade. It was arranged that in the meantime we should shoot over a large farm in the neighbourhood of the Beeches, where the birds were known to be plentiful. Mr. Felix had himself provided the hens wherewith to hatch, in the meadows around the house, some five or six dozen eggs that had been forsaken; and doubtless his anticipations of easy shooting were greatly raised by the tameness of the young birds, which he was accustomed to take in his hand and mentally mark as material for the exercise of his deadly skill.

'Now,' he said, 'as soon as breakfast is over I'll show you how far my breech-loader will carry. I suppose the fellows who tell you they always shoot with breech-loaders at the beginning of the season mean you to suppose that they want to give the partridges a chance. Don't believe 'em. It is only to excuse themselves when they miss, for then they always declare the birds were out of shot. But I'll show you at what distance *my* breech-loader can kill.'

Mr. Felix was indeed so excited that he ventured to accept a cigar—always a hazardous experiment for him. When we at length started to meet the keeper, my friend had loaded his gun, for what purpose was not quite apparent; but as we arrived at the corner of the carriage-drive he peremptorily bade me stop.

'There's always a blackbird on that birch-tree at the end of the avenue, and when you make any noise he flies across and gives you a capital shot.'

'How often have you tried?'

'Hush!'

He crept forward a few paces, until he was about twenty yards from the birch-tree.

'You will be sure to kill somebody if you fire through the hedge,' I said.

At that moment Mr. Felix's favourite blackbird, with a loud whirr and cackle, dipped down from the tree and flew across the avenue. Bang! went the right barrel, and immediately afterwards my friend uttered a most unnecessary ejaculation.

'But,' he said, after a moment's hesitation, and not without a guilty look, 'I think I knocked a feather out of his tail.'

It was quite unnecessary to point out to him that the blackbird was out of sight before he fired, for he knew it. But Mr. Felix, determined that he should at once show his own dexterity and the power of his breech-loader, was not to be baffled by the unconscionable swiftness of a blackbird; and the next moment I saw him level his gun at a robin that had hopped on to the top of the hedge which divided the carriage-drive from a meadow wherein some people were working.

'Why, it's a robin,' I said.

'No, it isn't,' he replied, as he screwed down his right eye to the barrel.

Presently there was a loud report; the unfortunate bird tumbled down through the bush, and the next thing we saw was the apparition of

an old woman who had followed the explosion with a loud shriek.

'Oh! master, you've killed me, you've killed me, indeed you've killed me! You've shot me through and through; and the poor children as hasn't a bit o' bread to put in their mouths ——'

'My good woman,' said Felix, 'what are you talking about?'

She came forward, with her lean, brown arm laid bare, and sure enough there was blood trickling down from a scratch which a spent pellet had inflicted. Felix could not quite conceal his dismay, but he affected an air of sublime contempt.

'Faugh! What are you making a noise about? It's only a scratch, and here's five shillings for you.'

'Five shillings! Oh, you monster!'

Such was the exclamation we heard as we moved on; for the old woman, calculating on the wound producing her a magnificent sum, was simply struck speechless by the offer of this insignificant salve. It was not until we were almost out of hearing that she recovered the use of her voice, and then her indignation and sarcasm had rather lost their point.

We had not long made the acquaintance of the keeper when Mr. Felix's brace of pointers were at work, and my friend had both barrels on full cock. I saw that his hand trembled, and that there was a spasmodic action in the front of his throat similar to that which seems to trouble all gentlemen while making an after-dinner speech. He affected to be particularly interested in the working of the dogs, and yet there was a singular incoherence in his remarks.

Suddenly the pointer next Mr. Felix became motionless as though struck with a paralytic shock. Her whole frame trembled with excitement, and there was an involuntary crouching about the shoulders, a stretching of the neck and stiffening of the tail, which told its own story. Felix moved forward, his retriever at his heels. As he cautiously advanced a terrific whirr of wings arose immediately in front of him; my friend threw his head up and fairly dropped his gun with fright.

'All right, sir,' said the keeper, coolly, as Mr. Felix, with a crimson face, stooped down to pick up his breech-loader. 'I've marked 'em. They're down near the river there; and we'd better follow them before going across the meadow.'

But the rosy flush had left Mr. Felix's face. He was now deadly pale.

'I'm afraid,' he said to me, in a mournful voice, 'that your cigar has not agreed with me. Pray go on yourself, and I will rest on this stile for a little time.'

'Shall I go back for some brandy, sir?' said the keeper, mildly compassionate.

'No,' replied Felix, with a slight shudder. 'Leave me here: I shall be well presently.'

He must be a very near friend indeed whose illness you remember when the first of September opens with decent weather, plenty of birds, and dogs that know their business. Mr. Felix was very soon quite forgotten; and the first thing that recalled him to our recollection was the sudden discharge of two barrels near the spot where we had left him. The keeper was looking in that direction at the moment, and saw the smoke slowly rise into the air.

'I hope Mr. Felix isn't hurt,' he said.

'Why?'

'There were no birds on the wing when he fired; and perhaps some accident has set his gun off—leastways we'd better look: hadn't we, sir?'

When we returned to the spot where we had left Mr. Felix sitting, we found the sick man not only well but in the best spirits.

'Here,' said he, with a triumphant smile, 'look at these!'

There could be no doubt about it: what he held up were three partridges, in prime condition.

'Where did you put 'em up, sir?' inquired the keeper.

'Here.'

'Here?'

'Why,' said Mr. Felix, reddening again, 'do you think I shot them on the ground?'

'Oh no, sir; only I axed the question. But they're fine birds, sir: and are you well enough to go with us now?'

'Yes, I'm better,' said Felix, delivering up the birds to the bag in a quite picturesque and imposing manner.

Thereafter we began to beat up a long field of turnips; and Mr. Felix strode out as manfully as the graceful rotundity of his person permitted.

'I don't think it bad,' said he, 'to knock over three birds with two charges. You know I'm not a crack shot; and really I don't think it bad.'

'Nor I either,' I replied. 'But do you know, Mr. Felix, that Smith declares there were no birds whatever on the wing when you shot?'

'I'll tell you what it is,' said Felix, hotly, 'Smith is an impudent vagabond, who would be a poacher but that he gets well paid for being a keeper; and I assure you he is celebrated for being the very biggest liar in Kent, and that's saying a good deal. No birds up? Why, the man must either be blind or a raving maniac. I think the disgusting impertinence of fellows like him all arises from this Reform Bill; and I am amazed that a lot of gentlemen and landowners should give over the government of the country to cads and poachers. Conservatives? Bah! I'll tell you what—this man is not my master yet; and I'll soon let him find out what his situation is worth if he does not become a great deal more respectful!'

There is always something wrong with a man's digestion or his temper (though these may be considered to be synonymous terms) when he begins to talk politics on the first of September; and until this day I am of opinion that had there not been some grounds for Smith's insinuation, Mr. Felix would not have been so angry when it was hinted that he had butchered three sitting partridges. However, there was no need to raise an unnecessary disturbance by insisting on the conviction of the murderer; for Mr. Felix, as he himself admitted, was not a 'crack shot,' and the consciousness that we believed in his prowess might nerve him for honester efforts.

Now on the very edge of this field of turnips which we had just entered lay a covey of birds, apparently but a few yards in front of Mr. Felix. With the tread of a cat he went forward, until he must have been able to see the partridges as they sat together among the deep green leaves. They were not over twelve yards from him when they rose, and the sudden flutter of wings was certainly sufficient to startle one not much accustomed to the sound. Up went the gun, Mr. Felix clenched his teeth, and the next moment both barrels were sent after the birds. Not one fell.

For a moment Felix looked after the covey in mute and undisguised astonishment, following their low, straight flight as if he expected every moment to see one of them drop. Then he turned and walked over to me.

'I've made a mistake,' he said.

'How?'

'I fancied this gun would carry as well as my muzzle-loader; indeed my gunmaker warranted it to shoot as hard and close as a Joe Manton. Now I find it will not kill at forty yards.'

'When did you try it?'

'Just now, at the covey that rose down my way.'

'The birds were about a dozen yards from you when they rose, and about twenty when you fired.'

Mr. Felix paused for a moment, apparently uncertain whether to become angry or treat the whole affair with contempt.

'That's your fun,' he said, with a sneer, as he walked off, 'and it's a pity you can't find another sort of joke.'

There were plenty of birds in the turnips, and there fell to the lot of Mr. Felix a sufficient number of those easy shots which even a farmer's boy would be ashamed to take. Felix, nevertheless, invariably fired the moment the birds rose from the ground; and as invariably missed. By the time we were at the end of the turnips, he had not added one to the bag.

He sat down upon a stile, and put his gun in a contemplative attitude across his knees.

'After all,' he said, 'doesn't it seem an ignominious thing for a man to be going after these poor birds, armed with all the appliances which science can invent, and shooting them down right and left. Why, it's downright slaughter: they have not a chance.'

'Oh yes, they have,' I hinted.

'I mean, sooner or later they are sure to be shot,' replied Felix, with a slight blush. 'Now I think there is something noble and fine in being able to shoot a seagull flying with an arrow. That is a triumph of personal skill; whereas here, it's your gunmaker, or the size of shot you use, or your dogs that do it all. I confess I don't see the fun of this kind of thing.'

My philosophic companion having for some minutes drummed on the stile with his heels, proceeded to try the contents of his pocket-flask; after which he began to bestir himself from his reverie.

'Now,' he said, 'I have a proposal to make. I don't think much of the working of these pointers. Will you take them, and I shall go off through this stubble up here with the retriever only? I like the idea of stalking game, because it makes you independent of dogs and adds to one's excitement.'

Without waiting for a reply, Mr. Felix rose and went, and I saw him no more for about an hour. But during that time we heard him firing briskly, and knew, by the sound of his gun, that he was roaming about in every possible direction, but always keeping far away from us. The number of cartridges he expended in that hour must have cost a fortune, and I was very anxious to see the result. At last we came upon him, seated on a bank, with a pocket-flask in his hand.

'You have had plenty of shooting,' I suggested.

'Oh, yes,' said Felix, cheerfully, 'and I have something to show for it. Look there!'

He pointed to the long grass by his side; but his impatience to show us what he had killed caused him to lay down his pocket-flask and fish out the game himself. The gentle reader will probably disbelieve me when I say that there was actually a smile of triumph on his face as he held up—a jay, a rabbit, and two house-pigeons

'That is all you have shot to-day?'

'Yes.'

Alas! for the unhappy keeper. He burst out into an uncontrollable snigger of laughter, and in vain tried to conceal his misdeed by turning away his head. The face of Mr. Felix at this moment was awful to behold. I believe he would have given the half of his fortune to be allowed to shoot this man: the anger revealed by his eyes was terrible.

'Don't you think it a fair morning's work?' he said, with a forced smile, and with a tremendous effort to look as though he had not heard the keeper.

'Well, you know, Mr. Felix, you went out partridge-shooting.'

'But if I get a decent shot at things that are much more difficult to kill—*much* more difficult to kill—than partridges, why should I not take it? Now look at this rabbit. You know how hard it is to shoot a rabbit when he's at full speed; and I say that a dead rabbit is worth a dead partridge any day.'

All the time he spoke his eyes were fixed upon the recusant gamekeeper, who now, fearful of drawing down vengeance upon himself, moved off under the pretence of taking the retriever to get some water. Felix followed him with that unholy look, and presently said,

'If you think it worth while to go over this ground again to-morrow, instead of going at once into Herts, I promise you we shall not be troubled by this man's exuberant fun.'

'But he is the only keeper.'

'Then Mr. Summers must get another.'

'Who will know nothing about the country.'

'I tell you,' said Felix, savagely, 'that I will not shoot another day in the company of such a low-bred wretch—*I will not do it.* I'll go into Herts, if you like, or anywhere

else you please; but I come here to-morrow only on condition that this man is discharged to-day. Why, he has not even offered to put the game I've shot into the bag!'

'He will do so presently,' I hinted; 'and don't you think that you yourself will be the only sufferer by refusing to shoot any more here?'

'That's all you know,' said he, with a horrible expression of malice. 'We get our poultry from Summers, and the moment he becomes disobliging, not one blessed chicken shall enter the house.'

After this terrible threat Mr. Felix would speak no more, and even refused to hear some plea of defective education on behalf of the poor keeper. He shouldered his gun, called on the retriever to follow him, and soon disappeared on another of those mysterious excursions which he seemed to love.

Before long we again heard him firing indiscriminately into space, and no sooner was this signal heard than the keeper came up to me and said—

''Pardon, sir, but 'was Mr. Felix a talking of me when he said as how he'd ask Mr. Summers to sack me?'

'Well, he was,' I said. 'You know you displeased him by laughing when he spoke of what he had shot.'

'But who could help laughin', sir?' asked the man, plaintively. 'And if Mr. Felix tries to make trouble atween me and Mr. Summers, I hope as you'll tell him, sir, all about it, and how it happened. If Mr. Summers was here hisself, he'd say as he never see sich a sportaman go out shootin on the first o' September.'

When we next stumbled upon Mr. Felix, he advanced with an easy consciousness which was evidently meant to conceal his pride. He came rapidly forward to us, holding out at arm's length a singular-looking object which looked more like a tattered scarecrow than a bird.

'I've got him this time,' said he.

'What is it?'

'Don't you see? A partridge!'

Sure enough he held in his hands a partridge, or rather the remains of a partridge, for the unfortunate bird had had his head nearly blown off, while the body was fairly riddled with shot.

'I didn't miss *him*, at all events,' said Felix, regarding the mass of ragged and clotted feathers; 'doesn't he look as if he had been speedily put out of pain?'

'He looks as if he had been tied to the muzzle of your gun before you shot.'

Mr. Felix replied with an uneasy laugh; and, having handed the bird to the keeper, passed on with us. Not twenty yards from where he had met us, one of the pointers was again struck motionless by a scent. Mr. Felix, forgetting his contempt for partridge shooting, pressed cautiously forward; and as a covey of fine birds rose about fourteen yards ahead, he fired both barrels right into the thick of them.

One bird fell!

Oh, who shall paint the rapture that now overspread Felix's face, and battled there with the modest simper by which he strove to hide his glowing satisfaction! He spoke quite kindly to the keeper, and reassured the poor man's mind. He took the bird from the retriever's mouth and regarded it with profound wonder and admiration; he plucked one of its feathers and put it in his cap; he smoothed down its wings and said 'Poor bird,' and tried to look mournful. What struck me as being rather peculiar was the fact that the capture of his previous prize had not in the least affected him in the same way.

The day's work was now about over, and we prepared to return for dinner. On the way Mr. Felix had two shots, and missed them both; but such a small mishap could not lessen the self-glorification revealed by his voice and manner. As we walked through the meadow outside the lawn, and drew near to the house, Mr. Felix declared that he saw a rook on the gravel before the window, and in a jocular way said he would soon cure him of his impudence. The bird hopped from the path on to the lawn, and Mr. Felix, creeping up almost on hands and feet, soon found himself at the railings surrounding the garden in

front of the house. I saw him rest his gun on one of the smooth iron bars, and before any one could tell him that he was pointing straight underneath the window, he had fired. Then there was a crash!—of broken and splintered panes; for some of the shot had glanced from the gravel and smashed the window of the drawing-room.

Before Mr. Felix could recover from his surprise and dismay, a female figure appeared at the door, and from the top of the steps surveyed us three in awful silence. It was Mrs. Felix, whose naturally roseate face was now further inflamed by anger. A slight amount of reasoning soon told her that the man from the barrel of whose gun smoke still ascended was the culprit; and indeed I was sorry for the guilty wretch who had now to confront this terrible creature.

'This is partridge-shooting,' she said, with a cold sarcasm which rather belied the fury of her eyes; 'to go and kill a poor jackdaw in front of a house, and to fire through a room in which three children are playing. This is partridge-shooting, is it, Mr. Felix?'

'My dear——' said Mr. Felix; but he was interrupted by a shrill scream from his little girl, who, running down the steps, had come upon the mangled carcass of her pet jackdaw.

'Oh! mamma, look at Jackie! He hasn't got any head but a bit of his bill, and he's all over blood. Who was it did it?'

'It was your papa, my girl, who took a jackdaw for a partridge, and broke the window and a mantelpiece ornament, and nearly killed three of his own children!'

Another of Mr. Felix's children came running out—a small boy of nine or ten years of age.

'Papa, what did you do with the dead partridge that Harry was going to bury in the meadow behind the summer-house? Harry found it this morning, and came back for a spade; and then he said he saw you lift it and carry it away.'

'I dare say you'll find it among the other jackdaws that your papa has shot,' remarked Mrs. Felix, cruelly. 'A dead partridge is a very easy thing to shoot.'

'Mrs Felix!' said the irate husband, with a face purple with rage and shame.

But Mrs. Felix turned contemptuously away from him, and marched with the gait of a queen along the hall and into the drawing-room. As for Felix, he looked as if he wished the earth would cover him; and his embarrassment was not the less painful and palpable on account of the ghastly smile with which he spoke of 'the ridiculous things a woman always says when she is in a temper, especially if her stock of brains be nothing to speak of.'

W. B.

WHAT DOES THE FACE TELL?

MY lady sits: a winsome sight!
What should she know of wrinkling care?
Her brow is smooth, as ivory white,
And youth and beauty both are there.
A winsome sight! and yet, I ween,
The artist, as he draws, may trace
Some grief by men unknown, unseen,
In yonder meditative face.

Some secret sorrow, which anon
Wells to the surface silently,
Turns light to gloom, like clouds upon
The depths of some fair sunlit sea.
'But modern beauties,' lyrics say,
'By far *too well* have learnt their parts
To yield to love's old-fashioned sway,
And diamonds long have vanquished hearts.

'They live so quick, there's little time
To brood o'er sentimental wrong:
Love's scarce a theme for poet's rhyme;
Love's torch has been extinguished long.'
Not so; though fashion, fickle dame,
Through countless various forms may change,
In girlhood's breast the heart's the same,
And not less wide the passion's range!

And so, methinks, if in his task
The artist noting sorrow's shade
On that fair face, dared pause to ask
Why oft so fitfully it played,—
The old, old tale he still might hear,
The old wrongs yet his heart might move,
Of girlish hope borne down by fear,
Of lavished disappointed love!

T. H. S. E.

CANINE CELEBRITIES.

'I am his highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you.'

WHOSOEVER'S dog you, gentle reader, may be, I, the gentle writer, am, for the nonce, M. Emile Richebourg's devoted dog and ardent admirer. That gentleman has had the patience—no, he has allowed himself the pleasure—of putting together a bulky volume, entitled, 'Histoire des Chiens Célèbres,' full of all sorts of stories about all sorts of dogs. He has been dog-fishing on an enormous scale, and his net has hauled to shore an extraordinary variety of canine prey. It is to be hoped that some publisher will, with his permission, present us with the entire work in an English dress. A great many of the dogs are quite new to us. Nevertheless, there are dogs historical, biblical, and classical; serio-comic, melodramatic, tragical, and farcical dogs; dogs political, domestic, and mendicant; every dog, in short, you can imagine, and a great many more; for after reading M. Richebourg's amusing compilation, you will confess that with them, as often occurs with the human race, truth is strange—stranger than fiction.

In turning over his well-filled pages, to select a short example or two, the choice is rendered difficult by his immense store of anecdotic wealth. Which dog shall I first take by the paw to introduce to the British public? Shall it be a lady or a gentleman? a puppy, or a dog advanced in years? a terrier, a turnspit, a coach-dog, or a mastiff? At the present moment, the weighty decision may almost be left to chance; for one of the consequences—perhaps I ought to say one of the premonitory symptoms—of the shooting season is, that men's minds are turned to dogs in general, to pointers and retrievers in particular.

I will therefore ask my sporting readers if they ever had, and what they would do were they ever to have, a dog in the guise of Athos the Terrible—a creature never to be forgotten; although canine celebrity, like human, varies in its kind and quality?

Athos (notorious as 'The Red Dog' throughout the whole arrondissement of Melun) never knew his parents. His mother abandoned him to the care of a goat, who first suckled him, and then discarded him by means of vigorous thrusts with her horns. His father, an incorrigible poacher, appears to have suffered the penalty of the law before he could lick his infant son. At the present writing, Athos is two years old, having been born in Paris on the 15th of June, 1865. Height, twenty inches; hair, carroty red; nose, sharp; chin, round; countenance, angular. Personal peculiarity, a habit of breaking and smashing everything.

In due time, Athos was put out to board and lodge with a gamekeeper, who taught him to find, to point, and to fetch, for twenty francs per month, or two hundred and forty francs per annum. The pupil soon gave signs of promise. In a fortnight he could find a hen in the poultry-yard, catch it at the hen-coop, and fetch it to the kennel, where he discussed it in company with a couple of bandy-legged terriers.

'Good!' said the keeper, when he beheld the feathers with which the Red Dog had softened the straw of his bed. 'I think I shall be able to make something of this fellow.'

He at once made out Athos's bill for the month:—

	francs.
Board and instruction during March. .	20
Hen killed	3
Collar torn	1
Leash broken	1
Medical attendance for indigestion after killing the hen	5
Total	30

The months of April, May, June, July, and August followed, with like results; that is, the Red Dog, making daily progress, added pigeons

to hares, ducks to pigeons, and rabbits to ducks. The gamekeeper had never had a boarder so little particular in his choice of food.

On the 4th of September, the day before the opening of the shooting season, Athos's master, Monsieur H——, a rising young doctor with a limited practice, came to fetch him. The teacher brought him out in triumph.

'Mon-ieur,' he said, 'you have got there a most wonderful dog. I shall be curious to hear of his performances.'

'Does he point well?'

'Nothing to boast of. He dashes off in fine style; but he listens to nothing, will have his own way, flushes the game a hundred yards off, runs after it a mile, and then comes down upon the other dogs like a thunderbolt. A good creature, nevertheless; keen nose, sweet temper; all you want.'

'How does he find?'

'Very tolerably. But he is sometimes before you, sometimes behind you, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left; never within gunshot, and often not within earshot. But a good creature, sharp-eyed, sure-footed, keen-nosed, sweet-tempered; all you want.'

'But I hope, at least, that he can fetch?'

'Whatever you like; hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges; only he brings the hares and rabbits in quarters and the partridges in halves. But an excellent creature, capital teeth, fine scent, sweet temper; you want nothing more.'

'I can shoot with him, then?'

'Certainly. Here is his little bill.'

	francs.
Six months' board and paternal care, at 20 francs per month, as agreed. . .	120
16 hens killed, at 3 fr.	48
4 ducks ditto, at 3 fr.	12
6 pigeons ditto, at 1 fr.	6
18 rabbits ditto, at 3 fr.	54
2 fat geese ditto, at 4½ fr.	9
3 neighbours' cats ditto, at 5 fr.	15
Crockery broken	45
Sheets, napkins, and towels torn and devoured	120
Children bitten, gendarmes insulted, rural policemen scared	100
Total	529

'Five hundred and twenty-nine francs!' exclaimed Monsieur H——, frightened out of his wits. 'Why, the sum is perfectly exorbitant.'

'Not a sou too much. Only keep your dog a fortnight, and you will see whether I have overcharged a single item.'

'Athos must be a confounded thief, then—a thorough brigand!'

'Not at all. He's only young; fond of play. He kills right and left; he plunders; he devours. But he's almost a puppy; he'll grow steadier with age. A good creature, sweet-tempered; the very thing for you.'

Monsieur H—— paid the money with a half-suppressed sigh, and started for the farm over which he was to shoot next day in company with a few select friends and Athos the Terrible.

The night passed quietly enough. The only serious discussion the Red Dog had was with the house-dog, the shepherd's dog, the lap dog and the eight pointers, his future companions. The whole was summed up in a few torn ears and an administration of the whip by a waggoner, whose hand was as heavy as his slumbers were light. Next morning, at seven, the sportsmen, after swallowing a cup of *café-au-lait*, which was to support them till eleven, and Athos with a capon on his conscience, which enabled him to wait for the first wounded hare, ranged themselves in battle array.

The first shot was fired at a covey of partridges immediately after entering a field of beetroot. A bird fell at Athos's nose; he looked at it disdainfully, and set off in chase of the rest of the covey. Unluckily, it kept up on the wing until it reached the Marquis de Bonton's property. Athos, caring little for such trifles, followed it with all the strength of his legs and his lungs.

'Hang the dog! Here, Athos!' and other cries, burst forth from the exasperated gunners.

The noise attracted the marquis's gamekeeper, who whistled the dog to come to him. But Athos, taught by experience that a keeper's whistle is often the precursor of his whip, stared at the whistler and continued

the chase, as if the Département of Seine-et-Marne had contained neither a keeper nor a marquis. Nevertheless, the stoutest sinews will tire. After having his run, Athos thought fit to rejoin the sportsmen. As he sauntered up in one direction, the marquis's keeper stalked forward in the other.

'Monsieur,' he said, politely, uncovering first his badge of office and then his head, 'I am very sorry for what has happened, for you have certainly there a most wonderful dog. But we have a painful duty to perform. You will receive tomorrow a summons for trespass. Good morning, Monsieur. I wish you luck.'

'A nice beginning!' muttered poor H——.

'If you wish it to go on better,' said one of his friends, 'I advise you to fasten Athos to your game-bag behind you. Here's a capital strap. If it breaks, I will pay for all the mischief he does.'

The advice was found good. A minute afterwards, Athos and his master were a semi-attached couple, entertaining about the same mutual affection as a constable and his prisoner. They set off again to continue their sport.

'Parbleu!' said H——; 'it was the best thing I could do. Gently, Athos, there's a good dog. I've got you, however. Go at them, now, all you like.'

Telling Athos to 'go at them,' was like telling a thief to steal. He did go at them so well that he upset his master, and got loose by tearing the game-bag to which he was fastened. He then celebrated his liberty by a zig-zag steeplechase, in the course of which he did not leave even a lark upon the ground.

'I have had enough of it for today,' said H——. 'You will find me at the farm. Perhaps you will keep an eye on Athos.'

Before entering the house, he thought it prudent to discharge the left barrel of his gun, which he had not fired. He took aim at an apple, and pulled the trigger. The apple did not fall, but the barrel burst. A handful of earth had plugged the mouth of the barrel when the Red Dog had thrown him down on the ground.

At noon the sportsmen returned to luncheon. The Red Dog led the way, seizing, as he entered, a fine roast fowl, breaking the dish, spilling the gravy over the farmer's wife's new dress, and upsetting a maidservant laden with a basket of eggs.

'A pretty piece of business!' exclaimed the farmer's wife. 'If people have no better dogs than that, the best thing they can do is to leave them at home. The next time the Red Dog sets foot in here the house will be too hot to hold him.'

'The dog will be my ruin,' H—— said to himself, turning as red as a new-boiled lobster. 'If this goes on, I shall have to leave the country. I must really take some decisive step.'

With infinite trouble he caught the Red Dog; then he bound him hand and foot; then he chained him to an iron staple inside the box of his dogcart, which he double-locked, and fastened outside with an additional bolt. In this way he reached home without much further unpleasantness. But while his friends were counting their game, he made a little estimate, for his own edification, of what Athos had cost him up to that moment:—

	francs
Keeper's bill for board and training	529
Capon for Athos's breakfast	4
Summons for trespass, &c., &c.	40
Mending torn game-bag	3
Gun burst	300
Roast fowl, for dinner	4
Dish broken	3
Replacing merino dress spoiled by the spilt gravy	60
Basketful of eggs broken	5
Total	948

A fortnight passed without H——'s friends hearing any news of him or of his dog. One of them at last received the following note:—

'My dear Charles,

'You know how I hate that fellow Lejeune, and the cause of my hatred. You are aware that he beguiled away my first patient, and

persuaded the woman I loved to marry him. I swore to be revenged, and I have kept my word. I have presented him with Athos; he accepts the Red Dog.

'Ever yours, in delighted haste,
'HENRI H.'

Of the ingenious atrocity of this mode of vengeance it is needless for us to say a word.

Our next portrait is that of a drawing-room dog; and as everybody thinks his own dog the best, the dearest, the most interesting in the world, M. Emile Dumont (cited by M. Richebourg) shall present *his* favourite himself.

Bianchino (the diminutive of the Italian word, bianco, 'white') is a Spitzberg dog, a race very largely kept in Russia, which was introduced to France at the time of the invasion—the only fault with which it can be reproached. In winter, Bianchino is a shaggy lion; in summer, he is shorn close, poodle fashion: he is then the drollest-looking creature in the world. Brought up and educated by Captain F——, a retired cavalry officer, he is consequently subjected to strict military discipline. Any infraction of the rules is followed by punishment.

'Ah, Bianchino! you have committed a fault,' is said to him in such a case. 'Go to prison, sir. Consider yourself arrested for one, two, or three days.'

At this order Bianchino droops his head, tucks his tail between his legs, and walks off to one of the corners of the room. There he stands on his hind legs, up against the wall, with his back turned to the company, and remains there until set at liberty; that is, until his master has counted, with intervals of silence more or less long, 'one,' 'two,' or 'three,' according to the gravity of the offence.

Bianchino is very fond of the captain's horse. He frequently visits him in the stable, which is shared with another horse belonging to a friend. These horses are attended to by different grooms, and receive different rations of food. Now the companion horse is allowed carrots, which the captain's is not; and the deprivation is especially tantalising, because the aromatic roots are piled within sight and smell in a corner of the stable.

It was found that this heap diminished rapidly, more rapidly, indeed, than it fairly ought. By careful watching it was discovered that Bianchino was the author of the theft. He thought it hard that his master's horse should not fare so well as the other did, so he pulled the carrots out of the heap one by one, and carried them to his friend, who munched them without scruple.

Bianchino feigns death admirably. At a pretended sword-thrust or a pistol-shot, he falls to the ground, stretches himself out, and remains motionless until the bugle, like the trump of judgment, sounds his resurrection, and gives the signal for resuming his frolics. This, however, is only a souvenir of what he witnessed on the field of battle; for, after serving in the army, he retired on half-pay at the same time as the captain did.

Bianchino dances and waltzes to perfection. At the word of command, rising on his hind legs, he follows the evolutions of his master's hand, which is provided with a lump of sugar. He circles round the room, revolving on his own axis, and keeping time to music when played to him, after which he is rewarded with the sugar. If, however, it is offered to him with the left hand he draws back with offended dignity; but as soon as the morsel is made to change hands he seizes it at once, and makes quick work of it.

In society we are sometimes troubled with visitors who to their other infirmities add the bad habit of leaving doors open behind them. On such occasions Bianchino rushes at the door, and does not rest until the bolt has caught the staple.

Bianchino has also had his fabulous adventures. He went to school, it seems, like you and me. The myth originated thus: He had gone through his performances before a numerous audience. The children of the party laughed till they cried. A curly-headed rogue went up to Captain F., and asked, 'Was it

you, Monsieur, who taught him all this?'

'Oh dear no! 'twas his schoolmaster.' Then, addressing the juveniles collectively, he added, 'You see, my young friends, the result of good conduct and perseverance. While still a puppy, Bianchino carried off all the prizes at the Dogs' Academy. Now that his education is complete, instead of being a pupil he has become a teacher.'

The children, mystified, opened their eyes.

'He now gives lessons,' continued Captain F.

'Does he charge dear for them?' one of the young folk inquired.

'That depends; Bianchino has his favourites.'

Upon which the child, turning to his father, said, 'Oh, papa, it would be so nice if you would let him give my dog Blacko some lessons.'

In spite of all which brilliant success, Bianchino's existence was not unclouded. He had a rival—a rival preferred to himself, who put his nose quite out of joint. One day there came to town a little newborn babe. Great was the joy of the delighted parents. The days were not long enough to fondle the child in; the dog was neglected and pushed aside. He growled inwardly as he crouched beneath the cradle. He wept, he groaned, he ground his teeth at the sight of the caresses lavished on baby. But when he saw the infant toddling from chair to chair, when the smiling infant threw his arms round his neck, all aversion and jealousy disappeared. No longer regarding him as a rival, he patronized him as a protégé. He rolled with him over and over on the carpet; he allowed his hair and his ears to be pulled; and on high days and holidays even acted as hobby-horse, maintaining all the while a certain air of superiority.

Bianchino has his place in the family circle, and his photograph figures in the family album. One day, when the boy was sitting for his portrait, the dog came and lay down at his feet. It is a charming group, all the better for being perfectly natural and unaffected.

There are dogs who are almost public characters. Toto, for instance, a white poodle of the purest breed, belonged to a Parisian café-keeper. As neat in person as lively in temper, he was the favourite not only of the master and his men but of all the customers who frequented the establishment. But besides his mere external graces the poodle rendered important service by performing errands entrusted to him. Every morning, carrying the basket in his mouth, he went to fetch the rolls at the baker's. He would make five or six journeys, if necessary, not only without the slightest complaint, but also with the strictest integrity. True, Toto fared sumptuously every day, but the rolls he carried were very tempting.

One morning, as usual, Toto delivered the basket of rolls to his mistress. She counted them: one was missing. The idea of suspecting Toto's honesty never once entered her head. She said to herself, 'The baker has made a mistake.' A waiter was sent to mention the circumstance. 'It is possible,' said the baker, giving the man a roll to make up for the one deficient. 'I did not count them myself; but you may tell your mistress that we will see that all is right to-morrow.'

The next day there was again a roll too few. Again they went to the baker's to complain.

'I counted the rolls into the basket myself,' he said, rather angrily; 'so I am sure they were right. If your poodle is a glutton it is not my fault.'

This speech plainly accused Toto of theft; and appearances, unfortunately, were much against him. Nevertheless his mistress persisted in expressing her doubts, so convinced did she feel of Toto's innocence. She decided, however, to have him secretly followed, in order to catch him in the fact if really guilty.

The next day a waiter, placed in ambuscade, saw him go to the baker's, and leave it with his basket full. Then, instead of taking the direct road home, he turned off by a side-street. The waiter, curious to learn the meaning of this manœuvre,

watched him into a courtyard, where he stopped before a stable-door which had a loophole at the bottom, to allow cats to go in and out. The waiter then saw him set the basket down, gently take out a roll, and present it at the cat-hole, where another dog's mouth instantly received it, as if an animal imprisoned there were awaiting its accustomed pittance. That done, Toto took up his basket, and trotted off home as fast as he could.

The waiter, on questioning the portress, was informed that in the stable there was a bitch who had littered only three days ago; and it was exactly for the last three days that the number of rolls brought home was short by one.

On returning he related to his mistress and the customers present what he had seen and what the portress had told him.

'Capital!' exclaimed the lady. 'Bravo, Toto! Good dog! Our hearts would be considerably harder than yours if we treated such conduct as a crime.' She consequently ordered that Toto should have full liberty of action in the disposal of the rolls.

Toto, therefore, using his discretion, continued for a certain time the same allowance to the lady in the straw; and then, when she began to wean her pups, he honestly brought home, as heretofore, the exact number of rolls delivered to him by the baker.

Our next dog answers to the name of Diamond; not the Diamond whose destruction of mathematical papers, so calmly borne by the philosopher Newton, is an instance of canine carelessness, but a far better dog, though of minor celebrity, who has been saved from oblivion by M. Philibert Audebrand.

'Viscount, you engaged me for the third quadrille,' said the Marquise de Servay, a rich young widow who was giving her first ball after throwing off her weeds.

'I cannot deny it, Madame,' replied the Viscount de la Châtaigneraie, a handsome young man, with but scanty resources besides a small estate in the Nivernais and an allowance made him by his uncle, the Archbishop of Bordeaux. The world, however, gave him credit for a good chance of obtaining the widow's hand.

'When the band commenced I looked out for you; but you allowed me to sit here without coming to fetch me.'

'Madame, I cannot deny the fact.'

'The truth is, Viscount, that you like the card-table better than the ballroom; you prefer the Queen of Clubs and the rest of her sisters to keeping your engagement with me.'

'I assure you, Madame——'

'It is quite useless your protesting to the contrary after acting thus. I am sorry that such should be the case; but wretched is the woman who is foolish enough to set her heart upon a gambler. You deserve to be punished, and you shall be, I promise you.'

'At least, Madame, I should like to know the nature of my punishment.'

'Well, sir, it is simply this: I will save you one of my bitch's puppies.' And with a curtsey she left him to join her other guests.

At the present day such a speech would sound vulgar, nay coarse, in a lady's mouth; but in 1782, and at Bourges, the capital of the province of Berri, it was merely a proverbial saying, expressing, in excellent though old-fashioned French, 'I will have my revenge.' During the rest of the evening, seeing that his hostess kept him at a distance, he could not but acknowledge the gravity of his offence, and apprehend the vengeance—a woman's vengeance—with which he had been deservedly threatened.

Nevertheless, a month elapsed without the occurrence of any unpleasant circumstance. La Châtaigneraie, believing that the Marquise bore no more malice than he did himself, supposed that his fault was forgiven or forgotten. He had come, however, to too hasty a conclusion. One January evening, on his return from shooting, Fridolin, his valet, handed him the following letter:—

'DEAR VISCOUNT,

'A promise is as binding as a written engagement. An honest Marquise must keep her word. I said I would save you one of my bitch's puppies. You will receive it a few minutes after the delivery of this. Oblige me by giving him the name of Diamond, which his ancestors have borne with unblemished honour.

'Yours, with sincere compliments,

'THE MARQUISE DE SERVAY.'

La Châtaigneraie had scarcely finished reading the note when a servant entered and presented him with a basket, in which he found a little greyhound pup. He began to swear, feeling himself humiliated and a laughing-stock. The joke, he thought, had been carried too far. The creature was weakly and anything but handsome; so he told his man to tie a stone to its neck, and drown it in the Loire.

'Poor thing,' said Fridolin. 'It is not its fault if Madame amuses herself at your expense. Let me keep it, Monsieur, and bring it up. I will undertake all the trouble myself.'

'Do as you please. If Madame de Servay were but a man! or if she only had a brother to answer for her impertinence!'

This jeer in action galled him deeply. Instead of regarding it as a good-natured mystification, he considered it meant as a proof of disdain. He could not drive it out of his mind; and having heard that India was the real Eldorado, he resolved to solicit the king for a commission, and seek his fortune at Pondicherry.

'Since my suit is repulsed thus scornfully,' he said, 'I will console myself by acquiring wealth.'

A fortnight afterwards he sailed from Marseilles on board the brig 'Duquesne,' bound for the Carnatic.

When the Marquise de Servay heard of his departure, she, in turn, felt exceedingly vexed.

'What nonsense has he taken into his head,' she exclaimed, 'to treat seriously in this way a mere piece of harmless pleasantry? I was fond of him, and was quite prepared to let him see it.'

'Ah, Madame!' said a lady in her confidence, 'there are three things you should never play with—the fire, your eyes, and your affections.'

La Châtaigneraie was absent a couple of years. He fulfilled the mission intrusted to him with great credit to himself. Some English prizes (vessels captured at sea) in which he had a share brought him in two hundred thousand francs, at that time a considerable sum. Then there was his allowance of two thousand crowns a year from the Archbishop of Bordeaux, besides his claim on the royal treasury for his services at Pondicherry; so that he was quite in a position to return to Europe.

He did return, at the beginning of the year 1785, first to Paris, then to Bourges. At any epoch two years are a considerable lapse of time; under the *ancien régime* they were especially so. Nothing is stable here below; and the Nivernais nobleman found many things changed. On presenting himself at one of Madame la Présidente de Morlieu's receptions he heard the news of the neighbourhood. Amongst other things he learned that the pretty Marquise de Servay, tired of waiting, and uncertain whether he would ever come back, had taken to herself one Maurice d'Esgrigny, a sort of small Baron in the Sologne, as a second husband some six months ago, her choice having been guided, gossips said, by his intrepidity as a dancer.

La Châtaigneraie therefore retired to his Nivernais home. After Fridolin, still his only attendant, the first creature who came to meet him was a rough-coated greyhound, a sort of lurcher, with bloodshot eyes, and of not at all a prepossessing appearance; but he wagged his tail to beg for favour, and licked his master's hand in token of affection.

"Ah! I recollect you, ugly brute. You are a reminder of my late mishap,' said the Viscount, lashing him with his riding-whip. 'Go to the devil!'

With a plaintive cry the animal turned round, and crawled back on his belly to his masters feet.

'If I might be allowed to speak,'

said Fridolin, 'I would say a few words in Diamond's favour.'

'Yes, I remember; Diamond is his name.'

'Monsieur doubtless has not forgotten that he gave me permission to bring up the pup. I did so, and have had no reason to repent of it.'

'What is he good for?'

'With Trumeau's (your old keeper's) help, I have made him the best dog in the neighbourhood. He always has his wits about him. He is first-rate in unearthing a fox, starting a roe-deer, and driving a boar. Diamond's courage is extraordinary; he is afraid of nothing, and has teeth of iron. Last winter, when the ground was covered with snow, he fought with and strangled in less than five minutes a wolf that had forced its way into the courtyard. As a trophy I cut off his feet and head, and nailed them to the stable-door. What does Monsieur think of these?'

At the sight La Châtaigneraie could not restrain a smile of approbation. 'As you give him such excellent testimonials,' he said, 'I have no wish to bear malice any longer. There, Diamond, let us make it up,' he added, patting the dog's head, and nothing further passed in the matter for a time.

Some days afterwards the Viscount went out shooting, taking with him the once despised dog. On his way back he said to himself, 'Fridolin is right; there cannot be a better sporting dog. The Marquise, without intending it, has made me a very valuable present.'

Before the week was out La Châtaigneraie had taken the dog completely into favour. When the creature came to caress and be caressed, he would say, 'Good Diamond! You are the best friend I have; for you love me in spite of my injustice. I'm sure you would defend me at the risk of your life;' and then the dog would bark his assent.

A year afterwards, in the depth of winter, the Viscount, going from Nevers to Avallon, entered, towards the close of day, a woody defile of the Morvan, a hilly country of bad repute. He skirted the forest called the Tremblaye. It was an act either of foolish imprudence or of very determined resolution; for the neighbourhood was notorious for the murders that were almost daily committed there. On so rough and ill-conditioned a road he could not hope to escape an attack by flight, however powerful his horse might be. On the other hand, neither the pistols he carried nor the raw-boned lurcher which ran before him were a sufficient protection against the bands of robbers which then infested the east of France.

Moreover, the Viscount, still fond of play, had lately lost ten thousand francs on his parole, and was now loyally taking it in gold to the winner. Without manifesting apprehension, he nevertheless urged his horse to do his best. 'Patience, Acajou!' he said. 'You'll soon get plenty of oats and hay. Courage, good Diamond! Don't you smell your supper?'

His first intention had been not to halt before reaching one of the intermediate towns between Nevers and Avallon; but as he felt himself oppressed by drowsiness, he changed his plan and hastened his pace, in order to sleep at the Tête-Noire, an inn situated in the middle of the wood. He reached it before very long. Finding the door shut he knocked for admission.

Strangely enough, although the house seemed in a bustle, to judge from the voices and the lights which flashed about in the upper story, he got no answer. The door remained closed.

'Are you all deaf?' he shouted, knocking louder. 'Can't you hear there is some one come to pass the night?'

After a while a window opened. 'Who is there?' inquired the innkeeper, with feigned surprise.

'It's me, Master Pennetier, the Viscount de la Châtaigneraie. I have already told you I want a night's lodging.'

'A hearty welcome to you, Monsieur le Vicomte. Jeanne! George! Why don't you run downstairs and open the door to let the worthy gentleman in? You seem as if you meant to keep him waiting outside all night long.'

Admitted at last, the Viscount could not help expressing his astonishment. 'Master Pennetier, you must be hard of hearing to-day. I knocked at the door at least ten minutes, and yet you were not abed and asleep. What the deuce were you so busy about upstairs there?'

The man forced a grin, and stammered, 'We were busy about—— all sorts of things. There is so much to do in an out-of-the-way inn like this. Jeanne, unstrap that knapsack from the saddle; and you, George, take Monsieur's horse to the stable. Give him all the corn he likes to eat.'

The maidservant, to show her obedience to orders, not only took the knapsack indoors, but began to open it and examine its contents, as if arranging them for the traveller's use.

'Stop a minute! not quite so fast!' said the Viscount. 'I'll do that myself, when I want it.' Then imprudently adding, 'There's gold enough there to marry off the ugliest girl in Morvan; and you are too pretty to stand in need of that.'

Jeanne opened wide her little black eyes, and so did Master Pennetier his squinting grey ones.

'Yes,' continued La Châtaigneraie, with the boastful rashness habitual to the gentlemen of that day, 'my knapsack is heavy: you will therefore be good enough to let me have a room that is secure against intrusion.'

'The most secure in the Tête-Noire, Monsieur le Vicomte; although, as for that, all rooms are safe in an honest man's house. George, get the chamber on the first floor ready.' And as George seemed to hesitate, he added, 'Be off with you quickly! Do you think I don't know what suits my customers? And you, Jeanne, give Monsieur his supper.'

They set before him, regretting they had no more, a leg of mutton, some salad, dried fruits and cheese for dessert, with a bottle of excellent Sancerre wine. La Châtaigneraie ate heartily, declaring there was quite enough for him and for Diamond too. It was ten o'clock by his Geneva watch when he rose from table and retired to his bedroom. As he entered he deposited the knapsack in a corner; Diamond went and lay down upon it.

'Just so, good fellow; keep guard there.' Casting a glance round the room, he observed to himself, 'The look of the place is not inviting; but for one night it does not matter much.' He then undressed and got into bed.

Under the influence of fatigue he was about to blow out the candle and fall asleep, when he noticed that the dog had suddenly left his post, walking round the bed and sniffing under it in a singular way.

'What can this mean?' La Châtaigneraie thought. He rose, and felt under the bed, to ascertain the cause. He shuddered involuntarily as his hand touched a human foot—a cold and naked human foot.

During his stay in India he had witnessed, in the character both of actor and spectator, not a few incidents of a startling nature, but he had never met with anything so horrible as this. Doubting whether he were not in a dream or the victim of some frightful hallucination, he took the candle and looked under the bed. It showed him that he was under no delusion. There lay a corpse—the dead body of a man!

Diamond looked into his master's eyes, as if to ask what he should do—bark an alarm or hold his peace.

'Hush! keep quiet!' whispered the Viscount, at the same time, making an effort on himself, he drew the body into the middle of the room.

La Châtaigneraie was really brave when he knew the adversary with whom he had to deal. But what was this mysterious piece of villany? How was he to defend himself in the dead of the night, alone, in an isolated inn? Either the matter was inexplicable, or he was compelled to conclude that the people of the house had committed murder, and that the same fate was reserved for him. He took counsel with himself what to do, what to decide on in such a situation. Flight was impossible; besides, the Viscount was one of those men who never flee.

He dressed himself again.

'But how can I tell,' he thought, 'that there are not ten or a dozen cut-throats assembled in this den? In that case, how can I avoid falling into their clutches? They may come down upon me at any moment. There is no time to lose.'

Summoning all his presence of mind, he made Diamond go back to the knapsack and lie down upon it. Searching round the room, he discovered a secret door in the alcove which contained the bed. He concluded that that was how the murderers entered in order to commit their crimes, in which case it would be unwise to bar it. He therefore put the body into the bed at exactly the place he would have occupied himself; then he extinguished the light, and, armed with his pistols, crept under the bed, lying down on the spot whence he had drawn the body.

There he waited, listening attentively. For an hour he saw nothing but Diamond's eyes, which shone like a couple of burning coals. But very soon after one in the morning he heard the paper which lined the alcove creak; the secret door slowly opened, and in the midst of the darkness a man leaned stealthily forwards over the bed and stabbed the body afresh, repeating his blows several times.

'I must have done his business!' the assassin muttered.

Hardly had the words escaped his lips when Diamond rushed at him, and with his powerful teeth tore his cheek.

'The devil take you!' the murderer growled. 'As soon as it is light I will serve you as I have served your master.' The door then closed and all was silent.

At cock-crow La Châtaigneraie crept out of his hiding-place, with the full determination of quitting the house by some means or other. At daybreak he heard the sound of wheels; they were carriers' carts, whose drivers halted for their morning dram.

'Now is our time, Diamond,' whispered La Châtaigneraie, taking his knapsack and stalking downstairs, making all the noise he could.

'Saddle my horse instantly,' he said to the astonished innkeeper, whose face was tied up in a handkerchief. And he set off on his journey without bidding his crestfallen host farewell.

That very evening the officers of justice came and searched the Tête-Noire inn. Pennetier and his accomplices were sent for trial before the Criminal Court of Dijon. As the innkeeper persisted in denying many of the facts of which he was accused, the Viscount, remembering the legendary story of the Dog of Montargis, said to the magistrate, 'Next to myself, the principal witness is my dog, Diamond, who set his mark upon the murderer's cheek. I demand that he be brought into court.'

The case was considered sufficiently grave for this evidence to be regarded in a serious light. When Diamond was confronted with the prisoner, his eyes flashed fury, he showed his teeth, and if La Châtaigneraie had not held him tight, he would have torn the innkeeper to pieces.

That well-deserved punishment was only deferred. Master Pennetier was condemned to death. Three months after the commission of the offence he was broken on the wheel, alive, in front of the palace of the Dukes of Burgundy.

Diamond became the lion of the neighbourhood, and La Châtaigneraie grew more and more attached to the courageous creature who had so effectually helped him.

'Monsieur le Vicomte,' said Fridolin one day, 'was I not right in begging you to let me keep the dog?'

The question painfully recalled Madame de Servay's joke, as well as what he was pleased to term her treachery.

Meanwhile a storm was brewing, which threatened to sweep over not only all France but the whole of Europe. That storm was THE REVOLUTION, with its train of horrors, its torrents of blood, and its avenging thunderbolts. One of the first pitiless war-cries raised was, 'Down with the châteaux! spare the cottages!'

La Châtaigneraie, who dwelt in an unpretending old manor-house,

with a pepper-box tower for its sole fortification, listened to these menaces without alarm. In the first place, because he was brave and capable of defending himself if attacked by a mob; and secondly, because he was greatly beloved and did not know a single enemy. Almost all his neighbours, however, were emigrating. Some, who were going to Germany to take up arms against the promoters of the Republic, urged him to follow their example.

'No,' said the Viscount, quietly but decidedly. 'I respect the feelings and the motives of those who think fit to enter a foreign service as the best way of assisting their king, but I have no intention of doing as they do; neither do I mean to remain at home, to be slaughtered like a sheep one of these days.'

'What will you do, then?'

'I shall follow the advice of a young Breton officer whom I recently met in Paris.'

'His name?'

'The Viscount René-François de Châteaubriand. He recommended me to make a tour in the New World, and remain there till the tempest shall have passed away. It is useless to fight with the elements let loose. When the storm is over I can return to France, and help to reconstruct the ruins of our country.'

'Do you go alone?'

'Certainly not.'

'Whom do you take with you?'

'The best of friends.'

The Viscount whistled. 'Here, Diamond. This way. Show yourself. The day after to-morrow you and I, and Fridolin also, if he likes to come, will start for America, to avoid witnessing what threatens to occur at home.'

METAGRAMS.

THE 'grams, as numerous and as varied as the 'ologies, differ like them in their degree of attractiveness. For besides 'ologies of hard comprehensibility, there *are* such things as light theology, interesting geology, entertaining meteorology (witness the weather almanacks), and ridiculous astrology (see Francis Moore and Zadkiel).

The 'grams present an equal diversity. Epigrams make us smile or wince, according as they are pointed at others or ourselves. Monograms are more amusing for the gentleman who makes them than for the lady who has to make them out. Anagrams are an excellent expedient for twisting your brains into a ruffled skein; while telegrams often illustrate the sayings that no news is good news, and that bad news travels fast. We may assume, I think, that they (namely, telegrams) bring with them more sorrow than mirth, upon the whole. For one telegram announcing that you have come into a fortune, informing you that the Queen has raised you to the baronetcy, or pressing you to join a pleasant picnic coming off without fail at the rendezvous to-morrow, you will have a dozen summoning you to a parent's deathbed, acquainting you that your favourite child has caught the measles, warning you that your banker is on the verge of a run, or delicately hinting that your wife has left home, forgetting to return to the conjugal dwelling. Unless you know beforehand what it is likely to contain, the very sight of a telegram is enough to make you tremble.

We therefore welcome a new sort of 'gram which will often please and never pain. It belongs to the same branch of harmless amusement as enigmas, conundrums, and charades. Its name, metagram, is derived from two Greek words, signifying a 'change of letters.' It is on this change that the whole thing turns. The mode of doing it is best explained by an example.

Take a word, ROBE, for instance. You describe a robe as you would in a charade or enigma. You then suppose it converted into another word by changing one of its letters. Thus, change the third letter, B, into S, and you obtain a new word, ROSE,

which has also to be enigmatically indicated to the guesser.

Again; suppose we take DAME, in which we fix upon the first letter as the one to be changed. Substitute G for D, and it gives you GAME, which is open to quite a different set of descriptive details. By using S instead of G, you obtain another word, with another set of ideas attached to it, although it is SAME: F, replacing S, rewards you with FAME, on which you may exercise your rhymester's eloquence.

It is understood that, in every case, there is no suppression nor addition, but only a *change*, of letters. Moreover, the letter substituted must always occupy the place of the letter removed. The metagram, therefore, gives you a word to guess by indicating, under the name of 'feet,' the number of letters of which it is composed. It then tells you which letter of this word is to be changed in order to form another word, at the same time adding a description of the thing signified by the new-made word. Of course, a certain vagueness and ambiguity in the terms employed enhances the pleasure of guessing a metagram, as it does with an enigma and a charade.

So now, fair ladies, let us go to work. Only put on your best guessing-caps, and the metagram will reveal its mysteries to your bright intelligence, as the rosebud opens in the sunshine. Their solution is not so hard as determining beforehand what new female appendage is to succeed to chignons.

I present you with no more than half a dozen metagrams for trial. If you like them, it will be easy to produce a few more out of my treasury.

I.

An insect on the wing I be,
Although my feet are only three.
—My third foot changed, I then have four,
Which, standing still from hour to hour,
Await your pleasure or your pain
With equal patience.—Change again;
The chances are that, out of me,
Reverse of fortune you may see.—
First I have much to do with honey;
Next, with night-work; last with money.

II.

My feet are four, on which I firmly stand,
Confronting ocean, to protect the land;
And yet beneath the waves I often lie,
The unsuspecting ship's worst enemy.
Without my aid the lofty mountain chain
Would melt and crumble to the level plain.
—Change but my first foot, and you give me two,
On which I strut and sing my 'Doodle-doo!'
A feather'd biped, typical of France,
Except in never having learnt to dance.
Gallic I am, and British too, I trow,
Whenever Britain wants to pluck a crow;
A gallant bird; and if too loud a boaster,
I make amends as rooster, or as roaster.

III.

On six feet, I am a noxious drink,
Of whose effects you shudder to think.
—Change only my second foot, and then
You convert me into the horrible den
Where the culprit, who gave the noxious drink,
Awaits the fate of which you shudder to think.

IV.

With four feet I swim in waters clear,
A fish, to cooks and gourmands dear;
With four feet, in waters still I dwell,
How many years no man can tell.
—My first foot changed, the Emerald Isle
Accepts my music with a smile.
With equal welcome heard am I
In the Welsh vales, midst mountains high.
But whether fish, Sir, or instrument of music,
I hope, Sir, I never shall make *you* sick.

V.

On my four feet I oft sustain you;
—The first changed, I can still maintain you.
—Again changed, I'm a source of wonder;
'Tis me, if you can silence thunder,
Or turn the tide, or jump over the moon,
Or empty the Caspian Sea with a spoon.
First I am wood, or iron, or stone;
Next, I am flesh, with fat and bone.
Lastly, I am, my worthy good man,
What you *can't* do, rather than what you can.

VI.

Concluding specimen, or bouquet; the simplest possible of metagrams, in free verse.

On four feet, whether I run, or jump, or walk, or creep,
I am only a fool;
—Change my first; if I saw, or cut, or brush, or sweep,
I am still but a tool:
—Change again; if you wish to make your sweetheart weep,
And are such a silly elf,
As to drown yourself;
Very well; I am a pool.

This time, being in a generous frame of mind, I will whisper the solutions in your ear at once, instead of making you wait till next month for them. Only stoop low, and listen attentively, in order that your neighbour may not overhear them. They are—

I. Bee, Bed, Bet.
II. Rock, Cock.
III. Poison, Prison.
IV. Carp, Harp.
V. Seal, Meal, Peal.
VI. Pool, Tool, Pool.

No. II.—By Alfred Crowquill.

THE DREADFUL COLLAPSE OF 1867.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO THINKS THE PRESENT FASHION HORRIBLE!

THE TAILORS' STRIKE. MY HONOURABLE COUSIN'S DILEMMA. HE WALKS BY GASLIGHT!

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO IS WAITING FOR A GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENT.

THE CRAFT AMONG THE ROCKS.

The Boots—A Rhapsody.

YOU may talk of your Lurlines and mermaids and that,
But did they wear boots or a coquettish hat;
Or did they wear lace as a transparent fall,
With the tip of the nose hardly showing at all;
Or did they play bo-peep with you all the while,
Contriving to show you the month had a smile?

* * * * *

I stood beside the rolling, restless sea,
And my friend Smith stood smoking close by me;
The ocean's foam rolled playfully away
(Venus was born of that same foam, they say).
Enough, my fate was sealed that very day.
Tripping on the golden sands, a footstep light
Struck on my ear, then *she* burst on my sight;
Smith saw her too and pocketed his pipe,
And gave his long moustache a smoothening wipe—
I wished him safe aboard his ten-ton yacht—
She'd such a foot,
And then her boot,
Built like a Hessian with a silken knot!
Not black and polished, but of creamy hue—
When I said boot, of course I meant she'd two,
With instep arched, just like the Bridge of Sighs,
And two such heels, to give a little rise;
But they were nothing to her coal-black eyes,
That gave the look that quite electrifies.
She stood upon a little pedestal of rock,
And screamed out little screams at every shock:
The tide was rising, and each tiny wave
Rushed round her feet, so playfully to lave
And kiss the boots that held those pretty feet,
Then, quite abashed, they beat a quick retreat.
At last a swell much bigger than the rest,
More impudent, in fact, now onward pressed.
She fled! but still the swell kept pressing on,
I thought my love and both her boots were gone.
Smith stood aghast, but I, with frantic cry,
Seized her at once, and bore her high and dry!
Her ma, who had been dozing in the sun,
Woke up and asked what she had been and done?

* * * * *

We saw them home, Smith took the good pa-rent,
Whilst I with Miss walked far behind content;
And then, good sirs, why need I tell you more?
Each morn beheld me knocking at the door
With flowers or music, or some poor excuse,
That with my time and heart just played the deuce.

Drawn by Alfred Crowquill.]

THE CRAFT AMONG THE ROCKS.

[See "The Boots—a Rhapsody."

At last all things went on the usual way,
And ended in 'love, honour, and obey;'
Which did of course produce the usual fruits—
I have the lady and—*I buy the boots.*

MORAL.

The moral is, that victim man,
If he just only knew it;
Ah, if he did— why then, of course,
He'd never go and do it.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

HUMOURS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

ENOUGH has been said about the Paris Exhibition in the way of description and criticism, and, to state a candid impression candidly, I think it has been overpraised and overwritten about. But before it closes let me gather up some personal reminiscences and a few additions of adventure that will keep clear of the newspapers. Going about among one's friends and acquaintances, Paris has been the prominent idea all the spring and summer. When I lunched lately with the Griggses of Clapham Park (old Griggs being safely stowed away at the Stock Exchange), mamma and the girls told me that though they had certainly been bitten by Overend and Gurney, they had made up their minds (old Griggs having always kept within a margin) that it was absolutely necessary, particularly with respect to public opinion in Clapham Park, that they should do the Exhibition. How excited the dear girls became when they talked about the amusements and dissipations of Paris, for which the Exhibition would furnish colour and excuse; and how unreservedly did Mrs. Griggs take me into confidence about Overend and Gurney; and how glad she was to find that she was not absolutely obliged to go to the Grand Hôtel or the Louvre, and that every meal would not necessarily cost a napoleon a head. Griggs asked me a few days after to partake of a saddle of mutton, which meant a gorgeous dinner, in which there was no apparent falling off from pristine splendour. At the dinner I certainly contrasted the lofty politeness of the young ladies with the cozy familiarity of the lunch, and I am afraid I thought worthy Mrs. Griggs a humbug for alluding in that distant way to the Paris Exhibition, as if it were a subject that had only lately and accidentally entered her thoughts. I knew that Griggs would have to submit; it was only a matter of time; and sure enough the Griggses turned up, as will be hereafter mentioned in this veracious narrative. Likewise several friends of mine rushing into matrimony about this time, despite my gentle dissuasives, which met with less attention than my valuable remarks ordinarily received, I was much consulted on the advisability of proceeding to Paris for the honeymoon. I quite admitted that in one point of view there was a great deal to be said for the idea. You will not be bored with each other so soon, having the Exhibition to fall back upon. Poor Widdicombe, who was married the other day, about a week after the event, had to telegraph to some friends to join him, as he and his bride were tired of each other's society. Still, in crossing the Channel, you may be placing yourself and your wife under very unromantic conditions. Supposing one or both of you are very ill, you will either be making yourself ridiculous at the very time when you would wish to be most interesting, or beginning to signalise yourself too early for brutal indifference. However, several braces of married pairs disregarded my advice, and on some far-distant day they will probably ac-

knowledge to me that they regretted they did not follow it. Then, again, there were a whole lot of undergraduates from Trinity, who went over *en masse*, and did not even think it necessary to make any pretence of a coach and private readings. I was hardly surprised to find my own old college friend, Jones, at the Exhibition, for wherever I go I meet Jones as a matter of course. He is a special correspondent to some paper, and at the present moment is getting his traps together to be off to Abyssinia. But I confess I was very much and agreeably surprised to see my friend the Rev. Theophilus Gataker, who for the last thirty-five years has been immured in a rectory in Dorsetshire during which time he has hardly visited London, turning up on the Boulevards, and placidly imbibing sherry cobbler at an American bar. But we live in an era of revolutions, and Mr. Gataker's revolutionary movements struck me more forcibly as a sign of the times than Mr. Disraeli's Household Parliament.

As I was staying for a little while at Calais, it was a great amusement to check off the different people who were passing to and fro. About this time the balance of summer weather had been seriously disturbed. Violent winds had set in, and on the narrow seas it alternately blew a quarter, a half, and a whole gale. Travellers tell us of a certain halfway station, I think somewhere on the Andes, where a singular contrast is presented between the ascending and descending travellers who meet at the same point. Those who are mounting are shivering with cold, and those who are descending are fainting with heat. Not otherwise was the scene at Calais. Jaunty, well-dressed, and smiling were the travellers who had just come back from Paris; miserable, disorderly, and in the deepest dejection were those who had just landed from Dover. These looked cheerily at the sky and took weather observations on the quay, as if they could thus obtain the smallest indication of the state of matters in the middle of the Channel; those were thoroughly beaten, and, asking for bedrooms and brandy, declared their utter inability to proceed to Paris on the same day. Jones alone was unmoved. He told me that he had been twice round Cape Horn, and had spent a considerable part of his life upon the Bay of Biscay. As for one of the lovely young brides who showed upon this occasion, I am afraid that even thus early in the gushing spring of life she had arrived at the conclusion, speaking metaphorically, that matrimony is not all beer and skittles. She had considerably picked up next morning, and by extraordinary efforts at matronly demeanour, endeavoured to convince the breakfast-table world that she was celebrating her silver or twenty-fifth wedding-day, instead of being fresh from St. George's, Hanover Square. But even more than those who had suffered in their passage I pitied those who were about to make it—

> 'Unheeding of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
> Which, hush'd in grim repose, awaits its evening prey.'

I had been in the Avenue Labourdonnaye, looking at the Belgian collection of pictures, when I saw the Griggses approach the office for issuing weekly tickets. The elderly Griggs had been profoundly penetrated with the idea, while on the Stock Exchange one day, that the proper thing was to take the weekly ticket, whereby an entire admission was secured, also a free pass to all the *péages spéciaux*, and you might go in and out as often as you liked and at any entrance. This is all very true, and the Griggses were in the right to take weekly tickets; only they ought to have remembered, for I had given them the hint, that they must be provided with photographs, to which their weekly ticket is added. But somehow they had imbibed the imbecile idea that in the case of Britishers this rule was not very strictly insisted on, little knowing the Gallic passion for organization and the Median strictness of their regulations. They had all the consolations which shrugs and smiles could impart, but the rules were inexorable; and all the officials could do was to point out

to them a photographic establishment where their *cartes de visite* might be taken with the least possible delay. So Mr. and Mrs. Griggs, and Master Griggs, and the two Miss Griggses had to dangle about a photographic studio for the whole of the morning, and the old birds did not at all appreciate the fifty francs which formed the initial expense of the Exhibition. They would have saved time and money if they had had minds open to conviction. Laura Griggs is a very nice girl, that is to say, as nice as any girl of the name of Griggs can be, and the sooner she changes it the better. I have my doubts, however, whether she would consider the name of Tompkins any improvement; I am afraid that Griggs *père* would consider it an impecunious name. Chatting with Laura in the studio was very pleasant for a time, but I question if even Petrarch himself could have stood very much of Laura, if a grilling sun was glowering through a glass roof, and the dust was an inch deep on the bare floors and the mutilated chairs, and grinning idiots came and went on the same monotonous errand connected with their inexpressive countenances, and a very strong smell of chemicals was pervading the establishment, and the British father was loudly execrating the stupidity of his wife in not bringing the photographs and the stupidity of the French in wanting them, and there were seventeen flights of stairs to traverse between the *atelier* and the *entresol*. It was edifying to meet Mr. Griggs some hours later, with a little library packed under his arm, containing an entire and unique collection of the catalogues, and addressing himself to the systematic study of the different objects. I made the mental calculation that this enthusiasm for knowledge would continue till Griggs should arrive at the British refreshment department, when Griggs would assuredly subside into a state of bottled stout. There was one particular scientific object which received considerable attention from my friend. This consisted of the plans and sections of a contemplated railway across the Channel. I wonder if the ingenious framer of those plans ever had any actual experience of a gale in a Channel. The notion of any bridge of boats ever spanning the waves under a sou' wester is one of the most marvellous and incongruous that could ever have occurred to the imagination of an architect of Laputa. When we had cleared out of Dover we had found ourselves at once in the teeth of a gale, and a sea behind (the *undæ sequaces* of Horace) swept clean over the deck, and Laura Griggs had been enveloped at once in a sheet of water, and might have imagined herself in bathing costume beneath the briny. I need hardly say that there was a manly form at hand on whose stalwart arm she could find support. After the bottled stout Mr. Griggs was not long in steering his way to one of those deep leather-covered circular settees which are infinitely more comfortable than any of the chairs, for which two sous are demanded. Here the worthy man reclined, and spread a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief over his head and deliberately composed himself to sleep. Quite a circle of admiring Frenchmen gathered round him, and I confidently expect to find him reproduced in the 'Charivari' shortly. In the meanwhile I pioneered the ladies to the *Jardin réservé*, and envied the cool fishes that were swimming about so leisurely in their aquarium. In that cool grot Laura was accidentally separated from her party, but I had impressed upon them the precaution that in case of any such accident they should resort to the pavilion of coinage in the central garden at the stroke of the hour. Dazed and amazed to the last degree were the Griggses on their first day, and I quite pitied Laura, who would have revivified if the poor girl could have had a quarter of an hour's rest from the incessant tumult and noise.

One day I had mentioned this fact to Jones, how this restless Exhibition tired one so soon, and that I should enjoy it doubly if only I could get a little repose and read my morning 'Galignani,' which has the same sedative effect for me as a

morning pipe. 'Come along with me,' said Jones, tapping me upon the shoulder. Then Jones led me into a large cool room, spacious and silent, where a large table was literally covered with newspapers and periodica's, and little tables had writing materials and blotting-papers; and better than all was the enjoyment of ease and privacy, and the consciousness that out of that surging human sea I had planted my foot on dry land at last. 'Oh, Jones, this *is* kind!' I said, as I wrung his hand and a manly tear started to my eye. 'What jolly club is this? Put me down as a visitor, or make me a member. Expense is no object.' Then Jones grimly smiled, and pointed me to the printed bill, 'Working Man's Hall.' 'Jones,' I said, 'I will be a working man. Ease before dignity. I will wear corduroys and a blouse before I lose this paradise of the Exhibition.' I may here mention, parenthetically, that very few corduroys and blouses ever came into this fairy hall, which was a secluded deserted island in the middle of the waste. 'Tompkins,' said Jones, 'if you were the British aristocrat, or a bloated capitalist, or a man of letters and genius, you might sigh in vain for admission into this palatial hall. Labour is king. The British workman is the ruling influence of the state, and you may judge of his supremacy by the fact that the only place at all approximating to a club in the Exhibition has been appropriated to the British workman, and the man of mere education and refinement has no retreat of the kind.' Jones is a fellow of infinite resource. He contrived, greatly to my delight, to present me with a ticket of membership, and I was quite prepared to coalesce with the British working man, who so rarely turned up, however, that I had no opportunity of extending to him the grasp of brotherhood. Jones knows a lot of queer things. I cannot think how he manages to pick up his information, only I know that he, or rather the people who own him, will give any amount of money to get it. He has repeatedly told me important items of Paris news the evening before they appeared in the Paris morning papers. 'There was a queer story going a little while ago,' said Jones, 'at the time the Emperor distributed the prizes at the Palais in the Champs Elysées. You were there, I suppose?' said Jones. I was compelled to own that I was not. 'I was, though, and not so very far from the imperial dais. The story is,' he continued, lowering his voice, 'that when some man belonging to the electric telegraph came to receive his prize from the hands of the Emperor, he slipped into his hands a paper, on which he had written, *Maximilian is taken, and shot.* It was the first intelligence that had come to Europe, and amid all the splendours of the scene, the Emperor quailed visibly. Curious story, isn't it, Tompkins?' said Jones. 'Do you believe it?' I inquired. Jones was silent, and declined to answer. 'I didn't put it into the paper,' he added, 'but, for all that, so ran the story at the time, and I observed that it got into one of the foreign newspapers.'

Those Griggses were certainly the most helpless people in the world, thoroughly unversed in Parisian ways, and with all my regard for Laura's belongings, the thing became rather 'a grind.' It was quite a separate piece of education to teach them how to get to the Exhibition. I used to convey them safely to the railway station in the Rue d'Amsterdam, where they could not go far wrong, as the line set them down within the very building itself. Then, for a change, I took them through the Louvre to the steamers, where, on the river, they always found a fresh breeze, and, boating between the quays, saw the finest view which Paris could offer. It was I who showed them that they need not necessarily be cheated by the coach-drivers, and explained to them the mystery of the correspondence of omnibuses. It was I who enabled them to navigate their own course in triumph to the Porte Rapp. It was I who was their escort to St. Germains, St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau, and, instead of allowing them to tread in

the beaten track of tourists, took them to choice bits of genuine forest scenery in these regions, which, by themselves, they could never have found out. But why should I enumerate all the boons I showered upon this family, whose ingratitude—but I must not anticipate the tragic portion of my narrative. The Griggses had gone to an hotel in one of the streets between the Champs Elysées and the Faubourg St. Honoré, the heart of the English quarter. They had got a floor to themselves, almost as complete as a Scotch flat, and Mrs Griggs, having the recollection of Overend and Gurney before her, had resolved to make the matutinal coffee herself, and not have it sent up from the hotel. I met Griggs rushing about the Faubourg one morning, and he asked me, in a distracted state of mind, what was the French for coffee-pot I helped him out of his difficulty, and saw him return to his inn with the humble but comforting article surreptitiously concealed beneath his overcoat. The dining difficulties that beset the Griggses were very great. They had gone into a café and demanded dinner, but Laura, whose boarding-school French had been confidently relied on, broke down altogether under the test, and Mr. and Mrs. Griggs, finding that they could make nothing of the *carte* that had been handed to them, majestically sailed out into the streets. I gave them a good dinner and a pleasant evening on one occasion, but I could not always be doing that sort of thing. We dined together at the Cercle International — about ten francs a head, including wine – after we had had a long afternoon at pictures, and then sat out in the open air, listening to the music of Strauss' band; then we drove to the hotel for coffee, and afterwards went to the Théâtre Lyrique, where, with incredible pains, I had managed to secure a box for the performance of Romeo et Juliette. That was really a great thing for Laura Griggs, for it enabled her to compare among her friends Patti's personation of Juliette with that of Madame Miolan-Carvalho, for whom Gounod composed the music. In fairness perhaps, it ought to be mentioned that old Griggs performed the useful but subordinate part of paymaster. I myself lean to the opinion that the charges against the French for imposition are, upon the whole, rather exaggerated, and that they are no worse than the Londoners were in 1862. Yet I must allow that the Griggses were grossly victimized in the matter of their dinners at the hotel. There was certainly an announcement in thin gold letters that there was a *table-d'hôte à 6 heures*. I flatter myself that I know something of the *tables-d'hôte* of Paris, and I venture to say that for years there had been no regular *table-d'hôte* at that hotel. The *salle-à-manger* totally contradicted all the received notions about French cleanliness and glitter, being dark and bare and repellent. The Griggses were surprised that they were always dining alone, and that the dinners contradicted all their notions respecting the glories of French cookery. I dined with them one day in a friendly way—what old Gilbert called 'promiscuous-like'—and took mental as well as bodily stock of the feed—a very thin soup, no fish, bif-stack (*sic*), and *pommes-de-terre, haricot verts, gigot de mouton, volaille* (microscopic merry-thoughts), and lettuces drenched in oil. *Voilà tout!* The dessert was not bad, and old Gilbert gave us champagne *ad libitum*. He complained to me bitterly of his French dinners. 'They are not so bad,' I replied, 'provided you take a sufficient number of them in the course of the day.' I had no doubt but the landlord procured the dinners from a neighbouring restaurant, and charged napoleons where he had paid francs. Griggs showed me his bill for the week, which, when stated in francs, sounded enormous. I explained to him that for much less he might dine very well at the Palais Royal or on the Boulevards, and for not much more he might dine sumptuously at Dotesio's or Philippe's. The old gentleman explained that they were most days at the Exhibition, and always had a solid lunch at Spiers and Pond's, or

Bertram and Roberts's. I invited them to come and dine with me on the Boulevards, and I was this time the real host. It was an immense room, and the ladies looked almost frightened. There was certainly the drawback of some questionable people present, and I was afraid that I had got myself into a scrape, but my worthy friends were none the wiser. They enjoyed taking their coffee on the Boulevards, although rather nervous that their presence there might not be quite *comme il faut*, but safe under their double guardianship.

James, of Trinity, was perhaps the most interesting member of the group of Cantabs. Just before he came abroad he had received a legacy of two thousand pounds, and I think the receipt of this legacy had something to do with his coming abroad, for, as they say of children, the money was burning a hole in his pocket. He said that the interest would not be of the slightest use to him, and that therefore it would be advisable to expend the principal. After all, he was not so very extravagant, and the men around him were not men who would allow him to be extravagant on their account. But we saw no objection to his giving us a little dinner, to celebrate the virtues of the deceased relative who had left him this unexpected windfall. It was certainly the best dinner which I had during my last trip to Paris. It was at the Trois Frères. I will just mention some details, as it will be interesting to some persons to know how people *can* dine in Paris. The arrangement for the dinner was thirty francs a head, exclusive of wines. Of wines there was every conceivable kind, and of the best; no bottle cost less than a napoleon, and no glass of *liqueur* less than three francs. The dishes were sent up in endless multiplicity, and, of course, an immense number of them were necessarily sent away untasted. The waiters had a sovereign between them. The expense of the dinner to its hospitable donor was a little over five pounds a head.

The next day I had been endeavouring to improve my mind in the useful and industrial part of the Exhibition. I had wandered over the trackless wastes devoted to dry manufactured goods, a display in which the French certainly beat us from the simple circumstance that the English manufacturers with remarkable unanimity abstained from exhibiting. Still fired by the same noble thirst for knowledge, I examined many models of engines, but when I attempted to take some sketches I was speedily brought to an anchor by the prohibitions of the police. Then I listened to the multitudinous clanging of the clocks proclaiming the hour, and thinking of Charles the Fifth and his difficulty at Yuste in making his clocks keep time, a secret which the French clockmakers have not altogether succeeded in solving. Suddenly I heard a great cheering and shouting, and from corridors and picture galleries the people came rushing forth in that excitement which so rapidly flares up in a large concourse, and outside there was cheering, laughing, and gesticulations. Could it be the Emperor? I thought. Could Queen Victoria suddenly have changed her mind and come over? A moment's reflection told me that emperors and queens could hardly have caused all that excitement. At one time they were to be seen almost any day at the Exhibition, noiselessly pursuing their work of examination in an orderly, business-like way, glad to escape any attention; and if a mob of gazers gathered around, a cordon was quickly formed, the approaches intercepted, and the royal view confined to those who first caught sight of it. Dashing forth to inquire what it was that had disturbed the French people from their conventional propriety, my wandering gaze encountered the following spectacle. On a moveable fauteuil sat James of Trinity, triumphantly waving his hat and insisting on favouring the mob with a specimen of British eloquence. A procession of nine other fauteuils followed in order, consisting of James' set, and various other young men whom they had met accidentally at one of the

restaurants, and with whom they had gloriously amalgamated. Then after lunch the idea of the procession occurred to them. I was astonished to recognise the intellectual features of Jones among the Corybantic inhabitants of the fauteuils. They explained afterwards that there had been no regular procession since the opening of the building, and something of the kind was sadly wanted. The astonishment of the onlookers was great when they saw the chairs usually appropriated to invalids or weaklings filled with a set of stalwart young men, under the influence of a lunch rather too much on the scale of the dinner of the preceding day. I lost sight of the procession as it rapidly proceeded to round the circle. The magic word 'Anglaises' whispered and rapidly caught up among the crowd seemed fully to account for any eccentricity or lunacy which the young men had displayed.

A friend of Mr. James, whom we will call Rolle, had chosen to fall in love with one of the young women who belonged to one of the restaurants. It was not the young maid at the Tunisian café, who monotonously sings all day long 'Oh we shall all be glad when Johnny comes marching home,' which her cosmopolitan audience is convinced is one of the vernacular melodies of North Africa. Neither was it a French vivandière with her heroic associations, nor yet one of those Tyrolese or Bavarian peasants who in the picturesque costume of their country hand you the wholesome goblet of foaming beer. It was, I believe, some English maiden, and Rolle fell a victim to a fine head of hair. At the Exhibition, English beauty, at least at the restaurants, chiefly runs into hair. 'Hair is a difficult and curious subject, Mr. Rolle,' said Jones, giving me a sly nod, as we three sat one night at M. Draher's, making an impartial and scientific comparison between the beer of Vienna and our country's 'bitter.' 'Are you aware, Mr. Rolle, that the subject of the human hair has greatly occupied the attention of the commissioners, and as the chignon has convincingly shown how comparatively scanty is the natural supply, the promotion of the natural growth has become a serious object of public interest. It would hardly do to make such a matter the subject of public competition, but I believe I am correct in stating that an intimation was given to respective restaurateurs that quantity of hair was requisite for those who should assist behind the counters, and substantial prizes would be privately conferred. I believe, Mr. Rolle, that the young lady who spends so much of her time in compounding iced drinks for you has obtained either a silver medal or honourable mention.' I do not know whether Rolle altogether appreciated Jones's irony, for he was 'true Yorkshire bred—strong in the back and weak in the head.' It is of Rolle's strength of back and weakness of head that I am about to speak. We need not go further into the history of his admiration for that head of hair. The owner thereof used regularly to administer sherry cobbler and brandy-smash to Mr. Rolle by the hour; but if he became at all amatory in his attentions he was promptly consigned to the attendance of a grinning waiter. As a matter of fact, after Rolle had probably injured his constitution by the number and variety of his iced and aërated drinks (not to speak of the corresponding detriment to his substance) he withdrew in disgust as other men had done both before and after him. At the present time, however, it was the custom of Mr. Rolle to spend the concluding hours of the evening at this restaurant, when he found the coast tolerably clear and he might more leisurely pursue his little game. For myself, I found that the evening hours at the Exhibition were intolerably dull. A spasmodic effort had been made to represent them as peculiarly brilliant, and to persuade the public that the hours between the closing of the building and the closing of the park were of the most cheerful and festive kind. But the show was closed and the lights none, and the crowds thin and thinner except in the immediate neighbourhood of the restaurants, and the attempts to

impart to the Exhibition nights an Arabian character utterly collapsed. As having a special object at this time, Mr. Rolle never failed to present himself towards the conclusion of each day's proceedings. One evening, however, he was later than the half-hour beyond which there was no admission. He endeavoured to argue the case with the officials in husky English and still more indifferent French. The French logic, that of keeping the rules, is always of a remorseless character. Then Rolle retired within himself, steps a few steps back, collects all the strength in his back, and at a bound cleared the barrier. Immediately the gens d'armes seized him—and he ought to have had the sense to know that any resistance would have been utterly futile and foolish. Then Rolle struck out right and left, and materially marred the Gallic visage before he was overpowered by superiority of weight. At the moment when Jones and I caught sight of him two of the French police had their fists in his neck-tie and Rolle was showing every sign of approximate suffocation. At our urgent entreaty the detaining grasp was withdrawn, and then Rolle struck wildly out and perpetrated a series of assaults for which a Bow Street magistrate would have sent him to prison without the alternative of a fine. He was immediately led off to some cells, and Jones, who understands all sorts of things, told me that Rolle could not possibly get off under a fortnight's imprisonment. We followed the police to see what we could do; and I will do Jones the justice of saying that he came out nobly, and spoke most eloquently in excuse of Rolle. I perceived with astonishment that the police evidently knew Jones, and very favourably, but Jones knows everybody. To my great joy Rolle was discharged; but as soon as the infatuated idiot was told of this he used violent language to all the Frenchmen present and wanted to fight them all round. The result of this was that he was remanded to a cool cell for a couple of hours, and then unconditionally released; the French authorities acting throughout with extraordinary leniency and good temper, and excusing a great deal on the ground of insular lunacy.

I am glad to think that I was able to be of some service to Mr. Gataker. That worthy divine was thoroughly unsettled in mind and body by his separation from all those English habits amid which he had attained an old age. But I showed him that an England existed even in Paris, and that by a slight effort of fancy he might not be much worse off than in London. I took him to Galignani's reading-room in the Rue de Rivoli, where he was almost as comfortable as at his club, and to English eating-houses, where he would hear much more English than French, and have English chops and English steaks and not the French counterfeits; and having a taste for English theatricals (for he belonged to the old school who had no objection to a play once in a way) I took him to the Italiens, where Mr. Sothern was performing Lord Dundreary to the delight of the English and the puzzledom of the French. At this time Lord Dundreary's intelligent countenance was *affiché* all over Paris to an extent to which the human countenance had never been *affiché* before. The acting, as usual, was of consummate excellence, but the audiences were deplorably thin; most of the resident English and American families had left Paris for the summer. Mr. Gataker wandered about recklessly through the never-ending galleries, but he was in a new world, and he told me that in his seventieth year he did not now care to talk its dialect and pick up its knowledge. He would slip away from the Exhibition in the afternoon, and his tall, venerable, slightly bent figure might be discerned in the direction of the Anglo-American Episcopal Church for the afternoon service. Yet there was much instruction and wisdom to be derived from the simple remarks of my old friend, albeit he acknowledged he was as much at a loss on the plain of Mars as he should have been on the plain of Shinar. One afternoon he went with me through the department of

arms and ammunition. The good old man looked rather sad. Even to his uncritical eye the matchless art and perfection of our armoury was visible; and certainly no other country has sent out a warlike display equal to that issued from Woolwich. 'It is very silly of us,' said the old-fashioned rector, 'to allow the secrets of our strength to be thus exposed. It is just like Hezekiah showing his treasures to the Assyrians, and we may yet have bitterly to rue our folly. I had a brother once, sir, an elder brother, who was killed in the retreat from Affghanistan, poor fellow! and when I was a lad he took me over Woolwich Arsenal, and though I knew nothing about these matters, I am able just to discern that there have been wonderful improvements. Otherwise it is all Greek to me; or rather,' added the old man, as the recollection of ancient academic triumphs glittered in his eye, 'I could manage Greek, but I could not manage the subject of artillery. I only wish that the art of peace had made the same progress as the art of war.' I repeated the lines—

> 'Ah! when shall all men's good
> Be each man's aim, and universal peace
> Lie like a line of light across the land,
> And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
> Through all the compass of the golden year?'

He nodded approvingly. 'Mr. Tennyson, my dear sir, did you say? It is very pretty indeed. A very rising young man, I believe; only I wish he would turn his abilities to something else than poetry. When we have got all the great old poets, Dryden, and Pope, and Milton, and Gray, and Goldsmith, I do not see what need we have got of any more poetry, at all events until people know the old ones thoroughly first, which is certainly not the case in my part of the world. But we are only slow swifts, as the saying is, down in Berkshire.' When I pointed out to him the ambulances and medicine-chests for the wounded, and reminded him that at all events we had improved in the matter of hospital nursing, he cheerfully acknowledged all this. He was greatly pleased with some of the models of sieges, which were picturesque enough, and gave a fresh interest to historical narrative. 'Now this,' he said, pointing to a large glass case, 'is not at all unlike the siege of Platæa, which you will find,' he continued to his trembling listener, 'so wonderfully told in the second book of Thucydides. The difference is that the escalade is of a different kind. The snow is on the ground. The weather is evidently most bitter; the ladders are noiselessly applied; the men are stealing in single line across country.' Mr. Gataker was a scholar: he particularly prided himself on his ancestor's edition of the works of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus. I knew what would please the old man. One day I took him to the Rue de Richelieu, and passing through an archway into the wide, silent court, where a fountain babbles beneath spreading foliage, I took him into the reading-room of the Bibliothèque Impériale, when he was delighted with the studious aspect of the place and its wealth of books, especially delighted when I took him into the manuscript room and placed Pascal's own papers in his hands. To other great libraries I also introduced him, almost unknown by the English in Paris, that of St. Geneviève and the library of the Academy. To those retreats he often stole away when tired of the noise and confusion of the Exhibition. I very much enjoyed one afternoon when I took him to Billancourt, perhaps not the less so because Laura had given us an intimation that it was not impossible that she might be there. I expect Mr. Gataker will greatly rise in the estimation of his churchwardens when he gives in his report of the agricultural implements. He spoke disparagingly of them, however, and said he had seen something as good or better in Berkshire. The sure-footed Pyrenean horses interested him, as also did the Arabs, though these last were nearly all of mixed breed, chiefly, I imagined, from mental associations connected with their *habitats*. He very much approved of the Norman method of growing fruit-trees, and was hugely pleased when I took him into Levy's

and showed him Breteuil's great work on the subject. I showed him, in the department of books, our unique contributions, consisting of everything published in the year 1866, and I gloried in reflecting that some of my own contributions to the field of literature were included in that *omnium gatherum*. Mr. Gataker, who had not thought so very much even of Mr. Tennyson, made some remarks not very flattering to the residue of modern literature, and he unaccountably failed to discriminate my own modest efforts from the herd. He took also a great deal of interest in the cottages. 'It is all very well to call them cottages,' he said, 'but they were only *cottage ornés*. Country curates might live in them, but what I want is something that would suit my Berkshire labourers on fourteen shillings a week.' I am the more particular in speaking of Mr. Gataker, because he was the very soul of kindness, and the other day, meeting me in a state of deep dejection, he made me come down to his Berkshire rectory, and by his good talk and his good port, such as still lingers in some rectorial abodes, he charmed away a considerable portion of a personal wrong and grief.

That wrong and grief related to Laura Griggs. Words can hardly describe my assiduous attentions to the Griggses in general and to Laura in particular. On the fifteenth of August I conveyed them all over Paris. Who but I could have taken them so quickly from the Trocadero to the Barrière du Trône, have showed them the greased poles, the giants and dwarfs, the theatricals, the serpentine lines of ouvriers waiting for the opening of the opera, and the illuminations at the Arche? How cleverly I got up the whole subject of silk worms, to the admiration of Mrs. Griggs, and took them to the Jardin d'Acclimatization, which was in this respect more interesting than the Exhibition. I made them drive in the long evenings by the side of the lake in the Bois, and took them over to the island and refreshed them at the Swiss café near the cascade; I inaugurated them into the pleasing mysteries of our American cousins' sherry cobbler, champagne frappé, and brandy cocktail; I kept them fully up to the mark in the current history of the Exhibition; I saved them from the inconveniences of the raid upon the chairs; I explained to them the competition and duel of the safes, and assured them that if my genial favourite, Mr. Caseley, had been allowed to compete (his trial at the Old Bailey I had witnessed, and his tearful eloquence had profoundly convinced me of his innocence) he must have distanced all the others; I worked through the galleries with them, pointing out to them the famous pictures of bygone years in Trafalgar Square, and tracing, in what I considered a masterly way, the influence of the modern French school on the whole of continental art. Our intimacy prompted me to the hope that I might one day lead Laura as a bride to my ancestral halls, the ancestral halls in this case signifying a small stuccoed dwelling in Pimlico. I was afraid Laura was worldly. One day when we were talking of the threatened failure of silks, and I had expressed a hope that the Cape silk would be better than the Cape sherry, she said she hoped so, as her dresses had cost her eighty pounds already this year, being the present amount of my modest earnings at the bar. Still, I reflected, the ample resources of old Griggs (despite Overend and Gurney) might reasonably cover such an expenditure. I, however, was certainly not prepared the other day, having addressed a letter to Clapham Park of a certain kind to Laura, to receive an answer in the vulgar handwriting of Griggs *père*. That gentleman was pleased to say that, from the obtrusive nature of my attentions in Paris he was not unprepared for such a communication, but that I had totally mistaken the nature of his daughter's feelings. I have nothing to add to this bare announcement. The marriage mart is set up not only in Belgravia but in the Eden-like groves of Clapham Park. If it was not for Gataker's port I should turn desperate and keep a pike.

TABLE TALK, AND ANECDOTES OF SOCIETY.

[In preparing this page the Editor will be glad to receive the friendly assistance of his readers. 'Good things which may be twice told;' Anecdotes of Society from unrecorded observation, and from forgotten or half-forgotten books—will all be acceptable.]

AMONG the many Englishmen who visited Paris in 1815 was Alderman Wood, who had previously filled the office of Lord Mayor of London. He ordered a hundred visiting cards, inscribing upon them, Alderman 'Wood, *feu Lord Maire de Londres*,' which he had largely distributed amongst people of rank, having translated the word 'late' into '*feu*,' which, I need hardly state, means 'dead.'—GRONOW.

A GENTLEMAN who had been very silly and pert in the company of Dean Swift's 'Stella,' at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him—that he should be easy, because 'the child was gone to heaven.' 'No, my lord,' said she; 'that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.'

SEEING in your 'Table-Talk' (writes a correspondent of 'The Guardian') a version of a celebrated 'con,' and neither the version nor the sentiment being quite to my satisfaction, I have tried to improve the one and reply to the other, thus:—

From what befell our mother Eve,
A lesson may the Church receive;
For Eve when she the vestments wore
Was Eve angelical no more.
'Audi alteram partem.'
Not so! Her beauty to restore,
Divinely taught, she vestments wore;
And well may we His teaching prize,
Who taught us thus t' Ev(e)angelise.

AT some country house where they were getting up a dramatic piece, founded upon Scott's 'Rebecca,' they wanted Alvanley to take the part of the Jew; but he declined, saying, 'Never could *do* a Jew in my life.'

ALVANLEY said a smart thing respecting an exquisite bachelor's box, fitted up, it appears, in the most ornamented style, but where, it also appears, there is never by any chance a *dinner* given. 'I should like a little less gilding and more carving,' said Alvanley.

GENERAL COUNT DE GIRARDIN had a most ugly squint, and was extremely inquisitive. Upon one occasion he asked Talleyrand, 'Comment vont les affaires, Prince?' 'Comme vous voyez, General: tout de travers.'

GENERAL FLAHAULT, who when young was bald, had received an invitation to dine with the Prince de Talleyrand. In the course of conversation he expressed to the Prince a desire to present something rare to a great lady as a mark of his esteem. Talleyrand replied, 'Then present her with a lock of your hair.'

VOLTAIRE, after being on terms of friendship with the King of Prussia, owing to his wit, gave some offence; when the King said to some of his courtiers, 'When we squeeze the orange, and have sucked the juice, we throw the rest away.' 'Then,' said Voltaire, '*I must take care of the peel*,' and quitted his Prussian majesty's dominions.

THERE was a Quaker chap too cute for the great Daniel Webster once. This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his cause for him; so says he, 'Lawyer Webster, what's your fee?' 'Why,' says Daniel, 'let me see; I have got to go down south to Washington to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company; and I've got to be at Cincinnati to attend the Convention; and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and great fatigue: it would cost you, may be, more than you would be willing to give.' Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard this; for he could not do without him nohow, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all; at last he made hold to ask him the worst of it—what he would take? 'Why,' says Daniel, 'I always liked the Quakers; they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I never seed or heerd tell of any harm in 'em, except going the whole figure for Gineral Jackson, and that everlastin', almighty villain, Van Buren: yes, I love the Quakers; I hope they'll go to the Webster ticket yet, and I'll go for you as low as I can any way afford; say 1,000 dollars.' The Quaker well-nigh fainted when he heard this, but he was pretty deep too; so, says he, 'Lawyer, that's a great deal of money; but I have more causes there: if I give you the 1,000 dollars, will you plead the other causes I shall have to give you?' 'Yes,' says Daniel, 'I will, to the best of my humble ability.' So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker, he goes round to all the folks that had suits in court, and says he, 'What will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me 1,000 dollars for a fee; but now he and I are pretty thick, and as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you.' So he got 300 dollars from one, and 200 from another, and so on, until he got 1,100 dollars, just 100 dollars more than he gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he haard this. 'What,' said he, 'do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire?' 'Friend Daniel,' said the Quaker, 'didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine.' Daniel laughed out, ready to split his sides, at this. 'Well,' says he, 'I guess I might as well stand still, for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence, any how.' So he went good-humouredly to work, and pleased them all.—SAM SLICK.

A GENTLEMAN being asked by his neighbour how his sick wife did? replied, 'Indeed, the case is pitiful; my wife fears she shall die, and I fear she will not; which makes a very disconsolate house.'

ATTERBURY, Bishop of Rochester, when a certain bill was brought into the House of Lords, said, among other things, 'that he prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet.' My Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the House to remark, 'that one of the right reverend bench had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass.' The bishop, in a reply of great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus:—'Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel, I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship.'—Dr. King's *Anecdotes of his own Time*.

OUR GARDENS.

Autumn Hints on Planning and Planting them.

THERE is a craving after flowers in every well-educated mind; nay, more, in every well-inclined mind left to nature, and not perverted. I firmly believe that flowers are a moral safeguard, and that in their cultivation there is healing and strength. Can any one doubt that it does the poor sick person good to have flowers in her cottage window? How many of our most ardent sportsmen have devoted themselves to the growth of heart's-ease and the propagation of geraniums? The history of our roses would be a story of kindnesses, civilities, pleasant memories, and forgiven feuds. We cannot live without flowers; we cannot eat and drink without them. Nobody is perfectly dressed without flowers. We cultivate them, beg them, buy them; we make them, and create with clever fingers the garlands that we cannot grow.

But among the great and increasing class of flower cultivators there is a sigh of despair—producing a very difficult atmosphere for flowers to flourish in—because of the expense, the time, the learning, the labour, and the incessant thought required for successful results. So I offer this short paper on the subject at this present time, to do away with some of this despair, if possible. I am not going to tell you that you can cultivate hothouse plants on a sunny border. I am not going to excite your imagination by assuring you that, under some next to impossible circumstances, stephanotis floribunda may be grown without the help of a stove; but I am going to tell you that clematis will do just as well. What do you want? Flowers, you reply. Well, cultivate carefully such as will grow in your garden, and are suited to your soil and situation. There is nothing but folly in people of moderate means, or with other things to do with their money, breaking their hearts after Poinsettia, when Virginian creeper is the thing for them.

You want flowers and beauty, plenty of both; yes, plenty, for the charm of plenty, the blessing of bounteous nature, cannot be described—must be felt, to be comprehended and valued properly. But there are two friends necessary for success, Mother Earth and Common Sense. Of course you possess the last, so we need only discuss the first. It may be done shortly.

A garden may be of any size, from a mignonette-box to landed property; and the changes of soil from hungry to fertilizing may be done in a season if you have the power of procuring manure. If not—and farmers are often bound by their leases not to sell manure, and you may not be able to get stable soil easily—the process of improving your ground will be slower.

There was an opinion once, and it was very cleverly advocated, that mere labour would improve the soil without any addition. The idea was that industrious digging between growing crops, and when they were out of the ground, would let in sun, air, and rain, and that with them would come all that the earth needed; and that earth pulverized and subjected to the action of such agents would be suited to a succession of crops, the refuse only of those crops being given to the soil. There is much practical wisdom in this when applied to the garden, where, with proper regard to the roots of the plants, the soil, as a general rule, can hardly be moved too much.

Let us look at a garden under two or three aspects. There is the old idea of a garden—one which I am happy to say is less scouted than it used to be—the garden formed by beds of herbaceous plants, before so many 'bedding plants' were thought of, with flowering annuals to make variety in summer. In such gardens there was never any barren ground nor hungry nakedness through all the winter and spring, in order that our eyes might

be dazzled in August and September. These short glories are always bought very dear. I recommend you not to be too ambitious of them. Time, patience, and money, to a great amount, must be expended on these glittering shows, and my object is to put you in a way of having flowers all the year round without any such danger either to your purse or your temper.

The wide borders and beds of perennials were, then, the old idea, lighted up with annuals for summer gaiety. There is another idea, consisting of beds cut out of green turf, and having each bed filled with one, two, or at most with three sorts of plants. This is a very good arrangement, and I highly recommend it. And a third idea is that of filling beds with plants risen under glass, and made to flower all at once—the bedding-out idea.

We need not speak of any other plans; these three will do for our purpose.

I shall suppose that you have a garden in which a part of the space is turf, with beds cut out in it; where wide flower-borders are backed by shrubs, and in front of which, perhaps, runs a gravel walk. I shall also suppose that you have a piece of wall, and, somewhere, a rough bank, which it is very difficult to keep tidy, and a corner where nothing grows, and the sun never comes. Some, or all of these things, I think I shall be sure to find in your garden. Then your requirements are flowers, beauty, and neatness; and your difficulties are that you have no regular gardener—often a great happiness, by the bye—and that you have other things to do with your silver and gold than to spend them in 'bedding plants.' You do, of course, spend time and thought, and a certain quantity of labour, on your ground; and your desire is to get, under those conditions, the brightest possible result. I hope to help you. Let me first lecture on your wide border backed by shrubs.

Your shrubs must be hardy. I am not going to advise you to make your garden a battle-ground against nature, nor even a tolerably successful hospital. It is time, feeling, and money wasted to go upon that plan. What you want is a happy success. Choose, then, hardy shrubs, whose times of flowering belong to different seasons of the year. You must have among them a proper quantity of evergreens; and the most successful of these wide banks of shrubs behind and flowers in front are made high at the back, both by making the ground rise, and by there planting the highest-growing shrubs, and so increasing the effect. But be sure to remember in planting not to plant close. Endure the distress of a rather thin distribution of shrubs for a year or two; though really you may get rid of this discomfort by planting some of the gay double-flowering furze, which you will not grieve to cut away, or some of the many beautiful reeds, which are so exquisitely graceful, and can be safely transplanted when you want their space.

Having planted on the higher part of your bank such evergreens as like exposure, sprinkle your remaining space with those of a lesser growth towards the middle, and put the dwarf sorts at the front, leaving a border immediately before them for flowers.

Plant but few. The mischief done by crowding is not to be got over; free air is necessary to success.

Plant also the coloured-leaved trees and shrubs, such as the copper beech; red maple; variegated, liquid amber, so exquisitely orange and purple towards the end of the year; quercus (oak), which is scarlet in autumn; and the sumach cotinus, which, at the close of the season, actually blazes with crimson.

I am supposing you to be planting some large space, to be seen from your windows, on which you do not wish to expend much labour, but from which you wish to obtain colour, foliage, flowers, and berries, as far as can be, without ceasing.

Remember among your large evergreens our grand old friends the arbutus, rich in coral berries all the winter and in pearly blossoms in the summer, and all the varieties of holly and laurustinus; then the aucuba, covered with very large

scarlet berries, lately got from Japan, with other varieties of this exquisite hardy evergreen. Plant also the snowberry, very gay though leafless in winter; the variegated, scarlet-berried elder, and the ribes, pearl-white and scarlet, which are among our first friends in the spring, as welcome as the good-tempered weigilia, which flowers in April, the Andromeda in February, the Japanese quince in January, and the Daphne in March.

The immense increase in the number of our ornamental shrubs and trees of late years enables the careful planter to get colour all the year round. It is a result well worth consideration. And such things as have been named begin to be beautiful directly. We have not to wait years for them to flower and fruit; they are never more beautiful than when they are in their first youth, and the second year after planting they will be a gratification to the eye and taste, though they will not have attained to perfection of size or abundance of foliage.

Of course old deciduous friends are not to be forgotten; the beautiful lilacs, laburnums, acacias, flowering peach and cherry trees, syringas, jasmine, brooms; hibiscus, guelder rose, and dentzia; but so great have been the improvements in old friends by importation and cultivation, that even among them we must pick and choose.

But to return to bank and border: the front may be planted with any perennials. They will be sure to prosper, for they like nothing better than the digging in of the fallen leaves and grass edging, by which they will benefit, after you have worked at the necessary cutting and pruning in the autumn. Little shrubs may be planted, such as the cytisus, with its loads of yellow, white, and purple flowers; hardy flowering heaths; the Barbary; and the meadow sweet, which no garden should be without, so useful are its feathery flowers for the decoration of dinner tables, drooping from the upper dishes of the high-stemmed flower glasses, most charmingly mingling with grapes and red currants, if you please, but no other flower will it bear by its side. All the varieties of box look well in the front row, but the plant loves shade better than sun, and will grow under trees flourishingly.

I am not going to forbid your joining, in a wise way, in the mania for bedding plants. In this very border you may sweep back empty spaces, going back in a semicircle as far as you dare under the shrubs; and in these cleared places, which must come among the perennials at regular intervals, you may have thick blazing masses of bedding plants, and so not be quite out of fashion, and yet not pay too dear for your fancy. Here, just as your summer flowers are going, you will have, if you are rich, verbenas, lobelias, petunias, geraniums, calceolarias, fuchsias, to your heart's content; but if you are something less than rich, at least, in reference to your gardening purse, you will have sown in these spaces—and carefully weeded out the unnecessary plants—masses of the ruby-coloured linus, the yellow hawkweed, the dwarf nasturtium, the darkest pansies, which you may transplant, to prevent their flowering away their strength before you want them, the white stock, the German aster, the dark pinks, and the clove carnations, and again pansies, but this time white or yellow.

Very little genius will secure the flowering of all these things, and many more, together. To get things of this sort really prosperous, you should sow sand and powdered charcoal with the seed, and be sure that the earth is very fine. You will have as good blazes of colour as you can wish, and plenty of things to pick from.

But as soon as these things get shabby, pull all up; dig your ground, and sow mignonette and German and English wallflower. You will have, perhaps, stray plants of the common white alsum on rocks and borders. Plant some of them at intervals among the seed, and you will have an early brilliant show of white and colour, which you can pull up when done with, and enjoy your mignonette till the space is wanted again.

Now, if we come closer to the house, we must be very dainty there. Beds look very well with some stiff plant like the yucca in the centre, and bright flowering things, such as the scarlet and white Brompton stock, planted round in threes or fours between the perennials. If you look down on your garden, the best sorts of sweetwilliams, closely enough planted in good fine soil to give a perfect surface of flower, are beautiful. They are the better for being cut judiciously, and if so treated, and not allowed to wear themselves out, they will last till September. Antirrhinums are most valuable for the same purpose, and anemones are never so well seen as when planted in this way, in a bed by themselves. The general effect is, however, always increased by some upstanding green in the centre, and the beds should always be round or oval. They may be edged with any of the variegated low-foliaged plants now in use, or with the charming cerastian, the foliage of which looks like moonlight. Inside this, which should always be at the edge, you might have a ring of snowdrops, or of Dutch tulips, or crocuses. By this plan you get one thing in flower at a time, and plenty of it, and you never have the shabbiness of an empty bed.

As an example of what may be done in mixed beds, I may give these: centre, yucca; border, cerastian; bunches all round of gladioli; a chain round the gladioli of pansies. You can use your scissors freely to keep things within bounds. Again: centre, the small thuia; border, the large white double daisy; plants of scarlet geranium; chain round of white alisum. This last will have been in flower in the spring, and by cutting off the seed pods, and using your trimming scissors, you can make a chain, very beautiful for its powdered grey-green and its perfect stiffness and regularity.

I have purposely spoken of the commonest things, easily got, easily grown, not difficult of cultivation, generally hardy, and costing little.

I have ventured to protest against the dreariness of empty garden beds; but not to be thought too much of an innovator against a fashion which, nevertheless, I think ought to be confined to terrace gardens before mansions of stately architecture, commanding hothouses and a regiment of garden men, I will make one exception. Your ornamental basket beds may remain empty, if you please. And I will venture to tell you, with certainty, the best way to make them. But, first, what are they? They are round or oval enclosures, made by fastening lengths of unbarked oak branches together into the form of huge baskets. They stand on the turf; inside, earth is placed up to the rim, and these baskets are then filled with bedding plants. They are a variety of the picturesque hollow stump of an old tree, which is often used very successfully. The ground inside the basket should be dug three spades deep, first; and then drainage put in, such as broken earthenware, cinders, bones, bits of stick; then the earth should go in. Up the outside of these baskets, which can, when the ground is thus prepared, be made very low—that is, ten inches from the turf—you can then train ivy, and they may remain for years where they are. The ivy keeps the sun from drying the earth inside, and the plants will flourish excellently. When you water these baskets, drive a stick a little way into the mould, and pour the water into these holes. You may pour down surprising quantities, for the drainage below takes it, and the plants through a dry summer are thus fed when other things are parched up. The surface of the earth should never be wetted. These baskets are beautiful things. When you have done with one set of spring or summer plants, take them out and plant them, pots and all, in that shady place under the wall where *nothing will grow*—that place of despair to the ignorant, which no good gardener can do without. There is a general idea prevalent that all plants that grow like the sun. They could not do in a sunless world, but shade is the home of many; such as the early flowering rhodera and all the hardy ferns.

Choose then the plants that meet your desires for colour, fruit, flowers, foliage, and plenty. Plant them so as to please the eye. Prune carefully. Don't despise the commonest thing, if its time of flowering, its growth, or the shade of its foliage suits your purpose. Have a purpose, and fulfil it. Cultivate masses of the hardy perennials, and do not forget that flowers are to be cut and used, and that those persons fail as gardeners who have only flowers to be looked at.

You must always remember that a garden—*your* garden—is not intended to be made up of scraps and corners out of a nurseryman's plantation. Our gardens are a piece of our homes; they are to give richness, comfort, and luxurious shade; they are places for rest, meditation, and gladness. Plan and plant in recollection of such truths, and less than a quarter of an acre of ground will give you these genuine home delights, including that resting spot for the eye to dwell upon, the piece of flat green turf, where you may place your chairs and your croquet hoops, if you please.

If you have a wall, remember the grand magnolia; the pyracanthus, that 'joy for ever,' beautiful in flower and fruit; and the new desfontainea, with bright, dark leaves, and long hanging flowers of orange and scarlet.

And now I come to the rough bank, hard, dry, never tidy, and I tell you to rejoice in it. There you must have your double brambles, your wild clematis, your common branching fern, shrubby horsetail—ephedra, many sorts of heath, the cotoneaster, the holy-leaved eurya, the beautiful flowering rasp, and the myrtle-leaved box. Here, too, wild plants may be cultivated—the white foxglove, for instance—and by the help of a few friendly poles, the delightful hop. A wild garden, with a mixture of such strangers as flourish in poor soil, is a thing to rejoice in, where new grasses may be cultivated in corners of better soil, and in some deep-moulded nook, the Chinese sugar cane.

I warn those who are laying out a new garden, or improving an old one this autumn, not to consent to have the whole surface dug and made smooth to begin with. It is simply laying the foundation of a lifelong repentance. Let us be as smooth as we please close to the house, but even in as small a garden as I have written about there ought to be space for all the variety that we have gossiped over.

G. P.

ON SOUTHSEA BEACH.

THE children playing on the sand—
  The nursemaids in trim cotton dresses—
The white-cravated negro band—
  The ladies with their raven tresses—
(The newest fashion straight from town)—
  Appeared on that gay August morning
Like shadows flitting up and down,
  As though to earth they'd given warning.

For Nelly—bonny Nelly Fane,
  My sweetheart of six years or nearly—
Was walking by my side again—
  That's why I couldn't see quite clearly.
A something came across my eyes;
  I know I've stupidly defined it;
But (as from one not over-wise)
  I think it's likely you won't mind it.

To see once more her sunny face—
  To hear her speak so soft and kindly—
In all she said herself to trace—
  Was quite enough to make one blindly
In love with such a girl as Nell,
  Whose *carte de visite's* on my table,
As, in my bachelor's drear cell,
  I pen this hist'ry memorable.

I should have said that for a year
  A coolness had sprung up between us;
And none (not even Minnie Freer)
  Had thought us lovers had they seen us;
Besides—though this I didn't know—
  There'd been a rival, whose professions
I didn't sneer at!—oh, dear no!—
  Nor look upon as dire aggressions!

However, as we pac'd the beach,
  And Southsea Common saunter'd over,
The dear old tale I had to preach
  Before to Portsmouth back I drove her;
And as we watch'd the sunset red,
  The evening bell began to tinkle,
Whilst, nimbly tumbling out of bed
  The stars commenced their nightly twinkle.

Besides the shells and antique seats,
  A sand-mouse and old Father Ocean—
Whose waves just here have kept whole fleets
  In agitation and commotion;—
No one was there to hear me tell—
  In lover's language pure and holy—
All that I had to say to Nell—
  The tale that's told by rich and lowly.

Nor was there anyone to hear
  The answer which my darling, blushing,
Gave me beneath that night-sky clear—
  Only the green waves swiftly rushing
First up and then adown the sand:
  The reader won't be long a-guessing
What, in a scarcely 'Roman hand,'
  I've been to-day so long confessing.

HAUNTS FOR THOSE IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.

II. HEIDEN.

IT is a difficult matter for an English family wishing to pass a summer in Switzerland, and desiring, at the same time, to avoid a continuance of hotel and pension life, to know where to go.

The Swiss themselves have so entirely adopted 'pension life,' always passing their summer months in some one or other of these establishments; and the Germans, French, and Russians having accepted this plan too, there is really but little demand for furnished houses or apartments, and consequently very few to be met with. Round the Lake of Geneva, which is far too hot for a summer residence, and about Thun, Berne, and Neufchâtel, a small furnished house may occasionally be had; but at the two former places the prices asked are such that the hotel is often the more economical residence. There is, however, another part of Switzerland where a furnished house may be found, namely, on the shores of the Boden Sea. Near Constance, Rorshach, or Rheineck, an old château or a modern villa, the picturesque or the pleasant, will reward the house-hunter's search, as it might have done ours, had we not, on reaching St. Gall, decided to proceed firstly to a little place called Heiden in the Canton of Appenzell, for a fortnight, but where we remained nearly two months, and, in spite of incessant wet weather, look back to that quiet time, in that quiet place, with so much pleasure as to induce us to make it better known to our readers, who may one day perchance cross the water in search of some spot where he can breathe fine air, without the expense and crowding of the usual tourist's line in Switzerland.

The Canton of Appenzell, every one knows, forms the north-east angle of Helvetia, and has a character and beauty of its own, not of the grandiose and romantic, but of a pastoral and smiling nature, the best after all for living in. The little spot called Heiden, overlooking the blue Lake of Constance just where the Rhine enters it, may be reached by a two hours' drive from St. Gall, or in one hour from Rheineck, so that those who travel *viâ* Schaffhausen can take the steamer to Rorshach and rail to Rheineck, or from Bâle take the rail the whole way to St. Gall and Rheineck. Whichever route the traveller may select, when driving over the green slopes of Appenzell, he will be struck with the air of comfort and prosperity throughout this part of the canton. The exquisite cleanliness of the cottages, their substantial proportions, their beautiful muslin curtains in the smallest house, will attract his admiration, and he will soon learn that a very important branch of industry occupies nearly every woman and girl in this district, namely, that of embroidery, and especially the embroidery of curtains.

This occupation of the female population accounts for a sort of still-life look around one, whilst neither cattle nor sheep graze on the tempting-looking green fields; the villages, as one drives through, present none of the animation to be expected in such thriving-looking places. One seeks in vain for the gossiping busy group always to be seen round the Brunnen of a German village, or even for the clusters of noisy idle children that swarm about our English cottage-doors; all is quiet, neat, orderly, but dull. One longs for just a little of the 'busy hum of men;' just a little movement to complete the otherwise charming picture of rural life; just a few figures, to show us that there are others beside the passing traveller to admire the gay gardens, and rejoice in the evidence of cleanliness and comfort amongst a class who, alas! so seldom possess either. The fact is, that the women and young girls are constantly occupied within doors; when their household

work is done, they are to be seen sitting beside the windows of their clean homes, a round frame before them, busy embroidering exquisite collars and handkerchiefs, with the ordinary needle, or muslin and net curtains with a kind of crochet-needle, which they use with marvellous rapidity. The needle is guided and kept steady against a thimble with a notch in it, which is placed on the forefinger of the right hand; and considerable practice is required before the worker attains the proper position for thimble and needle.

The frame used is a hoop of wood on a light iron support, covered with list, over which the muslin is stretched and confined by a leather strap. This frame fits into the ball-and-socket joint of a strong upright pole, and can be turned about in any direction. The feet which support the pole, or stick, form a foot-stool for the worker, who draws the frame close to her, having her reel of cotton attached to the frame below the muslin; and, whilst the right hand rapidly passes the needle through the muslin from above, the left, holding the thread beneath, passes it over the tiny hook or crochet. It is pleasant work to look at; and the assiduity with which the old woman of sixty will pursue it, and the alacrity with which the child learns it, are proofs that it is also pleasant to practise. Whole families may be seen thus occupied. Sometimes of a summer's evening they bring their frames and sit outside their houses, but generally seem to prefer the heated atmosphere of their rooms; and despite this, and the sedentary life they lead, no healthier-looking maidens are to be seen than those one meets in this part of the Canton of Appenzell. As their blooming cheeks cannot be ascribed to exercise or out-door occupations, we may be justified in supposing that the fine air for which Heiden and its environs are so celebrated has some share in counteracting the effects of confinement to the house and bending over needlework, generally so injurious to the young.

But, leaving for a time this subject of embroidery, let us pursue our way to Heiden, and, as we are driven over one of those capital Swiss roads between undulating hills of richest pasture, we shall enjoy occasional glimpses of the lordly Santis, rising abruptly from amidst the green hills, or of the Tyrolese Alps beyond the Rheinthal, their peaks flushed rosy red by the rays of the setting sun, and standing out clear and sharp in the far distance. Soon, too, we descry the blue waters of Lake Constance. Across the water, the flat shores of Wurtemburg are distinctly visible; whilst the little island town of Bavarian Lindan still glistens in the sun's rays. We are more than a thousand feet above this vast expanse of water, and can watch the whole progress of the last steamer from Bregenz, in Austria, as it touches at Lindan, and then crosses over to Rorshach, in Switzerland. There is a long straight bit of road before us, bordered by trees; we pass rapidly through it; see cheerful, pleasant-looking houses. We have come to our journey's end: we are in Heiden.

'And,' we hear our readers exclaim, 'now you are there, what is there to see? or what is there to induce any one else to go there?'

As to what there is to see at Heiden, although the first impression on a bright summer's evening is agreeable, we must confess that in Heiden itself there is little to see.

A large village and an ugly church, which, some twenty years ago, was burnt down and rebuilt, on a plan best described by comparing it to a magnified toy-village, where all the houses are the same size and form, and placed at equal distances from each other, can offer little of the picturesque; but the charming position of Heiden, and the trim cleanliness of its houses, insensibly please, without imposing upon one the fatigue of admiration.

Other places in Canton Appenzell have their speciality, and recommend themselves, as the Germans express it, either by mineral baths, as at Heinrichsbad, or by the purity of the whey, or richness of the milk,

as at Gais; but although there is very good molken (whey) to be had at Heiden, and even baths, no one would think of going there for either one or the other. Heiden has no such speciality; but a very competent authority, Herr von Graefe, the celebrated Berlin oculist, has, we believe, declared that there is no finer or purer air to be found than that which is breathed on its grassy slopes; and the experience of those who have visited the place has confirmed that opinion.

Every autumn, about the month of September, he pays this little place a visit of some weeks' duration, and thither flock patients from all parts of the world, whom he may have appointed to meet him there, or to whom he may have recommended a *séjour* at Heiden, that their nerves may be strengthened, and general health restored by the fine and bracing climate of its fresh green hills. The air is considered, in short, to have a peculiarly soothing influence upon the nervous system.

During that time Heiden wears an air of gaiety. There are Germans with large umbrellas, in the loosest and coolest of garments, with their wives in the gay dresses they delight to wear (when away from home); Russians in the last fashion; French, always elegant; and a few English, but very few—the ladies, by way of contrast, very dowdy,—outdone, moreover, in this respect by the Swiss, who have resigned their charming national costumes for everything that is hideous in the way of dress.

All these are to be seen walking about, the ladies generally deeply veiled, the gentlemen in dark-blue spectacles!

The table-d'hôte of the Freihof presents, at this season, a most extraordinary appearance—two long rows of guests, all in dark-blue spectacles, meet the gaze of the astonished stranger. Blue spectacles await him everywhere, in his evening stroll, or morning walk. The population of Heiden seems to consist of Graefe's patients, who come hither from all parts of the world, and are of all ranks and fortunes, from princes and ambassadors downwards, the grandees putting up with the simple accommodation and fare of the place, and patiently waiting their turn to the great man in the morning, when he devotes his time to his patients, because, explains the sprightly Mademoiselle S——, 'pour Graefe les rois se dérangent.'

And he is himself for the time being a king at Heiden; his arrival causes a glad excitement, his wishes are laws, his commands decrees. One year we were told he threatened never to return to Heiden if they continued to cut down all the trees, and happily stopped that ruthless clearing off of entire woods, so common in Switzerland and fatal to Heiden, already deficient in shade and shelter. We were thinking of petitioning his majesty to stop a still more serious annoyance to visitors. If we hint at the Swiss fashion of manuring, will not our readers at once understand all we have suffered from that odious system of agriculture? A field is mown, the grass carted away all green, not left to dry and perfume the air as in less advanced Tyrol, and then, oh! horror! who can describe how poisonous becomes all that looks so lovely to the eye? Close to one's house, all round one's garden of roses, is the villainous practice pursued; and there were days when it was really impossible to walk out, for any but Swiss, who have not the sense of smell included in nature's gifts to them. In any other air but that of Heiden we felt satisfied that cholera and nausea must have ensued. One Russian lady, under cover of her blue spectacles, declared she would broach the subject to Graefe, so perhaps the day may come when the natives may be induced to let their grass grow long and pursue their renovating process after the visitors have left, just as the Romans this year decided to postpone any little disturbance and revolutionary movement till their season was over. This is the more desirable, as for those who are not Graefe's patients one of the chief attractions of Heiden is the endless variety and beauty of the walks about it. From the summits of the

hills in a north-easterly direction you may look down into the Rheinthal, and from a small chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony, a very grand view in this direction is obtained, whilst from another hill, called the Kaien, a magnificent panorama rewards the pedestrian; in one direction the whole of the lake, with the richly wooded plains behind the town of Constance, contrast with the grand and rugged scenery of the Grisons and the Vorarlberg mountains: nothing can exceed the beauty of the sunsets from this spot. First the snow-capped peaks of the Tyrolese Alps and mountains of the Vorarlberg are seen in all the fairy-like beauty with which the sun, when setting, invests the hill-tops; and when the rosy flush dies away one turns towards the west to see the whole of the lower end of the lake bathed in liquid gold, and all the distance and outline assuming that hazy vagueness so impossible to describe, but so poetical, so dream-like to look upon. If the Boden Sea is tame in scenery as compared with the lakes of Lucerne and Thun, it has the charm of colour and distance; and from our elevated position at Heiden we had full opportunity of watching the effects of light and shade, and of studying clouds and their wondrous reflections in the lake. There are many charming drives, too, for those who can afford a carriage and are not strong enough for walking: it is, of course, all up hill and down dale, but the roads are excellent and the horses accustomed to the work. Half way between Rorshach and Rheineck is the château of Vatek, the residence of the late Duchess of Parma, and now the property of her son: the stables are well worth a visit. Before purchasing Vatek the duchess resided some little time at the very old house or castle of Wartensee, on the hill behind, which was long the abode of an eccentric but talented Englishman, whose name is familiar to the lovers of glees and English ballads as Pearsall of Willsbridge. He lived here surrounded by his pictures and books, and devoting himself to musical composition and antiquarian research, not knowing how popular some of his effusions, such as 'The Hardy Norseman,' had become, until a few weeks only before his death, when a young English girl, who had heard with delight some of his pieces during the Commemoration at Oxford, wrote to tell him of the applause they received; he was affected to tears. He is buried in the chapel of the castle, the restoration of which he commenced, and which was completed by his son, from whom, however, it has now passed into other hands.

Not far from Rheineck is a charming summer residence of the Hohenzollern Sigmaringen family, who kindly allow strangers to visit their gardens. These are all objects for short drives or long walks; more extended excursions can be made to the various towns round the lake, including Schaffhausen, or to Bad Pfeffers, whilst a day at least should be given to St. Gall by those curious in books, the library containing many rare and valuable works, one or two unique, after inspecting which the next best thing is to go and dine at the Hecht, where M. Zehnder, the proprietor, will provide one of the best and most moderate dinners in Switzerland—salmon from the Rhine, cheese from Roquefort, bitter ale from England. St. Gall, too, is the shopping-place, for Heiden can furnish nothing but the commonest articles, except in the matter of embroidery; but before returning to that subject we must add a few words about the accommodation for visitors at Heiden.

There are two or three inns or hotels; the least well situated, but by far the best in all other respects is the Freihof. Here Graefe takes up his abode, and his numerous patients find quarters, when the hotel is full, in some of the clean lodging-houses about, where bedrooms may be had and breakfast provided, but dinner must be taken at the hotel; for although most of these houses have good kitchens, to such a point do these Appenzellers carry their love of cleanliness and order, that we believe they would rather forego their lodgers than undertake to soil their pans and litter

their kitchens to supply all the puddings and pies or roasts and boils required by English or French. They live themselves almost entirely on soup and coffee, and keep their bright saucepans for show or for the occasional family festival. Then there are some half dozen pensions, the most desirable of which, from its situation in a charming garden with plenty of shade, rejoices in the name of 'Paradise.' If mortals like angels could live without food, Heiden's paradise would be at least a very pleasant summer abode, but the art of cookery is very imperfectly understood in Switzerland. The traveller who has only frequented the large hotels may carry away a different impression, comparing his five-franc dinner there with the achievements of his own plain cook; but those who know the country well will agree with us that the average of Swiss cookery is about the worst of any. Their meat and poultry are always half-boiled before being roasted, and then generally smothered in a greasy sauce that effectually destroys the little flavour left in the viands. The pensions, however, at Heiden are not worse but rather better in the fare they provide than those in other parts of Switzerland. The provisions to be procured are generally of a better quality, the bread is first rate, butter and milk good, and from St. Gall excellent tea and small luxuries may be procured, so that an English family, with a little tact and energy, may contrive to make themselves pretty comfortable.

The wines of the country are very indifferent, but the Baden Markgräfler is a very pleasant and good white wine, and easily obtained in the neighbourhood.

But to return once more to the subject of embroidery and manufacture of curtains, the whole process of which may be seen in Heiden and its environs, from the spinning the cotton and the making the muslin to the final bleaching of the work when completed, before being sent to the market at St. Gall.

There are several establishments called Fabriques in Heiden, one of the largest of which is that belonging to Messrs. J. de J. Sonderegger, who are extremely obliging to strangers wishing to visit it. It is a long building, consisting of three stories; on the ground floor men are engaged stamping the patterns on unbleached muslin or net intended for curtains, large blocks of wood, which are dipped into a colouring matter being used for this purpose. For finer work, where the design is necessarily more delicate and elaborate, a different method is pursued. A card or thin plate, upon which the pattern has been perforated by a machine, is placed on the cloth or muslin; the colouring matter washed over this penetrates the holes and leaves the pattern on the material.

Every design has its number, and when a new one has been invented a portion of a curtain is sent to an experienced worker, called a muster stickerin (pattern-worker). She sometimes exercises her own fancy, filling up some flowers with thick and massive stitches, leaving others clear, &c. When the pattern is finally approved, the amount of time required to work it is calculated, as also the quantity of cotton, and the pattern, bleached and got up, is sent to the market at St. Gall. If costly it perhaps awaits an order, if moderate the curtains are at once put in hand, a great number being sent to the peasant women of the Bregenzer Wald in Austria, where labour is even cheaper than in Switzerland. It seems that the frames before described, which are now made in Heiden and other places, and sold in large quantities at the market town of Altstetten, were first made in the Bregenzer Wald, where the peasants have long been very handy workers in wood.

On the second floor of Mr. Sonderegger's premises, large packages of curtains and finished work of all kinds, unbleached, are collected, as well as piles of pieces waiting to be worked. These latter are given out with the necessary quantity of cotton to the women around, who are paid by the piece, and can seldom earn more than half a franc, or seventy-five centimes a day. But little as this appears to us, where several in a family are making it in

addition to the husband or father's gains, it is a great assistance; and one seldom sees a beggar in this part of Switzerland or an ill-clothed, ill-fed-looking labourer. We were not unfrequently in the cottages at the time of their evening meal, between four and five o'clock; the dinner, which consists of soup and vegetables, being at twelve o'clock, and if as plentiful in its way as this supper the Appenzellers may be said to live well. First a large loaf of the capital bread of the canton was placed on the table, sometimes, but not always, butter, and then two large jugs, one containing boiled milk, the other capital coffee. Such a meal as this we have seen in one of the poorest-looking châlets, but where all was beautifully clean, and where the old grandmother sitting in a corner with her frame before her and a healthy-looking boy of four playing beside her, formed a pleasant picture.

But we are wandering away from Mr. Sonderegger's fabrique, on the third floor of which is the shop; handkerchiefs, collars, dresses—all that belongs to a lady's wardrobe may be bought in detail. But although his establishment is unrivalled for its choice of curtains, to obtain the finest work our reader must descend from Heiden towards the lake, passing through the pretty village of Wolfhalden until he reaches that of Thal. Here on a sort of natural terrace overlooking the richly-wooded vale, the village, and the lake, stands the fabrique and dwelling-house of M. Euler, a charming spot in itself. Sheltered on the one side by the hill we have descended, and covered on the other, and from the north winds of the lake by a curious long ridge, looking like a natural rampart, the climate is so soft and mild that hydrangeas, pomegranates, oleanders, and the myrtle flourish in the open air, and M. Euler's garden was gay with these, together with the delicate cistus, geraniums, and countless other plants. The house with its wood-carving is a favourable specimen of Swiss architecture, and bespeaks the refined taste of its owners. It was difficult to tear ourselves away from the view and the sweet perfume of this delightful garden, and enter the fabrique, where, in various rooms, the same designing, stamping of patterns, &c., was going on, though on a finer scale than we have described at Heiden. The ladies of the party found it still more difficult to tear themselves away from the showrooms or shop, when once there. For beauty of design and delicacy of execution the Thal work quite equals if it does not excel any French work. America is the great purchaser of these beautiful goods, and France after her; and we fancy much of the embroidery that is sold in Paris as French, is in reality the work of the nimble fingers of some Thal maiden. This embroidery is rather more highly paid than the tambour work for curtains. What is called the hem-stitch round a pocket-handkerchief is done by little girls after their school-hours, by which they easily earn a franc or two; and indeed all these collars, strips of work, dresses, &c., are done by the people of Thal in their own houses; and thus the female population are not taken from their homes or congregated together, as unfortunately they must be in most other manufactures. Their work requires light and cleanliness, two primary conditions for the well-being of the poorer classes; and if the bending many hours over a frame has its dark side, it is at least not more injurious physically, and far less so morally, than the hard out-door labour which has done so much of late years to demoralize our female poor, and which has seemed to degrade them almost to the level of animals in other parts of Switzerland.

The extravagance of American ladies has been severely and justly censured, but we confess to have looked more leniently upon it since we have viewed it as a source of womanly employment to a large body of poor people. In a country like Switzerland, where there are no large landed proprietors to give employment to the labouring classes, or a helping hand to the women in times of distress, the condition of

the poor who have no occupation to fall back upon is very lamentable; but space will not permit further reflections on this subject. Much more could be said on the branch of female industry we have touched upon, and of its influence on a rural population. It proved at any rate a subject of interest to us during our residence at Heiden; and, in conclusion, we will only recommend those who may have a languid child or delicate relative requiring bracing, and who do not look for gaiety, to try the air of Appenzell's green hills, to explore the pleasant paths across those hills, and to get acquainted with the people living upon them, who are honest and well-meaning although rough in their manners; if they do not come away with a better opinion of the Swiss than they formed during a visit to the Bernese Oberland, they may feel satisfied that the fault is in their own powers of observation, and that their wisest plan will be to return there the following year, and consult Herr von Graefe.

AT EMS-BADEN.

HE was a prince, I'm sure he was
(They're not so scarce out there),
Such speaking eyes, such loves of ties
Must noble rank declare.

His face was pale, one manly arm
Hung wounded—in a sling—
Hurt in the wars! I thought it was
An interesting thing.

I every morn the 'waters' took
Before papa was up;
'Twas there we met—I see him yet
Handing across my cup.

I sipped it with a wreathèd smile,
And thought it nasty stuff:
But for his sake, could never take
What Tom calls *quantum suff.*

Ah! home again—embowered in
Our villa by the Thames,
I sit and think—upon the brink
And the German prince (?) at Ems.

F.C.

Drawn by Florence Claxton.]

AT EMS-BADEN.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

QUICKSANDS.

THERE can be no doubt about the fact of weddings being very wearying things to all whom they concern. From the moment that it was openly decided upon that Lionel Talbot and Blanche Lyon should take one another 'for better and worse,' very soon bustle and confusion reigned lords of all in the two families. Mrs. Lyon shed a few tears as soon as the matter was mooted, relative to the impossibility of her getting things ready for the marriage.

'You *must* be married from your mother's house, Blanche; and I have no house for you to be married from,' the old lady said, piteously, when Lionel pleaded for an early day being named; and then when Blanche urged that all that they either of them deemed essential was a church, a ring, and a priest, Frank Bathurst started forward with the announcement of his intentions concerning the nuptials of his friend.

'My cousin must be married from my house, Mrs. Lyon,' he said, eagerly. 'I am her nearest male relative, though we don't bear the same name (unfortunately,' he added, *sotto voce*). 'I'm bound to give the wedding breakfast and her away, and I will do both very jollily. Is it settled so, eh?'

'Yes,' Blanche said, quietly, 'settled and sealed with our heartiest thanks.' And when she said that, Frank rejoiced in having had the resolution to brave the pang it cost him to offer to give her away to another man.

It was useless to delude himself with the assertion that it did not cost him a pang. It did cost him one, and a very sharp one too; but he bore it manfully, betraying it only to Lionel, not to the woman who caused it. The love he had felt for Blanche, slight as she deemed it, and superficially as it had been shown, had made him very loyal. Lionel's wife should have no reason for thinking with a too pitiful tenderness of Lionel's friend.

Beatrix was to be the only bridesmaid. Blanche Lyon was not the type of girl who has made sacred promises to at least a dozen dearest friends as to their attendance upon her at the altar on the most important day of her life. This rather pleasing truth came out when Frank Bathurst said, one night,—

'The auspicious event is so rapidly approaching that it's getting time for us to make preparations to meet it. Those big boxes that are always arriving mean that you're doing your part well and truly, Blanche; but how about the procession?'

'There will be ourselves to go,' Blanche answered. 'It doesn't much matter how we go, provided Lal and I get there.'

'Why, don't you have a regular army of beings in tulle, to see your train safely up the aisle, and you safely through the service?'

'Indeed no,' Miss Lyon said, laughing. 'I never played Hermia to any one's Helen; I never make undying friendships, that last as a rule one month. Trixy is my most intimate friend.'

'Blanche never would see the advantage of being popular with her own sex,' Mrs. Lyon said, lamentingly. 'I always tell her that it is a pity, and that she will find that I am right some time or other; but Blanche is very obstinate, very obstinate indeed, Mr. Bathurst.'

'Don't impress that truth too much upon Lal, mamma,' Blanche said, laughing. 'Frank may hear it with safety; but Lionel might feel obstinacy to be an impediment, and I might be ignominiously jilted.'

'If I thought that of him I would not trust my happiness in his hands, if I were in your place,' Mrs. Lyon said, with as much severity as she was capable of expressing. Severity was

not Mrs. Lyon's forte. Blanche was not crushed by it; but it is irritating to be told by a person whose knowledge of the case in question is slight, what he or she would do were he or she in your peculiar plight. In spite of the real, genuine joy she was knowing in this realization of her love-dream, Blanche was irritated out of all happiness for the moment by her well-meaning mamma.

'If I didn't think everything that is good of Lionel I should not marry him. You may be very sure of that.'

'Ah, one never knows a man till one marries him,' Mrs. Lyon replied, shaking her head. 'They seem all that is fair and plausible beforehand; but afterwards——'

Here Mrs. Lyon paused and shook her head, as though her recollections of what happened afterwards were the reverse of agreeable.

'Well, mamma, what arrangement would you suggest that might remedy that evil?' Blanche said, when her mother hesitated. 'The good old rule that we take each other upon trust cannot be amended, in my humble opinion.'

'Ah!' the old lady said, shaking her head in a way that was a burlesque on wisdom, 'girls don't know when they're well off, or they'd stay as they are, and not be in such haste to marry, wouldn't they, Mr. Bathurst? But so it is: they are glad to leave their mothers, who have thought for them and waited on them from the hour of their birth, for the first stranger who asks them.'

'You see, Frank, mamma desires you to understand that I have "jumped" at my first offer, as my enemies would say,' Blanche said, laughingly. She had recovered that seldom-lost good-humour of hers, which could stand any strain that was made on it now, save aught that might be interpreted as a slight on Lionel. That she could not tolerate. All the love-loyalty within her rose up in rebellion against the bare idea, causing her to feel, and to make others feel, that love was lord of all with her, in a way that did make Frank regret her very keenly for a minute or two. So, having recovered her good temper, she gave a reading of her mother's speech that she would not have given had it been the right one; and Frank accepted her allusion in the way she intended him to accept it, and replied,

'Poor girl, couldn't she get any fellow to make it what the gentle bard of modern domesticity calls "his chief aim in life" to win her for his wife before Lal fell into the snare.'

'My daughter has not been so utterly devoid of opportunities of marrying as you seem to imagine,' Mrs. Lyon said, quickly, bridling her head as she spoke. 'Of course every one now will imagine, from the hastiness of the whole of this affair, that she was anxious to get a husband, and that I was impatient to see her settled. It's not at all the aspect I like—not at all.'

'What a lucky thing it is that Lal and I am indifferent to the aspect,' Blanche said, carelessly. 'My dear mother, you do cause yourself such cark and care for nothing. Life would not be worth having if we all paid such a price to the *vox populi* as you do.'

'Blanche will find in time that she cannot disregard the opinion of the world, lightly as she esteems it now,' Mrs. Lyon said to Frank, in a tone of toleration for her daughter that was touching. 'I have seen more of life than she has; but she never would take my advice.'

'My dear mother, what part of it have I disregarded?' Blanche asked, quietly; then she added, more quickly, 'Certainly, I went out as a governess when you thought it better I should stay at home in sublime seclusion, and starve, rather than loose caste; but in what else have I opposed you?'

'She is not a bit fit to be the wife of a poor man,' Mrs. Lyon said, petulantly, to Frank, as if he was in a measure responsible for Lionel's poverty and for Blanche' predilection for sharing the same. 'Not a bit fit for it. What they will do I don't know.'

'The best we can, mamma,' Blanche said, buoyantly.

'Ah. it's easy to say that,' Mrs. Lyon rejoined, crossly. 'You have not tried it yet. Well, there, my advice never is taken, so I may as well hold my tongue.'

And Blanche, who could not help remembering that her mother's advice had never brought her anything but boredom, and that she (Blanche) had been her own sole maintenance, chief councillor, and only guide, for many years, entirely coincided with her mother's latest opinion.

'Look here, Blanche,' Frank Bathurst said, somewhat nervously, a few hours later in the same day: 'Lal and you must start clear and comfortable, that's certain. You won't be too proud to accept a wedding present from me, will you.'

'I should be very much disgusted with you if you did not not give me one,' she replied, laughing. Then remembering that Frank's liberality might lead him to give more than either Lionel or she could comfortably accept under the circumstances, she hastily added, 'Let me choose my present, may I?—a tea-service—because I'm fastidious to a fault about china, and I feel that your taste will be perfect.'

'All right,' Frank said, drily; 'you shall have that. But you must let me exercise the brother's privilege, and give you what I think you ought to have.'

'You're too good to me,' she said, in a low voice. The recollection that this man had wanted her for his wife smote her at times, and saddened her a little; he was so very generous to her in his disappointed love.

'Too good to you? That's impossible. Come, Blanche,' he went on, as Lionel came and joined them, 'I'll say my say to you before Lal, and have done with it. He has won you, and I have failed; and I don't like either him or you one bit the less for it. I can bear my defeat, and can tell Lal that I think him the luckiest fellow in the world, and that I am glad he is so lucky. You in return must show me that you don't think my love for you both is an utterly worthless thing by letting me use my own judgment in giving you what I think best. Say, will you?'

'You want us to give a promise blindly,' Blanche said, affectionately; 'and I think we may dare give it to the one who has fulfilled my old conceited fancy about "Bathurst's boy," and taken such a fancy to me as I am proud to have inspired.'

'That's neat,' Frank said, approvingly. 'Waste of words, though, rather. If you had said "I will," it would have saved trouble. Naturally, what you will Lal wills also. Well, then, Miss Lyon, my idea is, that it's best for a woman to be independent of her husband, so far as money-matters are concerned, so I shall make you independent of Lal.'

Lionel Talbot's blood rushed to his face as his old friend spoke. The proposition could never be acted upon. He felt that at once; but he also felt that the rejection of it must emanate from Blanche. All his fine sensibilities were in revolt at the notion of his wife being offered, by a man who had wooed her, that which he (Lionel) could not give her—an independent settlement; but he could not, for his pride's sake, make manifest that he was so revolted. He must trust to Blanche to show to others that his right to her was a real one with which no man might interfere.

'Frank wants to find out whether or not I am the unpleasantly strong-minded woman mamma most undesignedly represents me as,' Miss Lyon said, quickly; 'so he tests me by offering me what women who go in for their sex's rights sigh for—a state of independence. Dear Frank, how disgusted you would have been if I had fallen into your trap, and had not had the courage to aver that I belong to the old, weak, womanly order, that prefers being indebted to a lawful lord.'

'By Jove! you're right,' Frank cried, heartily. 'You're right, and I was wrong to think for a moment that you could accept an ungraceful offer. Can you forgive me, Lal? you may, I think, for my folly brought out a bit of Blanche's best—her pride in you, old fellow.'

'That shall never be decreased by any fault of mine,' Lionel replied.

'Forgive you? Yes, I think I can forgive what flatters me so much as your appreciation of Blanche's deserts does; but for your comfort's sake I will tell you, Frank, dear old fellow, my wife won't be beholden to me for anything, as old women call it. She has a mine of independence within herself in the making of many books.'

'I'll give her a plot for her next,' Frank said, laughing; 'the story of a modern Damon and Pythias loving the same lady, and Damon surrendering her, and bearing no malice about it. She can draw from the life—the *dramatis personæ* are before her.'

He gave a half questioning, half pleading glance at Blanche as he spoke. His bright, light love for her was not dangerous, and Lionel felt that it was not dangerous; still, the avowal of it was only a touch less than painful to the one who thought so humbly of himself that he deemed he had only won by a head.

'Damon would never be guilty of the meanness of mentioning it if he meant it,' Lionel said, quietly; and when he said that, Blanche realised that the love of the one man and the liking of the other would give her a hard part to play.

'And Pythias would never be sensitively jealous if Damon did,' she put in, hurriedly; 'at least not if he respected the lady of his love as the loved of Damon and Pythias deserved to be respected. Since Frank is kind enough to give me the materials for a story, Lal, you must let me tell it in my own way. I shall handle it all so harmoniously for the lady, and for Damon and Pythias too.'

'And when shall we read it?' Frank asked, eagerly. The moment for half sentimentalizing with him was gone, and he could be blithely gay about the business again.

'When? Always when we are together, and I hope that may be very often,' she said, gaily; and then both men felt that however it had been before, her heart was wholly Lionel's now—so wholly that she had no fear of herself. She had got herself past some terrible quicksands in safety; and it was no slight thing to have done. Had she steered one half point to the right or left of that straightforward course which it had been her choice and policy to pursue, she would have brought the little bark in which Lionel and herself had shipped for life into troubled waters. As it was, she had, by means of a steady hand and an eye undimmed by vanity or deceit, gone direct to the harbour of refuge Lionel's love made for her.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MARRIED.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sutton came down to Haldon the day before the wedding, accompanied by their niece Ellen Bowden, in whose favour Blanche had relented, in so far as allowing her to be a bridesmaid went. Not one of the party, including the bride herself, were in very brilliant spirits on the marriage morning. Now that it had really come to the point, the two men who had loved Blanche felt it to be harder than they had fancied to lose her.

'I hope from my heart, old fellow, that you will be as happy as you both deserve to be,' Frank Bathurst said, clapping Lionel on the shoulder. 'Don't you feel shaky about it, though?'

'Not a bit,' Lionel replied.

'Then you've a bundle of nerves. I should.'

'What should you do?' Edgar Talbot asked, as he came in to his brother.

'Feel awfully nervous if I stood on the brink of a similar precipice to the one Lal is on just now.'

'So should I,' Edgar said, 'especially if I were no more sure than Lionel is that I could keep my wife as my wife ought to be kept.'

'Oh, as for that, Lal will be as right as a trivet,' Frank said, hurriedly. The conversation had taken a turn that might reasonably be supposed to be the reverse of agreeable to Lionel; and Frank was sorry for this, and also sorry for the cause of its being thus turned. There must be a considerable amount of bitterness, he knew, in

the heart of a man who could utter so thinly veiled a reproach to a brother on his wedding morning.

'Any way, I am not going half way to meet any trouble, much less one that Blanche will bear with me,' Lionel said, coolly.

'You will be obliged to work a trifle less conscientiously, that is all,' Edgar said, laughing.

'That I shall never do. I will pay my wife the respect of, at least, not deteriorating.'

'You will do well enough, probably, old fellow,' Edgar said, with sudden heartiness; 'quite as well, and better too, than most men: but you'll study the simply expedient a little more attentively than you have done hitherto, if I'm not mistaken.'

'You are mistaken. I cannot stay to try and convince you of it just now, for we must be off.'

Then they went away to the village church, the bells of which had been clanging in hilarious dis-harmony all the morning.

To be married in a large town, in the midst of a concourse of people who are superbly indifferent as to whether one is going to be married or buried, is a calm and comfortable proceeding when compared with being married in a village, where every one has some pet theory to account for every change of complexion and variation of expression in the faces of the chief objects concerned. The bridal party would have deemed themselves blessed had the inspection lasted only during their progress through the church; but the churchyard gateway was too narrow to admit a carriage, consequently they had to get out and walk between rows of observant fellow-creatures, on a rough gravel path, that was, as Mrs. Sutton felt with anguish, detrimental to her boots and train. Ellen Bowden, to whom, six months before, the scene would have been one of fairy-like beauty and splendour, had dreamt a more gorgeous dream lately, and so rather looked down upon this reality.

'If I am ever married, it shall not be in the country; I am quite determined about that,' she whispered to Trixy; and when Trixy replied—

'I dare say Mr. Wilmot will agree to any place that seems good to you,' Ellen blushed with confusion, and said,

'One never knows how things of that sort may turn out, does one, Miss Talbot? Aunt Marian says it is so foolish to speak about engagements ever, for fear they should be broken off. Do you know Mr. Eldale, Miss Talbot?'

'Only by repute.'

'Oh, I'm sorry you don't know him,' Ellen said, in disappointed accents. She wanted to talk about him more than she had wanted to talk about John Wilmot for many weeks. It was hard upon her, she felt, that Miss Talbot could not take the wild interest in her subject which knowledge of him would surely have given.

'I am very sorry,' she repeated. 'He is so charming.'

Then her poor little foolish heart throbbed high at the thought of how grand a thing his wealth and taste would make her wedding with him, if she were so fortunate as to have won him as he seemed to be won by her; and this thought caused her to look rather scornfully on the small band that stood around the pair. 'I will have twelve bridesmaids; and I shouldn't feel married in such a plain white dress as she wears; but it's all right enough for people in their position, I suppose,' the daughter of the deceased grazier thought, of the daughter of an old and honourable house.

'It was not half as bad as I expected; still I am very glad it is over—so glad and happy, Lal,' Mrs. Lionel Talbot exclaimed to her husband, the instant they were out of the church.

'And I shall be glad when we're off,' he replied, tenderly; 'for Edgar is breaking down fast. If he does utterly, my darling, there must be a gulf between us; no man, not even my own brother, must show love for my wife. Let us leave them to eat the wedding breakfast without us; let us be off at once.'

'As you will. Whatever you wish to do I shall be sure to like to do,' she said, tenderly. So they were off at once, after just shaking hands

with the others, on the brief trip that was to be the prelude of that earnest battle of life they were bound to fight together.

'The artist and his wife had a very humdrum wedding,' Ellen Bowden wrote to John Wilmot. He had forced her to write to him from Haldon; and she kept her promise, though she kept it unwillingly. 'There was no style about it at all. I couldn't endure such an affair; but I suppose it was the right and proper thing for people without money. Some people blame them very much for having married on next to nothing: such matches never turn out well. I hardly know when we go back to town; so I should be sorry for you to waste more of your time in waiting to see us on our return. My uncle and aunt unite with me in kindest regards. Yours very truly,

'ELLEN BOWDEN.'

'I don't think that Arthur Eldale can think that a compromising letter, if he should ever chance to see it,' Ellen thought, and a self-complacent expression crept over her face as she thought it. She had violated no truth in averring herself to be his 'very truly;' at least she had not violated truth in the letter, though she had in the spirit. She was his very truly, in so far as being well disposed towards him as a friend went; but to herself she confessed that she would prefer being a friend to him at a distance for the future. Her retrospective regard for him in the abstract was a colossal thing; still, colossal as it was, it was liable to colapsing suddenly into the most diminutive proportions under the influence of the dread she had that it might mar her future prospects with another.

Meanwhile the newly married people whom she was pitying were well on their way to the place they had determined to pause and take breath in before commencing the actual fight for fame and fortune which they both were resolved to make. It was a sweet, quiet, secluded village, in a midland county, where they made their first halt, a village about half a mile from the banks of the Thames, in the heart of the fairest of that flat, fair, midland county scenery, which is so fascinating in its park-like prettiness and quiet. Sheets of silvery moonlight flooded the scene when they reached the little inn that stood on the brink of one of the tributary streams that fall into the Thames. The house itself was gable-ended, thatched, covered with creeping plants, redolent of the presence of roses. As they stood together at the casement-window, looking out over the flower-bed-studded slope of grass, and on the shining river, the deep, tender happiness of love, realised so fully that it idealized everything, flooded the hearts of both, and the woman spoke:

'Lionel, what have I done to deserve this; to be placed here in the midst of such beauty; to be enjoying it with you?'

'According to my idea, you have done everything to deserve it,' he replied. 'You have made me supremely happy by giving me your love and the right to enjoy it.'

'Such a poor return for the wealth of yours,' she said, rather sadly. 'Lal, the one thought that crushes me a little now and then is that I may be, not a "burden"—I won't insult you by suggesting that you could ever feel me to be that—but a sensibly-felt weight. If I hamper you? If I impede your progress? The mere thought of it half maddens me.'

Then he put his arms about her with that air of tenderly protecting strength which comforts a woman against her will—against her reason, very often—and told her that he was so strengthened and elevated by her love, that his progress must be an upward one; and that even if it were not, she would be by his side to share it, and to see him make it.

'But if you are impoverished by your marriage, Lal? Life is a little harder to the man who has to fight for a wife as well as for himself.'

'Harder perhaps; sweeter undoubtedly. Listen, my child,' he said, putting his hand on her brow, and holding her face up to fairly meet his gaze. 'Listen, and believe

me, Blanche. I never lied to any one yet—do you think I should lie to the one I love best? Believe me when I say that I meant the words I uttered this morning. Whatever comes to me of sorrow or joy, of wealth or poverty, I thank God that you have vowed very solemnly, my sweet, to share it with me.'

'Oh, Lal! what a lovely opening chapter it is,' the easily-consoled woman—who showed her love by being thus easily consoled—replied, as she let her head nestle forward trustingly upon his shoulder. 'What a lovely opening chapter it is!' she repeated, earnestly.

'Yes,' he replied, laughing; 'and, as is right, there are only two figures in it. In the earlier stages of romances, whether of real life or not, it is well that the two chief figures should stand quite alone—should be clearly outlined.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAMILY AFFECTION.

It was late in the autumn before the young married people left the little inn on the brink of the stream for a settled home of their own. 'The prettiest, quietest place we can afford, without giving a thought to the social consideration it is held in, will be the place for us,' Lionel said to his wife, when the question of their future abode began to be first debated seriously between them; and Blanche agreed with him in this, as indeed she did about most things.

'I think you are right, Lionel. I will go to Highgate, if you like, or to Camberwell, or to any other out-of-the-way district in which you may see fit to place me; it will be all one to me, so long as you are with me, and I have something nice to look at from the window. We have no old swell friends to be affected by our decline and fall from the West.' Then, as she finished speaking, she remembered that Marian Sutton had, with recently developed sisterly affection, promised to call on them as soon as they (the Suttons) came back to London; and she added, 'Even Marian will forgive the locality for her brother Lionel.'

'Marian and you will never be sufficiently intimate for the distance between you to be felt as a trial,' Lionel replied.

'We are better apart, I think,' Blanche said, heartily. 'Nothing would give me the necessary amount of faith in Marian to make constant, or even frequent intercourse between us desirable. I do——'

She paused, and her husband said, 'You do what, dear?'

'Maybe I had better reserve my judgment. Speaking it can do no good.'

'But I would rather that you did speak it to me, even though your judgment of my sister may be severe. You are my wife, and I have a right to share your thoughts. Tell me, darling.'

'Lal, what a mean-hearted wretch I should seem to myself if I, by a thoughtless word or two, made you think less well than you do of your sister. I will own to not liking her; but I will add, in justice to her, that I believe, at first, I only disliked her because she did not like me. My vanity was piqued; I was weak.'

'At first that was your reason; but how about now?'

'Now I don't think her true; that is why I do not take to her, as we women call it. I think she has a good deal of scratch in her, and if her soft, easy-going existence were disturbed, I think she would let her nearest feel that she had it without the faintest scruple. Lal, how can I dare to say that of a sister of yours? What a wretch I am!'

'At least you can love Trixy,' he said, evading answering her direct question as to how she dared to question the moral veracity of his sister.

The young, loving, tenderly regarded wife went down gracefully on her knees before the low lounge-chair in which her husband was sitting.

'Shall I confess, Lal?' she asked, sweetly.

'To me, always, or heaven help us both!' he answered, solemnly.

'Well, then, love is a gorgeous gift, and I don't give it readily. I

have liked, and liked warmly, and been deceived and disappointed, and seen the object fall short of that which I expected of it, ever so many times. Now, for some time, I have left off lavishing it. I like what pleases me, and interests me, and sympathises with me; but I should scorn myself if I were to say that because a woman is your sister, for that reason alone I loved her.'

'And can't you love Trixy for herself?' he asked, in a hurt tone. 'She at least might command the highest sympathies; she is good, true, and clever; what do you want more?'

'"Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself; it is not bought,"'

Blanche said, shrugging her shoulders. 'I'm wrong morally, I have no doubt, but I am mentally right. You must know that when I first took to loving you better than myself, Trixy and I were antipathetic to each other to the last degree, on account of another man for whom she did care, and for whom I didn't care, and who did care for me, and who didn't care for her. Now our "relations are altered," as political reporters say; nevertheless, I can't afford to say that Trixy is the one female being in the world who can make life sweet to me simply because she is your sister.'

Lionel Talbot was silent. Conventionally, he knew his wife to be wrong. She was refusing to take up the regulation burden of family affection for 'the people' of the one whom she had married; but rationally he knew her to be right—there was no sufficient cause for it.

'Trixy and you will right yourselves in time,' he said, stooping forward and kissing her brow. 'Meanwhile, don't imagine that you owe me anything that your own true heart is disinclined to pay.'

BOATING AT COMMEMORATION.

The Procession Night, and a Nuneham Water Party.

'SHALL you have any people up for Commem.?' said Wingfield to me, as we lay on carpet cushions, one at each end of a punt moored under the trees by Magdalen Walks. It was a hot, hazy, sultry day, and we had lazily punted ourselves up the narrow, winding stream, stopping to rest in the shade of every tree, and scarcely caring to cast an eye upon a fair passer-by on the bank, or exchange a bit of chaff with a friend on the river, till at last we lay moored in our favourite nook for the afternoon. The races were over, and we were out of training; we had done our duty to our college, we were now doing our duty to ourselves. My sweetest meerschaum, filled with my own particular mixture, supplied my only employment, while Wingfield pulled away zealously at a gigantic regalia, and we felt like a couple of Homeric gods in peaceful and perfect enjoyment of the ambrosial hour. I was too lazy to answer my comrade's question for fully a minute, and he accordingly touched me languidly on the shin with his toe, and repeated the inquiry.

'Yes,' I replied, raising myself with a gentle grunt from a supine to a reclining posture, 'I believe I shall.'

'Your mother, and two sisters, I suppose?'

'And a cousin.'

'He or she?'

'She, of course: what do you take me for?'

Five minutes went by, and then Wingfield began again.

'I've thought of asking somebody up; but, you see, I've no sisters—nothing but five she-cousins, and I hate them all. I never met a girl yet who was good for anything beyond an evening party, and even then they're safe to talk to you about some big idiot or other whose waltzing is so splendid, meaning, of course, that it's the reverse of your own. Oh, they're all alike, a bad lot all round! Don't you think so?'

I thought the sentiment beneath contempt, and deigned no reply.

'Well, there's one girl certainly—that sister of Thornhill's, the youngest—who seems to have some good in her; she did take an interest in the boat; I could almost have fallen in love with her for that.'

'Umph!'

'Yes,' continued Wingfield, reflectively; 'and as she's going to be up at Commem., there's no knowing what may happen.'

'Ah!' said I, drily, 'you'd better be careful.'

'Well, yes, I think so too, old fellow; she might not suit me after all.'

'More than likely,' I replied, with a smile as sardonic as I could manage to make it; 'suppose you were to try the eldest daughter. By-the-by, Thornhill and I have agreed to join our parties and go to Nuneham on Thursday in Commem. week. You may come with us, if you'll behave yourself; but mind, I shouldn't like to introduce to Miss Thornhill one who would cause a flutter in her breast, and then find out that she didn't suit him.'

'Oh, all right, old fellow, I see what you're driving at; I won't interfere with you, if that's what you mean, though I think if she doesn't suit me she's still less likely to suit you. Yes, I should like to go with you to Nuneham, if it's only to see how you go about to court the young woman. There, I've finished my weed, let's move.'

It is the afternoon of Saturday, the 18th of June. Oxford lies basking in the summer sun, and looks just now as lazy as a lotus-eater. Work is over, except for a few pale candidates for 'Smalls,' remanded for further torture by the inquisitors of the schools. No stir in the streets, a few listless undergraduates, a nursemaid trailing a child or two, a cab jogging towards the sta-

tion, and scarcely a sign of life beside. But there are those coming this afternoon who will wake the drowsy old city with a start, and keep her sleepless for nearly a week ere she settles down for the three months' doze of the Long Vacation. The platform at the railway-station is full of undergraduates, among them Thornhill and myself, awaiting the arrival of the train which is to bring our fair guests from the country. Here it comes, sweltering from the hot, dusty journey, hissing and groaning and grinding into the dingy station.

'Ah! there they are! This way! Well, how are you all? So glad to see you! You're rather late. Very tired, are you? Yes, you must be. Tickets! Luggage! Nine packages only? All right? Cab! Stop! Another bonnet-box? Not that? The round one? Yes! Quite right now, I think! Close packing in these flys! Your dress in the door, Jessie! Now, cabby, drive on.'

So I got my party off to the lodgings provided for them within a hundred yards of St. Anthony's; and Thornhill followed with his to the next door but one. A high tea at Thornhill's lodgings, and then we all strolled into the college garden together.

Just let me give you a slight idea of each member of the party. First, my mother, rather tall and stout, with a face of the most beaming good-humour, little comic wrinkles about her eyes, and a general air of what I call comfortableness. At her side my eldest sister, Minnie, tall, like my mother, and perhaps just a thought too thin, full of life and spirits, and good sense to boot, as her bright grey eyes tell you, and just the girl to make home happy, as I tell you, who ought to know. That is my younger sister, Jessie, under the old wall there, looking as if she would like to climb the ivy, or go birds'-nesting among the shrubs; you see what she is by her firm step and frank way of looking you straight in the face when she speaks; a real true-hearted English girl, believe me, with auburn hair and rosy cheeks and blue eyes, and as fond of country sports as a lady may be. Then there is my cousin, that girl with the dark-blue eyes and brown hair, very sober to all appearance, but full of quiet fun too. Mrs. Thornhill is the reverse of my mother, rather small and thin, and slightly deaf, which gives her an eager look about the eyes. She is in earnest in everything she does or says, but always kindly and pleasant to all around. Her eldest daughter, Alice, is one of those girls who delight in poetry, and look well in black velvet, stately and gracious, not easily excited, like her sister, but easily pleased. Lastly, there is Florence Thornhill. I must not attempt to describe her, for if I once begin there'll be no stopping me; imagine her for yourself, if you please, reader. One thing I will tell you: she is bright in every sense of the word; there is brightness in her eye, brightness in her voice, brightness in her step, brightness in her glossy hair—but there, I knew how it would be, this is the one topic on which I lose my head.

'Oh, Mr. Maynard,' said Florence, as I came to her side, having set the two senior ladies on the best of terms by shrewdly introducing the subject of babies, 'it's so delightful to get back to this dear old place again; we've come prepared to enjoy ourselves to the fullest extent.'

'You will have to work hard.'

'Shall we? Oh, that's splendid; it's so delicious to feel that we're resigning ourselves altogether to pleasure just for one week. Tell me what we're going to do, will you—the programme for the week? I shall enjoy it all twice as much if I know what's coming. Mamma thinks surprise is half the pleasure, but I don't.'

'Well, to-night you will have easy work, only a concert; there may be a dance after it, just impromptu, you know.'

'Yes. Oh, I hope there will.'

'In view of that possibility,' said I, stopping to bow solemnly, 'will you favour me with your hand for the first waltz?'

'Nothing could give me greater pleasure,' she replied, mimicking my bow with mock gravity.

'I shall make a note of it,' said I, taking out my pencil, 'ladies' memories are short sometimes.'

We stood still opposite each other while I wrote.

'Ah! you don't know me,' said Florence; 'you think I'm a flirt, don't you?'

Her tone was so serious all at once that I looked up in surprise.

'No,' I replied, rather bluntly; 'quite the reverse.'

She said no more, but our eyes met, and—well, that was all; but there was a look in hers that put me in high spirits for the rest of the evening.

'Florence, my dear, the grass is getting quite damp, and Charlie says it is time to dress for the concert.'

'Very well, mamma, I'm coming. The first waltz, Mr. Maynard; I shall not forget.'

A college concert, despite the absence of lady singers, has several advantages over ordinary amateur performances. There is the charm of the college hall, with its high oak roof, antique portraits and associations of quaint old dons, solemn dinners, massive plate, and choice old wine, brightened up for the nonce into a lighter festivity to entertain the votaries of Euterpe, and (hear it not, shades of founders and benefactors!) perchance of Terpsichore also. And then everybody comes in the best possible humour. Many are friends of the singers, and applaud accordingly. Jones has a knot of supporters, who encore his solo as a matter of course, even though he did sing flat all through the first verse. And then there are the stewards, in the most faultless evening dress, handing you to your seat in that consummately polite and deferential way which marks the Oxford man *par excellence*. And, lastly, the cups of antique silver, filled with ambrosial liquor, and passed down the gay rows of ladies, young and old and middle-aged, from hand to hand, ay, and from mouth to mouth, with half-revealed enjoyment. All these things combine to make a college concert always pleasant and successful. This evening's concert was no exception to the rule, and when at last the seats were cleared away, the piano and cornet set going, and we began the expected impromptu dance, every one agreed that nothing could have been managed better. Certainly that was my opinion as I floated through that dreamy waltz with Florence Thornhill. Sunday came and went. Of course we attended duly at St. Mary's, to see the vice-chancellor, doctors, proctors, 'pokers,' &c., in their robes of state, and in the evening, as in duty bound, promenaded the Broad Walk for the appointed hour, bowing and nodding to our friends, and scrutinising the faces and dresses of strangers, till eyes ached and necks were stiff with turning perpetually one way, and we retired, nothing loth, to supper and repose.

Next morning found us all at breakfast in Vere's handsome rooms in college, and a capital spread he gave us, every variety of fish, flesh, and fowl, that he and the cook could think of between them, not forgetting, as no rowing man could, a genuine Oxford steak. This last, strange as it may seem, charmed none but masculine appetites, but when Florence Thornhill took a small piece, with an apologetic glance at the other ladies, 'just to see, you know, what training is like,' my admiration for her went up many degrees. Then we managed to be very merry over the Moselle and claret cups after breakfast. First Mrs. Thornhill declined politely but with firmness, and her eldest daughter, in spite of the remonstrances of Baxter, who practically illustrated the ease with which the liquor might be imbibed by means of a straw, did the same. Then it came to my sister Minnie: she had quite a reputation for always knowing just the correct thing to do on all occasions, and all the girls looked for Minnie's lead.

'Come, Miss Maynard,' said Vere, 'if Baxter is allowed to finish that cup by himself, as he will if you don't prevent it, the consequences may be fatal; consider.'

Minnie hesitated and looked at my mother; my mother, who I think was, to tell the truth, nothing loth to have an example set her, re-

turned a beaming smile, which spread all round the table, as Minnie very demurely took the straw which Baxter had selected for her, and put herself in communication with the fragrant Moselle. The spell was broken: no one hesitated now, and even the poetic Alice Thornhill yielded to the bland entreaties of Wingfield to sip, as he poetically put it, the amber stream. Florence, who sat beside me, said she had done her duty like a rowing-man in eating beef-steak, and she should now go out of training, especially as the great Henley cup was going round. So she tasted, and so did Jessie, and so did my mother.

'Now, Mrs. Thornhill,' said Vere, 'we can't let you off this time; this cup is made from a receipt bequeathed by our generous founder, and carefully preserved among the college archives; and they say it was over a cup of the same that our present revered Dean wooed and won his charming wife this time six years ago.'

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Thornhill, who took everything in earnest, 'then there must be something in it.'

'Yes, there's a good deal in it, though it has been through Baxter's hands: it only wants one addition, and that is your straw, Mrs. Thornhill.'

And so the good lady's reluctance was overcome, and she tasted the pleasant compound not once nor twice, and the conversation became sprightly, the most sober faces looked vivacious, the merry looked merrier than ever, and everything seemed rosy and delightful.

'Ten o'clock,' said Thornhill looking at his watch. 'I'm afraid we must take the ladies away, Vere: the drag will be here to take us to Blenheim at half-past ten: you and Wingfield and Baxter are engaged to come with us, remember.'

'It seems almost a pity to move though,' replied Vere, 'when we're all as snug as a select circle of gods and goddesses "as we sit beside our nectar," &c.'

'Yes; only it strikes me that the rosy hours, in the shape of stable-boys, are just yoking the steeds to our chariot, and goddesses in the present day take a little longer to dress than our old-fashioned friends Juno and Minerva; so good-morning, old fellow, we'll all meet at the gates in half an hour.'

Golden is the hour when you roam through lovely scenes with the enchanting creature whose love you are striving not in vain to win. So I thought that Monday afternoon as Florence and I strolled over the pleasant lawns and picturesque shrubberies of Blenheim, and talked everybody knows how. And so, I believe, thought all the party, especially Wingfield. He had Alice Thornhill for a companion, and his extensive acquaintance with the poets impressed her deeply. Florence and I came upon the pair once under a mossy oak, just as Wingfield, reclining at Alice's feet, was repeating, his eyes and voice full of expressive tenderness, 'Maid of Athens ere we part,' &c., to which she listened with wrapt attention. We managed to slip away unobserved, and indulged our merriment at a safe distance. At last it was time to return. The drag was in waiting at the palace gates, and Florence and I reached it first.

'I wonder if I could drive four-in-hand,' she said. 'I've driven a pair often. Will you help me on to the box for half a minute, just to see how I feel up there?'

Of course I complied.

'Oh, it's splendid! I know I could manage them if I tried. I'm a first-rate whip, Charlie says.'

'Take care,' said I, as she took up the reins, for the leaders threw their noses up and began to move. 'Wait till I get to their heads; they're very fresh.'

The caution came too late: Florence could not resist giving the reins a shake, and before I could stop them, the horses broke away, and made for the steep incline that slopes down to the lake. I followed at my utmost speed. Florence turned and glanced at me for a moment with her face deadly pale, and then seemed to nerve herself for the horrible danger, and pulled the reins with all her strength; but four fresh horses were too much for

her, and they dashed on straight for the slope.

'Keep your seat, and turn them to the right,' I shouted in an agony of terror, 'the right, for God's sake!'

Poor Florence hears me, and tugs manfully, but all in vain: they are within twenty yards of the slope: nothing can stop them; in another moment they will be rolling headlong to the lake. Look! look! they must be—no, thank God, the horses see their danger, and swerve suddenly to the right; the drag sways and reels and then rights again; in the pause I am up with the horses, and Thornhill close behind me; we have them safely by the heads, and the danger is over.

'Are you hurt?' we both asked at once.

'No, not at all,' replied Florence, faintly. 'Help me down, please.'

I sprang to the wheel, and she fell senseless into my arms. The whole party came up now, all very pale, and the girls half-hysterical; Mrs. Thornhill would have fainted if her anxiety for her child had been less strong. We soon brought Florence round; her eyes opened, the colour came back to her cheek, and she declared herself quite well, and ready for the drive home.

'I think, Florence, my dear, you had better not go out again this evening,' said Mrs. Thornhill, when they were safe at home.

'Not go out, mamma! Why there's the procession of boats to-night, and St. Anthony's head of the river too, and Charlie stroke of the boat. Oh, I wouldn't miss it for all the world!'

'Well but, dear, you won't be alone, you know; of course I shall stay with you, and we can play cribbage together, or something.'

'Oh yes, dear mamma, you're very kind I know, but really you must let me go. I don't mind giving up the theatricals afterwards, though, you know, I'm quite well, but I must see the procession.'

'Well, run away then, and get on your finery,' said Thornhill, 'and you too, Alice; there's no time to lose.'

Was it fancy, or did I hear Wingfield murmur, 'Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,' as Alice left the room?

Everybody who comes up for an Oxford Commemoration goes on Monday evening to see the grand procession of boats. Hundreds and even thousands of people come trooping to the Isis bank in the cool of that Monday evening: old *habitués* of the river with perhaps their wives and daughters, citizens of Oxford and their families, rarely seen below Folly Bridge, strangers to whom all is new, and strangers who have seen it all before, mingled with boating men in the many-coloured flannel uniforms of their various clubs, and undergraduate swells of the first water, all come on Monday evening to the river to see and to be seen. There is an abundance of ladies, the young and fair predominating, clad in the airiest and brightest of summer costumes, filling the nine or ten college barges that lie moored along the bank, and making each look, as I heard Wingfield say to Miss Thornhill afterwards, 'like a bridal bouquet filled with the choicest buds of May.' There is a long deep crowd too, fringing the opposite bank, not very *distingué* in its composition, but motley enough. The volunteer band is at work merrily; flags are flying from many a masthead, and there on the 'Varsity barge—that one which carries the big dark-blue flag—you see the long string of college colours rising one above another in the order of their place on the river. That is our St. Anthony's flag at the top, the red Maltese cross on a white ground, and Exeter the dark crimson just below it. Now just look at the river itself, swarming with punts, dingeys, whiffs, skiffs, canoes, and craft of every size and shape, so thick in some places that you might almost cross the river by stepping from boat to boat. The Eights are manned and away down the river getting into their places, and practising to toss oars, and chaffing each other merrily. Ah! there goes the starting-gun. Look! here they come. Our boat is moored under the university barge: the Exeter Eight comes up. 'Easy all!' cries

the coxswain, and they float up level with us. 'Up!' and all at once the eight oars rise dripping from the water, and glittering in the setting sun; our oars go up simultaneously to return the salute, and stand upright for a few seconds; both crews doff their straw-hats and cheer lustily; then 'Down!' and the sixteen blades fall flapping and splashing upon the water. Exeter moves on to make way for Oriel; we salute and cheer as before, and so the procession goes on through some forty boats, with a 'toss-oars' and a lusty cheer as each goes by. Just watch those men in green rowing that old-fashioned tub, the sort of thing that our fathers used to pull themselves to pieces in, and no wonder; that is the Jesus crew, all sturdy, ruddy-faced, beer-loving Welshmen: see them salute; they have a fashion of their own; there they go! At the word the whole crew rise and stand upright, each holding his oar, like a long shining lance, at his side: a long cheer with a rich Cambrian ring about it, and then 'Down!' and on they go. Here come the Torpids; now look out for a spill: there they go—Balliol's over! That fat fellow Five did it on purpose, just wobbled his body at the right moment. There is a slight cry of horror from the ladies, soon merged into laughter as the crew flounder ashore, wet and muddy, but grinning in the consciousness of having performed the sensation feat of the day. The head-boats are through Folly Bridge by this time, have turned under the Lasher (a trying business for the coxswains, I can tell you, and not accomplished without some warm language from those little tyrants of the hour), and are coming down again to their barges. Now the cheering waxes louder and lustier; the boats coming down cheer the boats going up, the Eights cheer the Torpids, the Torpids cheer the Eights, and all cheer head-boat; each man in every boat rows as he likes, and when he likes, everybody's oar gets in everybo ly else's way, and every boat is within an ace of upsetting, but nobody loses his temper or seems to care a rush about anything except making as much row as in him lies. Coxswains shriek and bellow to their men all in vain; small boats are swamped and their owners dragged dripping into punts; women laugh, boys chaff, and boatmen swear, and all is wild, gay, glorious confusion. Then by degrees the excitement dies away; the boats drift to their moorings at last, the gay crowds melt and vanish from the barges; the town-folk and *gamins* disappear from the opposite bank, and nothing of the late carnival remains but a stray crew of holiday citizens, and the college flags flapping lazily in the evening breeze.

As everybody knows, there are only two states of mind possible to the lover, namely, bliss in the presence of the adored, and misery in her absence; and as I had to escort my mother and sisters to the St. Anthony's theatricals, while Florence Thornhill stayed at home, it is no wonder that the performance that Monday evening had no charm for me. Vere, I believe, acted admirably, and kept the audience in roars all through. Wingfield managed to hide his whiskers, and did a pettish little woman to the intense amusement of the ladies; and Baxter performed the part of a brown bear in the burlesque as naturally as if he had been born in the Zoological Gardens; but I was glad when the curtain fell, and I could retire to sleep and dream about Florence. I just mention these feelings of mine, that the reader may understand that I was in love in the good old romantic Romeo-and-Juliet style, which is not so fashionable now as it ought to be.

A grand morning concert, a flower-show, and an elegant lunch in Baxter's rooms, then another concert, and then the Christ Church ball.

'There is no ball like an Oxford Commemoration ball,' said my sister Jessie, with an emphatic nod, as we stood together in the Lancers that evening. Jessie danced, as she did everything else, with all her heart and soul, and had a greater capacity for enjoyment than any girl I ever met.

'You're quite happy then, are you?'

'Quite,—and so I should say is Mr. Wingfield: look! I'm sure matters must be coming to a crisis between him and Alice. I've overheard some very sentimental expressions that I don't think were quotations from the poets—and, by-the-bye, Tom, what do you mean by being so devotedly attentive to Florence? She ought to be bored to death with you by this time—I should be.'

'Do you really think she is?' I said, anxiously, not observing the sly twinkle in Jessie's eye.

'Well, no; I'm afraid she cares more about you than could be expected, considering the way you've persecuted her the last three days; but there, you're engaged to her for this waltz, I know; go along, fond lover, I can take care of myself here in the corner.'

I had been resolving all the evening to speak my mind to Florence, but somehow the words would never come just at the right moment. Two or three times I had carefully planned the attack, and between the dances had composed several imaginary conversations that should lead up neatly and imperceptibly to—the subject; but they had all failed miserably. However, Jessie's words gave me a fresh spur: my mind was made up—I would do the deed forthwith. But again it was not to be; there was a change in Florence's manner all at once, not a great change, but just enough to make it impossible for me to say what I intended. I soon found out the reason.

'I've something to tell you, Mr. Maynard,' said Florence, 'that I dare-say will amuse you very much.'

'By all means tell me; what is it, pray?'

'Well, guess.'

'Oh, I understand, it's a riddle, is it?'

'No, no such thing; it's about my sister, Alice.'

'Your sister, Alice? and—Wingfield? Why surely they're not——'

'Yes.'

'Engaged?'

'Yes, engaged—only think! I can scarcely believe it, though Alice has just told me herself. They've not told mamma yet, for she could never hear in this crowd of people; and besides she would be sure to cry.'

'And what does your brother say?'

'Charlie? Oh he seems as pleased as brothers generally are, you know. Here he is; we'll ask him. Now, Charlie, how do you like the intended match?'

'Well, it's not a very good one in point of size, is it? But he's a boating-man, that's a great thing in his favour—plenty of brains and pluck about him. She might have gone higher and fared worse,' and he laughed and passed on.

Soon after that day broke in, and the ball broke up, and we departed home.

'Jessie,' said I, as I wished her good-night, 'I'm afraid she is tired of me.'

'Not a bit,' returned Jessie, 'I know all about it; it has just occurred to her to-night that you may be following Mr. Wingfield's example before long: it makes her a little frightened,' she added, with her most expressive nod, 'but she'll get used to the idea soon, and then it will be all right, you'll see.'

Next day, however, it was not all right, and Florence did not seem 'to get used to the idea;' and all the mad uproar of the theatre, and all the gaiety of the masonic fête, with the dulcet harmonies of the Orpheus Glee Club, nay, even the splendour of the evening ball, with its sprightly music and ever-flowing champagne, failed to raise me from a state of lovesick dejection. Yes, it's very well to laugh: I can laugh now, but it was no joke then, for, as I said before, I was really deeply in love, and no nonsense about it. Thursday was the day for our picnic to Nuneham, and Friday would see us all scattered to our different homes, and Florence and me parted, perhaps for ever. The prospect was too dismal to be borne. 'To-morrow shall seal my fate,' said I to myself, 'come what come may.'

Finer weather for a water-party than that Thursday brought us

could not be wished, and despite the fatigues of the past week, all the party came to the river in the best possible spirits. Two large boats, of the class known in irreverent slang as 'hen-coops,' from the feminine freight for which they are specially designed, lay ready for us at Hall's raft, and two hampers were ready packed with good pic-nic fare — fowls, ducks, pies, pickled salmon, cucumbers, fruit, champagne, sherry, claret, soda-water, ice, lemons, and other pleasant things to be desired on a hot day in June.

'Now are you quite sure, Tom, that these boats are safe?' asked my mother, as I prepared to help her into the larger of the two.

'Safe as your own arm-chair, my dear mother.'

'Well, don't run any risks, my dear; though my chaperoning duties are nearly over for the present, I may be wanted again, you know.'

'Let me take care of you, Mrs. Maynard,' put in Baxter: 'come, I'll be cox. of this boat, Maynard, and serve out the grog, or whatever it is, from time to time; that's my line, isn't it? Now then, is everybody quite comfortable? Room enough, Mrs. Maynard? All the liquors in, Thornhill? Shove her off, Mat. Now pull away, you fellows.'

And off we glided, Baxter seated in the stern, with his legs reaching far along the boat, my mother and my cousin Helen on his right, Alice Thornhill and Jessie on his left, while Wingfield and Macleane did the rowing. In the other boat were Mrs. Thornhill, Florence, and my sister Minnie, Vere, who took the steering, Thornhill, and myself, who toiled at the oars.

Pleasant it is on the Isis river to drop gently down the stream between the smooth green banks, with the sun shining bright overhead, and to watch the grey spires of Oxford rising over the rich summer foliage, and then gradually diminishing in the hazy distance. Pleasant it is when there are light hearts and pretty faces floating along with you,

'Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;'

when many a lively jest goes round, and many a merry laugh rings out across the water, and all is bright and smiling and rosy. And we all agreed that morning that not one of the gay pleasures of the week could be compared with the serene and sunny enjoyment of our Nuneham water-party. Perhaps, as Vere remarked with complacent pity, the rowers found the enjoyment a good deal more sunny than serene, but then Baxter took care to refresh them—not forgetting himself—from time to time, and feminine voices praised their prowess, and rebuked the laziness of the two steersmen, till the toiling galley-slaves felt they were not so badly used after all. And so we glided on, past Iffley Lock and the picturesque mill, which all who see burn to sketch on the spot; past Kennington Island, with its trim little 'public,' famed for beer and skittles; past Sandford Lasher and the pool, where more than one good swimmer has lost his life; through the deep cold lock beside the little ivy-covered tavern, which we boating-men, in the middle of a long training row, have often passed, 'and sighed and looked and sighed again,' thirsting for forbidden beer; round pleasant creeks and corners of the winding river, recalling many a bit of crafty steering, and many a hard evening's work up stream; down to Nuneham Island, all wood and weeds; sharp round the corner, and here we are lying under the prettiest of all thatched cottages and the most delicious of all green woods. Out we step on to the smooth turf, Mrs. Thornhill and my mother treading almost as lightly as their daughters, while even Baxter's heavy step becomes elastic for the moment.

'Now, ladies,' said that doughty squire of dames, 'here we are at last. Welcome to these sylvan shades, where no end of rural fays and fairies dwell, here in cool something-or-other, and mossy cell. Come, Vere, say something neat about Pan and those classical parties, will you?'

'Oh,' returned Vere, 'you're warbling your native woodnotes so

beautifully wild that it would be a pity to help you out; but look here, if you want to do something classical, just take the character of Bacchus, and carry this basket of champagne up to the summer-house; perhaps the ladies will form a group of wood-nymphs to escort you.'

'My character to a hair, old fellow; I'm your man; the jolly god in triumph comes.'

And forthwith exit Baxter, bearing champagne, with nymphs attending.

'Now, Maynard,' said Thornhill, 'bustle, and let's get the dinner ready, and the rest may take a stroll till we want them.'

'Very well. I see Wingfield and your sister are off already. He seems, by the wave of his hand, to be saying, "This is the forest primeval," &c.'

'Ah, no doubt; and she's enjoying it wonderfully, I daresay. Now, mother, and wood-nymphs all,' he went on, as we came up to the summer-house with the provisions, 'we're going to spread the feast; will the lovely nymphs be kind enough to take Bacchus into the woods for a short time? he's sure to be in the way here.'

'And if you want a couple of good ugly satyrs,' added Vere, 'perhaps you'll take Macleane and me—eh, Mac?'

'Oh, let me stay, Charlie, won't you?' said Florence; 'you'll want one girl, I'm sure, to make it all look nice; and I can cut up a cucumber much better than either you or Mr. Maynard, you know.'

'Well, yes, you may stay; I daresay we can make you useful. Now, Maynard, out with those pies, and I'll brew the claret cup; go to work at the cucumber, Florrie.'

In twenty minutes or so the table was spread in the arbour by the water-side, and we were making our way into the various dainties as fast as the imperfect nature of the knives and forks, supplied from the cottages, would allow. No one declined the fragrant bowl of Moselle, or hesitated a moment over the claret cup this time, and even sherry-cobbler, that persuasive nectar, found no small favour among nymphs as well as satyrs. Of course everything was pronounced delicious, and everybody was as merry as it was in his or her nature to be. My mother's face beamed with smiles on all around, Mrs Thornhill made believe to be taking in all Vere's jokes with great apparent enjoyment; and even Wingfield and Alice gave up for the time the romantic air which ought, as they clearly considered, to wrap an affianced pair.

'Well,' said Baxter, after trying in vain to persuade the ladies to partake once more of the cherry-tart and claret-cup, over which he especially presided, 'if I can't persuade a lady to take any more, I'm certain nobody else can, so, Thornhill, I move that we seek the sequestered groves, and try and pick up sermons in stones, and that sort of thing, eh? May I give you an arm, Mrs. Thornhill? We sober, middle-aged people, Mrs. Maynard, can walk quietly behind, and let wayward youth wander where it likes.'

Wayward youth was not slow to take the hint, and we were soon deep in the cool greenwood. I cannot remember how it came about, but somehow or other, quite by accident it seemed, Florence and I got parted from the rest. It was really not our doing; we happened to be talking together, and walking, perhaps, a little slower than the rest, and you know how easy it is to lose yourself in a wood. I suppose we took a wrong turning, or perhaps the others left us on purpose; at any rate, there we were all at once walking side by side alone. All at once, too, our powers of conversation, which had been lively enough before, seemed to fail, and my heart began to beat quick, as I bethought me that now or never was the time to make the plunge for good or ill. Stealing a side glance at Florence, I saw she looked embarrassed, and as if her heart were beating too. What was she thinking about? She must guess what was coming. Was she considering how to make her 'no' as gentle as possible? Or was she—

well, the sooner I find out the better. Yes, but how to begin? how to start a subject near enough to *the* subject, and not too near? I was relieved; Florence broke silence first.

'I never thanked you properly,' she said, 'for saving my life that day at Blenheim; I did not mean to be ungrateful; I have thought of it often.'

'Ungrateful!' replied I, feeling a singular dryness in the throat that nearly choked me; 'I'm sure I did nothing to deserve gratitude.'

'Oh, yes! if you had not stopped the horses just when you did I should have been dashed against the trees and—killed,' she added, with a slight shudder. 'We may not meet again, after to-morrow; but I shall never forget that I owe my life to you.'

She looked up as she spoke, our eyes met, and—really I would rather not go on, only all young lady readers would, I know, be utterly disgusted. Young ladies always want to know how this sort of thing is done, and find it impossible to ascertain from those who have actually done it, so, with considerable sacrifice of personal feeling, I shall just tell them right out how I did it. Where did I leave off? Our eyes met, and held a short, very short, telegraphic conversation, which meant something like this: I—'Do you?' She—'Do you?' I—'Will you?' She—'Will you?' Both—'Yes, we were made for each other!' Then we spoke with the tongue, though speech seemed quite unnecessary.

'Florence,' said I, 'I love you dearly; will you be my wife?'

There was a murmuring reply, like a ripple of water on the sand, and then a period, I don't know how long, of delirious joy, which the poverty of the language will not allow me to describe; all I knew or felt was, that Florence Thornhill was mine, mine against the world, mine till the crack of doom. There now, my dear young lady, are you satisfied? No, of course not; you want to know all about the wedding, and the number of bridesmaids, and how they were dressed, and whether Florence cried, and whether we sent cards. Well, all I can say is, that if you will give us a call some day—our house is the prettiest cottage in Surbiton—Florence will be delighted to talk it all over with you, as she has talked it over a hundred times already with other young ladies.

And now, readers all, farewell. My rowing days are over; they have been—I say it deliberately, in spite of Florence's frown—the happiest days of my life, and the memory of them will be always dear. There stands at my knee, jogging my arm as I write, a sturdy, straight-backed little fellow, whom I hope to see, somewhere about the year 1885, handling a good oar in the dark-blue eight at Putney, and stirring in my heart memories still fresh and green of my boating-life at Oxford.

BEAUTIFUL MISS JOHNSON.

The Experiences of a Guardsman.

CHAPTER VI.

I WILL relate the sad story as nearly as possible in her own words.

'My mother died early: she was my father's second wife, and I was her only child. My father had one son by his first marriage—my step-brother, John Davenport, whose name is, unfortunately, only too well known. He was a partner in the firm of long-established reputation of Davenport, Brixhill, and Co., but upon my father's death he became a sleeping partner only in the bank, and devoted his whole attention to the speculations to which he owed his ultimate ruin. He was a kind and affectionate brother, and took a pride in the career which my youth and his fortune (which was then reputed colossal) opened out to me. We stood alone in the world; but in those days the fact was not made patent to us, as it has been since. Prosperity, such as we enjoyed, throws an electric light over the darkest spots of that wilderness which we call human nature. It carries an artificial light in its own train, and fancies it receives instead of imparting the rays. It was the bitterness of this fact, as it revealed itself to me, which made me bind myself by a solemn vow to devote my whole life to one even more unhappy than myself, when the blow ultimately fell.

'I will not enlarge upon the brilliancy of those days, which passed to me like a dream. I was the centre of a circle, caressed, fêted, idolized in a way sufficient to turn any head of nineteen. I remember dancing with you at a ball at D——y House: do you remember that night, Mr. Gwynne?'

I had been recalling it as she spoke. It was a brilliant picture which memory presented. She had been queen of the revels, and the ball had been given in honour of the reigning beauty of the season, Diana Davenport, whose 'success,' as it is called in a certain set, had excited the spite and envy of the speculating matrons whose daughters had made no sensation in the capricious world of fashion that season. They must have rejoiced when the star was suddenly eclipsed, which it was only too soon, as she went on to relate after I had answered her question with an energetic affirmative.

'In the midst of all this gaiety I retained some of my wild country tastes; and my brother, always indulgent' (on this fact she laid a peculiar stress, it seemed to me, for who would not have been indulgent to her?), 'allowed me to fit up with every luxury a cottage on a wild common in the most picturesque part of Surrey, to which I retreated occasionally, to enjoy the pleasure of freedom, country rides, country rambles, and the pleasures of solitude, in contrast to the life of whirl and gaiety into which I had suddenly plunged. It was a new sensation to me then—I have had more than enough of it in later years. This cottage was placed under the charge of a respectable couple in whom I was interested, for they had both lived as servants in my mother's family, and the woman had been my first nurse. I never took any other servants down there, with the exception of a groom, when the riding horses went, which was not always the case. It was not so on the particular occasion which I am about to describe.

'The season was drawing to a close—and I was not sorry, for I was getting tired of it—and my brother was altered in manner and appearance, and seemed to me far from well. I was glad, therefore, when one morning after our late breakfast, at which he had eaten nothing, and had alarmed me by a

nervous tremor in his hands, and a haggard look which I did not like in his eyes, he proposed to me to go down for a night or two to the cottage, to recruit my strength for the winding up of my season in town, which had been one, he added, with an odd sort of smile, of unprecedented success.

'"I should recommend your going down to-day, my dear; and perhaps I might be able to join you at the station."

'I assented, although the proposition rather surprised me. He seemed to have forgotten it himself, for he wandered off to other subjects, and then observed, *à propos* to nothing particular, as it then seemed to me—

'"You draw your own cheques always, Di, and you will continue to do so, remember, whatever happens. Your fortune is entirely at your own disposal: that has never been tampered with, thank God!"

'"No; you never would speculate for me, John," I returned, jokingly. "One millionaire in the family was enough, I suppose you thought."

'I shall never forget the expression of his countenance as I said these words, carelessly, and in joke; for I had never known either the value or the want of money, and my own fortune, which I inherited from my mother, would have realized more luxurious day-dreams than mine in those days.

'I went down to the cottage that evening. He did not meet me at the station, but I was prepared for the contingency, and had taken a maid, whom, however, I sent back by the next train to town.

'I had never seen the place look so enchanting; and the evening air, laden with delicious fragrance, was most refreshing. I put on my hat, and went out for a stroll, which occupied two hours, or more; and when I returned I found that my brother had arrived. He had ridden down from town—' Here she broke down in her narrative, and her tongue refused to proceed with the tale of guilt with which I, in common with the rest of the English public, was only too well acquainted.

'I need not dwell upon the reasons for his leaving town that night,' she resumed at last, commanding herself with an effort. 'We had a short but terrible interview—and I knew the truth. I urged upon him immediate flight, and promised to join him when it was safe to do so. He had no hope himself of eluding the pursuit of the police, who, in a few hours, he told me, would be upon his track; but I was more sanguine. I shall never forget the anguish depicted in his face, as he turned a last appealing glance upon me, and said, "The worst pang of all to me is the injury I have done you. Can you ever forgive me, Di?"

'The words were simple enough, but the look which accompanied them haunts me still. Notwithstanding the abhorrence which I felt for the crime which would brand the honoured descendant of an honoured house with the name of *felon*' (she shuddered as the word passed her lips), 'I pitied him from the depths of my heart; and I resolved from that moment to devote all my energies, and my life itself if needed, to the rescue of one who had cherished me in my orphaned girlhood, and from whose lips I had never received a harsh or angry word. I persuaded him to leave by a night train for a seaport town, where I promised to join him with whatever valuables I had at my own disposal. My fortune, I was Quixotic enough at that moment to dedicate, in prospective, to the demands of those who would fall victims to the colossal bubble which had tempted them to their ruin, and my step-brother to dye his name in irremediable infamy and disgrace.

'To me also fell the terrible task of acquainting our faithful dependants with the tale of ruin; and this I did that night. Never shall I forget the tears and lamentations of the two poor souls over me. Interpreting the word in its most literal sense, they at once offered to place at my disposal the hard-earned savings of years; and, what was a far greater solace to me then, they promised to follow me and my fortunes to the world's end.

'Late into the night we worked

together, over the task we had set ourselves, of preparing for immediate flight. Fortunately the packing boxes in which the luxurious furniture of my toy-house had been sent from town had not been returned to the warehouses from which they had come, and were now available for our purpose, which was to remove everything valuable, the sale of which might stand us in good stead at some future period, should we be able (as I confidently believed) to effect my step-brother's escape.

'It was a lovely summer night: the clock was upon the stroke of one, when a sound came through the open window by which I stood resting myself a little from my self-imposed task, which made my blood run cold—it was the sound of a pistol shot.

'I must explain to you that the cottage was situated on the wilder and more remote side of a common, which, from its proximity to the station, was a favourite resort in summer to the lovers of the picturesque; and it was sheltered by a long slip of narrow plantation, almost grown into a wood, from the observation of such visitors. It was apparently from that plantation that the sound that had startled me proceeded, and I lost no time in prevailing upon Wilton to go out with a lantern and investigate the meaning of the ominous report. He was away nearly a quarter of an hour; and when he returned his face was ghastly pale, and he was evidently powerfully excited by the sight, whatever it might have been, that he had witnessed in the wood. I beckoned him into the little drawing-room, from the open window of which came in the heavy fragrance of honeysuckles and climbing roses, which is to this day associated in my mind with the impression which the ensuing hour left upon my already excited imagination. He told his story in a few words. A man had shot himself in the wood, and life was totally extinct. But after informing me of this circumstance, sufficiently startling to one whose nerves had already received the severe shock which mine had done, he lingered on, and appeared as though he had some further request or communication to make, of which he dreaded the effect on me.

'At last he spoke: a terrible idea had presented itself to him; and yet it was one which I eagerly adopted; for the courage of women is often born of some great and overwhelming fear. In my case it was so. A fearful suggestion was made to me, and it came as a message from heaven, for it spoke of possible escape from shame and retribution to one who was still very dear to me. The doctrine of justice, apart from retribution, and in the light of punishment only, is one which I imagine every woman, or at least every young and impulsive woman, is very slow to understand. I would have sacrificed willingly all I possessed to those whom my brother's crime had involved in ruin; but himself—his person—the hunted animal into the hands of its pursuers—no! There was pointed out to me a means of escape, and I was not slow to avail myself of it.

'"It is just the same height and size, and the features are not to be distinguished."

'These were Wilton's words; and you can guess, as quickly as I did, at the idea which these facts had originated in his mind.

'"Can you and your wife manage it?" I asked, turning my face away from him as I said the words. I felt like an unlucky gambler who asks a chance companion to report to him the throw, which he has not the courage to ascertain for himself.

'"Master's watch and signet-ring, and some letters directed to him, would do the business," he replied, in the prosaic way which people of his class manage to preserve on occasions of extraordinary revulsion like the one of which I speak. "His own mother could not recognize *him*," he added, with an inclination of his head in the direction of the wood.

'"And the pistol?" I suggested; for fear had made my mind unnaturally acute, and it took in the whole position in a single flash.

"Take this (one with which I used sometimes to amuse myself practising at a mark), and bring the other away; we must be careful to have the evidence complete."'

Here she paused. The extraordinary courage which had supported her on that fatal night had not failed her; but nature was weak and faint, and her exertions and anxieties began to tell upon her at last

The gallant mare was still stepping steadily on, in the direction of the town; and the moon had risen, making the drive less a service of danger than it had been at first.

'I see the lights in the distance,' she said, lightly touching my arm, and pointing with her other hand in the direction of Silverton; 'I have but little time to make an end of my history now.'

The words gave me a sting of pain. The engrossing interest of the narrative had made me forget for the instant every fact, saving those which she had so graphically related. Like a sleeper rudely roused, I awoke to the conviction that it was nearly at an end, and that a parting awaited us, of which I could not think without a pang. The lights which were so plainly visible in the distance spoke of a goal, which was anything but a goal of happiness to me; but I commanded myself sufficiently to entreat her to finish her history, while there was yet time. The mare, upon whom the preceding exertions were at last beginning to tell, slackened her pace; the moon was temporarily concealed beneath a passing cloud, as Diana continued in a low, but distinct voice.

'I need hardly tell you that the terrible tragedy of that night was crowned with success. My brother escaped; and I was the partner of his flight, and of his subsequent secretion from the possibility of pursuit: but an awful retribution was in store for us both. John was no longer himself. I found myself immured in the savage wilds (as they appeared to me then) with a maniac, a drunkard, a human being deprived of reason by the most degrading of human vices.

'Then my courage failed me; and I should have left the unhappy man to his fate, but for the staunch courage and fidelity of the man Wilton. He guaranteed that I should never see his master under the influence of the demon by which he was possessed. He devoted himself wholly and solely to our cause; and soon an event happened which reconciled me to the seclusion of my moorland life—need I tell you what that event was? Your "Aunt Georgie" became known to me; and I felt that I had inspired her and your excellent uncle with confidence, notwithstanding the mystery in which all my belongings were involved. I took courage from this circumstance, and began, under her auspices, to mingle a little with the society which these wilds afforded. I even became the fashion, as you have seen,' she added, with a flash of the untamed spirit, which the fiery ordeal she had passed through had left unscathed; 'but I could never make a *friend*.

'There was ever a terrible word, which rose like a spectre to separate me from that pure and unfettered intercourse of the soul, which is the only basis of true friendship; and that word was *felon*. I lived under the same roof with one branded in the eyes of men with a crime, from the contemplation of which the rudest boor whom I encountered in my lonely rides would have turned with horror and disgust. With my own share in his flight (in his guilt, perhaps, some may call it), my conscience never taxed me; it does not tax me now. I never saw a bird in a cage, a beast in a trap, or a hunted animal flying for his pitiful life that I did not wish to do as I did in the other case. Aye, little as you may imagine it, Mr. Gwynne, I have before now, and on the same principle, connived at the escape of a fox. I have seen him break cover, and have held my tongue, and lost a day's sport for my pains—but no one credited that act of mercy to Di Davenport's (*alias* Johnson's) account.

'The night I met you at the rectory I determined upon making a friend of *you*. Your presence there

seemed to reassure me; to bring back to my remembrance the happy old times, the polish and refinement of the society in which we had once met, on an occasion of which I, at least, entertained a vivid recollection. I saw that you thought me much older than I was, and I hoped that you were safe from——'

She hesitated, and I forestalled the remainder of the sentence—

'From love?'

'From love, and its consequences. Believe me, Mr. Gwynne, had I known—had I even guessed at what I know now—I would have avoided every opportunity of meeting you; I would have saved you the sacrifice: for myself, I have long ceased to look into the future. I was happy this morning when we met on the hill-side, although the sword hung over me by a single thread. It has fallen; and I believe I should be happy still, but for what the blow entails upon those whom I love.'

Her voice was low and tender as she uttered the last words; but it resumed its steadiness before I could trust my own to answer her.

'Do you remember one circumstance attending that meeting? I am no fainting heroine, as a rule; and the two occasions on which you have witnessed that weakness in me, are the only two in which I can plead guilty to so feminine an indulgence. I had taken up, by chance, the paper which you had brought from Silverton that day; and the first thing on which my eyes lighted was a paragraph copied from the morning paper, headed "Curious discovery of a pocket-book on the spot of the Davenport suicide."

'I forced myself, by a violent effort at self-command, to read the whole paragraph line by line; and in it I found, to my horror, that the book contained documents which laid bare the whole mystery as to the fatal deed, and the motives of the unhappy man whose dead body had stood my living brother in such good stead; and the concluding words of the narrative made my blood curdle in my veins—"This discovery will tend to throw great doubts upon the supposed suicide of the notorious John Davenport, in whose death, it is affirmed, one of the shrewdest of the London detectives has from the first persistently disbelieved."

'It was a terrible blow to me. I knew that the bloodhound would be quickly on our track, could a shadow of a clue be found to our whereabouts. I was prepared for immediate flight; but still I seemed bound by some potent spell to the spot which had become very dear to me. You know the rest, Mr. Gwynne. It was not until this morning that I realized the danger face to face. The man whom I misdirected I had recognized at the first glance as the celebrated detective. He had been employed in tracing out the perpetrators of a jewel robbery by one of my great lady friends. I knew him by sight; and I had the presence of mind to secure at least five or six hours in advance, by causing him to miss the three o'clock Express up. It was for this reason I indulged in a practical joke with an inferior—a proceeding which I believed at first had cost me your friendship, Harry.'

It was the first time that I had heard this name upon her lips; and it gave me a keen thrill of pleasure.

'It would have taken much to do that,' I replied; 'my heart went with you when you galloped away from me in anger. Diana, are my lips unsealed?'

I could hardly control my emotion, as I prayed her to cancel the promise I had made; thus breaking it in spirit, although adhering to the letter of the law.

'It is too late,' she replied, mournfully, 'we are close to Silverton. It is not a time, either, to talk to me—to a hunted criminal's kinswoman—of love; but I thank you from my heart, Harry, for the good service you have rendered me. I shall never forget this night's adventure, or the companion with whom it was shared. Give my love to Georgie, and tell her what you like about my sudden departure; but not the whole truth—*that* I could never bear. You are the only possessor of my secret; but I owed you my entire confidence, for your welcome presence saved me from despair, when for the first

time, I began to lose heart. When you knocked at the door so late, I felt that the hour was come; I was prepared for all circumstances, but I had not expected the crisis to arrive so soon. To put the horse to, that had been standing ready harnessed since my return this morning, was all that remained to be done; for my unhappy brother had heard, with as much pleasure as he was capable of experiencing, of the necessity for immediate flight, and had been impatiently awaiting the start. The groom drove him on to Silverton, where he awaits me now. Mechanically I seized a pistol which had been lying on the table in the pantry, whence I watched his departure, and went round the house to reconnoitre. Great was the revulsion from anxiety to joy which I experienced when I encountered *you*. You are my deliverer! God bless you, Harry; and good-bye,' she added, amidst the sobs that now choked her utterance. 'There is one favour I am going to ask of you. Will you keep her, and cherish her for my sake? Poor Brittomart, who has not failed me in my hour of need. It was an experiment; for she had never been in harness to my knowledge before. She has been the faithful companion of my solitude, and lightened the burden of many a weary day. Will you keep her, and be kind to her for *my sake*?'

My answer was drowned in something else besides the rattle of the wheels over the rough paving-stones of the primitive town of Silverton, but there was little doubt as to its purport.

We arrived at the station just as the shrieking of a whistle announced the arrival of a train.

'We are in time for the 8·40; thank God!' exclaimed Diana, as she leapt lightly to the ground. 'Saved once again—and through your means!' Seizing my disengaged hand in both hers, she pressed it passionatety to her heart, and said, '*Thank you!* thank you, from my heart; but leave me now, if you do not wish to witness the degradation of the living, chained to the dead. Forget me as soon as you can, Harry, but be kind to her.'

Before I could answer, she was gone. I saw the soft folds of the silk dress she wore glimmer under the gaslight for a moment, and the flash of a little white hand, as she gathered her shawl round her throat; but the clanging of the warning bell dispelled the very framework of the sentence which had fallen so sadly on my ear. Her faithful servants hurried her along with them; and with the last pant of the groaning engine flashed upon me the conviction that I had indeed lost her: that she, whose warm breath I had but just felt on my cheek, whose pitiful tears still bedewed the hand she had pressed in her loving grasp, had vanished out of my life like a dream. The beautiful vision which had risen like a star had set suddenly in night; and one word, which contains in it the essence of all human desolation, smote sadly upon my heart, with the wail of a parting knell. That one word was the simple one—almost the first that children learn—the epitome of life's philosophy, the grave of hope, the sting of death, which, with the addition of 'whither?' forms the problem of our destiny—the soul-desolating word—

'GONE!'

THE KING OF THE CRADLE.

A Baby Idyll.

DRAW back the cradle-curtains, Kate,
Whilst watch and ward you're keeping
Let's see the monarch lie in state,
And view him whilst he's sleeping.
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand,
As sunbeams in come streaming,
A world of baby fairy-land
He visits whilst he's dreaming.

From the Painting by Bauguiet.]

THE KING OF THE CRADLE.

Monarch of pearly powder-puff
Asleep in nest so cosy,
Shielded from breath of breezes rough
By curtains warm and rosy:
He slumbers soundly in his cell,
As weak as one decrepid,
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,
And Knight of Bath that's tepid!

Ah, lucky tyrant! Happy lot!
Fair watchers without number,
To sweetly sing beside his cot,
And hush him off to slumber;
White hands in wait to smooth so neat
His pillow when it's rumpled,
On couch of rose-leaves fresh and sweet,
Not one of which is crumpled!

Will yonder dainty, dimpled hand—
Size, nothing and a quarter—
E'er clasp a sabre, lead a band,
To glory and to slaughter?
And, may I ask, will those blue eyes—
In baby *patois* 'peepers'—
E'er in the House of Commons rise,
And strive to catch the Speaker's?

Will that fair brow o'er Hansard frown,
Confused by lore statistic?
Or will those lips e'er stir the town
From pulpit ritualistic?
Impossible, and yet, mayhap—
Though strange, quite true it may be—
Perhaps Nero once was fed on pap,
And Beales was once a baby.

Though rosy, dimpled, plump, and round,
Though fragile, soft, and tender,
Sometimes, alas! it may be found
The thread of life is slender!
A little shoe, a bitten glove—
Affection never waning—
The shattered idol of our love
Is all that is remaining!

Then does one chance, in fancy, hear
Small feet in childish patter,
Tread soft as they a grave draw near,
And voices hush their chatter;
'Tis small and new, they pause in fear,
Beneath the grey church tower,
To consecrate it by a tear
And deck it with a flower.

Then take your babe, Kate, kiss him so,
Fast to your bosom press him!
Of mother's love what does he know?
Though closely you caress him.
Ah! what a man will be that boy,
What mind and education!
If he fulfils the hope and joy
Of mother's aspiration.

J. A. S.

CHAPTER V.

REMARKABLE EVENTS.

THOSE who chronicle such matters told the world at the proper time that Lady Mary Eaglestone had gone to Nice with her daughter. Something, too, had got out about Eaglestone manor, for James Smith was High Sheriff that year; and announcements were made about Matthew Eaglestone which caused our good old friend Mrs. Smith to say she always 'knew he would be a governor or a something,' and that she wished he would sell Eaglestone to James. 'I always think Harvey Falkland kept him from selling it,' she went on. 'He is just in that position that every one asks his advice, and nobody seems to repent being counselled by him. He is a wonderful man.

The last observation was undeniably true.

It was an opinion universally received when seven years had run their course, and Harvey Falkland was thirty-four years of age. When those seven years had passed Mrs. Mordaunt used to be almost con-

stantly in London, as the mistress of Harvey's house; and Sarah took care of her father in Redchester, helped very pleasantly by kind Fraulein Klosack, with whom Mary Eaglestone used to talk German long years ago.

It was in the winter, and Mrs. Mordaunt was at Redchester. She was to stay at the deanery till after Christmas, and Harvey was to spend his Christmas there, as he had always done, and take her back to London afterwards. He was to arrive on a Thursday morning; but instead of doing so he got to the deanery the evening before, just as the house was shut up and the lamps lighted in the hall, where red curtains glowed and hung heavily, to keep all draughts of air from the dear old Dean, who had got rheumatism with his increasing years. It was in this red, uncertain sort of light, that Mrs. Mordaunt met her brother in the hall, and asked, rather anxiously, 'Nothing wrong?' and was answered by his saying that the evening was cold, and the wind getting up, and that there might be a stormy night.

To this sister, so many years older than himself, Harvey Falkland, in quiet, lonely evenings in their London home, had told the story of his life; and if anything could have made Mrs. Mordaunt love Harvey more than she did, this confidence would have made her do so. In her heart she blamed Mary. She felt that she was never to say so, and she obeyed her feelings. But was it not dreadful that an act of inadvertence on her dear old father's part should have wrecked Harvey's life? And Mary knew the truth, and would not save him. No, she could not approve of Mary. As the Dean, in his great age—for he was nearly eighty now—grew more and more dear to his children, so Mrs. Mordaunt grew more and more unforgiving towards Mary; but these evil dispositions, you know, belonged to that secret life which we all lead in thought, and were among the things that never got told.

People—that great power so called—people expected Harvey to marry. He could marry whom he liked.

As Mrs. Mordaunt looked at him in the hall that night he bore but few traces of the man described in my first chapter. His hair was no longer dark, for he was very grey, and he was paler, with a harder face and a far more flashing eye than he used to have. He was very handsome, for his features had that absolute regularity about them that makes beauty permanent. But his great attraction lay in his manner and words. They were full of power—of any power he liked to put into them. Any keen judge of human nature would have known in a minute that he was a man with a history; for there is a power that is earned and gained, and is never a gift. The one character that he had played in life naturally was that of Mary Eaglestone's lover. In that character he had done great things cordially and with a boy's frankness and delight. Out of that character life had been all hard work, the world's applause, and golden gains. It was a bad exchange, and he knew it. He would rather have been Mary Eaglestone's lover on to the end. And now, as he stood in the hall, and led the way into the library, which we have visited before in this story, Mrs. Mordaunt suddenly recollected how people expected Harvey to marry; and how she herself had fixed on the right wife; and how Harvey had not contradicted her, but said 'Some day, some day. Nobody knows what may befall a man!' and laughed the thought away. Now she closed the room door, and said to herself, 'Is the day come?'

But Harvey said, 'Mary Eaglestone's husband is very ill; and this money panic increases terribly. I don't believe they will stand it out.'

Mrs. Mordaunt sat down terrified. Harvey stood leaning against the mantel-shelf, with his mother looking down on him out of her picture-frame.

Now I must tell you that, a few months before, Mary had left England with her husband, who had been pronounced consumptive, and gone to Madeira. Harvey Falkland had never seen her since that morning of her wedding day. But now,

a friend writing from Madeira, had said that James Smith was dying, and had spoken of his beautiful wife's loving care of him, and of what a trial was in store for her. He gave his sister the letter, and said, 'Have you heard anything from Lady Mary?'

'No. She lives her own little life in the Close, and only talks of Marietta. Marietta and her husband are coming to see her at Christmas.'

'And do the Smiths say nothing?'

'Yes; at Cannon's-court they are always full of hope. They expect him home in the summer. Mr. Smith is in London now,' said Mrs. Mordaunt.

'I wish he had gone to London as soon as his son's health failed. There have been some imprudences committed, I fear, and people are making the most of it.'

'You don't mean to say they will be ruined?'

'Yes, I do.' Then there was silence for a minute.

'I'll tell you what I want,' said Harvey. 'Fraulein Klossack has a horrid cough—you said so in a letter. Next Tuesday a vessel sails for Madeira, and I have taken a lady's passage in it. Fraulein must go. You must send her out to Mary——'

'She's not really ill!' exclaimed Mrs. Mordaunt, quite scared.

'All the better,' said Harvey. 'Send Fraulein here.'

So Mrs. Mordaunt left the room, and did as she was told to do; for Harvey governed the world now, and people obeyed him. All I can tell you further is that Fraulein Klossack came out of the library in half an hour, kissed Sarah in the passage, and left the house, saying, "Er ist der vortrefflichste mann auf der wett!"

The next day she went to London, and on Tuesday she sailed for Madeira. But on the Friday before the firm of John Smith and Son stopped payment — overwhelmed. Poor Mrs. Smith cried out for Harvey Falkland to come to her, and he went. Could he do anything? Would he go to Mr. Smith. Surely he had been Mary Eaglestone's lover, and he would never let them suffer more than could be helped. They had been honest men, and all the world acknowledged it. Harvey went up to town instantly to see Mr. Smith, and he returned by the night train. Mr. Tufton Smith, overwrought by the calamity, had had a fit, and was dead. Those who knew the old man's heart said it was the best thing that could have happened to him. Then the Dean and many true friends tried to comfort the poor old lady. And Harvey Falkland was to help her in all possible ways; and she 'would gladly die a beggar at the church door, if only other people got their due.' She was told to live carefully, and that there would be money placed in the bank for her use—'quite enough; only she must not be extravagant.'

After a time old Mrs. Smith got an idea that an annuity of four hundred a year had been purchased for her by the creditors, out of respect for her husband's memory. Harvey Falkland had been to her in his positive way, and said, 'You are to trust me. This annuity is yours. There is everything perfectly honourable in this arrangement.' And I believe Mrs. Smith was as happy in a good lodging, with her faithful maid, as she had been at Cannon's-court. Afterwards, when Mary inquired into this arrangement, she found that all had been really lost, and that the annuity was Harvey's gift. He could never let any one want whom she had loved.

The waters of life closed over the wreck of the old firm, and the event was forgotten. There had been a panic in the money-market, and the most incredible consequences had followed—that was all the story. Soon told, and soon forgotten, except by the sufferers.

As to Harvey Falkland's career—it had never been as brilliant. There was no doubt now of his reaching the highest point in his profession. When his name was mentioned, people said, 'There is nobody like him: he is the ablest man we have!' He had reached true greatness very early, earlier than people thought, for he looked ten

years older than his real age; and he was climbing the hill of Immortality easily, being borne safely up by busy Fame. Three years of work that was astonishing followed. No man ever had such powers, such ready weapons, such quick perceptions, such a sense of justice, such an instinctive knowledge of the spirit of the law. There was no praise that his fellow men could give him that they did not offer; there was no eminence to which he could aspire that he might not reach.

Then once more he wrote to the deanery, where Mrs. Mordaunt had again been spending Christmas, to say he was coming down to them. 'I want rest,' he said.

'Has he been ill?' asked the aged Dean, with fear in his voice.

'No,' said Mrs. Mordaunt, 'but like overworked people he must have rest sometimes.'

So Harvey came, and his sister met him as she had done before, but this time it was she who led the way to the library. She took her old place by the fire, and he his, against the mantel-shelf, and under his mother's picture. 'You have never seen Mary since that day—I wish you had not this habit of arriving sooner than you say, Harvey. Mary is in the drawing-room.' She spoke anxiously, and he looked down on her with his grave face quite emotionless.

'Altered, I suppose.'

'Of course, a little. But she was never more lovely. She has just left off mourning for her husband. She was so still and quiet when first she came home, but she is more like her own old self now. She is only thirty-five, Harvey.'

It was said, in spite of her better intentions, in such a pleading voice; and a smile lighted up her brother's face with a gentle betrayal of amusement as he said, 'I know her age.' Then, while Mrs. Mordaunt was wondering what would happen next, he said, 'Let us go up-stairs.' So they went to the room where his father was with his guest and Sarah; and as he opened the door they were all standing at a table in a group. Harvey walked up to them. 'How do you do, Mary?' She started, and then held out her hand. He spoke to his father instantly afterwards, but he had seen in that start that she had not known him. It nettled him, so Mrs. Mordaunt thought.

Mary was so little changed as she stood among them for the first time since her return from Madeira without mourning. She was dressed in some heavy falling grey dress, and her hair, just in the old way, and with the same old luxurious beauty, was turned off her forehead, and bound back somehow with a velvet ribbon. Five and thirty! Why, she did not look five and twenty; and people who had not known Harvey thought him fifty. But if Harvey had been pained at the first moment, the pain did not last.

Fraulein Klossack was there, and she always delighted in Harvey Falkland. Now he felt her to be of great use to him, for he wished to get the conversation general, and she was too happily ignorant of family matters to be afraid to talk. The interest of the evening increased rapidly. The old Dean warmed into animation, and Harvey talked as even such old admirers had never heard him talk before. 'She knows me now,' he thought; 'she feels my reality now.' The man who had commanded the attention of the best thinkers in the country strove that night with all his brilliant powers to make one woman wonder and admire—to make one woman feel that he was all that he had ever promised to be. And he succeeded. When Mary walked back to Mrs. Smith's lodgings, under the care of the maid and in the company of Fraulein Klossack, she was far too full of thoughts to speak. She knew him again now, as he had said. The slim, dark-haired youth had changed into the grey-haired man, but the perfecting of the promise that the spring-time had given was there, and she felt awe-struck at all that that night had revealed to her. Fraulein walked on, praising him in her heart, and calling up old memories of how she had made him speak French and German before he was ten years old. 'Ah! Er ist mein bester freund!' she

exclaimed, as they parted; and the words repeated themselves again and again in the echoes of Mary's heart.

She sat at home the next day, not knowing what to do. But she might have spared herself the pains of uncertainty; Harvey had left the deanery, having been summoned to London on business.

'It is a killing thing to win greatness,' said Mrs. Mordaunt.

'How charming!' said Sarah. 'He will be returning just as Matthew and Isabel arrive.'

This event was one in the joy of which Mary had a right to join; and when, after so long an absence, Isabel got back to the deanery, with her husband and two children, all Redchester united in rejoicing. Marietta and her husband, Sir George Grayburn, came to the house in the Close, which Lady Mary had made very dainty with flowers, old china, and pictures; and Harvey said he should come for a long stay, to make the home-gathering perfect. This time his manner to Mary was gentle and without effort; like the days of old—so like, it was hard to believe that so many things stood between, and that the past could never return.

Day after day the feeling of the old times grew stronger; day after day there was something like an obliteration of the time that had intervened. Harvey and Matthew lived over Oxford days again, the women sat in the girls' places, and the Dean was in his arm-chair in the corner, as he had been a dozen years before. Perhaps it was the return of Matthew and Isabel that brought this atmosphere into the old home; they only talked of how things were when they had left them, and no one cared to talk of anything else. Harvey stayed on. He was very pale and thin, but they had got accustomed to his worn look, and had ceased to wonder over his grey hair; and Mary, who was at the deanery daily, had got back to the feeling that had belonged to her girlhood — it half frightened her sometimes — that Harvey Falkland was her property. He never spoke one word of love; but as the feeling of the old times came back the old ideas came too, and without the utterance of a syllable these two people were as lovers again. Every one thought that Harvey had spoken to her, but he had not. He had been twice to London to see a medical friend, and he had brought back good accounts of himself, and every one was satisfied but Isabel, who said he grew thinner and thinner.

It is hard to break into happiness by evil omens and needless cares. When she spoke to Harvey he would say, 'Oh, don't think about that; I am so happy now. I wonder if there is anything better in life than this?'

He had hardly said so when he seemed to swoon in his chair.

You must know that the doctors had been talking of his heart. 'Only functional derangement — nothing organic.' But when he recovered he said, 'Matthew, help me upstairs. I shall not trouble you again.' Bright days came every now and then, and at such times they visited him in his room. Matthew and the good old Dean were his nurses, and the old man bore up wonderfully.

'You won't take it too much to heart, father?'

'My son, no. The separation will not be for long. The young may die, but the old must.'

After that Harvey and his father understood the truth, and they kept the secret together. But one day Mary was there with Mrs. Mordaunt and Matthew.

'You did not know me when we first met,' he said, looking at her with a strange smile. She did not answer him, and he went on. 'I had not seen you since that morning when—when——'

He hesitated, with his large soft eyes fixed upon her tenderly.

'When I did right, Harvey.' And she knelt down by the couch on which he was lying. 'Tell me if I did right,' she said, with her head bowed down, and her hand laid on his.

'Yes, my darling!' A quiver ran through her whole frame as he spoke the words. 'Yes, my dar-

ling, you did right. You said that the sorrow must end with ourselves. You said your wounds were healed; mine are now, I think, for I believe you were right.' Then, as if to amuse her, he said, 'Matthew and I have been talking of a ride we once had at Oxford, up to the Charlbury gates'—he smiled—'and the end of the story, of which I then spoke the first words, is coming now.'

She did not quite understand him; she rose to go.

'Good-bye, Harvey. I am coming again to-night.' He took her hand and repeated these lines that follow, adding, 'Matthew will tell you the meaning of them another time.

"Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora:
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu!"'

He fell back as she turned and drew away her hand with a second 'Good-bye.'

She turned and spoke to Matthew. But Mrs. Mordaunt stepped forward, and whispered, 'Hush!'

Harvey Falkland's last words had been spoken, and he was dead.

The thoughts of the old Oxford days and the memorable ride had brought the lines from Tibullus to his mind:—

'May I behold thee when my last hour comes to me?
May I hold thee with my failing hand as I die.'

And then the end had come.

The newspapers, which had been giving bad accounts of Harvey's health, now told of his death with every variety of honourable eulogium on his life and talents. Marietta wept long, and grieved truly. Her husband, who had known Harvey well, sorrowed too. Lady Mary wiped her eyes, and reviewed the past in which she had acted with a peaceful satisfaction. 'He never would have been so great a man if he had married Mary. He never knew, poor man, how large an amount of gratitude he owed to me!'

'Mother!' Marietta cried out, 'a wicked fairy put a hard bit into your heart before you were christened. I know it must have been so. Don't talk about Harvey Falkland any more.'

'My love,' said Lady Mary, with gentle surprise, 'I must talk about him. I never admired any one more. And such a generous creature! So good to old Mrs. Smith; so kind to take care of Fraulein; and leaving such a fortune behind him; and then, so noble to have given that thirty thousand pounds to Mary, making Matthew receive it and wisely managing so that her name never appeared in his will. I wonder if Mary will marry again? She would be a very good match——'

'Don't, mamma. That wicked fairy's gift will be my death, I think. I won't bear it!' said Marietta, gravely, and looking into her mother's little-understanding eyes; 'and Mary will never marry; and now she will always wear black. And I wish I was charitable enough not to hate her being called Smith!'

G. P.

THUMBNAIL STUDIES IN THE LONDON STREETS.

LONDON crowd is an awful thing, when you reflect upon the number of infamous characters of which it is necessarily composed. I don't care what crowd it is—whether it is an assemblage of 'raff' at a suburban fair, a body of Volunteers, Rotten Row in the season, or an Exeter Hall May meeting. Some ingenious statistician has calculated that one in every forty adults in London is a professional thief; that is to say, a gentleman who adopts, almost publicly, the profession of burglar, pickpocket, or area sneak; who lives by dishonesty alone, and who, were dishonest courses to fail him, would have no means whatever of gaining a livelihood. But of the really disreputable people in London, I suppose that acknowledged thieves do not form one twentieth portion. Think of the number of men now living and doing well, as respectable members of society, who are destined either to be hanged for murder or to be reprieved, according to the form which the humanitarianism of the Home Secretary for the time being may take. Murderers are not recruited, as a rule, from the criminal classes. It is true that now and then a man or woman is murdered for his or her wealth by a professed thief, but it is the exception, and not the rule. Murder is often the crime of one who has never brought himself under the notice of the police before. It is the crime of the young girl with an illegitimate baby; of the jealous husband, lover, or wife; of a man exposed suddenly to a temptation which he cannot resist—the temptation of a good watch or a well-filled purse, which, not being a professional thief, he does not know how to get at by any means short of murder. Well, all the scoundrels who are going to commit these crimes, and to be hung or reprieved for them accordingly, are now walking about among us, and in every big crowd there must be at least one or two of them. Then the forgers; they are not ordinarily professional thieves; they are usually people holding situations of greater or less responsibility, from bank managers down to office boys: well, all the forgers who are to be tried at all the sessions and assizes for the next twenty years, are walking about among us as freely as you or I. Then the embezzlers—these are always people who stand well with their employers and their friends. I remember hearing a judge say, in the course of the trial of a savings bank clerk for embezzlement, when the prisoner's counsel offered to call witnesses to character, of the highest respectability, that he attached little or no value to the witnesses called to speak to their knowledge of the prisoner's character in an embezzlement case, as a man must necessarily be of good repute among his fellows before he could be placed in a position in which embezzlement was possible to him. Then the committers of assaults of all kinds. These are seldom drawn from the purely criminal classes, though, of course, there are cases in which professional thieves resort to violence when they cannot obtain their booty by other means. All these people—all the murderers, forgers, embezzlers, and assaulters, who are to be tried for their crimes during the next (say)

twenty years, and, moreover, all the murderers, forgers, embezzlers, and assaulters whose crimes escape detection altogether (here is a vast field for speculation open to the ingenious statisticians—of whom I am certainly one—who begin with conclusions, and 'try back' to find premisses!) — all are elbowing us about in the streets of this and other towns every day of our lives. How many of these go to make up a London crowd of, say, thirty thousand people? Add to this unsavoury category all the fraudulent bankrupts, past and to come, all the army of swindlers, all the betting thieves, all the unconscientious liars, all the men who ill-treat their wives, all the wives who ill-treat their husbands, all the profligates of both sexes, all the scoundrels of every shape and dye whose crimes do not come under the ken of the British policeman, but who, for all that, are infinitely more harmful to the structure of London society than the poor prig who gets six months for a 'wipe,' and then reflect upon the nature of your associates whenever you venture into a crowd of any magnitude!

Struck by these considerations (I am not a deep thinker, as I hinted in a former paper—if I thought more deeply about them I might find reasons which would induce me to throw these considerations to the winds), I beg that it will be understood that all the remarks that I may make in favour of the people who form the subject of this chapter, are subject to many mental reservations as to their probable infamy and possible detection.

In the initial is a gentleman who, as far as I know, is a thoroughly good fellow. He is a soldier, and a sufficiently fortunate one, and stands well up among the captains and lieutenant-colonels of his regiment of Guards. He has seen service in the Crimea, as his three undress medals testify. He is, I suppose, on his way to the orderly-room at the Horse Guards, for, at this *morte saison*, his seniors are away, and he is in command. Unlike most Guardsmen, he knows his work thoroughly, for he was the adjutant of his battalion for the six or seven years of his captaincy. He is a strict soldier; rather feared by his subalterns when he is in command, but very much liked notwithstanding. He has married a wealthy wife, has a good house in Berkeley Square, and a place in Inverness-shire, with grouse-moors, deer-forests, and salmon-streams of the right sort. He is thinking of standing for the county, at his wife's suggestion, but beyond a genial interest in conservative successes, he does not trouble himself much about politics. Everybody likes him, but he may—I say, he *may* — be an awful scoundrel at bottom.

Here are two young gentlemen (on the next page), who appear to be annoying a quiet-looking and rather plain young milliner. I am sorry to say that this is a group which presents itself much too often to the Thumb-nail Sketcher. I do not mean to say that the two young men are always disgraceful bullies of unprotected young women, or that the unprotected young women are always the timid, shrinking girls that they are commonly represented to be in dramas of domestic interest, and in indignant letters to the 'Times' newspaper. I am afraid that it only too often happens that the shrinking milliner is quite as glad of the society of the young men who accost her as the young men are of hers, although I am bound to admit that in the present case the girl seems a decent girl, and her annoyers two 'jolly dogs' of the most objectionable type. One of them is so obliging as to offer her his arm, while the other condescends to the extent of offering to carry her bandbox, an employment with which he is probably not altogether unfamiliar in the ordinary routine of his avocations. She will bear with them for a few minutes, in the hope that her continued silence will induce them to cease their annoyance, and when she finds that their admiration is rather increased than abated by her modest demeanour, she will stop still and request them to go on without her. As this is quite out of the question, she will cross the road, and they will follow

her. At length their behaviour will perhaps be noticed by a plucky but injudicious passer by, who will twist one of them on to his back by the collar, and be knocked down himself by the other. Upon this a fight will ensue, the young milliner will escape, and the whole thing

will end unromantically enough in the station-house.

Here is an unfortunate soldier, a fit and proper contrast to the comfortable and contented Guardsman in the initial. He is one of the Indian army of martyrs, who has given up all hope of anything like

promotion, and, after a life of battles, has subsided into that refuge for destitute officers, a volunteer adjutantcy. He is a thoroughly disappointed man, but he is much too well bred to trouble you with

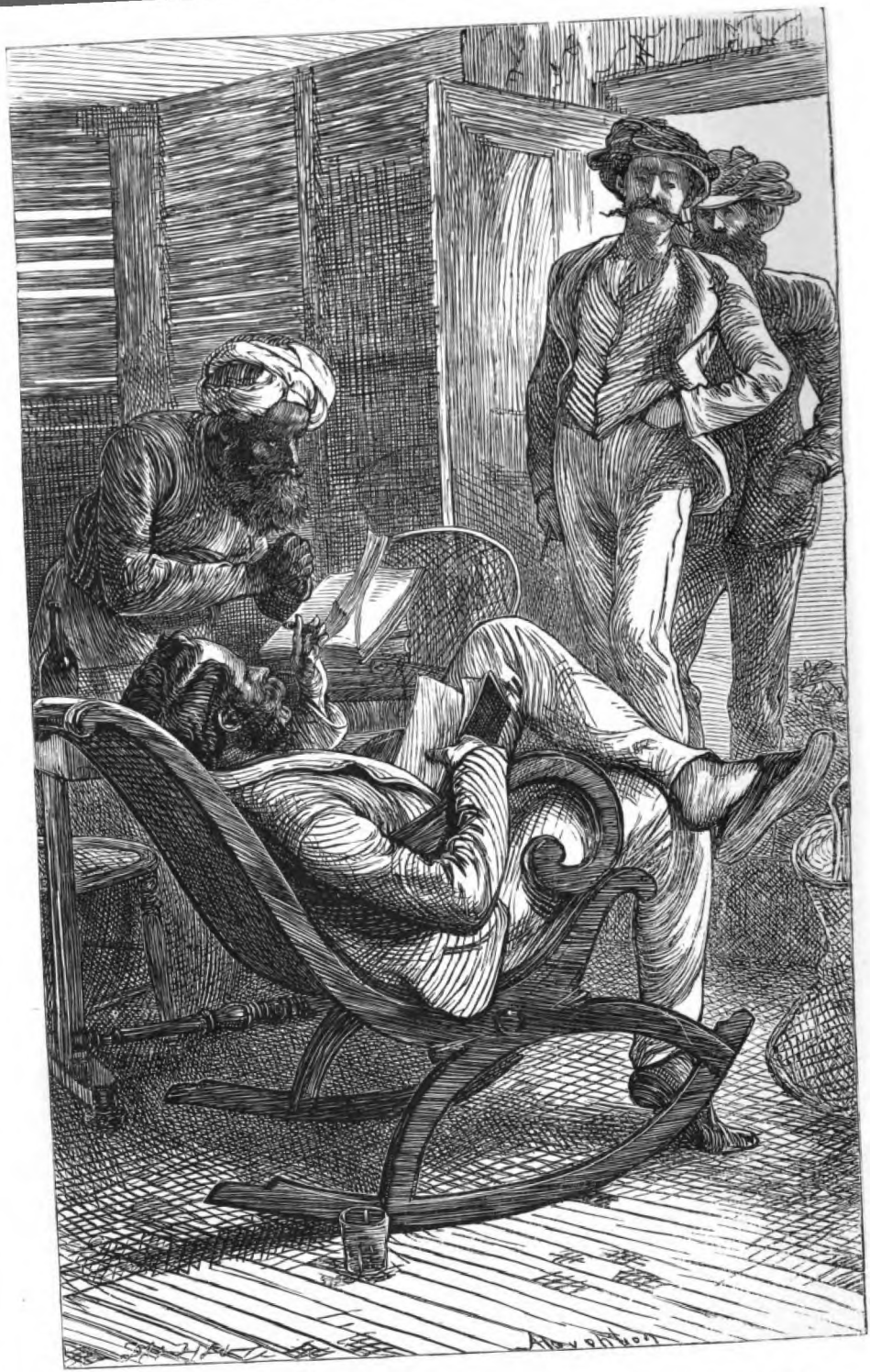
his disappointments, unless you pump him on the subject, and then you will find that the amalgamation of the British and Indian forces has resulted in complications that you cannot understand, and that one of these complications is at the bottom of his retirement from active service. He has strong views upon, and a certain interest in, the Banda and Kirwee prize money, and he looks forward to buying an annuity for his mother (who lets lodgings) with his share, if he should ever get it. He is poor—that is to say, his income is small; but he always manages to dress well, and looks gentlemanly from a gentleman's — although, perhaps, not from a tailor's — point of view.

This rather heavy and very melancholy-looking gentleman with the thick black beard is a purveyor of touch-and-go farces to the principal metropolitan theatres. He also does amusing gossip for the provincial journals, light frothy magazine articles, dramatic criticisms for a weekly paper, and an occasional novel of an airy, not to say extremely trivial nature. His name is well known to the readers of light literature, and also to enthusiastic playgoers who go early and come away late. He is supposed by them to pass a butterfly existence, flitting gaily from screaming farce to rollicking 'comic copy,' and back again from rollicking comic copy to screaming farce. But this is not exactly true of his professional existence. He is but a moody buffoon in private life, much addicted to the smoking of long clay pipes and the contemplation of bad boots. He is, at bottom, a good-natured fellow, and a sufficiently industrious one. He is much chaffed for his moody nature now, but he will die some day, and then many solemn bumpers will be emptied by his club fellows to the memory of the good heart that underlaid that thin veneer of cynicism.

Here is a sketch from the window at White's. He is also a member of the Senior and the Carlton, but he is seldom seen at either. He prefers the view from White's, and he prefers the men he meets there, and he likes the chattiness of that famous club. He knows everybody, does the old major, and has, in his time, been everywhere. He has served in a dozen different capacities, and in almost as many services; indeed, his range of military experience extends from a captaincy of Bashi Bazouks to a majority of Yeomanry Cavalry. He has been rather a sad dog in his time, but he is much quieter now, and is extremely popular among dowagers at fashionable watering-places.

This young gentleman is a Foreign Office clerk, and he is just now on his way to discharge his arduous duties in that official paradise. He is a rather weak-headed young gentleman, of very good family and very poor fortune, and in course of time he will churn up into a very sound, serviceable ambassador. At present he does not 'go out' with the government, though that distinction may be in reserve for him if he perseveres in his present judicious course of gentlemanly sleepi-

ness. He is, in common with most of his Foreign Office fraternity, a great deal too well dressed. It is really astonishing that young men of birth and breeding, as most of these Foreign Office clerks are, should be so blind to the fact that there is nothing in this world so utterly offensive to men of cultivated taste as a suit of bran new clothes. His views, at present, are limited to his office, the 'Times,' his club, and any shootings or fishings that may be offered to him by friendly proprietors.



Drawn by A. B. Houghton.]

A SPINSTER'S SWEEPSTAKE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

[See the Story

A SPINSTER'S SWEEPSTAKE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

An Indian Sketch.

A FEW years ago—it is easy to find out how many, for it was at the close of that terrible Indian mutiny time of 1857 and 1858—I found myself so shattered in health, and broken down in spirits, by some twelve months of hard service in the north-west provinces, where rebellion had been the hottest, as to be compelled to take sick leave; the spring was then too far advanced to make a homeward voyage through the Red Sea a prudent step for one in my condition, so I resolved on seeking change and cure in a cheaper and speedier fashion, by going off to one of the many delightful sanitaria in the Himalayas.

The curious among the readers of this little sketch must forgive me if I withhold the name of the station to which I went; and they must likewise further exercise that Christian feeling towards me for introducing in the disguise of fictitious names the various characters that figure here. It may be that some of my readers of Indian experiences may identify not only the place, but also some of the individuals; to all such, if any there be, I can only say—exercise by all means your memories and perceptive powers to the utmost, if you please.

A pleasant little spot was this retreat of mine, among the pine-covered hills, backed by range upon range, ending in mountain summits clad in a glistening garment of never changing snow; while, far below, like a grey misty ocean, lay the sandy plains, traced here and there by silver veins, fast and broad flowing rivers in reality, but seen from such a distant height, looking like thin serpentine lines of gleaming light. The pure, free atmosphere; the cool breezes; the tempered sun—no longer feared and avoided as an enemy, but courted and enjoyed as a benefactor—all these, and endless other beauties, silent appealings from nature to man's better sense, seemed almost to bring back upon me a tranquillity of spirit, and a delicious feeling of contentment and repose—a state of mind which many years of military life, with its rough experiences and hardening influences, had banished for awhile. I cannot say that civilization and the congregation of one's fellow-creatures had added much to what nature had done towards making the place enjoyable; but this view of the case depended of course upon one's peculiar character and disposition. Mine, I fear, had imbibed, from my profession, which had forced me to a mere existence in some of the dullest and most detestable of the many dull and detestable places to be found in the upper provinces of India, a dash of the cynic, the misanthrope, and the materialist; a state of mind which I only found to be acquired and not inherent when my thoughts travelled back, as they very often did, to the home far away, and to those among whom my earlier years had been passed. It was then, and only then, perhaps, I discovered that there remained in my nature a little of the sympathy and warmth towards others which is born in all of us, more or less.

There was the church, of course, utterly deserted for six days out of the seven; but on the seventh holding high gala, for then were gathered together in great force the whole feminine strength, or rather weakness, of the station, gorgeously attired in the Paris fashions of the preceding year. A club likewise, close to, though clearly an institution of utter antagonism, but which there is no denying got by far the best of it, for the club days were six of the seven, besides the nights too; rarely out of those one hundred and forty-four hours weekly could one pass by without hearing the clicking of billiard balls, or without seeing, through some of its many windows, silent parties of four seated at whist tables, shuffling, cutting, dealing, and going through the mysteries of the game, intent as though the fate

of British India depended upon their play.

Then, topmost on one of the many peaks of the hill over which the station spread, stood, with the English flag waving over it, the house of the governor of the province—the centre of a world—a small world, certainly, yet as brimful as any larger one of anxieties and fears, hopes and aspirations, running over with envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. Where the golden calf of self-interest was elevated and worshipped unceasingly, as it is everywhere elevated and worshipped in this world of ours—a centre it was to which all looked, many for advancement, others for approval and praise; some, the shortcomers and offenders, for moderation and forgiveness; all for something or another, from a coveted appointment down to an invitation to dinner. Ranged round about, respectfully, yet very moderately subordinate, were the residences of the general of the division, where, from the top of a more humble staff waved a flag of smaller size; and the commissioner, besides those of other civil and military magnates; then, promiscuously mingled, came the smaller fry—the gudgeons, the minnows, and the tittlebats of the social seas.

We were soon settled down in a small house, which by a very liberal construction of an English term had been described to me by the house agent as 'furnished.' I say we, though it seems that my companion has not been introduced; as he plays rather a conspicuous part in the small events about to be chronicled, it is only fair to bring him forward, with a flourish of trumpets, by the grand entrance, and not shuffle him in up the back stairs.

Buckley was his name—Charley Buckley—or, as he had always been called by his brother officers, Buckey. No doubt, it had been thought that by eliding the 'l' the name was softened down, and so conveyed a better idea of the affectionate regard felt for him. He was decidedly a favourite with men, women, and children, and with the brutes too; and this last point I am by no means disposed to treat lightly, for it has always seemed to me that there is a marvellous discernment sometimes shown by dogs and horses, more like reason than instinct, in the spontaneous attachments and dislikes which they form towards us. Buckley certainly had but few enemies either among human or brute kind. I don't mean to maintain by this that nearness to moral perfection ensures friends, or that Buckley was very close to that impossible standard of excellence often read of but never met with; he was only a rather above the average specimen of the young, vigorous, well-educated, and generous Englishman, such as our public schools and colleges send out into the world by hundreds, and fortunate it is for England that it is so. A good rider across country, great at cricket, foot-ball, and rackets; ever ready to join, heart and soul, in promoting any scheme for the general good and amusement—whether races, balls, pic-nics, croquêt fights, or anything else. He added to this a frank, handsome face; an open, generous manner; broad shoulders, and five feet eleven; outward and superficial advantages, which, oppose the feeling as we may, prepossesses most of us at once. Nor must I forget to add another strong point in his favour—a liberal allowance, generously and freely spent.

His military career had then been but a short one, he having joined the regiment in which I was a captain but five years before. Between us there had, from the first, existed a great friendship—the sort of friendship generally met with between a younger and an elder brother, not forgetting, however, a dash of patronage sometimes on Buckley's part which rather amused me. My greater age (I was his senior by about twelve years), combined with a certain sort of character among the juniors, and some of the older officers too, for a calm and unprejudiced judgment in most matters (I am sadly afraid that, spite of every desire to put it mildly, I am here making an egotistical fool of myself) had given me a degree of influence over him which it was frequently

necessary to exercise, often to the disturbance, but never to the permanent lessening or breaking of our attachment.

And so we settled down to pass the summer months away, Buckley devoting his time to the Club billiard tables in the morning, to calling on all the ladies, married and single, in the place during the middle of the day, and in the evening to riding upon the Mall, or lounging at the Band Stand with the prettiest and most agreeable women to be found; while I, following the more hermit-like and thoughtful propensities of my nature, devoted myself, with little exception, to reading and day-dreaming, and to quiet and solitary rambles among the hills, not forgetting my Persian and other studies—for I was grinding hard for a Staff appointment—content to hear of the doings of the little world around us from my companion.

'We are getting up a Spins' Sweep,' said Buckley to me a week or two after our arrival; 'will you join it? They are great fun.'

We were standing in the verandah in the early morning, drinking the customary tea, and enjoying—at least I was—the fresh air, and luxuriating in the bright sunshine as it poured slantingly through the branches of the surrounding pines.

'A Spins' Sweep! What on earth is that?' I replied.

'Well, a Spinsters' Sweepstake, since you don't understand contractions of your native tongue. They are generally got up here every year, and are an immense resource to the poor devils who don't know how to kill time, as well as an amusement to some of those who do.'

'Your explanation leaves me no wiser than before.'

'Well, old fellow, I am sorry to find a man of your intelligence in so benighted a state of ignorance as to the manners and customs of time-killing bachelors in these diggings; but I'll tell you all about it if you promise first of all to take a ticket. I can't, you know, expend my time and energies for the mere diffusion of knowledge without some material result.'

'Consider it promised,' and I continued with a smile, 'I entrust to you both my purse and my reputation, so be careful of the trust.'

Meanwhile Buckley had lighted a cheroot, and prepared to enjoy the first, and what he always declared to be the most delicious smoke of the whole twenty-four hours, by throwing himself into the most comfortable of the two easy chairs our establishment boasted, and elevating his legs upon the small table, utterly regardless of the safety of the scanty stock of crockery thereon; leaning back his head as though about to fall into a dreamy contemplation of the rafters of the verandah roof, he took two or three luxuriously lazy whiffs before condescending to proceed.

'Well, my dear fellow, it is this: you must know—from hearsay, of course only, because you don't often go prowling about—that there are no end of spins here; and you must know that there are no end of fellows here too. Possibly you may guess—vinegary old cynic as you are—that it may sometimes enter into the dear little heads of the aforesaid spins—though this I would not myself for the world assert, but merely just suppose—that a state of matrimony would perhaps be a more pleasant condition of existence than that of lonely virginity; while you may have an idea, moreover, that in the hearts of us solitary, selfish, wretched bachelors there is a suspicion that the beer and skittles of life, or, to express it more elegantly, the claret and billiards of existence, are not likely to be made more plentiful by venturing on the risky and expensive investment of a wife. There,' he went on, breaking into one of his gay laughs, which had been gradually rising as he spoke, 'I have unconsciously condensed into a nutshell one of the greatest social problems of this enlightened century. Well, to proceed, we young moral philosophers, seeing and comprehending these things, have resolved to derive both instruction and amusement from the study of this peculiar phase of the human

character, male and female; and in order to bring the study within the compass of all, and so make it popular, we, knowing the love of chance inherent in all men, have hit upon a plan for developing the nobler aim by pandering to the ignoble. To go into practical details, it is this: we get out a list of all the marriageable girls in the place, not forgetting the widows, should there fortunately be any, as they give a wonderful zest to the thing, and often puzzle the oldest moral philosophers among us. These names are drawn, and the man who draws the name of the girl who first marries gets the stakes—in fact like a Derby, Ascot, or other race sweep, with the difference that women run instead of horses, and the stakes are matrimony.'

'I see,' I replied; 'and to carry the simile still further, the reputation which a woman earns for good running depends very much upon the value of the prize carried off.'

'Precisely so. That uncharitable addition comes from the very bottom of your heart, I know. But the fun of the thing is not in the mere lottery drawing, but in the buying and selling and the betting that follow, and the opportunities for exercising one's observation and judgment; the rise and fall in the value of likely fillies, as flirtations keenly watched grow cooler or become more serious, is perfectly startling, and would stagger the Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange. The day before and the day after a ball or pic-nic is the time for speculation. Oh, it's just the sort of thing you would enjoy. You should take a dozen chances at least.'

'It seems to me,' for I was half annoyed, though half amused, at all this—'it seems to me that you young moral philosophers, as you call yourselves, have not hit upon an amusement either very generous or considerate towards others, but rather suggestive of the fable of the idle boys who threw stones to the danger and annoyance of the frogs. What say the fathers and the brothers of the fair spinsters to this little scheme?'

'One of the grandest sciences of life, old fellow, as you know, is to adapt oneself to the customs and usages of the society into which we are thrown. Let us hope that they see the wisdom of following this excellent philosophy. Of course,' he continued, in a more serious tone, 'we keep the thing tolerably quiet, and have no desire to hurt the feelings of any one.'

'I've no sisters, either married or single, nor indeed any female relatives at all here; but if I had it would not be very gratifying to me to think that they might unconsciously be aiding in the entertainment of a set of idle young fellows.'

'It is not often,' said Buckley, 'that we find you riding the conventional horse, but I must say you have certainly got upon his back now. Do you suppose that the matrimonial chances or prospects—the term is fearfully caddish, but for want of a better it must do—do you suppose that the matrimonial chances or prospects of one's sisters at home are not speculated upon and discussed among their acquaintances there fully as much as is the case here? and do you imagine that there is less of real respect and true chivalrous feeling among us than there is among the scandal-mongering gossips of an English little Pettington? No, my dear Cox, be liberal and dispassionate as you generally are, and don't be called to reason by an inexperienced griff like myself. However, enough of this; I'll go and tub, and then we'll breakfast, for I've promised to play Tommy Marshall at billiards at the Club at ten.'

Whereupon he threw away the end of his cheroot, yawned, got up, stretched himself, and went indoors, leaving me to think over what had been said, and to come to the conclusion, as I very soon did, that Buckley had shown the older head of the two, and the greater worldly experience that morning.

Many days had passed since our conversation about the lottery; and the subject, so far as I was concerned, was well nigh forgotten. I was busy with my Moonshee at the mid-day lesson in Persian, translating one of the many extravagant

stories so well known to all students of that language, when Buckley, with a young officer of artillery named Watson, dismounted at the door and came in.

'Well, Cox,' as he threw his whip into one chair and his hat into another, 'deep in the mysteries of those very improper Persian tales? Thank God, my education in that line was neglected, and I don't understand them; but send away Mr. Harshang Dass, put aside your books, and let's have some tiffin,—and above all, some beer; we are both dead-beat after our ride in the sun, and the mental exertion of inventing little bits of scandal and small talk for the entertainment of the women folk on whom we have been calling.'

'Give me five minutes, and I will be at your service,' I answered, after a nod and a word or two of greeting to Watson; meanwhile make yourself useful by shouting until you wake up the Khitmulgars in the kitchen, if they should fortunately be there, and not off at the Bazaar.'

In the course of ten minutes, the teacher had been dismissed, books put aside, and the table arranged for lunch.

'In what a conventional age we live,' Buckley began, as soon as he could recover his breath after emptying at one pull a pewter of bitter beer, and inverting the mug upon the table, in incontestable proof of his having really emptied it—'in what a conventional age we live. What an excellent custom it would be if the married people here were to keep a tap of cool beer in their verandahs, specially for the refreshment and support of all morning callers. It would be an immense charity to the poor thirsty peacocks of society, like Watson and myself, and, besides, be an advantage to themselves too, for there's no denying we should be much more amusing and fluent when in the drawing-room than we can be now, under the present rigorous system, with throats full of dust, and energies exhausted.'

'Scarcely a profitable investment,' I said, 'for the benedicts; it is doubtful whether they, and their wives too, would not think that morning callers could be got at too dear a price.'

'You look at things in too commercial a spirit; you reduce everything to a kind of barter or exchange.'

'Nevertheless, Buckley, it is a spirit which is the basis of every act, motive, impulse, and feeling of life—from the affection of a mother for her child, down to the purchase of a penny box of cigar-lights in the street: however, we won't discuss metaphysics now.'

'But,' put in Watson, 'there's no doubt a couple of glasses of cool sherry, administered by the servant before one went in, would be both sensible and pleasant, without being open to the charge, as Buckley's suggestion is, of coarseness.'

'It reminds me of old Mrs. Briggs, the wife of Briggs, of the Commissariat, who gives milk-punch—made of Commissariat rum of course—to her visitors: did you ever call there?' Buckley asked us.

We both confessed we had not, though we knew of her by hearsay.

'I did once,' he went on, 'and great fun it was: the punch was brought in, and a small glass forced down my throat—a case of no compulsion, only you must. The size of the dose is regulated by the rank of the visitor: subs and captains get a small glass, field-officers a larger one, and so on: one day the general called, and he was made to take some in a mug.'

'It is a pity that she stands too near the bottom of the metaphorical ladder for her good example to become fashionable,' I said; 'but it is clear, from the graduated scale by which she measures out her punch, that she has learnt something from the manners of the upper ten.'

'There was a good story told of her the other day,' Watson said; 'she was saying to Mrs. Robinson that she always got her boots from Paris, it was the only way to be well fitted. Mrs. Robinson asked the name of her maker. "Droit and Gauche," answered old Mrs. Briggs, with the most delightful uncon-

sciousness in the world. She had seen the words, one inside each boot, and had jumped at the conclusion that they were the names of the makers!'

'By-the-way, Cox,' said Buckley, after our laughter had ceased, 'the drawing for the sweep comes off this afternoon at Baker's bungalow—you know Baker, of the Seikhs?—will you come?—Watson and I are going.'

'No; I am afraid not: this is the last safe day for the mail, so this afternoon must be given up to writing English letters; you must look after my interests at the lottery. Who are the favourites?' I inquired.

'Opinions differ, of course; some say one, some another,' Buckley replied. 'There's Miss Macdonald, the brigadier's daughter, who only came out last cold weather; she is really engaged to Edwards, the competition wallah, and the wedding is to come off at the end of the season. It resolves itself into a question of time: will other matches be made up, and will they come off before them? Surely there will. There are lots of likely girls here this summer. There's Miss Munro, sister of Munro of the Civil Service, only three months from England, with a complexion as fresh as paint, besides a small something a year; Miss Battie, sister of Mrs. Butler, without much complexion, and no money, but a tip-top figure; walks like Juno, and sits a horse like——' Here Buckley broke down for want of a simile.

'An Amazon,' suggested Watson, with a laugh.

'No ungenerous comparison if you please; then there's Kate Maxwell, who lives with the Fullers, a nice girl; Miss Richardson, the major's daughter.'

'With a *retroussée* nose, pink cheeks, bright eyes, lively spirits, and a good temper, but no regular features, and altogether wanting in style—what the Persian writers happily describe as the beauty of the young jackass.' I put in parenthetically.

'Besides,' Buckley went on, regardless of the interruption, 'a host of other girls, not forgetting the charming widow, Mrs. Tollitt, any one of them likely to win in my opinion. Good gracious, when we consider that four long months are before us, it is positively absurd to attempt to say what may be. Why, in this country a man may almost be engaged, married, and the father of twins in that space of time.'

'We'll say nothing about the last matter; but it is certainly ample time for the first two events to come off,' I remarked.

'But,' exclaimed Watson, with a look partly inquisitive and partly amused at Buckley, 'you have forgotten little Carry Wharton, her place is first, decidedly.'

'Little Carry Wharton, little Carry Wharton,' I repeated,—'to think of your leaving her out of the list! Why, she is the prettiest and best girl I know, and should stand above all.'

'Yes, she is a nice girl,' Buckley replied, with an attempt at carelessness which he did not carry off very well.

'You have been rather attentive in that quarter of late, I think,' I observed, after a short pause.

'Not attentive in the way that you imply or that people generally mean by the word,' said Buckley, flushing a little. 'You know that her brother and I were at Rugby together—her brother Harry of whom she was so fond; he was killed before Delhi—you must remember.'

'Yes, poor fellow! a fine gallant boy he was—and Carry Wharton is now almost without near relations. Let us hope that some one may claim her before long, and prove as good a husband to her as she deserves.'

'Both her parents,' Buckley went on, 'have been dead some years, and she now lives with her sister, Mrs. Jurton; the small pension as a colonel's orphan being all she has to depend upon, I fancy.'

'However,' he added, jumping up, 'it is time to be off. Take a soda and brandy and light up another cheroot first, Watson; and Cox,' turning to me, 'don't expect me home to dinner to-night—I am

engaged to the Jurtons for croquêt at five, with a ticket for soup afterwards. *Au revoir*, old fellow.'

Watson gave me a humorous look as Buckley finished, said 'Good-bye,' and went out; and in less than a minute they were both cantering off in the direction of Baker's house.

English letters written and sent to the post, a solitary dinner quickly disposed of, two hours of reading, followed by a pipe, brought the day to an end. It could scarcely have been more than half an hour after my having turned into bed when I was suddenly roused up by the sound of Buckley's familiar voice at the bedside—'Cox, are you asleep?'

'You might have ascertained that, if anxious to know, without waking me to ask,' I replied rather sharply, for this sudden invasion rather put me out.

'Don't be out of temper, Cox; I am sorry to have awoke you; but I could not go to bed without first speaking with you.'

His look, seen in the dim light of the small night-lamp, was thoughtful and anxious, while there was a subdued tone in his voice as unusual as was the serious expression upon his face.

'Something is the matter,' I exclaimed, jumping up and then suddenly sitting down upon the side of the bed. 'What has happened? Any news from the plains? Has the Nana been taken?' Every one's thoughts in those days turned upon the mutiny, and the uncaught monster who had played so fiendish a part in it. 'Has the Nana been taken?' I repeated.

'No, no,' said Buckley, smiling at my earnestness. 'I have no such good news to tell. It is about myself that I want to speak. Since we parted this afternoon I have made a fool of myself.'

'Which generally means that a man has proposed—is it so with you?'

'Yes.'

'In that case advice would come too late—so I'll say nothing.'

'I don't want your advice; but simply to tell you all about it if you will listen. But you may prefer going to sleep again, so I'll leave you,' and he turned to go.

My seeming indifference had nettled him. It was but a seeming indifference—all the while my thoughts had been in a confused state between sleeping and waking, made still more confused by his sudden and unexpected confession.

'Sit down, Buckley and tell me as much or as little as you like—you can trust me, I think.' I said no more, but left him to begin in his own way and when he pleased.

'It all came of that cursed sweep—confound the thing and all those who started it!' he savagely jerked out, as though it were a relief to his feelings to get it out; then, continuing more slowly—'We went to the drawing, Watson and I; a lot of men were there—among them that insufferable snob, Smith of the Dragoons. You know how thoroughly I detest the fellow?'

A quiet nod was my reply. One of the impulses of my companion was a hearty prejudice against the Queen's officers generally, an old feeling, and, even at that time, a very prevalent one among the officers in the late Company's army—a feeling which, it is only just to say, was most religiously and warmly reciprocated.

'Well, as bad luck would have it, this Smith drew the name of Miss Macdonald. He was awfully elated at this, wanted to back her, and offered to take four to one in hundreds—rupees, of course; so I gave him the odds. The bet was booked, and I swore to myself—for he had positively put me out of temper—that he should never win—not for the sake of the paltry stakes or the still more paltry bet, I don't care one penny for them, but he shall not have the laugh of me.' And here the Grand Turk looked very scornful and very savage too, as though the committing of serious violence upon the absent dragoon would have been very agreeable indeed. 'After that I went to the Jurtons to play croquêt. I was thoroughly out of temper, and did all sorts of reckless things—went through the same hoops twice, croquetted away my

partner's ball into the most out-of-the-way places, and by the time the game was over had made enemies for life of all the players, friends as well as foes. After the people were gone, Carry Wharton and I walked about the garden. I feel like a blackguard, Cox,' he went on, passionately, 'in mixing up all these things almost in the same breath; but it can't be helped—it was then that I proposed to her.'

'And she accepted you?'

'Yes—provided Mrs. Jurton, who is her nearest relative, makes no objection.'

'Then it may be looked upon as settled: her consent is certain; so you have only to look sharp not only to win a wife but to gain a bet too.'

'And carry off the sweepstake as well, since you prefer to jest about the matter,' he answered, bitterly. 'I drew Carry Wharton's name—But, for God's sake, Cox,' he went on, 'say no more of this miserable lottery! I looked to you for sympathy and comfort, and not for chaff.'

'I can't see that you stand much in need of either sympathy or comfort,' I added. 'You have proposed to a most amiable girl, who I have long thought was more than fond of you, and towards whom I have also thought your feelings were more than those of friendship. She will make a wife of whom any man might be proud. It would be well if all those who want to marry could get such a one—there would be fewer bachelors in that case, I think.'

'That's the very point,' said Buckley; 'I don't want a wife. Twelve hours ago I had no more idea of marrying, and no more desire to marry, than the man in the moon. But above all, the miserable circumstances of the lottery and the bet mixed up with it make me so disgusted—confound it all!'

'In short, you begin to think that there are after all objections to the study of moral philosophy through the medium of spinster sweepstakes?'

'You try to provoke me—you hit a man when he's down!'

'My dear Buckley, I don't sympathise with you, because sympathy would be out of place. Would you have me sit down and weep over the matter and encourage you to do the same?—to moralize feebly on the subject of hasty and imprudent engagements, and their miserable endings? to offer you all sorts of commonplace consolation; in short, do my very best to make you believe yourself to be the most miserable wretch in the world, with nothing before you but a wretched future or suicide? The thing is done and cannot be undone. Even supposing it possible to undo it, it would be done again ere the next three months are past. Don't blame the lottery for it; all it has done has been to bring about the crisis a few months earlier, for you were on the high road to an engagement with Carry Wharton.'

'I believe you are right. I believe I have cared far more for her for some time than I have admitted even to myself.'

'Of course you have,' I went on. 'I have seen it for a long time. Sympathy and comfort, indeed! You will never need either on account of this. I have too much faith in her. And God forbid that she should ever be in need of them; but I have no fears for either of you in the future.'

'But then the bet and the lottery,' said Buckley. 'People will mix up them with this.'

'Why should they? It was pretty shrewdly suspected why you had been so much interested in croquet at the Jurtons of late; besides, you have neither won the bet nor the sweep yet. Who knows but one or two weddings may come off before yours? Perhaps,' I added, with a smile, 'I may be surprising you one of these days soon by throwing myself away. I almost think it would be dangerous, confirmed old bachelor as I am, if there was a second Carry Wharton here,' I continued more seriously, and feeling very much inclined to sigh as I stopped. 'However, good night! I congratulate you most sincerely and heartily.'

He returned my pressure of the hand warmly, and with a smile, said 'Good night!' and turned to leave the room.

'But, selfish fellow as I am,' he

said, coming back with the old gay look upon his face and the cheerful tone in his voice again, 'I was forgetting to tell you your fate—you are quite out of the coach: you drew the she gorilla of the place.'

'I can guess who you mean,' and we both laughed. 'Let us spare the utterance of the lady's name, though only the walls would hear it. Yes, as you truly say, I am out of the coach.' It was clear that the name of Grace Thompson had fallen to my lot, a girl most decidedly plain, and to whom, unfortunately, one could not apply the alternative adjective—'amiable.'

'Good-night, once more.'

Time, the mighty old clock, went on ticking, ticking—marking off upon the dial of the year the days and weeks and months. Wonderful old clock! never to have needed any winding up, nor oiling of wheels, nor cleaning of mechanism since the works were first set going, nor ever likely to, to the very end of its existence. Marvellous old chronometer! never varying with season or with place, in summer the same, in winter the same, in all latitudes and longitudes the same—at the equator or at the pole, on mountain summits or in deepest valleys—needing no regulating and yet never having its decrees questioned.

The middle of September was past; sick leaves and privilege leaves were drawing to a close; grass widowers, who had been kept down in the plains at their courts or with their regiments during the tedious summer months, began to look for the return of their wives and children. It was clear that the long summer carnival was near its end. Camels and mules, freighted with furniture, portmanteaus, and packing-cases, went staggering along the downward roads. Tradesmen were balancing up their books, making out and presenting their 'little bills' at their customers like loaded pistols, and causing in most cases scarcely less consternation than loaded pistols would have, estimating the bad and questionable debts, and calculating the probable gains. The club-manager was doing the same as the shopkeepers, with the same sensational results. The clergyman, commercial in his way too, gave himself up, heart and soul, to collecting the pew rents for the waning season, circulating a subscription-list on behalf of the Additional Clergy Society, and debating whether one or two more appeals in the shape of collections could not be made before his flock became scattered abroad. The season, viewed in a matrimonial light, had been a most disastrous one. The bachelors, spite of every encouragement from the lovely spins, had not shown themselves equal to the occasion. No marriages, not even a proposal, had been brought about; Miss Macdonald's engagement still dragged its slow length along, and Buckley stood revealed the hero of the hour.

It is hard, or, to speak more truthfully, it is impossible to imagine with what feelings the poor girls must have set themselves to work to superintend the repacking of trunks and bonnet-boxes. Many a bitter tear, no doubt, fell upon the delicate silks, the dear pets of bonnets, the exquisite croquêt boots, and the glossy riding-hats, as one by one they were stowed away. How different to the feelings with which, a few short months before, they had been unpacked; then all was hope and anticipation, now all was bitterness and despair. The feelings of a newly-fledged M.P., who, primed with a virgin speech, rehearsed and corrected over and over again, finds the debate prematurely brought to a close by a division—or the soldier, who, after whetting his sabre for the combat, is forced to return it to his sheath after a little bloodless skirmishing—or the schoolboy caught in the act of orchard robbing when just about to fill his pockets with the coveted fruit, are among some of the most trying circumstances of masculine life, but they must be as nothing compared with the trials of disappointed spinsterhood.

Nor were disappointment and disgust confined to the spinsters only, the feelings were strong and almost general, for the music and

dancing were nearly over, and the piper had to be paid. Married life, like single life, has its cares, as little Mrs. Williams, who looked so happy at the general's ball two nights ago, was quite ready to declare. Next week she must go down to rejoin her dear Charles, who was unable to get leave this summer, and had been grilling in the plains most patiently. How on earth she was to tell him of that bill for Rs. 470, just sent in by that horrid Madame Valence, she really did not know. It was perfectly awful how the trifles amounted up—a dozen pairs of gloves or so, a new bonnet, and a few other odds and ends were all she had had; however, if Charles liked her to look nice, and he always declared he did, why he must not mind paying for his whim. She was not extravagant, not at all; and then it was all the fault of the horrid country that things were so dear. Then there was the charming Mrs. Campbell: her dear, old, suspicious hubby had positively written that she was not to be so intimate with that dear, delightful Capt. Morton, the A.D.C. It was positively shameful that people should carry stories about her to her husband's ears. What business was it of theirs if Capt. Morton was kind enough to ride with her on the Mall, or to walk beside her jampan to the Bank, or to send her nice flowers and fruit? Nasty meddling old things! they were spiteful and jealous, and only wanted to make mischief. So she should have to coax her dear hubby when she got back, put him in good temper again, and make him promise never, never more to listen to unkind things said of her, or to think of them again.

Every one, in short, was out of sorts, more or less. While the women said 'Bother the place,' the men with more emphasis exclaimed, 'Damn the place;' for, as I have said, the fiddling and dancing were over, and the settling-day had come. But there were two exceptions to this state of things—Buckley and Carry Wharton; the wedding-day had come at last. Smoothly and safely they had floated down the stream of courtship, and were now to be safely moored in the matrimonial haven. The waters had looked uncertain near their source, almost promising, many might have thought, a rough and anxious voyage; but of this, I, usually the least sanguine of men, had never felt any misgivings. I almost begin to think that my cynicism is but a theory after all, and not a very deep-seated one either, always breaking down or giving way when brought to a practical application.

The wedding was a quiet one and after the breakfast, which was at the Jurtons' house, we gathered in the verandah to say good-bye and God speed. They were going off for the honeymoon to a house a few miles in the interior, there to remain until the time came for Buckley to return to his regiment. It was doubtful whether I should see them again for some time, as my examination had been passed, and orders had been given me to join, within a week, the staff appointment to which I had been gazetted.

'Cox, my dear fellow,' said Buckley, taking me by the arm and leading me back into the dining-room, 'one word with you. Here are two letters I received only this morning,' and he placed them in my hand. 'Will you dispose of them for me? To Smith I would wish the cheque returned; and as to the other matter, let it be sent anonymously to any charitable fund you may choose.'

I promised to do as he wished, pretty well guessing the nature of the letters.

'And now,' he continued, 'good-bye. You must write us sometimes, and I—and Carry too—will write you, and very often. May we soon meet again, old fellow.'

I warmly shook the offered hand, promised to write often, said a few words, which, kind as I tried to make them, seemed, as they were uttered, to be miserably commonplace, and to carry a meaning very far short of what I felt, and we returned to the verandah.

Like most Englishmen, we were both undemonstrative in our meetings and our partings. I devoutly believe that either one of us would

have risked his own life to have saved the other's, or would have shown the equally rare virtue, had occasion called for it, of giving the other a letter of credit upon his bankers to the full extent of his account. And yet friends such as we were, and there are many to be found in the world, meet, after long years of absence, with a mere 'Well, old fellow,' and a shake of the hand, and separate, perhaps for years, in the same cool fashion. We can imagine a couple of Icelanders doing this sort of thing, and we can imagine a couple of Frenchmen indulging in stage embraces and other antics on such occasions; and yet it cannot be the sun — latitude can have nothing to do with it—for we

cannot imagine the pulses of the two phlegmatic Icelanders beating one whit the faster, or their keeping bottled up under their sealskin waistcoats very much impulsive and generous feeling; nor can we picture to ourselves Henri and Alphonse, spite of their gesticulations and embraces, having very much idea of carrying their regard beyond such demonstrations. And yet under this seeming coldness and indifference we keep down the best feelings of our natures. It must be that the dread of being thought a humbug and sentimental — those spectres which haunt an Englishman, and make him out of very fear

appear other than he is—are at the bottom of it all.

A general confusion of handshakings and a general confusion of spoken farewells, many tears and much kissing on the part of the womenkind, Carry Buckley smiling and tearful carried away in a jampan, with her husband riding beside her, a fluttering of handkerchiefs, some slippers in mid-air, and they were gone.

* * * *

Miserably lonely and cheerless the little house seemed, and very solitary and very much alone I felt on my return home that afternoon. Even the pipe failed to afford me the usual amount of comfort; I could neither smoke, read, nor work at my usual tasks; so after trying each in turn, and failing utterly, I rushed off to seek companionship and life at the club. But Buckley's letters yet remained in my pocket. These I first took out, and soon disposed of. One was from Smith, with a cheque for Rs. 100, in payment of the eventful bet; the other was from Baker, who had been the treasurer for the Spinster Sweepstake, and contained a draft for the stakes, in amount Rs. 800.

* * * *

My little story is nearly finished. We will take just one more little glimpse of our friends before the curtain falls and the lights are extinguished. Time, the perpetual old clock, had gone on ticking; the dial of the year had been circled and thrown into the abyss of the past, there to moulder and rot among the unknown thousands of its predecessors; another dial and another had been circled too, and added to the decaying mass. It was three years since Buckley's marriage, and I was with them again for the first time since.

In looking back, as I very often did during those three years, and recalling to my mind what Carry Wharton then was, it used to seem to me that she was all a woman should be, and that in meeting her again she could scarcely be found so good, so excellent, and so loveable as of old. But perfect as she had been as a girl, I found her, as a wife, still as perfect.

And what was still more, Buckley evidently thought so too. And as I saw them in their happiness, their mutual confidence and love, aiding, cherishing, and supporting each other, a darkness seemed to fall from mine eyes, and a voice seemed to say, 'You were generous in your judgment of these; you were confident in your hopes of these; you judged and you hoped wisely; there is much that is good in this world; be generous in your judgment of all, be hopeful in your hopes of all.'

G. F.

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