

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS, JUN.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

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## PERSONAL.

IT WAS MY FATHER'S WISH, expressed in writing only a week before his death, that I, his eldest son, and latterly his assistant editor, should succeed him in the management of the Journal so long associated with his name.

In accordance with this clearly-expressed desire, and strong in the hope inspired by so encouraging a mark of his confidence, I address myself to the fulfilment of the task which he appointed me to discharge.

It is intended that the management of "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," in the future, shall be based on precisely the same principles as those on which it has, up to this time, been conducted. The same authors who have contributed to its columns in time past, will contribute to them still. The same spirit which has in the past pervaded its pages will, so far as conscientious endeavour may render it possible, pervade them still. The same earnest desire to advocate what is right and true, and to oppose what is false and unworthy, which was the guiding principle of my Father's career, and which has always characterised his management of "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," will, I most earnestly hope, continue to be apparent in its every word.

So much, then, being the same, it may not be presumptuous in me to hope that the same readers with whom this Journal, and that which preceded it, found favour for so many years, may still care to see the familiar title page on their tables as of old.

With this brief explanation of the course I propose to adopt, and omitting all reference whatever to my own personal feelings in connexion with the great sorrow which has rendered this statement necessary, I leave the future Journal to speak for itself.

"It is better that every kind of work, honestly undertaken and discharged, should speak for itself than be spoken for." These were the words with which my Father inaugurated the New Series of "ALL THE YEAR ROUND." I cannot surely do better than repeat them in this place.

CHARLES DICKENS, JUN<sup>R</sup>.

## THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

### BOOK I

#### CHAPTER X. IMPORTANT NEWS.

IN a very few days they had gone, and Leadersfort deserted. The new house-keeper came down, and Lady Buckstone's decorators entered into possession. But, in passing through town, Mr. Leader went to speak about the great soldier question, being led to the official by Mrs. Leader, who saw fit that this measure of popularity should be acquired—and received a gracious answer. The news reached Lord Shipton by special privilege, in a private letter from Mr. Leader, and for days, while the old mackintosh-gig was lying up in ordinary in the inn-yard, he was going about exhibiting this letter, which certified as to his share in the matter, and beginning "My dear Shipton." The Doctor was very pleasant on this exhibition, asking many a friend, "Had you to go through 'my dear Shipton?'" But days rolled on, then weeks, then months. Public opinion turned against Lord Shipton, led in a good-humoured way by the Doctor.

"I told you, you were as sanguine as a little boy. Ah, my dear Shipton, your wish was father to that."

About this time, however, various manufacturing districts about became disturbed; there were some burnings of mills, and it was felt advisable to have soldiers distributed in a more scattered way over the country. And the officials who had long since forgotten the application of the "great territorial proprietor," now recalled the existence of the barracks—Lord Shipton was the channel. He had the news—a private letter. It was all true. The soldiers had been got back again. It seemed like the restoration of the Bourbons. It was almost broken to the old people, who were encouraged to utter a fervent "thank God!" that they had been spared to see the glorious day. It was considered that Lord Shipton had done this business. "It was a hard tussle," he said, "but we had stuck to them too long to be rebuffed." The only way was to come back again and again, and so he did. He had always said his plan was to worry them into it. A lying election slander, as it was called, was later circulated, that a future military candidate had taken the whole credit of this restoration through certain influence at the Horse Guards. However, "the soldiers were coming," and to Lord Ship-

ton all the honour, all the credit, and also the talk, of the proceedings was due. "He was willing," he said, "to tell the whole thing frankly to any one." So he did, over and over again: to the landlord, Bull, to the clergyman, to the mill-owner, to "Mr. M'Intyre," head of all the great mart, and to many of lower degree; for this was a very cheap person of honour in his way, whom every one could speak to; surprisingly accessible, not to the poor and lower order—for whom he had a just contempt—but to the middle-class, who stand behind counters, and in offices, and earned wages, and had legs, arms, heads, or even good drink, that could be in some way useful to him.

At the bar of the "Arms" the news was told. Word had been received to fit up the barracks hastily; the preparations would be commenced to-morrow; the local tradesmen would have the orders; small tenders would be invited to-morrow; trade was to be set agoing, everybody enriched. All was owing to the indefatigable patriotic Shipton. "We should give you a testimonial, sir, for your services. You have worked in the heats and in the dews, hoping against hope." Compliments which Lord Shipton accepted with a modest self-abnegation.

"Oh, I declare," said the Doctor, good-humouredly, "I think he has well earned the teapot to which the last speaker was alluding. I don't say but that if this be pressed, I wouldn't put in a claim for a big tea-urn myself. Do you follow me, Lord Shipton?"

The latter gentleman laughed, but took the hint. The Doctor looked dangerous. "Indeed, I must say our friend, Findlater, has been too modest all this time."

Then the Doctor went home with the news, having taken "the lord," as he called him, "down a peg."

"Ah, it's great news, my girls," he said. "The place'll waken up now. We'll all be gentlemen and ladies again."

"Oh, but Polly, dear, you must tell papa not to be in too great a hurry. There are dreadful wild men among officers, and she must take time, mustn't she, father?"

"Oh, leave that to me. I'll take care of you, Coaxy. Not one of my lads but must produce his papers, clean and genteel, to the satisfaction of Peter. Then, sir, be he duke, or noble, or simple gentleman, and not till then, shall he have my daughter."

"But if I like him, Peter, dear, and if I

see he likes me—and the time is so short. I know they are all nice.”

Katey shook her head. “They love and they ride away, dear.”

“Not from me, Katey. I’d rather like to see the gentleman who’ll try that trick with a daughter of Peter Findlater, M.D. But he may find out, from a previous acquaintance with my character, that such a proceeding would be hardly safe. By the Lord Chief Justice,” he added, fiercely, “let any Jack Cornet among them just try even a soft speech with a girl of mine, without substantial action following, and I’ll—pull his nose.” Feeling that this was a weak climax, he added the word “off!”

There was quite a flutter in the Doctor’s house that night; the delighted Polly, before she went to bed, turning over ancient millinery for a choice of what would best suit the military eye; for it was laid out and settled that she was inevitably to leave them, and that she would only have to choose one of the gallant young fellows who were coming. Even Katey was affected by the approaching separation, and again begged of her sister to be careful in the selection—so much depended on it, and she might be wretched her whole life. Polly was provoked at this damping of her ardent plans.

“You musn’t judge every man by Clarke’s son, who is going into the church. In the army there is great indulgence, and people are not so strait.”

“But if you were unhappy, Polly dear, it would break my heart.”

There was a change in Polly even at that time. She had grown excited and rather patronising on her expected promotion. (“You must come and stop with me very often, Katey!”) And, indeed, with that bright blooming face and natural manner, they must have been “born villains” who would dare to trifle with the gentle affections of our Polly. Other less threatening views had succeeded in the brain of Doctor Findlater, who was now below over his tumbler, in whose pleasant fancies he saw figures and scenes. He had plans of his own—very deep and specious ones; and, as he rose to go to bed, he said, aloud: “Now, Peter, my boy, you’ll have to show these people, you know, how to play the game—for here is the pack of cards at last.”

#### CHAPTER XI. THE SOLDIERS ARRIVE.

HERE, then, was “the pack” at last, according to Doctor Findlater’s expression.

Here was come round the joyful morning when the expected regiment—Du Barry’s Own Dragoon Guards—was coming in.

The whole place had an air of holiday, as well, indeed, it might, for the feeling was that Tilston was now, at last, about to wake from her long trance, cast off her grave-clothes, and open her arms to welcome her old love. Now was trade to revive, that is, the smaller grocers and butchers receive something more than a precarious custom; and now would the stagnant stream of society, too long congealed almost, begin to flow, sparkling with those crimson globules of military circulation. There was a general air of curiosity and lounging. Numbers of gentlemen, including Lord Shipton, the hero of the day, had driven to the Leader Arms, and were at the club-room window; there was a look in their eyes that seemed suspicious of each other. It was noon, and the regiment was long overdue.

Close by the entrance of the little town, which was approached by a sort of rich and winding avenue, lined with green hedgerows and strips of bank and common, and many a fine tree (how different from Blackthorp and the level ochre-coloured brick-field swamps which lay about it!), at a bend, there was the Doctor’s substantial red-brick house, burly in the extreme, old-fashioned in its six windows in a row, its roof shaped into a triangular pediment, with a round window adorning the centre. Every window is furnished with faces looking out, the house being one of the fertile mansions, and teeming with human life; while the brass plate on the green gate told us the Doctor’s name:

DOCTOR FINDLATER,

SURGEON

AND ACCOUCHEUR.

At this moment we can hear Katey’s voice, musical and ringing, Polly striking in and out, not caring much whether she interrupted her in the midst of a sentence. Certainly, to-day, the house is full of friends who have come to see the soldiers come in; for the Doctor’s house was a coigne of yantage, and here was gathered the parson’s wife and daughters, and the solicitor’s niece, and several women who were ardent admirers of the family and quoted the Doctor’s jests, and were like public criers in singing eternal praise of the charms of “those two sweet girls.” Was there a refined young dame of quality in the neighbourhood?—what was she to

Kitty? Was there a gazetted beauty seen in the street, or shopping at M'Intyre's?—she was not a patch upon Polly! A useful and friendly claque, whose services were more than repaid by the strong cup of tea, or a bidding to one of the Doctor's little revels. There was, of course, Mr. Webber, now at a drawing-room window, now sitting on a stool between the two girls, now "slipping out" in obedience to a mysterious, "See here, Billy, a word with you," from the Doctor, appearing at the door. This was to get Billy's "advice and opinion" on a fresh jar of "Bushmills," and about which his mind misgave him. Over this choice spirit was some profound tasting and shaking of heads, "Run a buck on us this time, I fear, Billy," the Doctor said. Billy, re-appearing in the drawing-room, crept in softly on all fours, and coming up to the parson's son, gave his calf a pinch, at the same time uttering a clever imitation of the yelp of a dog. The start and even terror of the victim was welcomed with a scream of delight. For it was by an inexhaustible versatility in such tricks that Mr. Webber endeared himself to his friends.

But, hearken now to a sort of musical buzz and droning, as of a hive afar off. From the Doctor's window it can be seen that faces are all looking in one way. Some begin to run. Ragged urchins come running in, looking behind them. Now is heard the cheerful braying of military music—the beating of the drum—the brazen crash—the cries—the tramping of the crowd; yes, here is "the horse," as they were called. Up with every window in the Doctor's house, and every child has to be held up so as to have a good view. Polly is seen stretching her fine figure very far out, with flushed excited face and dancing eyes, now pointing, now talking over her shoulder. She is the first to see them as they debouch at the corner, the sun flashing out on her bright face, the breeze blowing on her hair. Here they were, several abreast, the band first, all gold and glitter, mounted on circus-like steeds, pink nosed, yellow coated, and good-natured looking, even to the honest and philosophic creature who has a drum like a round table and table cloth at each ear.

Now they all advance briskly, nodding their heads hard, and jingling their chains. At an interval, and riding by himself, is the colonel, a fine burly pattern of a man, with a noble horse, and who rides as if he was in his arm-chair, his gauntlet arm akimbo, and his hand upon

his hip. Colonel Bouchier's moustaches are twirled up with a good-natured insolence. He cannot help taking special note of the delighted and excited Polly, who has seen the first officers, and proclaims her audible admiration. After him they all come, jingle, clatter, rattle, "thud" of hoofs, flashing, glittering—a clink clank, never interrupted a second. All the men in helmeted faces were turned up to the sisters with a curious inquiry. They could distinguish the officers at a glance.

"There, pets of my heart," said the Doctor, when the last soldier had gone; "there, we have them safe landed at last. Glory be to God! I declare I could sing *Nunc Dimittis*, with the best of my two lungs, and against the most piping tenor in a cathedral. Come, Billy, give me the loan of your arm, and let us go up and inspect these dear boys."

First, "a little flip," after all that exertion of the morning—the Doctor knew no such dry work as staring out of a window.

"We'll have fine times now, Billy, now that we have got all this flesh and blood into the place. You and I will be dining twice a week at the mess. You heard my poor darling child. Did you ever see such an artless, over-board way, as her young heart turned to the soldiers. Then, with the blessing of the Lord Chief Justice, she shall have her pick of the lot; and you, my dear Billy, shall rope those two loving hearts together. You, my own domestic chaplain for many years, that have given me many a leg-up, when I ride my hobby horse. And, see here, Billy, don't think I'm not up to the tricks of these Jack-a-dandies: let 'em go thus far and no farther; or, *any* farther," added he, solemnly, "and Peter Findlater is down on them like a cock on a percussion cap. Sir, there was a brother of mine living at Macroom, and one of these Jacks in red livery dared to trifle with the affections of his sister; and, sir, he literally kicked the shoulder-blades off that man! So, Billy, if you're a friend to any of these new military red mullets, you may let them know that Peter really deals on strict business principles."

#### CHAPTER XII. THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

THE troops were all drawn up in front of the Leader Arms, which, for the present, was to be head-quarters for the officers, with the whole town looking on. Colonel Bouchier, C.B., was making hoarse roars and bellowings, which were followed by corresponding motions and plungings among

the men. Some were to be billeted about the town for the present, as the barracks were not quite ready; and the officers' mess was to be held at the inn, as the Doctor soon ascertained. The latter familiarly tapped one of the dragoons with his stick, and motioned to him to stoop down, for conversation.

"My poor fellows, you've had a dusty ride of it. Fine man the colonel is, and as good a horseman as ever had leather between his legs. See here, my men, which is your surgeon? I see him—Gamgee? Doctor Gamgee—Scotch of course, Billy. You see how they contrive to get all the tinkering and soldering of the glorious human fabric into their own hands!" In a moment the Doctor had edged up to that officer, who had dismounted, and seemed to be looking for something. "Allow me, sir, to introduce myself—Doctor Findlater, leading physician, surgeon, and ackershure of this place, M.D. of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland. I should be proud, Doctor Gamgee, to be of service to you."

The military surgeon replied in a strong Scotch accent, and asked several questions, on which the Doctor poured out a stream of information, ending each with a "But I'll put you in the way of all that!" By the time the soldiers were ready to move on, Doctor Gamgee was in possession of the exact locality of the Doctor's house.

"You must have noticed the big place as you came in, with the pretty girls in the windows." He spoke of the extensive practice he enjoyed, "not but that there was a convenient margin for a man of ability, who could be called in, in a ticklish case;" and further, that below the level of the ground, lay snug and sweet, gallons of the primest, nicest, elixir vitæ, Scotch and Irish, which the Lord Chief Justice himself might give his eyes for. Indeed, one of the few truthful boasts of the Doctor was this: "that he'd make a friend in fewer minutes than any man living;" and he had the art, by a series of overpowering attentions, compliments, &c., of forcing an intimacy, an acquaintance at least, in spite of all coldness and rebuffs. His final salute was no less ingenious:

"Make what use you can of me, my dear Gamgee; any *further service* I can do for you I shall be delighted."

All this scene Doctor Findlater retailed at his "family dinner," to his interested family. He had ascertained, too, the names, with a few particulars besides, of some of the officers, and their general "likelihood"

for his purposes. "Nicest young fellows I ever saw in a saddle: so gentlemanlike—with money—such self-respect about their bearing and demeanour.

"Polly, my sweet, I'll be sorry to lose you, for you've been a good child to me. But they're all young, with a fine spirit among them, and I couldn't wish you better off."

Polly looked down and blushed; then looked up, her bright eyes dancing riotously from side to side. "And they are very handsome, aren't they, Peter, dear? We're dying to know their names."

"Easy told," said the Doctor, reflectively. "Of course, there's a per-centage married. We can't help that. Bouchier, the colonel, is, that's the regular thing. Don't know about the major. Small isn't though; neither is Kelsie, and I forgot, my dears—there's young Leader among 'em—just joined. But, of course, that's nothing."

This piece of news caused no excitement, that august name being, as it were, out of the sphere of any human calculations. He was protected against the influence of any enchanters' spells. It was delightful talking over all this. Papa was considered to have such genius, such powers of carrying out whatever he took in hand, that the bright Polly was looked on as already lost to the family; and there was about her an air of delighted enthusiasm that was really piquant—her sister looking at her with a fond pride.

"Polly will be cutting her old father yet," he said, stirring his tumbler, "and she'll be saying I'm not genteel enough for her to keep company with."

The Doctor generally retired to his "study" about ten o'clock: when he had supped, he applied himself to medical researches. He kept himself au courant with the strides of science, which were indeed so disproportioned to his modest step, that he would complain seriously that "he hadn't wind for such pedestrians," and gave it up as a bad job. He liked just "running his eye" over the *Lancet*, and to one of the quarterly medical journals had actually contributed a paper: "Findlater on Delusion." On the present occasion, he was engaged with no such studies, and, with one of "th' avannahs" in his mouth, was smiling at some project which seemed to be struggling somewhere, out of the window cornice, when he was startled by the sound of galloping, a sudden plunging of hoofs, and stoppage as sudden at his gate. Looking out, cautiously, he saw a dragoon, and, in a moment,

the maid brought him in a note. In an instant the whole house was in a flutter.

"My warm night-coat, Mary. Take this out to the fine fellow on the horse, with my best wishes; it'll keep the night air out of him."

The ladies of the house were fluttering down in skirmishing order. The bright face of Polly highest, and peeping over the banisters:

"Peter, dear, what is it? and won't you muffle yourself up?"

"Professional, darlings; up at the Leader Arms. One of the poor officers—consultation fee. God be with you all till I come back."

"Whist, Peter, my dear boy," he said to himself as he strode along, "this looks like putting in the thin end of the wedge."

#### DISTORTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE preposterous idea that utterly useless self-inflicted suffering gave a man a claim to special felicity in the eternal life after death, caused many Christians of the first centuries to subject themselves to most severe deprivations and pains. To have any enjoyment in this life was considered sinful, and they only were looked upon as thoroughly good Christians who made their existence miserable. Bishop Zeno, of Verona, informs us that this morbid view of Christianity was entertained generally in the fourth century, and that it was believed to be "the highest glory of Christian virtue to tread nature under foot."

Because Our Saviour was recorded to have stayed forty days in the desert and to have fasted, it became quite a fashion to retire to the desert and "to tread nature under foot." The deserts of Syria and Egypt were crowded with self-tormenting "saints." The sufferings which these poor lunatics invented for themselves, and the fortitude with which they endured them, are wonderful. One of them—he has his place as a saint in the almanack—lived for fifty years in a subterranean cave, without ever seeing the friendly light of the sun. Others buried themselves to the neck in the glowing sand of the desert, or sewed themselves up in fur. Many burdened themselves with heavy chains. St. Eusebius always carried two hundred and sixty pounds of iron about his body. One Thalalæus forced his body into the hoop of a cartwheel, and remained in this highly

useful position towards society for ten years. After this he took up his dwelling in a narrow cage. Some made a vow not to speak a word for years, and not to look at any face; others bound themselves to jump about, on one leg apiece.

St. Barnabas, by some accident, got a sharp stone in his foot, which caused him immense pain. He rejoiced, and would not have it removed. Other saints slept on bundles of thorns, or tried not to sleep at all. Simeon, the son of an Egyptian shepherd, ate only every Sunday, and wound round his waist a rope so tight that boils broke out all over him which smelled so odiously that nobody could bear his saintly company. This Simeon was an ambitious saint; he became the leader of a peculiar class, the Stylites or column-saints. He placed himself on the top of a column and remained there for years. He first perched himself on a column only four yards high, but his columns grew with his madness. When his insanity reached its utmost degree, his column had risen (or is represented to have risen) to the height of forty yards; on this he managed to keep alive for thirty years; but it is difficult to understand how he could sleep without falling off. One of his favourite recreations was to bow as low and as often as possible in praying. An eye-witness counted one thousand two hundred and forty-four of his bows, but then gave up counting. Simeon at last succeeded in fasting for forty days. It is, however, well known that lunatics can fast a very long time. When Simeon became too weak to stand upright, he had a post erected on the top of his column, to which he was attached in an upright position with chains. This madness found many imitators in the Orient, but only one in Europe. He was a native of Trier; the bishop of that city, however, would not acknowledge him as a saint, but treated him simply as a fool.

Immense numbers of people resorting to the desert, in order to live, had to form communities; these became associations of self-tormentors, which were called monasteries. St. Pashorn is looked upon as the originator of these institutions. He had in his monastery fourteen hundred monks, besides a great number of nuns; for the excitable sex were, of course, taken by ascetic fanaticism. Artificial solitudes also arose in the heart of cities. The city of Oxyrrhynchus had more convents than dwelling-houses; and in them did pray, and *not*

work, thirty thousand monks and nuns. The most respected fathers of the church called the life in a convent, the direct road to Paradise. St. Jerome wrote, amiably: "Now, if thy young brothers and sisters throw themselves at thy breast, and thy mother, with tears and dishevelled hair and torn garments, shows her bosom which nourished thee, and thy father lays himself on the threshold, kick them away from thee with thy feet, and hasten with dry eyes to join the standard of the cross."

The fathers of the church report many miracles of St. Anton. The animals of the desert obeyed him like well-taught poodle dogs. They crowded frequently round his cave, but always waited respectfully until he had finished his prayers; then received his blessing and went about their business. When St. Anton buried the hermit St. Paul of Thebes, who died in his one hundred and thirteenth year, two pious lions assisted him in digging a grave.

St. Macarius had great power over wild animals. Once, a hyena knocked modestly at his door, and when the saint opened it, she, a distressed mother, laid at his feet a blind cub, but at the same time, as a fee, the skin of a lamb. "I do not want that skin, you have stolen it," cried the saint, angrily. The poor hyena was so distressed that she shed tears. The saint was moved. "If you will promise not to steal any more skins, I will take the skin and heal the cub." The repentant hyena laughed "yes;" the saint healed the cub; and the hyena trotted off, a better animal.

Many of these gentry had a wonderful perseverance in praying. Among them an Irish saint, of the name of Kewdon, who prayed so long that a swallow had time, not only to lay her eggs in his folded hands, but to hatch them also!

Though the saints are dead, they still take care of the interests of pious people. The nobility stand under the particular protection of St. George, St. Maurice, and St. Michael. The patron of theologians is, most strangely and unaccountably, the doubter St. Thomas. The patron of the pigs is St. Antonius. The jurisdiction over lawyers is given to St. Ivo; over physicians to St. Cosmus and St. Damian; over sportsmen to St. Hubert; and tipplers stand unsteadily under the powerful protection of St. Martin. Nations have also their patron saints. St. Anton, though much occupied with his protectorate pigs, has still time to attend to the business of the Portuguese; the Spaniards are taken

care of by St. Jacob; the French by St. Denis; the English by St. George; the Venetians by St. Marc.

The fanaticism which originated in the East was soon transferred to Europe, where it was propagated by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and St. Jerome, who had been a hermit himself, and wrote in praise of solitary life what is considered to be a pattern of eloquence. St. Martin was the first who established convents in France, in the fourth century. He became Archbishop of Tours, and was a very proud saint. When he appeared before the Emperor Valentinian, that potentate did not feel inclined to rise in his honour. This vexed St. Martin; he prayed, and lo! flames burst from the imperial seat, and the emperor had to get up quickly. From that period convents sprang up like mushrooms. At the time of the Reformation, no fewer than fourteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-three convents, of the mendicant orders alone, had been instituted. The Reformation abolished eight hundred convents in Germany; but, notwithstanding, the Emperor Joseph the Second of Austria still found in his estates one thousand five hundred and sixty-five monasteries, and six hundred and four nunneries. At the time of Luther the number of friars of the mendicant orders amounted to two million four hundred and fifty thousand. Some founders of convents were very extraordinary men; for instance, the above-named St. Benedict, who prescribed to his monks a very sensible rule. They were to work. The Benedictine convents, consequently, became places of refuge for science and art during a time very unfavourable to both, and were respected. Princes who retired from business generally chose these convents.

Far different from the rule of St. Benedict, was that set down by the Irishman Columbanus. Dozens of lashes were his correction for the most trifling mistakes. Whosoever contradicted a brother without adding, "if you will remember correctly, brother," received fifty lashes; who spoke to a woman got two hundred, well told. One of the most successful promoters of monasteries, and at the same time a very distinguished man, was St. Bernhard. Luther says of him: "If there ever was a true and pious monk, it was Bernhard; I never heard or read of one like him, and I value him higher than all the monks and priests of the whole earth." He was, however, a fanatical ascetic, and tormented his poor body in the most cruel manner, living

frequently, together with his monks, on beechtree-leaves and coarse barley bread. When he took, for the strengthening of his weakened stomach, some flour prepared with oil and honey he cried bitterly. He enjoyed a very high reputation, and when he once entered Milan his hands and arms were sore from the kisses with which they were covered by the faithful. He might have become archbishop, or even pope, but he refused all such honours. Neither pope nor emperor dared enter his convent at Citeaux on horseback; both walked. He was the soul of the second crusade, and his persuasive tongue caused so many men to take the cross, that in some cities only one remained for every seven women. But the statistics of the sexes in those cities previously, are not recorded.

All the good, or at least all the best part of the good, which the Benedictine and Cistercian convents might have effected, was annihilated by the convents of the mendicant orders, which combined the most servile submission of reason to the worst superstition with scandalous morals.

The idea of the mendicant orders originated in the head of Johan Bernardoni, the good-for-nothing son of a shopkeeper in Assisi, in Umbria. He is known under the name of St. Francis of Assisi, or the "seraphic father." Not doing well in his father's business, he became a soldier, and was taken prisoner, and fell sick: It is not clear how he became a saint, for at first he appeared to be an idiot: of whom the infallible Pope Honorius himself said, "that he was a simpleton." He kept the lowest company, wore the most filthy rags, and piously robbed his father to get means for the restoration of a ruined church. However, the Bishop of Assisi took the simpleton under his protection, and he went about the country begging for his church, with such unexpected success that he conceived the idea of instituting a mendicant order. Though Pope Honorius despised him, Innocent the Third, equally infallible, confirmed the code which Francis drew up for his new order, notwithstanding His Infallibility's having called it at first, "a rule for pigs, but not for human beings."

"Alms," Francis declared, "are our heritage, alms are our justice, begging is our purpose and our royal dignity; ignominy and contempt are our honour and our glory on the day of judgment." Francis was the best example of humility. In the commencement he was very much laughed at, but after three or four years, the reputa-

tion of his sanctity stood so high, that the clergy and people came to meet him in procession when he approached a city, and the bells of all the churches welcomed him. The more the street boys teased him, or pelted him with mud, the better he was pleased. When he went about begging in Assisi, he put everything eatable that he received into the same pot, and when he became hungry he fed from the heterogeneous mess. Once, invited to dinner by a cardinal, he did not touch any of the dainty dishes but stuck to his pot, to the disgust of all the guests. He loved the lower animals very much, and called them his brothers and sisters. He frequently preached to geese, ducks, and hens, and when once the swallows and sparrows disturbed him by their twittering, he asked his "dear sisters" to keep quiet. For recreation, he rolled himself on thorns, went up to the neck in freezing ponds, and slept in the snow. He died in 1226, but during his life the number of Franciscan monks was very great, and after his death increased like the sands on the sea shore. The Franciscan-General offered Pope Pius the Third an army of forty thousand Franciscans for the war against the Turks. Though a great many convents were destroyed by the Reformation, there were still existing, at the beginning of the last century, seven thousand monasteries, and nine hundred nunneries of this order.

The sworn enemies of the Franciscans were the Dominicans, whose origin dates from about the same time. They are named after St. Dominic, a Spaniard, whose name was Dominic Guzman. He was sent to France to convert some heretics (the Waldenses), and there conceived the idea of instituting a monks' order for the instruction of the people. He received permission from the Pope, and to this order the Romish church owes the introduction of the Inquisition and the censorship of books.

To conclude, politely, with a few female saints. St. Theresa was a noble Spaniard, born in 1515. Her admirers give her very high-sounding names, as Ark of Wisdom, Heavenly Amazone, Balingarden Organ, and Cabinet Secretary of the Holy Ghost. When still quite young, she intended to run off to the Egyptian desert; but, at seventeen years old, her parents thought it best to place her in the Carmelitan nunnery at St. Avila. The host flew on its own account from the hand of the administering bishop into her mouth, and then

everybody knew that she was a saint. She became abbess of a nunnery at Pastrana, where a seraph visited her, and "tapped" her with a red-hot arrow several times. The pain was so sweet that she would have liked it to continue for ever. The Spaniards still celebrate the anniversary of this red-hot tapping, on the 27th of August.

The nuns of St. Theresa had to go bare-foot. Blind obedience was their principal law. A nun who made a wry face at bad bread was stripped, tied to the crib of the donkey, and had to share for ten days his oats and hay. Such barbarous severity enforced the blindest obedience. When a nun once asked St. Theresa who was to sing on that day at the evening mass, she was in a bad humour, and said, "The cat." Therefore the nun took the cat under her arm, went to the altar, and, by pinching its tail, made it sing as well as it could.

The nuns of St. Theresa slept on thorns, or in the snow; drank from spittoons, dipped their bread in rotten eggs, and pierced their tongues with pins if they broke silence.

Nearly a contemporary of St. Theresa was an Italian, Catherine de Cardone. She lived in a cave, wore a dress interlaced with thorns and wire, ate grass like a beast without using her hands, and once fasted forty days. In this state she lived three years. St. Passidea, a Cistercian nun of Sienna, beat herself with thorns, and washed the wounds with vinegar, salt, and pepper. She slept on cherry-stones and peas, wore a mailed coat of sixty pounds weight, immersed herself in freezing ponds, and once hung herself for a time, feet uppermost, in a smoky chimney!

St. Clara of Aniri lived very severely. Instead of a shift, she wore a dog's skin, or a garment made of horsehair; and she was so humble, that she would kiss the feet of a dirty peasant girl without permitting her to wash them first. After she had "sullied them by her kiss" (then why kiss them, one would ask?) she washed them herself! When St. Clara died, there were found in her heart all the instruments of the passion in miniature. There were also found in her body three mysterious stones, each of the same weight, but of which one was as heavy as all three, two were not heavier than one, and the smallest was as heavy as all three together!

These are a few examples of the miserable havoc that abject and degraded superstition and lunacy, with its charac-

teristic dirt and vanity, once made of The New Testament. It is scarcely conceivable that such truths could be enacted, or such lies told (for some of these things are founded on fact and others are wholly false), with an audacious reference to the religion of Christ. The frequent introduction of the Divine Master himself into the lives of female saints, we have purposely omitted to notice, as too shocking to be remembered.

## TWO RAINY DAYS.

FOR many years there was an old-fashioned bookseller's shop in Little Marlborough-street, London, kept by William Row, who has been long since gathered to his fathers. His son used to tell how he owed his luck to one rainy day, and his life or his leg to another, thus:

When my father first set up in business, he took a little shop in Oxford-street. It rained suddenly one morning, and a lady ran in and said to him:

"May I ask for shelter until the rain is over?"

"You are quite welcome, ma'am. Sit down in this chair, out of the draught. Here is a book; you can look at the pictures, if you don't want to read."

The lady smiled, and sat for some time. She appeared uneasy at the protracted rain, and frequently went to the door to look for signs of its abating. My father, seeing this, said to her:

"Perhaps you would like me to send for a hackney coach?"

"Why, no," said the lady; "I only want to go as far as Hayward's" (about fifty yards lower down), "to buy some lace."

My father fetched his umbrella.

"Here, ma'am, is a bran-new silk umbrella, at your service; pray accept the loan of it."

"You must be a very kind person indeed," said the lady, "to offer me your umbrella. I am quite a stranger to you."

"I'm sure you'll send it back. Let me put it up for you. But, your shoes: have they double soles? No. Black satin slippers, as thin as dancing-pumps! Here, Jessy, my dear, bring your pattens."

Pattens in those days were rather formidable affairs. Clogs and goloshes were not invented. Pattens were pieces of wood, shaped and hollowed to fit the foot, mounted on circular iron rings.

When my mother brought the pattens, the lady looked at them with dismay.

"I never wore a pair of pattens in my life," said she.

"Never wore pattens?" said my father. "Then pray get a pair directly; they will keep your feet dry, and save you more than their price in shoe-leather."

The lady put on the pattens, and burst out a laughing.

"Pray excuse me; they are so absurd; but I think I can manage to balance myself; so thank you for your great civility, and I will be sure to send back your property as soon as I get home."

Week after week, until six weeks were told, slipped away, and no tidings came of the lady. My father was nicely joked by the neighbours about his new silk umbrella and my mother's pattens; but he always told them he was sure the things would come back some day or other.

One morning, a fine carriage, with a couple of tall footmen behind, carrying gold-headed canes, stopped at our door. A lady got out; the identical lady to whom my father had lent his umbrella.

"You must forgive me," said she, "for keeping your umbrella so long; but I was obliged to go to Spain to my husband, who is with Wellington, and I returned only last night. Here is your umbrella—not the worse for wear, I hope—and accept my thanks for the loan of it. Pray let me speak a word to your good lady."

My mother came into the shop, and the lady, calling one of the footmen, asked him for the parcel on the seat in the carriage. When it was brought and opened, it contained my mother's pattens, and a beautiful Spanish merino shawl, which the lady insisted on her accepting.

"And, here," said she, taking out a long strip of paper and giving it to my father: "I've put down a few things I want; Lord Groogroo has given me this other list. Please send them to the addresses on these cards. Good morning; I shall not forget you."

And this lady proved to be no less a personage than the Marchioness Crickcrack!

I afterwards learned that Lady Crickcrack, when her purchases were completed, walked over to her house in Dean-street—Dean-street was then full of noblemen's mansions—and there, meeting with a party of distinguished people, told them the story of the umbrella and the pattens. The pattens were ordered into the drawing-room, and great merriment was occasioned

by the ladies present trying their skill at walking in them.

Lady Crickcrack and Lord Groogroo not only continued their custom, but sent us their friends. Lord Groogroo took very much to my father. He was the proudest man in Europe; wouldn't touch the handle of the door with his glove; always touched it with the tail of his coat. But he was a true gentleman, every inch. He used to say to my father: "Row, you must take a holiday. Go down to my place, stay a week or a month, and tell the butler and housekeeper to make you comfortable."

My father, if he pleased, might have been one of the magistrates at Marlborough-street Police Court. Lord Groogroo sent for him one morning, and when he came into the room, said:

"Row, you've been smoking."

"I assure your lordship I have not."

"Then you've been in a room where other people were smoking. Go home and change your coat, and come back to me directly."

"My father went home and put on another coat, and when he came back his lordship said:

"Row, you are to be the new magistrate at Marlborough-street Police Court. I have spoken to Sidmouth, and he has promised to accept my nomination."

"But, my lord, I don't think I am fit for the position!"

"I say you are. We want such men as you on the bench. It's worth your acceptance. Six hundred a year, and a house to live in."

"I have heard, my lord, that Lord Henry Petty has applied on behalf of Mr. Conant, the bookseller."

"I know it. Petty's a twopenny Whig, and has no chance. I've arranged the matter with Sidmouth; so think it over, and let me have your answer in a week."

"My father went home and talked over the offer with my mother; but he loved his old bookshop, and as he had his hands full of publishing business, he decided on not accepting it; he wrote a letter of thanks, declining to take the place.

He always used to say that two rainy days were the luckiest days of his life. The first brought him prosperity in business; the second perhaps saved his life, certainly saved his leg.

There was a parish feast at the Marlborough Head tavern, at which one of the vestry had to put a dozen of wine on the table. My father was there, and had taken

more than he could comfortably carry, so when he got home and looked for the key-hole, latch-key in hand, he could not find it. Not wishing to disturb my mother, he thought he could get in at the first-floor window. So he climbed up the spout outside the house until he got to the lead coping, but, there missing his footing, he fell heavily into the street. The watchman picked him up, and at first thought he was killed; he got the street door open and took him into his bedroom. In a short time he came to his senses, but could not move one of his legs. Mr. Swift, a celebrated surgeon, was sent for; he came, and, on examining the damaged leg, said it was broken. He could do nothing to it then, but at four o'clock in the afternoon he would bring his instruments and cut it off. My mother was in a dreadful way at hearing this and so was my father. In the morning when the shop was opened and the apprentices were told of what had happened, there was a good deal of crying, for they all loved the old gentleman. Just about midday it began to rain. A gentleman wearing a cloak came in, and said he was on his way to the levée, and as he could not afford to spoil his court-dress might he stop a few minutes until the rain was over? "But," says he, "what are ye all crying for?"

One of the shopmen tells him that my father broke his leg that morning, and that at four o'clock Mr. Swift was coming to cut it off.

"That's sharp work!" said the gentleman. "I have ten minutes to spare. I am a surgeon. Go up-stairs, and say I would like to look at the limb."

My father made no objection, and the gentleman went up-stairs, and, after examining the leg, said: "This leg is *not* broken. Run and get in half-a-dozen men, and bring me a couple of thin boards."

They called in some of the neighbours, and after the gentleman had cut the boards into lengths, he got the joint right again, which had been twisted out of its place, and having bound it up in splints, went to the levée, promising to call on his return.

Mr. Swift looked in, about an hour before four o'clock, and told us to get up the kitchen table and make things ready, while he went for his amputating instruments.

One of the apprentices told him that a gentleman had been there, and what the gentleman had said and done.

"Tell him from me he's a quack," said Mr. Swift. "I say the leg must come off!"

Mr. Swift went away, and almost immediately afterwards the gentleman came in.

"Well, how gets on my patient?" said he.

"Oh! Mr. Swift has been here and says you are a quack."

"A quack, is it? Surgeon O'Brien of the Six Hundred and Forty-fourth, a quack! I'll wait for the gentleman, and ask him to explain his small mistake."

Mr. O'Brien went into the bedroom, and waited for Mr. Swift, who came at the time appointed.

"If you don't have that leg off directly," said Mr. Swift to my father, "you had better make your will."

"You think so, do you?" says the other, coming forward; "hadn't you better be thinking about making your own will first? You called me a quack! Surgeon O'Brien of his Majesty's Six Hundred and Forty-fourth, who was in Bunker's Hill and half-a-dozen other battles in America! But you are an old man, and that saves your bones. Get out of the house by the door, if you don't want to be thrown out by the window. And, mark my words! I'll have this gentleman down in his shop in a fortnight, a better man than ever he was in his life!"

Mr. O'Brien kept his word; he cured my father, and for thirty years they were the firmest friends.

#### THE LORD OF CASTLE CRAZY.

I DWELL in Castle Crazy  
And am its King and Lord,  
'Tis furnished well for all my needs,  
Cellar and bed and board.  
And up in the topmost attic  
The furthest from the earth,  
I keep my choicest treasures  
And gems of greatest worth.

A nobly stocked museum  
Of all that's rare and bright,  
With plans; ah! many a thousand!  
For setting the wrong world right.  
Plans for destroying evil  
And poverty and pain,  
And stretching life to a hundred years  
Of vigorous heart and brain.

I've books in Castle Crazy  
That solve the riddles of time,  
And make old histories easy  
With all their sorrow and crime.  
Books that divulge all secrets  
That science has ever thought,  
And might lead us back to Eden  
If men could ever be taught.

I've plans for weaving velvet  
From the spider's web so thin,  
For bottling up the sunshine,  
And distilling rain to gin.  
For finding the essence of beauty  
And selling it for a crown—  
Aye! half a crown—and less than that—  
To the favourites of the town!

I've plans for converting the heathen,  
 Plans for converting ourselves—  
 Perhaps the greatest of heathens!—  
 All in a row on my shelves.  
 I've plans for transmuting pebbles  
 Into the minted gold,  
 And fixing dew into diamonds  
 As bright as were ever sold.  
 Though Castle Crazy's open,  
 To all who wish to see,  
 Very few people care to come,  
 And explore its wealth with me.  
 I very well know the reason—  
 Prithee! don't miss the point!  
 I am the centre of wisdom—  
 The world is out of joint!

### A SOUTH CAROLINA HUNT.

THE battle of Fredricksburg having closed the campaign in Virginia for the winter of 1862-3, I determined to move to the more temperate region of South Carolina and see what the chances were of active operations in a state where extreme cold is never known. There a winter's day is seldom sharper than is the bright crispness of early spring with us, and so, leaving the frozen ground of the Old Dominion, I started southward with an English comrade and two adventurous members of the British legislature. These pilgrims from St. Stephen's were determined\* to coach themselves thoroughly as to the prospects of the South, and the danger of being captured or shot while running the lines had not acted as a deterrent to their enterprise.

The journey was anything but a pleasant one, for the railroads of the Confederacy had been overtaxed in the transportation of troops and supplies, and were literally worn out. Not only were the cars dilapidated, but the iron way had become frayed, bent, and twisted—the ballast was in a miserable condition, and most of the sleepers jumped as the trains passed over them. Our companions on the journey were mostly wounded men from the late battle of Fredricksburg, North and South Carolinians, who, poor fellows, were on their way down South to recruit themselves, and be in readiness for the next campaign. Their principal occupation was in attending to their wounds, and assisting each, by pouring water on the rolls of bandage that strapped the stricken limb. Pallid, wan, and blue-lipped, it was painful to see them writhe at every jolt as we passed over the uneven track; in fact, each car had very much the appearance of a moving hospital. The only assistance we could render was to offer our tobacco-pouches or a cigar, as a soothing sedative.

At length, after a weary four days of jolting and delay, of shuntings and breakdowns, we reached the city by the sea, and delighted, indeed, was I, after more than a year, to see once again the red cross of St. George floating from the gaff peak of her Majesty's ship Petrel. Well, if the Petrel had not been swinging at her anchors in Charleston harbour, it is more than probable I should never have written anything about hunting in South Carolina. The officers of this ship had shown much hospitality to the residents and garrison of the town, and it was determined by the staff of General Beauregard, to return the courtesy, by inviting them to a hunt up country, and as soon as our arrival was known we were included in the invitation. One of the chief originators of the pleasant scheme was Captain Trenholm, the son of a well-known merchant, afterwards, secretary of the Confederate Treasury, whose blockade runners, defying the Yankee cruisers, managed to creep into the proscribed harbour under the gloom of dark and boisterous nights, bringing with them, in addition to their supplies for the Confederacy, many luxuries, a goodly quantity of which were to be devoted to the entertainment of the hunters during the three days' log-hut life in the forest. The interval, before starting on our expedition to the "pine barrens," I employed in delivering letters of introduction, and one of my earliest visits was to the British consul, who up to that time had been permitted by the South to exercise the privilege of his station.

On the morning of my visit to the consul I was seated chatting with him in his room, when a tap at the door, as though from the slender finger of a timid maiden, disturbed us. In answer to the cry of "Come in," an individual of huge proportions entered the room, holding before him his battered hat, and in the richest brogue affably exclaimed, "Good mornin', gintlemin!" He was a brawny fellow, with an arm that could have cast a bull by the horns, with bright, sly, grey eyes, a small allowance of nose, and an upper lip that carried an acre of stubble.

"What do you want, sir?" asked the consul.

"Plase yer honor," answered Pat, "it's British I am, and it's me exemption papers I'll be wantin', for, murther! the enrollin' officer is afther me."

"What's your name, and where were you born, my man?" was the next query.

"It's Michael O'Rafferty is me name, yer honor, and I come from county Connaught, close by Roscommon, yer honor, and that's the truth if it was me last words, for I wouldn't decaive yer honor, if it was my last breath."

"How long have you been settled here?" demanded the consul.

The applicant seemed alarmed at the stern tone of the question, and answered rapidly:

"Tin years if I live till next October, yer honor; and I had an uncle that was wid the Juke at Waterloo, yer honor, as all the O'Rafferties will tell yer, if yer honor will only ax them. Ah! that was a battle if yer honor plaises! Oh, murther!"

"Are you a naturalised citizen, or have you ever declared your intention to become one?" was the next inquiry.

"Me, yer honor!" cried the man in virtuous astonishment. "Divil a bit! I'm British, yer honor, a subject of the quane's, God bless her! and long life to her! Didn't me own grandfather, Terence O'Rafferty by name, fight for her blessed grandfather, rest his sowl, at that very same battle of Seringapatam? To be shure he did, yer honor, and that's no lies."

"Have you ever voted?" was now asked.

"Voted! and why for should I vote?" cried the man. "I'd scorn to do it and me in America, and a thru British subject. Is it loikely?"

"Then you are prepared to swear that you are not a naturalised citizen, that you have never declared your intention to become one, that you have never voted, and that you are a British subject?"

"Swear it, yer honor! Faith, I'd swear it on a sack of Bibles, and as often as yer honor plaises, or me name's not Michael O'Rafferty." And having wiped his mouth on the cuff of his coat, he kissed, with a loud smack, the book which was handed to him, and went on his way rejoicing, with his exemption papers in his pocket.

A short time afterwards, when consular functions were broken off between the Southern States and Great Britain, "this little game" of the Irish settlers, I heard a Confederate remark, was "busted," and poor Pat, to his disgust, was unwillingly obliged to show his Pat-riotism by shouldering a rifle, and taking his share of the fighting in defence of the country of his adoption. I have simply related this little incident that those who read may judge of the value of Irish time-serving loyalty.

Our party met on the second morning of

our advent in Charleston at the Mill's House. After introductions to the officers of the Petrel, we drove to the Savannah railway station, where a special train was waiting to carry us over some fifty miles up country. At the "depôt" we found Captain Trenholm, and through him we made the acquaintance of Captain Beau-regard and Captain Chisholm, one the brother, and both aides to the general. A sight especially gratifying to those who sojourn in the pine barrens of South Carolina was afforded in a pyramid of deal cases, tattooed with the most encouraging of brands, such as Sillery, Veuve Cliquot, Château Margeaux, Vieux Cognac, &c., &c. These, with countless canisters of preserved dainties, caused much loss of time while being stowed with tender care in the baggage waggons. With good companions and cheering liquors the railroad ride was cheated of its dreariness, and we glided into the storehouse-looking depôt of Pocotaligo, after an apparently brief ride. Walker's brigade was encamped round the station, and acted as a corps of observation and a check upon any federal advance from the neighbourhood of Hilton Head and Port Royal. The position of Pocotaligo was one of strategic importance, as it preserved intact the railway communication between Charleston and Savannah. It had already been the scene of a fierce fight, in which the Northern troops had been driven back with loss, and it might at any time prove the battle-ground for the rival armies in its vicinity. The isolated battalions stationed in the swamps, midway between the pleasurable influences of two large towns, had but a couple of sources of excitement during the day—supposing there was no driving in of picquets by the enemy—and this excitement consisted in the arrival of two railway trains. Our cars were soon surrounded by a mob of troopers, spurred and be-sabred, clamouring for papers and the latest news from Charleston.

In expectation of our coming, we found waiting for us the general commanding and some members of his staff, besides some officers, who, in conjunction with the gentlemen of Charleston, were to be our hosts in the pine forest. Of course, as usual, in that land of liquid hópitality, nothing could be achieved until the grace cup had gone round, and following the general into a wooden shanty, libations of "old corn" were quaffed from a tin pannikin. A herd of all breeds, from the "Marsh tackey" to the thoroughbred

Morgan and Kentucky, caparisoned in the most incongruous fashion—some with "Texan trees," others with the Mexican saddle, and a few with the old citizen pig-skin—were in waiting. We had about six miles to travel before reaching the log-hut on the hunting grounds, but we were not long getting over the distance, for with the natural exhilaration of British sailors, our friends of the Petrel crowded all sail, and it was charming to observe the confidence of hand with which they worked the running gear of their horses. At the outset there was a slight difficulty in getting the craft to answer to their helms, but as the ship's doctor was "aboard," we cared little for collisions or coming to grief.

The expedition, although hastily planned, had been admirably provided for. Several ladies, members of the families of planters in the neighbourhood, had undertaken to make habitable the neglected log-huts, and as we drew rein in front of the long low building, we caught a glimpse of fluttering dresses as the kindly amateur chambermaids—their work completed—escaped from the rear. Entering these rough buildings of the forester, we found their crudeness softened down by the cunning hand of woman.

While we were pottering about the verandah, helping ourselves to irritating snacks of dried tongue, as a relish to the champagne cup which Captain Beauregard's servant was busily engaged in concocting, came galloping up the Nimrods of the neighbourhood, with their guns athwart the pommel, and strapped to the saddles dangled bouquets of wild ducks and snipe, while others of Waltonian tendencies brought us abundance of fish with the pearly lustre still upon the scales.

It was too late to think of sport that day, so we wandered through the tall pine stems and deep into the surrounding forest. In what rank luxuriance grew almost every species of the evergreen, and notably the rich clumps of live oak. In some parts of our path these trees interlaced their overlapping branches, and from the joined roof of timber hung a mossy parasite, giving to this open ceiling a graceful tracery of Gothic character, and seeming as if it were nature's design for the nave of a mighty cathedral. Every inch of the path had some marked feature to attract our attention. Here flourished those famous cane brakes, oftentimes the hiding-place of the runaway negro, and always the home of

the terrapin and alligator. As the breeze sighed over the wilderness of reeds, their leaf-tufted tops rustled the melancholy dirge of the swamp. Towering above the undergrowth stood noble trees, survivors of the primeval forest, while around them lay their fellows, fallen victims, to rot and decay, and half immersed in the miry poison of their beds. The leafy monsters that raised their wide-spreading heads heavenward, were strangled, bound, and chained by the parasite vines, which, festooning about the brawny limbs, flourished on the life they were slowly but surely destroying; and not content with this, they threw their shoots back to earth, and seemed to bind with additional fetters the victim which, as the wind blew, appeared as though writhing to escape from its bonds.

It was wonderfully cheering, on our return from a long walk, to find the largest room of the log-house brilliantly illuminated with blockade-run candles, whilst down the centre, a deal table, covered with the whitest damask, stretched itself hospitably. The delicate odour of the gumbo soup tortured the hungry crowd with its promises—a soup concocted from the young capsules of oca, and mixed with tomatos and Indian corn, well spiced and seasoned and made oleaginous with butter. There was the savoury smell of fish browning in its hot bath of oil, the aroma of turtle fins and turtle steaks, a sacrificial dish to propitiate the aldermanic gods, and a mingling of the substantial steams of the roast hissing before the wood fire, with just a flavouring puff from the crisping snipe and duck. As I write, I rise above myself at the recollection of that epicurean night, and I contemplate with scorn the prospect of dining off a plain leg of mutton.

Increased in our own estimation, and certainly in bulk from the effects of the banquet, our sailor friends talked about letting out reefs, and as most of those present were military, I may say there was a uniform unbuttoning and releasing of the tightness of the waist. The different wines had been served with a nicety so suitable to each dish, that had Brillat Savarin himself been present, he could not but have been charmed with this hospitable spurt of the blockaded South. Far into the night we sat kissing the slender lips of our claret and hock glasses—songs and stories beguiling the fleeting time. Now it was "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" delighting the American sportsman,

or the latest negro witticism convulsing the English visitors. But when the morrow was two hours old, up rose our whipper-in, Captain Elliott, and, with a face transparent with good humour, he tried to look stern, and despotically ordered us to our beds. Said he: "Gentlemen, I reckon you came down here to hunt, and you'll have to be afoot mighty early, so I suggest we varmooose this rauche and leave a smile in the bottle for waking, as I conclude you'll all want a 'reviver' before I get you into your saddles."

The apartment which had been allotted to the two M.P.'s, my comrade and myself, was filled with the eddies of the raw morning wind, and we had an Æolian harp accompaniment to our slumbers. On the hearth danced and blazed a hickory-wood fire, snapping and cracking as it parted with its warmth, and singing out its tiny puffs of steam; but the thorough draught on all sides beat back into the chimney the struggling heat, and reduced the blaze into nothing more than a night light to guide us to our beds. Divesting ourselves of our coats, we cast ourselves upon the mounds of blankets, each having made the other solemnly promise that during the insensibility of sleep, no unfair attempt should be made to purloin from his companion an undue share of the warm covering. To our misfortune, the next room had been turned into a cockpit, where the young game birds of the Petrel were caged for the night, and from the time of our retiring until almost dawn a hot naval engagement was kept up, with fighting and struggling for stolen pillows and filched coverlids. But, avast there! let me look at home. Taking advantage of my first slumber, my comrade had raised himself gingerly, like a midnight robber, and, discovering me to be far gone in the land of dreams, deftly unwound me from my blanket. Aroused by the alarum of the whistling draughts, I awoke to my wrongs, and, with a deep spirit of revenge upon me, I in my turn unrolled him, like a mummy, from his ill-gotten swathing-clothes. Scarcely had I performed this act of retributive justice, than the four-poster in the opposite corner began to groan and creak with the premonitory symptoms of battle, and soon a voice was heard protesting that it "wouldn't stand it any longer," and insisting upon the return of "that pillow." The restoration of this article was accompanied by a dull thud, which made the four-poster tremble under its violence. Then, in the

indefinite glow of the dying embers, we beheld the two shadowy forms of the legislators contending for the prize. Scarcely had all these quarrels ceased, and slumber at last silenced the noisy crew, than Captain Elliott entered the room, and tooted the huntsman's reveil on a cow-horn. At first he was received with dreamily-muttered adjectives, which, failing to have any effect, were followed by wide-awake entreaties for another forty winks; and, finally, the appeals being unsuccessful, various articles within reach were hurled at the chanticleer proclaiming the morn.

Seated on the sides of our couches, sluggishly tugging at stubborn boots, all were restored to animation when the black servants entered the room, bringing with them the American "eye opener," and though bitter the draught, most grateful and invigorating was it. Before long we were seated at the breakfast-table, clearing up by candle light the débris of yesterday's banquet. Wild duck bones, devilled in a perfect mound of cayenne—curried terrapin and turtle, and well-seasoned dishes that could excite a torpid liver, quickly worked a cure on the shattered nerves of the half-rested party. While breakfasting, the horses were brought up and tethered in front of the verandah. As an especial favour and kindness to me, as I at the time imagined, Captain Trenholm had provided for my use a horse of such superior quality that it had been kept back in the stable for fear its high-bred points might excite the jealousies of the other guests. It was suggested that instead of the horse coming to me I should go to the horse. I found a fine, handsome, but vicious-looking creature, with a negro groom attempting to get near it, but in reply to the coaxing exclamations of "soho, soho," the brute only whisked his tail, and stamped fretfully, sidling away with ears thrown back and the white of the eye particularly visible. I now discovered that this horse was the rogue of the stable, and not the kind of animal one would prefer to mount when carrying a double-barrelled gun at half-cock and galloping through a maze of trees, on this first hunt in a South Carolina forest. No sooner was I on his back than he made a bolt from the stable enclosure and took me in Saracenic fashion, in a series of wide swoops, around the clearing in which the log-house was built. The rest of the cavalcade were mounted, and some of our sailor friends watched my

wild career with either great interest or great misgiving, for as I neared them they saw that a collision was almost inevitable, the brute holding the bit between its teeth, and doing just what it liked with its rider. A negro had been running after me following my scenes in the circle, like a dark Widdicomb, and watching his opportunity to give me my gun, but each time he approached me, my brute shied away, and it was only by a frantic effort on the bit that I at last succeeded in "fetching" the man, nearly dragging him off his feet as I made a clutch at the "shooting iron."

"Hold hard there!" "Can't you take him away?" saluted me as I joined the sporting troop, for my motions were eccentric in the extreme, now drifting sideways and carrying with me every obstacle, now waltzing anything but gracefully, scattering my partners, and generally doing the haute école; but it was a performance which made me sincerely regret that I carried a loaded gun instead of a stout riding whip. That gun was a source of intense misery to me and fear to others. Handle it as carefully as I would, the pranks of my curveting steed so constantly changed my position, that its muzzle was either digging into somebody's ribs, or else the barrels were levelled point blank between the eyes of my next neighbour.

After a very uncomfortable ride through the close pine stems, we came to a spot on a bridle path where Captain Trenholm commenced telling us off, one by one, to our respective stands, alligning the road at intervals of some two hundred yards, both horse and the dismounted rider being well concealed by the undergrowth. Before putting the hounds in to beat up the deer in our direction, Captain Elliott propounded to the unsophisticated the bearing to be observed whilst awaiting the approach of the game. Said he to me, as he pointed out a small sapling to which I was to tether my beast of beasts: "You mustn't smoke, you mustn't tread on dry sticks, you mustn't, in fact, move from there"—pointing to the sapling—"you mustn't cough, you mustn't sneeze, you mustn't even wink; but you must remain close and silent, and ready with your gun to take advantage of the deer as it rushes past. The dogs will warn you by their tongue when it is coming." For half an hour I obeyed strictly these injunctions, and nearly burst a blood-vessel in my effort to restrain an inclination to cough, which at last overcame me and burst forth in a prodigious

howl. Finding that no notice was taken of this breach of rules, I indulged in a sneeze, and, to cap the whole, I by-and-bye produced my steel and flint and lighted my pipe. Presently, as if to rebuke me for my impatience, I heard the tuneful chorus of the dogs, accompanied by two or three shots in rapid succession; but, as the hounds still continued to give tongue, I knew that the deer had remained untouched. Nearer and nearer it approached, running the gauntlet of an enfilading fire; but, strange to say, it escaped and passed some sixty feet in front of my stand, now appearing, now disappearing among the thick foliage. But as good fortune would have it, I had been well warned of the coming and was ready, so that by covering the animal with my gun, and waiting a good opportunity, I was fortunate enough to bring down the game that had defied the fire of half a dozen others.

With a cheerful voice I gave the preconcerted Indian whoop as a signal of success, and had scarcely cut the throat of the fat buck, and performed the incidental offices of venery, than my companions came trooping round, and there arose the cry of, "What shall he have who killed the deer?" In my instance, instead of having "his leather skin and horns to wear," I was decorated in South Carolinian fashion, with the cross of honour, painted by an unskilful finger, dipped in the warm blood of the victim, and carried adown the forehead, nose, and chin, and barred across the brow. I bore my cross, as is the custom, all day long, and I believe I caused some grumbling because I refused to dine in it. Out of the six deer that were "jumped" that day but one fell, and that to my gun.

We only left the hunting grounds when the light was failing, and there was a chance of mistaking in the darkness the numerous bridle paths that intersected each other through the woods. So away we went homewards, helter-skelter, following the guide who picked the way, now lunging across a flooded road, and shower-bathing each other, as the long lopping stride of the horses sprayed the water around; now snaking along a trail that cut through the closely-growing pines, and occasionally finding yourself leaping mid air, as your horse took some fallen trunk or gully, which, despite the darkness, was visible to his quick eyes, though hidden from yours. It was no use to think of guiding your steed, all you could do was

to let the horse have his head and pick his way as best suited him. Our pace never altered until, glimmering through the wood, the lights of our log-house became visible, and then, with a wild hurrah to announce our coming, the horses were urged to their maddest speed, and we swept out from the dark forest background like so many phantom riders.

Another glorious dinner, another turbulent night, and a day's duck and snipe shooting, brought our Nimrodic entertainment to an end, and the following morning saw us on our way back to Charleston. The venison that had fallen to my gun was equally divided between the officers of the Petrel and myself, my portion being intended as a present to our consul, with whom, indeed, we were to dine that evening, he having most considerately waved all questions of costume, and bid us to his table in our travelling roughness.

### MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY.

OF all the subjects on which nonsense can be talked, or written, there is, perhaps, none more fertile in absurdities than the everlasting controversy on the endless question of the "subjection of women." Whether women are to vote, to sit in parliament, to be doctors, lawyers, and clerks, as the one party hotly contends they should be, or whether are they to confine their attention exclusively to the smaller details of domestic life, as the other side with equal vehemence insists, are questions on which debate never ceases. And the point is argued with an amount of acrimony, a shrillness of invective, and a general loss of temper, quite amazing to contemplate. It is no part of our present purpose to say anything on the points at issue between the contending parties. It may be that there is a good deal to be said on both sides—a good deal, at all events, is said on both sides. We do not propose to disturb the mass of false argument, of stale claptrap, and of stolid bigotry under which the subject has been buried by a long succession of controversial sextons. But there is one reform, one road to a real emancipation of women, which stands some chance of being overlooked in the heat and turmoil of the main fight, to which we are anxious to call the attention of all the combatants. Of the upholders of what may be called the domestic theory, for the reason that there

is nothing in the proposed change in any great degree hostile to their views, and of the red-hot emancipators, because, without it, no part of the revolution for which they long, can ever be successfully carried out. It is of no use to open to women more extended fields for work and for earning money, so long as large numbers of them are deprived of any control over their own earnings. Until married women's property is protected by the same laws that protect the property of the rest of her Majesty's subjects, it is idle to talk of the emancipation of women.

At the present time, a married woman, so far as the possession of property is concerned, is, in the eye of the law, simply a non-existent personage. At common law there is but one person in a matrimonial partnership, and that person is the husband. Under this singular system, a wife, on her marriage, is supposed to make her husband an absolute gift of all her personal property. He may do what he likes with it, and she has no sort of claim upon it from the moment of the marriage. If she be fortunate enough to be possessed of real estate as a spinster, it will avail her little in her changed condition. The husband is entitled to receive the rents and profits of the wife's estates, and to spend them as he pleases. There is, obviously, a little mistake in the marriage service somewhere. It is, in fact, the wife who endows her husband with all her worldly goods. It is true that the husband professes to endow the wife, but that is nothing but a pleasant fiction, a merry little jest. This irresponsible power which the man enjoys over the woman's property, applies not only to such property as she may have brought with her at her marriage, but to anything and everything she may acquire afterwards. The wife, being a nobody in law, is incapable of entering into a contract, she cannot sue or be sued, and is, consequently, quite unable legally to earn anything whatever. If she work for wages, the wages are her husband's. If she write a book, she has nothing to do with the profits. If she paint a picture, the price of it is not her own. And here is one of the most fertile sources of hardship; here is the tyranny of man, of which we hear so much, unmistakable for once. The bad husbands, there is no doubt, have it all their own way.

The Courts of Equity have, no doubt, provided a certain sort of remedy for some of the evils resulting from this system. A woman may, if she happen to know that

the law will assist her, guard her property by settlement. But this device is, unfortunately, not understood as a rule by persons out of the higher ranks of society, and is, besides, not to be adopted without legal formalities of an expensive nature. And, again, in cases of very small property, or in cases of wives of the wage-earning class, the security resulting from a settlement is not obtainable. The wife of what is generally known as a working man, although he is in many cases merely an idle, drunken rascal, is defenceless, unless, indeed, her husband is good enough to desert her altogether. In this case she reaps a double advantage. She gets rid of a ruffian, who as often as not beats as well as robs her, and a protection order, from a magistrate will secure her earnings to her own use. But the worthless vagabond who does no work himself, and is content to live in idle dissipation on his wife's poor earnings, is, as a rule, quite alive to the peculiarities of the situation. He knows, no man better, that as long as he lives with his wife, and does not beat her with more than average ferocity, the law is on his side. His wife's earnings are his, not hers. Even, indeed, if he live in a state of semi-desertion, so to speak, he has only to re-appear at brief intervals to keep his miserable rights alive. For a protection-order is only issued in proof of utter unmistakable desertion. Again, in many of these wretched cases the protection-order comes too late. The little fund the wife may have brought to the common stock at her marriage has been squandered in drink and debauchery; the savings which she may have accumulated by painful industry and care during her married life have been swept off to assist the flight of the worthless scamp, to whom the law gives the property in them. And even if the system of protection-orders were extended—even if a woman could obtain from a magistrate protection for her earnings even in cases where the husband still afflicts her with his presence—it may be doubted whether much good would be done. There is often, although some persons appear to doubt it, actually a spirit of delicacy in hard working women, and the parade of domestic grievances in a public court, is an ordeal from which all women, of however humble a station, naturally and instinctively shrink. There is but one thing to be done. Married women must be given absolute control over their property and earnings.

As this is one of those changes, important indeed in themselves, but offering none of

those opportunities of making political capital, which elevate matters of far less real public importance into interesting "questions," it is not surprising that while some people have languidly admitted the existence of injustice for years, no reform has been effected. Nor can we wonder that the excellent measure by which Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London, seeks to redress the wrongs of married women's property, has been hampered and impeded in its progress for some time. When Mr. Gurney's bill was first introduced, the obstructives clamoured loudly, and not without temporary success. Our old friends, the "floodgates," and the "framework of society," were on active service on the occasion. All the old bugbears were rubbed up and paraded before a not inattentive House of Commons. Dire were the pictures of wives living in luxury on acquired property, while the husband, who had had reverses, had to get on as best he might, with which the opponents of reform illustrated their objections. Instead of that delightful mutual confidence which should exist between husband and wife, said these gentlemen, consider what result will follow the passing of this bill. Mutual jealousy, continual squabbles about money, endless litigation, uncertainty as to who should defray the most necessary household expenses, would be among the inevitable consequences. Married life would henceforth become a mere matter of continual bargaining, haggling, and, possibly, cheating. Furthermore, some of these imaginative gentlemen roundly declared their disbelief in the existence of any hardship at all, and argued with the greatest coolness that there was no reason for any change in this best of all possible systems, and that the bill, far from doing good, would only do harm. Under these circumstances the bill was referred to a Select Committee of the House, which, after taking evidence, reported, as was to be expected, in favour of the measure.

Every witness examined before this Committee had personal knowledge of hardships occurring under the existing law, and although there is a certain unavoidable similarity about most of the cases cited, it may be well for us to refer to them as illustrative of the existence of a state of things of which persons who have not studied the question have possibly a very inadequate idea.

One curious case is of a widow who had been left by her deceased husband with a sufficient property of some hundreds a

year. A travelling pedlar, who had no doubt studied the law, bethought himself that he should like this agreeable little property. As he probably doubted his powers of fascination, or thought that the wealthy widow's lawyers might be unpleasantly careful of their client's interests, he adopted the ingenious device of making the object of his mercenary affections intoxicated, and of inducing her, when in that condition, to become his wife. Fortunately for the unhappy woman, her property was principally real estate, and a bill in Chancery to enforce the equity of her settlement, led to a compromise with the pedlar. Had the property been in any other form, the husband in this case might have put it in his pocket and have deserted his wife as soon as he pleased, leaving her entirely without remedy. Two cases are quoted by a witness who had been secretary to the Law Amendment Society, when this question was brought before it as far back as '56. In the one case, a lady possessed of property worth two thousand a year, had been married, either through ignorance or carelessness, without settlements. Her husband converted the whole of this property into money, spent the proceeds, and having got probably all he ever married the unfortunate lady for, deserted her. At the time this case was before the Law Amendment Society, the poor lady was getting a precarious living by flower-making, and was, of course, always liable to the return of her husband and the loss of anything she might be able to save. In the second case, the wife had been a widow, and had been left by her first husband, a wine merchant, a considerable amount of property in stock, &c. Being entirely ignorant of law, she married her second husband without thought of settlements, and was horrified to find, after it was too late, that she had entirely made away with the interests of her children by the first marriage. It does not appear that in this case the behaviour of the second husband was at all bad, or that the wife and children suffered. But that was no fault of the legal state of matters. Another legal witness cites a case of peculiar hardship. A married woman, who was in service, was afflicted with an idle and dissipated husband. He did not absolutely ill-treat her, and, as she was in service, could not be said to have deserted her. But his practice was periodically to swoop down upon her and to carry off every farthing that she had saved, reducing her on such occasions to utter poverty. It is difficult to

imagine a more heart-breaking, hopeless life than this poor woman, who was perfectly industrious, respectable, and careful, must have led. In such a case as this, the law offered her a direct premium to fall into careless, thriftless habits. Why toil and save, if a worthless scamp such as this is to reap the advantage? And yet she did, again and again, and thousands like her are doing it every day with similar results. The evidence of the Reverend Septimus Hansard, the rector of Bethnal Green, who has probably as much experience among working people as most men, speaks with no uncertain sound as to this point. He has known many cases of hardship arising from the present state of the law, and cites one of singular brutality. A woman had saved a little money with a view to her confinement. The husband, becoming aware that the poor creature had a little store somewhere, insisted upon its production, spent it, and left her to get through her trouble as best she might. That such a monstrous proceeding as this should be legally possible is of itself enough to condemn the present system at once and for ever. Mr. Mansfield, again, who has been from eight to ten years the magistrate at the Marylebone Police Court, in London, and who was previously for some eight years and a half in a similar position in Liverpool, may be expected to know something about the matter. "Numerous cases," says Mr. Mansfield, "have been mentioned to me by women, where a woman having made herself a fresh home, either with or without her children, has had the home pillaged and upset, by the husband coming to her and taking possession of the whole of her property, and even destroying it, in virtue of his conjugal power." Mr. Mansfield has met with many cases of hard-working women who continued to live with drunken husbands by whom their earnings have been systematically spent, and thinks that the proper cure for this miserable state of things lies not in an extension of the protection-order system, but in a change in the law, whereby the wife's earnings would be hers, and hers alone, without its being necessary for her to take public steps to secure them. The Rev. T. W. Fowle, rector of Hoxton, adds to the list of cases brought before the committee. He has had cases before his notice where the husband has actually broken open drawers and taken away and sold children's clothes, bought with the wife's own money. No wonder the poor women say to Mr. Fowle, "what is the use of a body striving?"

What, indeed! A lady from Belfast gives similar evidence, and Mr. Mundella, the member for Sheffield, who is a large manufacturer in Nottingham, follows on the same side. Mr. Mundella employs about two thousand women, and, as fully forty per cent of this number are married, it is not surprising that he has plenty of instances of the injustice of the present law to adduce. Here is Mr. Mundella's answer to the request that he would favour the committee with his experience on this subject:

"I will give the committee two instances which I know at this moment. One is that of a woman who married a widower having one child; she took that child, and has been very kind to it, and brought it up. She had a good home of her own when she married this man, and yet this man has persecuted her and neglected her, and his drunken conduct has been so bad that she was obliged to take her furniture and go away with his child. That man has taken her articles of furniture out of her house while she has been at work, and would repeatedly have sold the whole, but for the neighbours interposing some obstacles to prevent him from making off with all her property. I know another case of an excellent woman, whose husband has really driven her away; acting on the principle of "killing no murder," he has just stopped short of that in his cruel and abominable treatment of her. She went away from him, and got a little home together of her own. Five years ago she had a legacy left her, I think it was about fifty pounds, and the trustees will not pay it to her without her husband's signature, and she dare not tell him, because he would go and draw it, and spend the whole of it. It would be a great comfort to that woman if she could have that money; it would help to set her up in a little way of business, and do her a deal of good. I have a number of cases of this kind come before me of women who marry early, and when they marry they can earn often as much as the man; the men get sometimes into dissipated habits, and the women have to keep the family, and on Saturday, when they take their earnings home, the men will take the earnings, which ought to keep the family, away from them, and spend them in drink. I have known many cases of that kind. It is very lamentable to see to what an extent the earnings of women are often dissipated by bad husbands, and they have no protection."

Evidence such as this conclusively shows the existence of a state of things that cries

aloud for reformation off the face of the earth, and Mr. Russell Gurney's bill, which was favourably reported on by the committee, and has since passed the House of Commons, will do the business pretty effectually. This act places married women on the same footing, as regards the holding of property, as their husbands, and, while it gives them all rights to their property and secures them in its peaceful enjoyment, imposes on them, very properly, all the responsibilities which attach to other citizens. Thus, while a married woman will, for the future, retain by law possession of all the property of which she may have been possessed at the time of her marriage, and of all that may afterwards come to her, she will be liable for her own debts. She will be liable to the parish for the maintenance of her husband if she have money and he have none, and she will be liable, equally with her husband, for the maintenance of her children. She will, in a word, be subject to the duties, as well as enjoy all the rights, of an independent holder of property. Provision is made for the summary settlement of all questions as to the ownership of property which may arise between husband and wife. In the event of a wife dying intestate, the case is to be governed by the same rules that obtain in the event of a husband's dying intestate. All contingencies appear to have been carefully provided for, but it would have been well, we think, to have added a clause, expressly stating that a husband making away with any portion of his wife's property or earnings against her will, should be liable to the same punishment as falls upon any other thief. The people who will chiefly benefit by the bill belong, as a rule, to the most ignorant class of the community, and are slow to understand anything not stated very directly and plainly. It is a pity that this most important result of the act is only implied, and not clearly laid down as law.

The only arguments of any significance urged against the adoption of Mr. Gurney's bill have been: firstly, the danger of causing dissension in families, and weakening the proper authority of husbands; and, secondly, the danger of affording to fraudulent couples dangerous facilities for the cheating of creditors. But, as to both these points, we have perfectly satisfactory evidence from New York, Massachusetts, and Vermont, in which states, as well as in Upper Canada, the law giving married women the right to hold property. It is possible that individual cases of family troubles and of successful swindling will

arise under the new state of things. No system of society that could possibly be devised by man could be altogether perfect and free from flaw. But it may be accepted as certain that any possible disadvantages resulting from a change in the law would be as nothing in comparison with the cruel hardships to which many women are subjected under the present system.

What the respectable, prudent working-men of the country think on the subject is pretty clearly shown in the evidence of Mr. J. Ormerod, chairman of the Equitable Pioneer Co-operation Society at Rochdale. This society is composed almost exclusively of working-men, and numbers over seven thousand members. Many of the shareholders are women, and, under the rules of the society, they continue to hold their shares after marriage. The greatest care is taken by the committee of management, composed entirely of working men, to secure the rights of married women, and any unauthorised application on the part of a husband for any moneys belonging to his wife is steadily refused. As to the strict legality of this rule, there may be some doubt; but, as the question has never been brought into court as against this society, there can be no doubt that it works well; and there can be still less doubt that what the industrious, provident working men of Rochdale do voluntarily for their wives, the lazy, shiftless idlers of the country should be bound by law to do for theirs.

The first point in the woman's charter should be "the Married Woman's Property Bill of 1870." It is not so attractive and showy a subject as are voting, and speech-making, and public showing-off of all the usual ridiculous kind; but the reform has the merit of being useful, and the still greater merit of being quite simple and practicable, although, perhaps, in the eyes of the rabid woman's rights fanatics, this is its least recommendation.

## IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

### CHAPTER IV.

It was a still, mild night in February. There were a few stars, and but for them it was quite dark, when Maud unbolted a side door, and let herself out upon the terrace. It was then past two o'clock, and the household had been in bed at least an hour and a half. She had calculated that it would take her nearly two hours to walk into Scornton, where the train passed about four o'clock. There were two stations

nearer to Mortlands, but at each of these the porters were familiar with her face, whereas at Scornton she was comparatively unknown. The darkest and shabbiest clothes she could find, and a double veil tied over her face, the little money she possessed in her purse, and an umbrella in her hand—thus was she equipped. She had to pass the gateway of the stable-yard, just inside which was Oscar's kennel, and, at the sound of a footstep on the gravel, the dog began barking furiously. But she had only to call to him, and he was instantly silent, wagging his long shaggy tail in friendly recognition, as she approached him. "My poor Oscar—no! poor old boy, I am not come to unchain you. You and I shall take no more walks together, no more solitary rambles over happy hunting-grounds. Good-bye, dear old dog, who have been such a faithful friend and companion to me; no one will miss me here but you." She stooped down and kissed his rough grey head, and it seemed almost as though Oscar understood her meaning. He placed his two paws upon her shoulders, and whined. Maud felt more in parting from her dog, I believe, than in parting from her step-mother.

She was an excellent walker; the night was fine, the road was good, and she was not troubled with nervousness. Twice when she heard the hob-nailed tread of countrymen upon the road, she thought it as well to stand aside under the shadow of the hedge till they were passed; but she had small fear of being molested; her only fear was that of being recognised. At the station, she had a quarter of an hour, which seemed like three, to wait for the train. In the waiting-room there was a poor woman with a baby, and a bag-man with a black leather case, which he never let out of his hand; and both were so occupied with their separate charges, that they scarcely looked at the quiet woman in the corner, with an impenetrable veil on. She waited to take her ticket till the train was actually alongside the platform: she then stepped, unobserved, into an empty second-class compartment, and felt that she was safe.

It was so early when she reached Salisbury that none of the shops were open; and the train for Beckworth did not leave till ten o'clock. She had a cup of coffee and a crust of bread, and then, acting upon the plan she had arranged, she set out to wander about the quaint old town, until she could see the shutters being taken down from some "slop shop," or ready-made clothes warehouse, where she might pro-

cure what she required. She threaded the still silent streets, lit by the pale light of the winter daybreak, until she came to the Close, and found herself standing before that perfect old building, the cathedral. Presently a decrepit old man made his way across the green, and unlocked a side-door. There was to be an early service, and he was come to put all in order: Maud followed him. Hers was not what may be called a religious temperament. She had not found, perhaps she had not looked for, much comfort in church services; and when she bent her knees each morning, it was to confess, indeed, that she was unworthy of the least of all God's gifts, but not that she sought for strength to meet the trials of the day. Those trials were not of a kind that most readily lead such natures to look for help beyond this world. Devastating sorrows, great shocks of fortune, and the like, may bring even the proudest and least dependent souls to turn their eyes to "the hills whence cometh our salvation:" but the irritations of daily life rarely kindle a great faith.

She had decided, in her impetuous way, that this strange and hazardous enterprise was a right thing for her to undertake; and, having so decided, she had acted without doubt or misgiving as to her own conduct. But the feverish excitement under which she had been living for the last few days had now somewhat abated; for the first decisive step from which there was no drawing back was taken; and now after her night's journey as she slowly paced the sacred aisle, from which the shadows were being driven in the strengthening daylight, the reaction began: a sense of her own solitude, of her utter friendlessness in the world upon which she had chosen to cast herself, came over her like a great wave. Surely she had done well? Was not independence the noblest state after which any of God's creatures could strive? And, on the other hand, was it not a vile thing for any human being, capable of earning her own bread, to live upon the charity of one whom she despised, and who did not conceal his desire to be rid of the incumbrance? Surely it was true that God helps those who help themselves? And then some desire to ask that help came upon her, and, half-unconsciously, she slid down upon her knees beside a pillar, and prayed as she had never done before.

"Come, mum, you must be a-movin' on. No prayers allowed 'ere, in the nave. Reg'lar prayers, if you wants 'em, at mornin' service, in a quarter of a hour."

Maud started to her feet, and with a look of indignation at the doorkeeper of the House of God, walked quickly away. But those few minutes left their mark upon her throughout that day.

After wandering about the streets for some time, she came to a shop which provided all that she required. Her black silk she exchanged for a grey alpaca; her bonnet for one which had no remnant of young-ladyhood about it; and a carpet-bag, full of such articles as were absolutely necessary, but all of the plainest and coarsest description, was hoisted upon the back of a boy, and carried for her to the station.

Maud got into an empty second-class; but this time she was not to be alone: just as the train was starting, a florid patent-polished man of forty, or thereabouts, bustled into the carriage, with two large hampers, and took his seat upon the bench opposite Maud, but not directly in front of her, by reason of her carpet-bag, which, being on the floor beside her, formed a barricade. The man, no doubt, in his own class of life, was reckoned eminently well-looking. There was a good-humoured smirking self-satisfaction in his face which told of bodily comfort, mental ease, and general social success. The glossy blackness of his whiskers, which depended low over his waistcoat, the oily undulations of his hair, the beady blackness of his eyes, resembled a portrait done on glazed cardboard with a B B pencil. By the time it had reached the nose and mouth the point of the pencil had become somewhat coarse and blunted. But the artist had been eminently successful in the clothes. How beautifully black and smooth they were! What attention he had paid to that satin stock, transfixed with two pins connected by a chain, to the glittering watch-guard and seals, to the cornelian ring upon the finger! How one felt that, if exhibited in a shop-window, and ticketed, "In this style, seven and sixpence," the admiration of a discerning public would lead them to go and be "done" likewise!

Maud did not take in all these details at a glance, and it was no more than a glance she gave to her fellow-traveller; then she turned her head, and looked resolutely out of window. But the train was scarcely in motion when he began, with an oily briskness of voice and manner:

"Fine morning for the time of year, miss?"

"Yes."

"Going far on the rail? What station?"

"Beckworth."

"Really? In-deed! That's curious now. I don't know your face. You're a stranger in these parts, eh?"

"Yes, I am," said Maud, shortly: she did not fancy this interrogatory, and looked out of window again.

"I know most of the faces about Beckworth." A pause; then, seeing that this drew forth no reply, he added, with a captivating smile, "And yours is too 'and-some a one to be forgot."

She turned round, and looked at him steadily, without a word. Nothing daunted, he continued, with a laugh:

"No offence, I 'ope. It ain't the first time you've been told so, I'm sure. Going out to service, eh?"

This time Maud only nodded her head—and it was half out of window. How she wished her short journey at an end! The man's familiarity was very offensive, and she made up her mind that she would answer no more of his questions.

"Who are you going to? Squire Barnby, or the Rectory? Both close to us—can tell you all about 'em." Still no reply.

A full minute's pause. Then the same mellifluous accents: "No cause to cut up rusty, my dear, because I called you 'and-some. We shall be neighbours, and may as well make friends—eh? Allow me to offer you a orange?"

He plunged his hand into one of the hampers and produced the fruit, which he held out with the seductive air of a Satan tempting Eve. She thanked him, dryly, and shook her head, without looking at him.

"In the kitchen, or the nursery, is it?" he pursued. "I 'ope it ain't at the Rectory, that's all—they're regularly starved there, and such a fuss about broken victuals! every crust and scrap used up, they tell me. Such mean ways wouldn't suit *me*, nor you, neither, I should say? You look as if you'd bin used to good food, and plenty of it: ha, ha!"

Finding, at last, that he could get neither a word nor a smile from his fair travelling-companion, he made up his mind that she was, as he afterwards expressed it, "half-savage, and no ways used to good society; a fine gal, sir, very fine, but *not* genteel; scowls at a compliment, and snaps off your nose if you ask her a civil question." And so he left her in peace.

And now the porters called out "Beckworth:" the man and his hampers bustled out; there were greetings of a semi-respectful, semi-familiar kind, offered to him by more than one person on the platform;

the guard blew his whistle, the train moved off, and Maud found herself standing alone, unheeded, with her bag beside her, both porters being in attendance upon the hampers and their owner. She walked up to a little man with his hands in his pockets, whom she had seen talking with her fellow-traveller a moment before, and whom she rightly guessed was the station-master:

"In which direction is Beckworth House? Can I get any one to carry my bag?"

"Is it the big house you want? Mrs. Cartaret's? Why there's Mr. Dapper just going up in the dog-cart."

"Who is Mr. Dapper? Not that man——"

"There, with the hampers, at the gate. He's Mrs. Cartaret's butler. Hello! Jem, you tell Mr. Dapper that this here young woman and her bag is going up to the house."

It was a disagreeable little coincidence: Maud would have given a great deal not to perform that mile in the dog-cart alongside a man against whom she felt such a repulsion; but there was no help for it. What excuse could she give for avoiding so obvious a mode of transit? And would it not be the height of folly to enter upon her new career by what might reasonably be said to be "giving herself airs?" Mr. Dapper and his hampers were already in the cart when she reached the gate. He looked at her with an amused smile.

"So we're not to part so soon after all? Ha! ha! You're the new maid, I s'pose, that Mrs. C. has been advertising for? Stupid of me not to have guessed it, only I didn't know the right article 'ad been found yet. There, settle yourself comfortable—wrap my plaid round you. Now, Tom, all right, let go her head; the bag's in, ain't it? Off we go; good-bye, Mr. Tuckett. Well, to be sure! only to think of our travelling together, and you never telling me you was coming to our 'ouse! 'ere's the lodge-gate—easy, mare, easy! Don't bolt now, you'll get back to your stable fast enough. There's the Rectory, out there in the trees, d'ye see? That's where I made sure you was going; but I'm glad it's us that is to have the good fortune——" He concluded his sentence with an insinuating smile, and an expressive flourish of his whip, which excited the mare more than he intended. But it was clear that Mr. Dapper was accustomed to handle the ribbons, and he rose just one degree above the freezing point of Maud's esteem, as she saw how skilfully he managed the hot-

tempered mare, who would have fairly run away with a less expert driver.

"And now, you know *my* name—what's yours?" he asked.

"Hind."

"Oh; Miss 'ind? Well, you see, I wasn't so far wrong in calling you a *dear*—Ha! ha! excuse me—no offence. It's only my way—you'll get accustomed to me in time I 'ope. . . It's curious, now, my going into Salisbury this morning, I who don't go, not once in six months. But fish and things was wanted in a 'urry, for company come unexpected—some of Mr. Lowndes's friends—and no time to get 'em from London, so Mrs. Cartaret and me arranged last night that I was to go in by the first train—which I'm not fond of getting up quite so *early*, to tell you the truth—ha! ha!"

"Who is Mr. Lowndes?" asked Maud, for the sake of saying something.

"Mrs. Cartaret's only son—Mr. Lowndes Cartaret—a fine, wild young gentleman—runs down 'ere promiscuous, bringing company with 'im, without ever writing a word before 'and—just like 'im! . . . but *she* don't mind, bless you! *She* wouldn't mind if 'e was to bring the 'ole 'orse guards down with him—though she's a queer woman, and 'as her tantrums, betimes . . . 'Im and 'er 'as fine blows-up now and then, but she just worships 'im, and lets 'im do mostly what 'e likes—and 'e knows all 'er little fads, and 'ow to manage 'er. She's 'alf French, you see, and foreigners 'ave queer ways. I'll put you up to a wrinkle, Miss 'ind. Don't you give way to 'er in everything, or you won't be able to call your life your own. You try and get round Mrs. Rouse. *That's* the woman. She's awful jealous of the new maids at fust. Don't you let butter melt in your mouth when you're talking to 'er. But you stick up to Mrs. Cartaret. She likes to believe that she orders everything—but—Lor' bless you, she'd never get on without a little wholesome contradiction. 'Dapper,' says she to me last night, 'we'll have that white Dresden service at dinner,' says she. I bow, and say nothing, and put on the old Indian. 'Dapper, 'ow's this?' says she, 'I told you the white Dresden.' So then I says, says I, 'Begging your pardon, ma'am, I found the white looked too cold for the season. Does very well in the summer, ma'am; but with your good taste you wouldn't 'ave liked it now—you wouldn't, indeed.' That's 'ow I manage 'er, Miss

'ind. 'Ave an opinion of your own. Now to Mrs. Rouse, on the contrary, you must knock under in everything. That's why she sends all the maids packing—they don't knock under enough, Miss 'ind. There's bin ever so many of 'em in my time, and none of 'em stay six months."

This was not very reassuring; but the man's impudence made Maud attach but little weight to his words; and if it was true that "having opinions of one's own" was so essential in any relations with Mrs. Cartaret, certainly Maud felt herself to be eminently fitted, in this respect, for the position. The prospect, however, of having to live in close association with the propounder of these theories, whose vulgar familiarity made the girl's blood tingle, was so distasteful to her that it seriously crossed her mind whether she should ask to be put down in the park, and make her way back to the station, with her bag. But she felt it would be weak to be thus turned aside from her purpose at the very outset. After all, anything could be borne for a day; and her ordeal might last no longer: Mrs. Cartaret would probably find her wanting, or if she did not, assuredly Mrs. Rouse would, and dismiss her even more summarily than her predecessors.

The park was quite flat, with little trees, like children's toys, stuck about it; and just as Mr. Dapper ceased speaking, a turn in the carriage-drive brought them within sight of a party of sportsmen, with gamekeepers, dogs, and beaters, approaching from the house.

"That's Mr. Lowndes," said Dapper, "and Lord Kenchester, and Mr. Robert Marbury." Maud could just see that there were three young men; one tall, in a Norfolk blouse, with leather gaiters, and one very short and fair, as the dog-cart whisked round the corner to the right towards the stables, the mare, in her impetuosity, nearly capsizing them; and the shrubbery hid the sportsmen from her sight. She was thankful for it. It would have been intolerable to her to run the gauntlet of these young men's observations on her first arrival, seated on a dog-cart beside the seductive Mr. Dapper!

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