

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XX. A DEFIANCE.

It had been a troubled morning for Mr. Leader. He was sitting with his daughter complaining a good deal of a bad night which he had passed, pains in the side, &c., when word was brought that Mr. Amos, the London solicitor, was waiting.

Mary's eyes turned on him searchingly, and she stood up saying: "They have not at last persuaded you into this monstrous piece of injustice?"

He answered her testily. "Now don't begin all this worry over again. I declare I am persecuted to death among you all."

"You would not wish to be persecuted by your own conscience. I cannot stand by and see you persuaded into a thing which your own heart is against, and which, on your death-bed, you would regret."

He was silent. Then said: "It is too late now, and must be done. I have given my word about it. Besides, they were most impertinent to me—Cecil and the rest—and he must learn that I am head of this house, and must be treated with respect. After all, there is nothing final in this," he added, earnestly. "I can leave it to him still. I only reserve the power."

"But listen," said Mary, "and this is the last time that I shall protest. I learn now that all this is being done for me, in some way, for this marriage with Lord Seaman, which can never take place. What, then, is the use of such a cruel step—"

"You are going beyond what you are entitled to do. I won't be worried any more—leave me alone!"

How changed he was now! Was it a sense of illness coming on, or the curse of

the power of wealth developing in him? Mary Leader saw there was no more to be done. The solicitors came in with their great sheepskins spread out, rustling and crackling on the table, and refusing almost to receive the signatures and the ink which they were to retain so long.

It was not long after this ceremony that Lady Seaman sought him and told him her story. She showed him how important it was for them all that the Doctor should now be kept in good-humour: in short, if his terms were not acceded to, she would really be obliged to leave, and all the pleasant little plans and hopes they had been indulging in would come to nothing.

"Indeed, I think so," said the little man, in a confidential way. "I never found much harm in him; but you see Mrs. Leader has such strong views in this matter. I think—wouldn't it be better to leave it as it is?"

She urged him again and again, but Mr. Leader was in too much awe of his "lady" to be persuaded. He argued with reason that enough had been done for that day. All that could be obtained from him was a promise to talk it over with that dreaded lady. She, however, had retired to her room—was not to be seen, and an attack of her "tantrums" was confidently reckoned upon.

When, however, Katey and Mary were sitting together, the latter charitably trying to give comfort, as she knew that her father, though he had gone thus far, would go no further, and that he was good and just, they were surprised by the sight of Mrs. Leader standing before them.

"Are you accountable," she asked of Katey, "for this new plot of bringing your father into the house—have you set Lady Seaman on this scheme?"

"No," said Katey, calmly. "I know nothing of it."

"Because I have come to tell you that he may now come or go, just as you please. All your joint schemings will do nothing. The estate is your father's, to do as he pleases with; and he shall dispose of it now in a way that will disappoint you all."

"Papa will do nothing unjust or dishonourable," said Mary. "I know him too well! As for me, I shall have no part in it."

Mrs. Leader turned on her with unconcealed triumph. "You shan't be troubled—never fear. That foolish project is at an end. To give you such a fortune would be throwing it away, indeed. Now we shall take care of that, I promise you. Your father and I shall dispose of it. Not one in the family has head, or sense, or capacity. It all rests on me, and shall rest. And you are all perfectly welcome to join your forces, and get all the adventurers in the parish to help you. After this you may take your own course. I shall carry out my plans in spite of you all."

Katey had listened to this malignant proclamation, first with wonder, then with horror, and finally with scorn. She answered promptly:

"No, you shall not, since you threaten us so wickedly. Weak as I am, I am strong enough to protect him and myself. Neither am I afraid of you; and since it is you who have come here to challenge me to this indecent contest, I am ready to accept it. You little know my strength!"

"What! you attempt to speak to me in this way?"

"Yes; but I shall say no more. Neither am I bound to bear more from you. From this time I shall begin, not with 'scheming,' as you are pleased to say, but with open fight. I tell you, I prophesy to you, that you shall not carry out the wicked scheme of plunder that you have announced to us to-night!"

Mrs. Leader was astounded, and somehow felt that her enemy had already gained an advantage. She had not counted on this insolent resistance.

"Take care, don't go too far. As it is, you have finished your stay in this house. I should be a fool to let one who has spoken as you have, remain. You shall go to-morrow—you and your husband."

"No," said Katey, calmly. "That, too, I shall dispute. Mr. Leader will not send him away to-morrow. You may test the rest of the struggle by that one little point."

Mrs. Leader, who had determined to show only a lofty contempt, was betrayed into saying: "We shall see!" This was committing herself to the issue, and was undignified.

Thus that scene ended.

But by dinner-time, when the "assembly call" of a country house sounds, there was again quite a fresh change in Mrs. Leader—with one corresponding in her husband. The latter was more timorous and abject than he had ever been: though that might come of illness of which he had been complaining all through the day. But Mrs. Leader was grown insolent, haughty, and exultant. Over her was an air, as though she said, "The game is now in my hands," and my Lady Seaman, though displeased and cool, wondered not a little at the absence of obsequiousness. Perhaps the servants—notably the lady's-maid—could have told of a scene of more than usual vehemence during the dressing for dinner, when the miserable little "lord of the soil" was hectoring, and shrieking at, and driven into a corner. He came out so humiliated and broken, that it really seemed as though he had suffered from some long illness.

At dinner, however, he brightened up a great deal. Miss Jessie took him in hand and prescribed for him, made him tell her fresh stories of Judge Badminton, and deliver the speech of Pender, who "got off" somebody, with such brilliant effect, on that circuit. But it was evident he was not quite well; to all, at least, save the exulting Mrs. Leader. It was, indeed, a stiff, solemn entertainment, for Lady Seaman and her daughters were displeased and angry at the complete frustration of their plans; and though the lady was of the "forager" order, and inclined to settle down at free quarters wherever she could, she had signified her intention of leaving. Katey, but not her husband, was present, and over all there was a sense of restraint. The young lord, in decency, had not gone to dine with his friends in the town, and was sulky. Miss Jessie alone "kept the ball rolling," and with her little flatteries, gradually worked Mr. Leader into great good-humour.

That night she had taken a fancy to know something of astronomy. Where was Charles's-wain? the Great Belt, or was that the name? She would give the world to know something about these things.

When the gentlemen had gone up to

"join" the ladies after dinner, and had sat in their little council for a short time, suddenly Mr. Leader appeared, muffled in a great-coat and comforter, and, in a shy, awkward way, said: "If you would like, Miss Jessie, we could go out on the long balcony round the bedrooms, and I could show you the stars and Charles's-wain."

The young lady was in ecstasies at the proposal, and ran to deck herself out in astronomical uniform, glad of the opportunity—as every woman would be—to muffle her head in a becoming hood. Mrs. Leader looked on scornfully; but the little man's head had been rather overset by flattery. So they went up-stairs together out on the balcony, he carrying a telescope.

We now turn to our friend the Doctor, who had returned home, a little agitated with the excitement of the game he was playing. As we have shown, he felt that it was high time it should finish, if he were to win at all, for his enemies were hardly letting him shuffle his cards. He had heard from good authority that Mr. Ridley, his eternal foe, had been grubbing and splashing "in the sewers and gutters," trying to fish up something nasty about his, the Doctor's, life; and it was rumoured he had been absent, engaged in the search.

The Doctor had an 'avannah in his mouth, and a second tumbler of "the inestimable" friend and comforter, D.D., to which, in truth, his persecutions were making him apply much too often, to judge by the permanent wateriness of his eyes. He used to sit a great deal by himself, communing with this sole true friend, "faithful midst faithless found," and repeatedly applying to it for advice and counsel. Indeed, to do the Doctor justice, he missed sadly the quiet influence of his Katey, and he had many twinges about the cruel sacrifice he had made of the fresh, gentle girl, who had been "the light of his house." Polly he had helped to make selfish, and her foolish head was now overflowing with a jumble of brilliant schemes, in which the success of her sister only encouraged her.

Through that night, which was a Saturday night, Doctor Findlater sat on in his study, communing with his D.D. He was thinking and thinking again of what would be the result of his day's battle. "I'll stake my wits on it," he said to himself. "Oh, it was masterly, Peter! A stroke of genius! By the holy Four Courts, I'll bet that I've set them all by the ears, for my lady took the bait like an old pike."

He was expecting some communication, and this made him restless. The hours rolled on, and he then fell asleep. When he awoke he found himself very cold and stiff, and his lamp out, which had made him sleep the longer. A cuckoo-clock in the hall—a quail and cuckoo one rather, birds which divided the labour of sounding the hours between them—gave out its note; two o'clock!"

"Well, well," said the Doctor, "after that!" He found his way up to bed, all shivering, and lay down. But as he was turning round to sleep, he heard the sound of horses' hoofs, which came nearer, and stopped. Then the little wooden gate at the end of the garden flapped—"always as good as a postman's knock," the Doctor would say—to be presently followed by a loud ring. He had started up in a second, and had opened the window. "What is it, what's the matter?"

"Oh, you're the Doctor?"

It was his old enemy the London menial, offensive even at such a crisis.

"Then you're to come up to the Fort. Mr. Leader has been taken suddenly very bad. You'd better not lose a moment!"

"All right," cried the Doctor, drawing in his head. "By the whole Dublin Pharmacopœia, here's events setting in with a full tide!"

CHAPTER XXI. ILLNESS IN THE HOUSE.

As Doctor Findlater described it later, you might have thought there was a ball going on at the castle, so many lights were seen dancing about, up and down. When he entered the hall the servants were hurrying past, and oh, what a triumph! Mrs. Leader herself at the bottom of the stairs, with terror in her face, was the first to greet him.

"Oh, come up quick," she cried. "What are we to do? Go up and lose not a moment."

The Doctor ran up, three steps at a time, remembering with horror that "his throat was open," and that he had forgotten his neck-tie; then into the sick man's room, where there were lights flaring, and many figures.

Mr. Leader was lying on the bed in a sort of collapse, half shrieking with pain, ghastly pale, his face streaming with dew, and, even in that short space of time, shrunk up, through some extraordinary process, to half his size. There was a yellow tinge in his face that gave the Doctor a hint of what was wrong. His daughter Katey, with

hands clasped and tearful eyes, was there, as well as Mary Leader.

"Now," said the Doctor, in a low voice, "clear the room. You're all in the way here. I must be alone with the patient. Have mustard and hot water ready, to any amount, d'ye hear!"

They fluttered away in a frightened drove, and even Mrs. Leader, who had then entered, he coolly turned back, his hands upon her shoulders.

"Now," he said, when alone, and gazing fixedly at the unhappy man, "let us see."

The Doctor had had some rough experience, and knew the rude shapes of disease, such as they show themselves among "the common people" in the hospitals. The gaspings across the chest told him of something "brunkial," and a few adroit questions put to the servant who had been sent for him, as they drove along, brought out what the patient had been doing, namely, making astronomical observations, on a raw night, in the balcony. Further, he recalled his wasted look of late, and feeling the patient over, as if he was some cushion, he came on a tender spot down the side, which produced a shriek. "All right," said Peter aloud, "I know where I am now—congestion generally." In a moment he had rung the bell, had written directions to be sent up to his little surgery; had ordered all sorts of things—hot brandy, which he tasted—hot mustard and pepper, which he took on sheer faith, and set to work. Mrs. Leader, readmitted, looked on. She was in a fever of anxiety.

"No danger? Any danger, Doctor Findlater? Surely there is none?"

The Doctor answered very deliberately: "Much! so much that I hope you have telegraphed for a greater doctor than I am. I won't take the responsibility, I can tell you!"

"You know Doctor Farmer is away?" (Doctor Farmer was the great county doctor, who served nobility and gentry all round.) "But we have sent for Doctor Speed, our London physician."

"Oh, he's coming, is he?" said the Doctor, coolly, "all right then." Doctor Speed was the physician who had reversed Doctor Findlater's treatment of Mary Leader. "Well, you understand th' etiquette of th' profession!"

In all justice, no man ever worked harder than did the Doctor through that dismal night, until the grey dawn began to glimmer, until the patient began to grow "easier," and cease from further

short shrieks of agony, and finally sank into a doze. Then servants were put to watch, and the Doctor was shown to a handsome room, where he was to have a short slumber. As he lay down again to rest, it was with an ejaculation: "Oh, glory! This beats the Fair of Ballyscalion! Here I am brought back in triumph like a Roman general, and they must have me whether they will or no!"

There was no rest that night for Mrs. Leader. That haughty woman was nearly beside herself with anxiety and terror. She could hardly be said to have any regard for her husband; but the truth was, all arrangements as to her interests were in a shocking state of confusion. She had no jointure settled on her, and though his life had been insured for a large sum, the interest on that would be a mere "drop in the water" compared with her necessities. One of the grand features of the new settlement of the estate was to be a handsome jointure for her. All this hung suspended on this miserable illness which had come so wretchedly *mal à propos*. So she lay awake all that night and morning; her nerves wrung, and her face all changed and contorted by the suspense.

At last day began. The family began to collect again. The Doctor had been with his patient, who was bad, very bad still. A most serious, dangerous congestion, of which the Doctor said:

"I'd as soon as not have a pair of tongs between me and it. God send Speed soon, for I might just as well be comfortably calculating the longitude." Then to her: "It's very, very serious, I can tell you, ma'am."

"Then you have been treating him all wrong. I know you have. It serves us right——"

"Hush, now; I'll take none of that at such a crisis. It's a very ticklish case, as your London friend will tell you when he comes. There are diseases that would beat me, and him too, and we're both not ashamed to own it."

So that morning rolled by, and the Doctor was master of the situation, because the only one in the situation. All these hours Katey and Mary kept watch, soothing with their gentle touch; while Mrs. Leader entered and went out in a miserable restlessness, not knowing what to do. At last came the welcome sound of wheels.

The servants flew to the door, and the London doctor entered in that straightforward way, without asking a question

at the hall-door, which his brethren are so partial to. The London doctor was a cold, "dried" man, highly fashionable, and was physician to a royal duke. Like the inhabitants of a fortress about to be relieved, Mrs. Leader suddenly changed her manner to Doctor Findlater, and showed an exulting confidence she could now feel.

Our Peter, a little nervous perhaps, met "his colleague," as he called him, in the hall. To say the truth, the former had not much of a medical air, and the stranger received him coldly enough, rushing on steadily up-stairs, past the skirmishers, Mrs. Leader and others, who were seeking to "explain things" to him. He made straight for the sick-room, drew aside the bed-curtains, and took his survey.

"What are these things?" were his first words, as he unrolled some of the Doctor's blisters, mustard, &c.

"Oh, sir, 'twas critical, I assure you," said the Doctor. "Five minutes more and I believe the last puff would have been out of him. I'm all for the fleugistic treatment, you know?"

"No doubt," said the doctor, hastily removing these "things," with the same curious look, as though quite foreign to all his past experience. "We must discontinue all this. Understand me clearly. I don't think the man will recover; still——"

"So I said from the beginning," answered the Doctor.

In due time both came down to where Mrs. Leader was waiting nervously. How often the physician has thus to play foreman of the jury coming out of the room into a breathless court. Happily he does not announce his verdict so plainly, and Doctor Speed only said:

"If he has a strong constitution he may get through it. But it is hard to say anything at present. There must be great—the greatest—care; and, please, the most accurate attention to my prescriptions." Unconsciously he glanced at his coadjutor.

"Yes, there must be great care," repeated the Doctor—our Doctor. Somehow he was very uncomfortable, as all such men are in the presence of stern men, when their bonhomie and jokes—and some would add their humbug—are wholly out of place.

Doctor Speed then got pens and paper, and sat down to write. With what reverence are these scrawls received, as though magical or an incantation! How tenderly regarded by daughter and wife, and sent away by specially careful hands!

The Doctor had gone to tell his Katey

the news, and the London doctor, pointing his pen after him, said abstractedly, "The local practitioner?"

"Yes," Mrs. Leader said, "we were forced to send for him—there was no one else."

"Oh, I see. At all events, these directions must be followed strictly, reversing all that has been done. I hope it is not too late."

"Why, there is no danger, is there?" she cried, almost wildly.

"My dear madam, there is danger in every case; even in a little cold."

"Couldn't you send us down some proper person? This mountebank is so ignorant."

The London doctor said he would: dined, waited till five or six o'clock, saw his patient again, pronounced him "something better," and then went away. Even as he parted with them, he seemed to feel insecure about Doctor Findlater. "I have set down the minutest details," he said, "and they must be followed."

"Of course I'll see to it." Peter could not shake off his awe of this cold creature. The worst was, it was conveyed so plainly to Mrs. Leader. He rallied in the hall.

"I am afraid, doctor, we're not all fours on the fleugistic treatment?"

"I dare say not. I don't know it; good morning!"

No wonder that Peter sent his blessing after him, as the carriage drove away.

Mr. Leader was in great agony, hardly able to speak above a whisper, often shrieking with pain. They watched all through the night, every one sitting up, lying on sofas and floors in adjoining rooms, that dreadful bivouacking, in short, which sets in on such occasions. Mrs. Leader was excited, restless, wretched. Already she was looking at Katey and the Doctor with an uneasy and suspicious air. As it came to ten o'clock she spoke to the latter bluntly.

"Now, Doctor Findlater, after to-night we shall not require your services. I am sorry to tell you so, but Doctor Speed is sending us down some one from town, who will carry out his views."

"Oh, indeed! Well, we'll see about that in the morning."

"Oh, not at all. He spoke very plainly about it: he said you had made great mistakes; we can't run any risks, it's too serious."

She could not resist, in all her trouble, giving him this stab; but he saw the venomous expression, and guessed that she had invented it.

"No," he said. "Excuse me, Mrs. Leader, I owe that to your ill-nature. When he comes the day after to-morrow, I'll put it to him in your presence, and we'll see what he'll say."

Mrs. Leader showed alarm at this test. "At all events, I dismiss you. I don't choose you to come here any more. I am tired of these discussions. We mean to choose our own physicians."

"You may, madam, for yourself, but Mr. Leader may choose his; take care that he doesn't wish me to stay. At all events, I don't stir till a successor comes. A duty is cast on me to see another medical man's orders carried out, and no unpleasantness nor sensitiveness shall stand in the way of that."

"Sensitiveness!" sneered Mrs. Leader.

The Doctor carried but the soul and body of a man. He groaned; it was very hard work fighting every inch of the ground.

That night he got his "little stretcher" laid in Mr. Leader's room. The patient appeared to be something better under the new doctor's treatment, but was talking a little incoherently. His feeble, dim eyes had settled on Katey, and seemed to find a pleasure in resting on her fair face. When he saw the Doctor's face behind hers again, a feeble smile came over his face, and he murmured half his name audibly, "Fin——"

"Go to bed, Katey; you must, now. I'll take the duty now. You don't mind me; you'd as soon have me as a strange doctor, wouldn't you? That jelly-fish of a man that came from London? Well, I must take poor Katey away if I go myself, and Mrs. Leader has given us notice to quit."

The answer to this artful speech was a look of alarm and a squeeze of the hand.

"Ah, my woman," said the Doctor as he lay down on his stretcher, "this night, I suspect, begins the battle-royal between you and me. I know what you're afraid of, and what you'll be at. But you don't stir me. No you don't, and I bet my head I don't leave this without persuading my poor friend yonder to do what's right for his children, and what's proper for the good of his own soul!"

Nor was the other combatant without her thoughts of defiance as she tried to seek uneasy sleep. "I know his low highwayman's game," she said to herself. "But he shall not stay." Then she became a prey to the wildest alarm, trembling all over. "Oh, what stupidity to have left it so late! And all my own doing! If any-

thing should happen, what is to become of me then? No, all will be right, if I have this wretch removed; and he *shall* be, if I have him dragged down-stairs by policemen!"

Thus was the battle getting ready round a sick man's bed.

FAMOUS OLD SIEGES

THE Prussians have won their battles with such extraordinary rapidity that their sieges have, in comparison, seemed lingering and slow.

There is reason, as some imagine, to suppose that sieges will, in future, become less sanguinary than of old. What the old sieges were like we will attempt to show by briefly sketching the chief features of five or six of the most celebrated. As nothing can well surpass their horrors, it is possible that in future such climaxes of war may be shorter and sharper, and that the suffering may be, at least, spread over a briefer period. But while ambition is still ambition, and manslaughter manslaughter, whether the war-cry be France or Prussia, the weapon German or French, we have little hope of philanthropy doing more than mitigating such cruel catastrophes.

One of the most remarkable sieges in the second Punic War was that of Saguntum. The first Punic campaign had ended with the Carthaginians surrendering Sicily and Sardinia. The second campaign, commencing 218 B.C., was fought in Spain, where Amilcar, Hannibal's father, had gone, taking with him his boy to teach him hatred against the Romans. Amilcar's successor, Hannibal, at once marched upon the Saguntines (people of Arragon), allies of Rome, and besieged Saguntum. This city, on the site of which, by the river Palancia, Murviedro now stands, was famous for its figs and for the earthenware cups it manufactured. Hannibal, then a mere youth, opposed at home by Hanno, and a faction antagonistic to his family, and which accused him of perfidiousness in breaking treaties with the Romans, pushed on the siege with great vigour. He urged his swarthy African soldiers to increase their exertions by himself working in the trenches among them, and by helping forward the mantlets and battering-rams. The defence was stubborn, and stones and arrows were replied to by arrows and stones. After, it is said, eight months' siege, Han-

nibal demanded cruel terms—the Saguntines were to leave their city to be demolished, surrendering up their arms, and carrying away only two suits of clothing. Many of the citizens, in their despair, finding the walls giving way, now lit a great funeral pile, and after burning all their wealth, threw themselves into the flames. While this horrible sacrifice was actually taking place, a tower which had been much battered suddenly fell. The Carthaginians instantly stormed in through the breach; and Hannibal, sounding the trumpets for a general assault, carried the city. With the relentless cruelty of those days, he instantly ordered that all Saguntines found in arms should be put to the sword. Most of the inhabitants died fighting, or barring themselves up in their burning houses with their wives and children, perished in the flames. Hannibal, nevertheless, secured great wealth and many slaves. The money he appropriated to war purposes; the slaves he divided among the soldiers; and the household stuff he sent to Carthage.

Years later, when the Romans girt up their loins to fairly conquer Spain, one of the greatest events that marked the war was the fifteen months' siege of Numantia, an almost impregnable city on the Douro, near the site of the present Soria, in old Castile. This fortress of the hardy Iberians was built on a steep hill, accessible only on one side, surrounded by forests, and partly moated by the Douro and a lesser stream. It had only a garrison of eight thousand fighting men, but these were Spanish veterans, skilled in the use of bow, spear, and sword. Several consuls had attacked Numantia before Q. Pompeius sat down before it with thirty thousand foot and two thousand horse; but disease attacked his army, and he was compelled to offer terms disgraceful to Rome, to which his successor, however, refused to accede. Soon after, another consul all but surrendered to the victorious Numantines his army of twenty thousand men. The Romans, enraged at these repulses, sent out in 133 B.C. their greatest general, Scipio Africanus, with four thousand volunteers. He found the army discouraged and demoralised, and at once reshaped it with a strong hand. He turned all the sutlers, diviners, and priests out of the camp; for vice and superstition had tainted the whole force. He then sold all needless waggons and beasts of burden, forbade any soldier more cooking utensils than a spit and a brass pot, ordered nothing to be eaten but

plain roast and boiled, and counselled every one to sleep as he himself did, on the bare ground. Having thus hardened his army, he trained it by long toilsome marches, countermarches, trench digging, and wall building, and then laid waste all the territory from whence the Numantines drew their supplies. With a force of sixty thousand men, and recruited by Jugurtha from Numidia with some elephants and light horse, Scipio formed two camps, and sat down for the winter to starve out the stubborn but now straitened enemy. The town was three miles in circumference; round this area Scipio raised six miles of towers and ramparts, so that only the river-side remained open. To stop any divers or boats coming that way with provisions or intelligence, the Romans fastened tree trunks, spiked with sword and spear blades, to ropes, and let them whirl to and fro in the rapid current, so that to pass them became impossible. The Numantines made several gallant sorties, but hunger now began to strike them down quicker than the Roman sword. In this cruel emergency a man named Retogenes, and five brave friends, ventured on a daring attempt to bring the Druacians, a neighbouring tribe, to the aid of the suffering town. These six men, with six servants, went at night to the Roman camp, carrying broad boarded ladders. With these they rode over the Roman works, slew some of the guards, and dashed across to the Druacians. Getting no help, however, from their scared kinsmen, the brave fellows rode on to a town called Lutia, where the younger men agreed to join them. The elders, however, sent secretly to Scipio, who, marching forty miles with incredible rapidity, arrived at daybreak, and demanded the surrender of the rash young men. Four hundred of them being reluctantly given up, Scipio cut off their hands and returned to his camp. The Numantines at last grew hopeless, and offered to surrender, but the stern Roman would grant no conditions. The famine grew worse and worse: first, they ate leather and weeds, then rats and vermin, and even human flesh. Again they offered surrender, but claimed a day's respite. On that terrible day the leading men of the place slew themselves. On the third day a starved band of half-dying people came out of the gates. Scipio selected fifty for his triumph, sold the rest for slaves, and levelled the city. Four thousand Spaniards had kept the Roman armies at bay at Numantia for twenty-one years.

One of the greatest steps in that long career of unjust conquest and cruelty, which at last made Rome mistress of the world, was the arduous but successful siege of Carthage, 148 B.C. Blow by blow the dreadful enemies of the African power had cloven their way to their great rival. The third Punic War began by the consuls leaving Rome with eighty thousand foot and four thousand horse, who had stern orders from the senate not to return till they had removed Carthage out of its place. The Africans, tormented by civil war, began by the most degrading concessions. They surrendered five hundred of their noblest youth as hostages, and brought to the Roman camp two hundred thousand suits of armour, vast sheaves of spears and javelins, and two thousand catapults. Still the Romans were unsatisfied. They required the Carthaginians to leave their city for demolition, and to move ten miles inland. This was the last straw: the maddened people rose in despair. They at once released all their slaves and enrolled them as militia. The temples were turned into workshops, and men and women, old and young, toiled in gangs night and day at the fabrication of arms. Every day there were made one hundred and forty bucklers, three hundred shields, five hundred javelins, and one hundred catapult darts. The city, situated within a bay and on a peninsula, was twenty-three miles in circuit, and contained seven hundred thousand souls. The peninsula, forty-five miles in compass, was joined by an isthmus, on which stood the citadel, three miles broad. Towards the continent there were three walls, thirty cubits high, defended by towers rising two stories above the walls. Between the towers were barracks for twenty thousand foot, four thousand horse, and three hundred elephants. The two ports, in the inner one of which was the arsenal and the admiral's house, were barred by chains. In their first attack, the Romans were too confident and contemptuous. Three times they were driven from the walls, and once their fleet was almost totally destroyed by fire-ships. At last Scipio Æmilianus came and began the cruel work in earnest, first reforming the Roman army, which had become a mere army of prowling and quarrelling foragers. Having at last taken the isthmus, he there pitched his camp, and built a wall before it twelve feet high, to bar out all provisions from the continent. To equally block up the port and stop all food coming by sea, Scipio raised a

huge mole at the mouth of the port; but the Carthaginians, full of energy, at once dug out a new passage and launched fifty fresh galleys. Æmilianus, however, soon after destroyed an African army coming to the rescue, and subdued all the neighbouring country. In the spring of 145 B.C., Scipio at last struck the wedge home. He stormed a breach near the port, and forcing his way into the great square, fortified himself there that night. There were three steep streets leading to the citadel to force, and the roofs of the houses lining those approaches were covered by archers and men, who hurled javelins, or threw down tiles and stones. These houses were cleared one by one, a desperate contest taking place on the roofs, till at last Scipio ordered the three streets to be simultaneously set on fire. Wounded men, old women and children, threw themselves from the roofs, or perished stoically in the flames. The Roman soldiers spent six days and nights in levelling the ruins and burying the dead. Scipio hardly allowed himself time for sleep or refreshment. Polybius describes seeing him seated on a mound, with tears in his crocodile eyes, repeating those lines in the Iliad, where Hector foretells the destruction of Troy. Conquerors, however reckless, are apt at times to give way to momentary outbursts of sham pity. Napoleon once wept at seeing a dog howling beside his dead master (one of some forty thousand harmless human beings that day sacrificed to the emperor's insatiable ambition). In later times, leaders scarcely less guilty have found comfort for their wounded feelings on such painful occasions in short texts of Scripture and biblical telegrams. To what the great peacemakers do or say history is indifferent.

To return to the siege. On the seventh day the citadel surrendered, on condition that the lives of the soldiers were spared. There first, according to Orosius, came out twenty-five thousand wretched women, then thirty thousand half-starved men. The Carthaginian general, Asdrubal, to the indignation of every one, privately surrendered. Nine hundred Roman deserters, hopeless of mercy, shut themselves in a temple of Æsculapius, and then set fire to the building. The Carthaginians who surrendered were sold as slaves, all deserters taken being thrown to the wild beasts of the amphitheatre. Scipio gave the plunder of the unfortunate city to his soldiers, except the gold, the silver, and the offerings in the temples. Thus Carthage fell; but Carthage was soon revenged, if it be true, as some

of the Roman historians contend, that from that moment covetousness and luxury began to corrupt the old stocial Roman virtues.

But the siege that seems to epitomise all the horrors of such contests, forming, as it were, the last crowning scene of a nation's tragedy, was the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, A.D. 70. The city then contained, according to Tacitus, six hundred thousand inhabitants. Josephus has well narrated the sufferings of his countrymen, not merely from the Romans, but also from the savage factions of the two rival chiefs, Simon and John—the former of whom held the upper city, the latter the Temple. Their followers tore each other to pieces up to the very moment that the Romans broke through the walls. The mode in which Titus conducted this memorable siege furnishes a good example of the manner in which the Romans conducted such operations. His legionaries, having established their camps on Scopus and the Mount of Olives, began to burn the suburbs of Jerusalem, cut down the trees, and raise banks of earth and timber against the walls. On these works were placed archers and hurlers of javelins, and before them the catapults and balistas that threw darts and huge stones. The Jews replied from the engines which they had taken from Roman detachments, but they used them awkwardly and ineffectually. They, however, were very daring in their sorties, endeavouring to burn the Roman military engines and the hurdles with which the Roman pioneers covered themselves when at work. The Romans also built towers fifty cubits high, plated with iron, in which they placed archers and slingers, to drive the Jews from the walls. At last, about the fifteenth day of the siege, the greatest of the Roman battering-rams began to shake the outer wall, and the Jews yielded up the first line of defence. Five days after, Titus broke through the second wall, into a place full of narrow streets crowded with braziers', clothiers', and wool-merchants' shops; but the Jews rallying drove out the Romans, who not having made the breach sufficiently large, were with difficulty rescued by their archers. Four days later, however, Titus retook the second wall, and then waited for famine to do its work within the city. The Jews began now to desert to the enemy in great numbers, and all these wretches the Romans tortured and crucified before the walls (at one time five hundred a day), so that, as Josephus says, "room was wanting for the crosses, and crosses wanting for the bodies."

At this crisis of the siege the Jews, undermining one of the Roman towers, set it on fire, and did their best to destroy all the besiegers' works. Titus now determined to slowly starve out his stubborn enemies, and began to build a wall round the whole city. This wall, with thirteen forts, the Roman soldiers completed in three days. Famine, in the mean time, was ravaging the unhappy city. Whole families perished daily, and the streets were strewn with dead bodies that no one cared to bury. Thieves plundered the half-deserted homes, and murdered any who showed signs of resistance, or who still lingered in the last agonies of starvation. The dead the Jews threw down from the walls into the valleys below. In the mean time, the Roman soldiers, abundantly supplied with corn from Syria, mocked the starving men on the walls, by showing them food. The palm-trees and olive-trees round Jerusalem had been all destroyed, but Titus, sending to the Jordan for timber, again raised banks round the castle of Antonia. Inside the city the seditions grew more violent, the partisans of John and Simon murdering each other daily, and plundering the Temple of the sacred vessels. A rumour spreading in the Roman camp that the Jewish deserters swallowed their money before they left Jerusalem, led to the murder, in one night, Josephus says, of nearly two thousand of these unhappy creatures. Again a part of the wall fell before the battering-rams, but only to discover to the Romans a fresh rampart built behind it. In one attack a brave Syrian soldier of the cohorts, with eleven other men, succeeded in reaching the top of the wall, but they were there overpowered by the Jews. A few days after, twelve Roman soldiers scrambled up by night through a breach in the tower of Antonia, killed the guards, and, sounding trumpets, summoned the rest of the army to their aid. The tower once carried, the Romans tried to force their way into the Temple, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued, which terminated in the Romans being driven back to the tower of Antonia. The Jews, now seeing the Temple in danger, and the assault recommencing, set fire to the cloister that joined the Temple and the castle of Antonia, and prepared for a desperate resistance in their last stronghold. In this conflagration, many of the Romans, advancing too eagerly, perished.

During all this fighting, the famine within the city grew worse and worse. The wretched people ate their shoes, belts, and even the leather thongs of their shields.

Friends fought for food, and robbers broke into every house where it was known that corn was hidden. Josephus even mentions a well-known case of a woman of wealth from beyond Jordan who ate her own child. The walls of the Temple were so massive as to resist the battering-rams for six days, so Titus at last gave orders to burn down the gates. At last, after a desperate resistance, the Jews were driven into the inner court, and the Temple was set on fire and destroyed, in spite of all the efforts of Titus to save it. When the Jews first saw the flames spring up, Josephus says, they raised a great shout of despair, and sixteen thousand of the defenders perished in the fire. The Romans, in the fury of the assault, burnt down the treasury chambers, filled with gold and other riches, and all the cloisters, into which multitudes of Jews had fled, expecting something miraculous, as their false prophet had predicted. Titus now attacked the upper city, and raised banks against it, at which about forty thousand of the inhabitants deserted to the Roman camp. The final resistance was very feeble, for the Jews were now utterly disheartened. The Romans, once masters of the walls, spread like a deluge over the city, slew all the Jews they met in the narrow lanes, and set fire to the houses. In many of these they found entire families dead of hunger, and these places, in their horror, the soldiers left unplundered. The Romans, weary at last of slaying, Titus gave orders that no Jew, unless found with arms in his hand, should be killed. But some soldiers still went on butchering the old and infirm, and driving the youths and women into the court of the Temple. The males under seventeen were sent to the Egyptian mines; several thousands were given to provincial amphitheatres to fight with the gladiators and wild beasts; but before all could be sent away, eleven thousand of them perished from famine. Altogether, in this cruel siege, there perished eleven hundred thousand Jews. This enormous multitude is accounted for by the fact, that when Titus sat down before Jerusalem, the city was full of people from all parts of Judæa, come up to celebrate the Feast of Unleavened Bread.

Let us go down the ladder of time a few centuries later, till we find these grand conquerors of the Jews themselves besieged by Alaric and his Goths, 408. As stern and ruthless as Prussians, the Goths at once cut off from Rome the supplies of food, till famine and plague could silently do the

work of sword and spear. The rations of bread sank rapidly from three pounds a day to the merest pittance. The rich strove to alleviate the general suffering, but in vain. Some wretches fed, it is said, on the bones of those they murdered, and even mothers destroyed their children and roasted their flesh. Many thousands of the citizens perished, and the cemeteries being in the possession of the invaders, the bodies remained unburied. The plague broke out, and new forms of death appeared. In vain Tuscan diviners promised to draw lightning from the clouds, and burn the Gothic camp. In vain the Roman ambassadors warned Alaric of the danger of the despair and fury of such a multitude.

The grim chief only smiled, and said: "The thicker the grass the easier it is to mow."

At first, greedy for spoil, and contemptuous of Roman weakness, Alaric demanded all the gold and silver in the city, and all the rich and precious movables. Finally he withdrew his savage troops, on receiving a ransom of five thousand pounds of gold, thirty-six thousand pounds of silver, four thousand silk robes, three thousand pieces of fine scarlet cloth, and three thousand pounds' weight of Indian pepper, then very scarce and dear. Never since Hannibal marched from Capua had Rome been so scared.

That taste of plunder only provoked the Gothic appetite. In 410, Alaric, provoked by some treachery of the emperor, entered Rome at midnight by the Salarian Gate. The Christian Goths respected the churches, but the Huns and the escaped slaves slew and plundered wherever they went. After six days' license they carried off waggon-loads of jewels, robes, and plate.

Attila, the next devastator of Europe, spared Rome, at the intercession of St. Leo, but Genserik, the Vandal, devoted fourteen days to loading his African slaves with the spoils of Jerusalem and the gold and silver of the Cæsars. In 537, the Goths were again swarming round Rome, and the celebrated defence of the city by Belisarius presents many features of interest.

The great general had a circle of twelve miles to defend against one hundred and fifty thousand barbarians. Against these Belisarius had only thirty thousand citizen soldiers, and five thousand of his veterans hardened in the Persian and African wars. On the ramparts, to aid his archers, were the balistas (great cross-bows), that threw arrows, and the onagri, that slung stones,

and on the walls of the mole of Hadrian he had piled ancient statues to hurl down at the enemy. The Goths spent eighteen days in preparing their attack, in collecting fascines to fill the ditches, and in making scaling-ladders for the walls. Their four battering-rams, of enormous size, were each worked by fifty men. They had also huge wooden turrets, drawn by oxen, to form movable forts for assailing the walls. The Goths advanced to the attack in seven columns. The archers of Belisarius, at his desire, shot the oxen that drew the towers, and so rendered them for the time useless. The first day of the attack the Goths lost thirty thousand men, and in a sortie the Romans burnt the formidable towers. In subsequent sallies five thousand of the Gothic cavalry perished, and the courage of the citizens grew with success. Belisarius, first freeing the navigation of the Tiber, now dismissed from the city all the useless mouths—the women, children, and slaves. Active care was taken to encourage the people, and to prevent treachery. Twice every month the officers at the gates were changed, and even the pope himself was sent into exile on suspicion of having corresponded with the Goths. The barbarians were at last worn out. After a siege of one year and nine days, they burnt their tents, and retreated over the Milvian bridge, having lost at least one-third of their host.

Again, in 546, Rome was tormented by its old enemy the Goth. Totila besieged it, and its garrison of three thousand soldiers was powerless to break the blockade. The pope had purchased an ample supply of Sicilian corn, but the avaricious governor seized it, and sold it to the richer citizens. Wheat soon rose to famine prices, and fifty pieces of gold were demanded for an ox. Gradually the people of Rome were reduced to feed on dead horses, dogs, cats, mice, and nettles. Crowds of starving creatures surrounded the palace of the governor, and requested either food or instant death. To these suppliants Bessus replied, with cold cruelty, that it was impossible to feed and unlawful to kill the emperor's subjects. At this a poor man, with five children, threw himself into the Tiber from one of the bridges in the presence of all the people. To the rich Bessus sold permissions to depart, but most of these cowards either expired on the highways, or were cut down by the Gothic cavalry. On Belisarius attempting to relieve the city, Totila erected a bridge with towers on the Tiber ninety furlongs

below the city, and this bridge was defended by a boom and chains. But Belisarius attacked it with his infantry and two hundred large boats guarded with high bulwarks of loopholed planks. These boats were led by two immense barges bearing a floating castle higher than the bridge towers, and stored with fire, sulphur, and bitumen. The chains yielded to the impetus of the assaulting vessels; the fire-ships were grappled to the bridge, and one of the towers, containing two hundred Goths, was consumed by the flames. But in spite of this first success the attack failed. Belisarius was not supported by a timely sally, and soon after Rome fell into the hands of Totila. The conqueror demolished one-third of the walls, and threatened to burn and pull down the great monuments of the city, which barbaric resolution he would have carried into effect but for the intercession of Belisarius.

Let us conclude this summary of great sieges by a brief description of that of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. The Turkish army was estimated at two hundred and fifty-eight thousand men, and their navy amounted to three hundred and twenty sail. Constantinople, a city of between thirteen and sixteen miles in extent, and containing a population of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, was defended by a scanty garrison of seven or eight hundred soldiers and two thousand Genoese. The Turks boasted some enormous cannon, which, however, could not be fired more than seven times in the day. The Sultan's soldiers laboured to fill up the ditches with hogsheads and tree trunks, dug mines, employed battering-rams and catapults to aid their cannon, and reared against the walls wooden turrets with which to scale the ramparts. After many repulses at sea, Mahomet transported his fleet by land from the Bosphorus into the upper harbour, and constructed a huge floating battery. The Greeks tried to set this on fire in a nocturnal attack, but their foremost galliots were sunk, and forty young Greek officers were massacred, in retaliation for which cruelty the Greek emperor hung the heads of two hundred and sixty Moslem captives from the walls. The Turks at last ventured on a general assault, and, after a siege of fifty-three days, the city fell into their hands. In the first heat of victory about two thousand Greeks were put to the sword. The body of the last Greek emperor was found under a heap of slain. About sixty thousand of the Greek citizens were sold as slaves, and, what is of

more importance, the Byzantine libraries were destroyed or scattered, and one hundred and twenty thousand manuscripts, Gibbon says, at this time disappeared.

LAST WORDS.

DARLING, 'tis all in vain,
No eager helping of the tender hands
Can ever knit again the failing strands,
The slow waves wash in twain.

Hush, love, no passionate prayer,
No wistful watching of the weary eyes,
Can bring noon's radiance back to winter skies,
Spring's glow to autumn's air.

My little day is done,
The weakening pulse, the feeble fluttering heart,
Have nearly throbb'd their last: we two must part
We two, who were but one!

I will not say to-day,
"Would I had loved you better." May be so;
But all my heart could give it gave, I know.
The last hours glide away.

And you—you shall not weep;
Tears cannot stay me, and I want to rest
My living head upon your loving breast.
Time comes for woe, for sleep.

You will have time for sorrow
When the grave closes o'er my head for ever:
We may not watch the red sun sink, together,
Perchance, mine own, to-morrow.

Now while the world goes by,
While blossoms bloom and fade, fruits form and wither,
And winter's ice benumbs the summer river,
Babes smile and old men die.

Unheeded and unheeding,
Let life, and time, and death their records leave;
While you and I, on this sweet autumn eve,
Our life's last page are reading.

Talk of the past, my love,
Of the sweet days while yet you wooed your bride;
Of gloaming lingerings at the dim seaside,
Of walks through glen and grove.

Tell how the great waves crashed
In long low thunder music at our feet;
How far below our favourite woodland seat
The bright beck danced and flashed.

Listen! I heard a clang,
Mellow and musical of far-off bells;
How softly through the golden air it swells!
Just so the joy-peal rang.

From the old tower at home,
When we two started on life's path—ah me!
'Twas well we had no prophet's eyes to see
How soon the end would come.

Hush, hush, dear! had I known
Death lurked still closer, think you I had sought
For turn or stay? Nay: it is cheaply bought,
Such year as ours, mine own.

Look at the pretty bird,
There mid the fallen rose-leaves—in my dreams,
When, shy and sweet as April's earliest gleams,
Fresh hopes within me stirred;

I used to think, we two
Would love to show such pretty sights as those,
A bird, a butterfly, a crimson rose,
To eyes of baby blue!

Well, it will soon be past;
And you will plant bright flowers upon our earth,
I, and our wee bud blighted in its birth,
We gathered violets last.

Good-night, love, I am tired.
How the old hill, with all its forests crowned,
Smiles on the wealth of sweeping uplands round
By day's last glory fired!

SIX MONTHS IN THE EAST.

BETHANY AND BETHLEHEM.

RAGGED little Arabs turned "wheels" at our horses' feet as we rode into Bethany, crying at the same time, "Dis way Martere (Martha's) house, master! backsheesh! Mairce! Martere! backsheesh! dis Lazaire's (Lazarus's) tomb! backsheesh!" There were at least a dozen of these ragged, bright-eyed little imps, who grinned, and touched their foreheads, and held out their hands for coppers, exactly as the so-called Arabs of our London streets used to do while running at the sides of omnibuses before "turning wheels" was prohibited by the police. Yet the Dean of Westminster, when writing of Bethany, says: "It may be worth mentioning—that I have not seen elsewhere described—that about a quarter of an hour's walk from the village are the ruins of what the Arabs call the house of Martha. In the midst of these fragments the rock rises into a block resembling the back of an animal with its head buried in the earth. This is said to be the ass on which Isa (Jesus) rode. 'He rode it to Martha's house, and then turned it into stone.'" The shrieking, tumbling little rascals by whom we were beset, furnished a singular illustration of the care with which the works of preceding travellers are studied by those who follow them into the Holy Land. The house and rock, which had not been described until the publication of Dean Stanley's book, are regular show-places now, as was proved by the confident air with which these children accompanied us through the hamlet, led the way to the places whose names they had learnt, and ran after us crying "backsheesh!" long after we had turned our backs on Bethany. They knew no other English words than the ones quoted, and had picked them up just as the mendicants who swarm in Jerusalem have learnt to say "How are you?" This phrase fused into a single word thus, "Ooo-aire-eue!" with each syllable elongated into a plaintive chant, has, when droned into your ears without cessation by the aged, the decrepit, the blind, and the deformed, a crushingly melancholy effect. It is as if some hideous parody of your own tongue had been invented in which abject misery should appropriately moan out its appeals; and as the phrase is always accompanied by out-

stretched hands, it evidently means to those using it what "Please remember the blind!" does at home. The Bethany cry was quite as repulsive, but more grotesque. The children had certainly no other idea of the names they used than that Frank travellers, for some mysterious reason, took an interest in the most tumble-down ruins in their village, and that these same travellers were occasionally to be coaxed out of money gifts when pertinaciously followed up.

"It is useless," to quote Dean Stanley again, "to seek for traces of His presence in the streets of the since ten times captured city. It is impossible not to find them in the free space of the Mount of Olives." Of the three pathways which lead from Jerusalem to Bethany, that along which we rode is indisputably the one of the entry of our Lord, for it only answers to the requirements of the narrative. We crossed the sloping shoulder of Olivet, and had passed over the ground where, on a memorable day, the two crowds—one from Bethany and the other from Jerusalem—met. Yonder stood the gardens from which the branches and palm-leaves were cut to be thrown down as a carpet on His approach; there flocked the "multitude that was with Him when he called Lazarus from the grave" the day before. Here, where our horses are stumbling, the people "spread their garments in the way;" there, on the rocky ledge, where we stopped to look at and buy a curious relic in gold, which two wild-looking Moabites professed to have found in a distant cave the day before, "He, when He beheld the city, wept over it."

The village itself is a squalid, wretched place. A dirty Arab of middle age stood at the opening of what is shown as Lazarus's tomb, and beckoned eagerly to us to come in—at the same time offering candles for sale; but we had not the heart to dismount and enter, and the knave muttered what sounded like maledictions as we rode slowly by. Where was the use of our passing down the long, winding, ruinous staircase into the small chamber, or of our going to the other and smaller vault where the body is said to have been laid? The situation of the tomb, in the very centre of the village, does not correspond with the Gospel narrative; and its interior has, we read, no appearance of antiquity. So it was infinitely more congenial to our mood to gaze silently upon natural features which we knew to have remained unaltered since our Lord's time than to be saddened by one more example of credulity and superstition.

We hoped, too, that by declining the conventional sights of Bethany we might rid ourselves of our unwelcome and repulsively noisy train—a hope which was not fulfilled. So closing our ears, as far as we were able, to the yells and laughter of the children, we applied ourselves steadily to the view, elucidating it by frequent reference to the authorities we carried among us. From where we stood we looked down the long and dreary descent to the Jordan valley, and knew that along its rugged pathway Christ came when He returned to Bethany in obedience to the summons of Martha and Mary. Yonder, He was met by Martha, with the agonised cry, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." He came from those distant hills which rise so grandly out of the plain; and the dark ground between us and them looked precisely as it does now when the bereaved sisters scanned it with streaming eyes for the Master's approach. These things are real, and the shocking incongruity of our immediate surroundings, the desolation and degradation of the city we have left, the false sites and lying traditions, all fade into insignificance as we gaze upon glens, mountains, and defiles, which are without traces of the habitations or handiwork of man.

The village of Bethlehem is as prosperous as that of Bethany is the reverse. Stonemasons were busy as we clattered down the precipitous alley, which is its main street; the people we met were well clad, and the terraces and gardens near are in the highest state of cultivation. In no part of Palestine are the characteristic vineyards of Judæa, with their watch-towers and walls, seen in greater perfection, and, though the beauty for which the Bethlehem ladies are said to be celebrated was conspicuously absent in those we saw, it was refreshing to meet with female faces which were not hidden behind an impenetrable veil, and to know that the turbaned heads and flowing robes of their lords belonged to men professing the same faith as ourselves. The Bethlehemite Christians have a reputation for shrewdness, industry, and thrift, and the striking fertility of their enclosures, and the care with which they plant and keep up the lands on the mountain-sides, make an agreeable contrast to the sterility of the country around. But Bethlehem is a terrible place for the traveller who longs for quiet during his examination of its holy places. There is a broad terrace or plateau leading up to the group of convents and the Church of the

Nativity, which commands a glorious view. On this a sort of fair is held, where the opportunity and chaffering which is so disgusting at the entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem are aggravated and multiplied.

Bethlehem drives a busy trade in beads and relics, and the doors of the Temple are its chosen market-place. All pilgrims come here. The roads or pathways from Jerusalem, Hebron, Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, all lead to this terrace, and if you come through the village you are spied as you emerge from the steep and narrow street, and are hemmed in by a mob of would-be vendors long before you halt. There is a general resemblance between the articles offered for sale and those hawked about the Holy City; but the carvings on mother-of-pearl, forming what are known as "Bethlehem shells," are more elaborate, and rosaries are cheaper and in greater variety. A bright-eyed, handsome lad, in a scarlet cloak, and with white under-ropes, seizes my bridle, and shakes huge bunches of coloured beads in my face with his disengaged hand; one of his rivals holds my stirrup, and whispers, "Me better as him—sheep" (cheap), as I alight; and the moment I am on my feet, a chattering, gibbering crew fasten on me, and implore, demand, threaten, and persuade. There is a passionate earnestness, a fiery determination about this crowd which has no parallel in my experience of traders. Each member of our little party was set at with the same vigour, and overpowered by numbers in the same way. There were other strangers present. A string of footsore pilgrims slouched along, among whom we recognised some of our poor Russian fellow-voyagers. These had their arms and wrists newly marked with sacred symbols by the professional tatoers of Jerusalem; and their manner was as unobservant and dejected as ever; while their long garments of undressed sheepskin, their fur caps, and huge boots, steamed again in the hot sun. They all bought beads and relics; some to sell at an enormous profit to devout neighbours at home, and others to keep as protections against ill-fortune to their dying day. A fresh-coloured young English clergyman, in black kid gloves, a high-church waistcoat, and a white tie, ambled gently off as we arrived; his wife (newly married, we opined) and her mamma, who were on inferior animals, lagging perforce behind. We had ridden far, and were heated, dusty, and dishevelled; and the trim and neat appearance of this rather supercilious young

priest roused some such feelings as were experienced by Hotspur when he met the fop on the battle-field. We decided, to our own satisfaction, that our friend had not brought his mother-in-law to the Holy Land from choice, and that the old lady, who lost her temper with the relic vendors, and called loudly after him for protection, was an incubus rather than a delight.

The faithful Allee succeeds in pushing back our enterprising assailants after a time, and we immediately cross the threshold of the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. We stand in what remains of the noble Basilica erected by the Empress Helena in the year 327, a building which was repaired last as a church by our English king, Edward the Fourth. While we are talking with the good Latin father, who expatiates upon the cruelty of making this grand nave common to other sects of Christians as well as to the only true church, the clamorous hawkers from outside side up to us one by one, and in the sacred edifice itself renew their noisy attempts at sale and barter. Turning from them indignantly, we are about to disavow all complicity in the outrage, when we find the worthy monk looking on with complacent approval, as if the profanation inseparable from the fact of Greek and Armenian Christians being permitted to worship under the same roof with himself, had exhausted his power of horror, and made smaller sacrilege seem venial. A Jew pedlar is not generally inert in the pursuit of business; a Yankee dealer in "notions" has the character of being smart; a loud-mouthed cockney betting-man, eager to complete his book, is sufficiently clamorous and tiresome; and guides and dealers in curiosities prey upon tourists in all parts of the world. But the Bethlehemite relic-dealer combines the disagreeable peculiarities of all these, and in offensive pertinacity and ostentatious greed for gain, excels his sordid brotherhood all over the world. We have to ask the monk to give us refuge in his convent before we can shake our persecutors off, and there try to forget our troubles while discussing some excellent lemonade, and criticising the highly-coloured lithographic portraits of Bomba, king of Naples, the Emperor Francis Joseph, and their respective consorts, all in the bloom of their first youth, which decorate the buttery walls.

Some conversation with the holy man, our host, chiefly on the miracles falsely claimed by the Greek and Armenian con-

vents next door, and the painful humiliation implied in the opposition monks being permitted free access to the sacred sites, and we are handed over to another Latin father, and with him descend a narrow passage hewn out of the solid rock, at the end of which is a door leading into a large oblong vault. We enter and find it glimmering with many lights, and profusely decorated. There are pictures of mediæval saints in heavy gold frames; silver hanging lamps, which give forth a faint fragrance as they wave to and fro; coarse oil-paintings, flowers, carvings, and marble, all seen dimly, and all having a painfully peep-show and theatrical air.

The peasant pilgrims from Russia are here when we arrive, gazing open-mouthed and stupefied as their spiritual director drives them from place to place, pointing out the claims to sanctity of each, with the emphasis and authority of a lecturer at a mechanics' institute. At the far end of the vault is a small semicircular recess, paved by a marble slab, with a silver star let into it. The pilgrims crawl to this on their stomachs, press their lips to the cold stone, and mutter prayers, oblivious to all around. They are as men and women who are stunned. Their minds cannot grasp the situation, and each batch has to be prodded and tugged at repeatedly before it can be persuaded to rise, so that the entire party may kiss the stone and offer up thanksgiving in turn. It is a strange and pitiable sight. There are many small silver lamps waving over the star, and by the light of these we read the inscription in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." The pilgrims who have crawled and kissed, look at this, and hear its purport, bewildered. The priest with them is of course from the Greek convent, and our Latin guide declines to approach the shrine until it is purified from his rival's presence. We keep, therefore, in the recess known as the Chapel of the Manger, and gaze from there at the Russian prostrations and prayers, while the two priests exchange looks of mistrust, defiance, and contempt. But what are those stolid figures, who keep guard with fixed bayonets, one on each side of the much-kissed marble slab, motionless as the effigies they resemble in the dim, uncertain light? Alas! they are Mahomedan soldiers placed here by the Turkish government, partly on the principle on which a British sentry does duty in the regalia chamber of the Tower of London, but chiefly to prevent Christian animosities attaining a dangerous height. They looked

superior and contemptuous, and grounded their arms, and relieved their throats, and changed their posture for convenience sake without once glancing at the worshippers at their feet; and in the manner which is universal among military sentries whether you see them in St. James's or Syria. The tradition that assigns this as the spot upon which the most awful of the associations of Bethlehem centre, differs from the other holy places in Palestine in one important particular. It is of older date than the visit of the Empress Helena; and it is known that almost from New Testament times "a cave near Bethlehem" was fixed on as the place where Joseph and Mary lodged, and where our Lord was born and laid in a manger. Their taking up their quarters in a cave was attributed to there being no room "in the village," a deviation from the sacred story, found in the Apocryphal Gospels, and which was believed in remote times by Christians and unbelievers alike. But there are grave reasons for doubting the claims of even this, the best authenticated of the conventional holy places. During the time of the invasion of Palestine by Ibrahim Pasha, the Arabs took possession of the convents, and on stripping this subterranean cave of its gilding and marbles, they are said to have found an ancient sepulchre on the very spot, and "it is possible, but very improbable, that a rock devoted to sepulchral purposes would have been employed by the Jews, whose scruples on this point are too well known to need comment, either as an inn or a stable."

We pause for a few minutes before the reputed birthplace, to enable the Russian group to visit the remaining grottos without our overtaking them, and are again struck by the immobility of the sentries. Frequently on duty here, they see the simple altar-table above the silver star used by the various Christian sects in turn, and know how cordial is the hatred subsisting between each. What does Hassan, the Turkish private, think of it all? How does Christianity present itself to his unenlightened mind? Himself taught by his prophet that both the making of images and the painting of pictures are sins before God, what is his solution of the stone-kissing, and the bowing, and what his private estimate of the pictures, statues, effigies, and ornaments which multitudes come from beyond the seas to gaze at and adore?

We are taken to the marble trough which represents the manger, and told, with a

chuckle of triumph over the despoiled Armenians and Greeks, that the original manger was carried to Rome many years ago, and is now to be seen in one of its churches. We are then shown the station of the Wise Men, and are taken, still underground, to the cave which formed the study of St. Jerome, as well as to the Altar of the Innocents, over which hangs a painting representing the murder of the twenty thousand children by the order of Herod. There is no sort of doubt that St. Jerome passed a great portion of his life in the cave which bears his name. From here he wrote the "treatises, letters, and commentaries which he poured forth from his retirement to terrify, exasperate, and enlighten the western world." But this kind of authenticity seems of little value. Bethlehem's other associations fade into insignificance by the side of the awful one which draws pilgrims to it from every quarter of the globe, and which makes its name memorable wherever Christianity is preached. As we mount and ride slowly off, we gaze over fields in which Ruth gleaned when she returned to Bethlehem with her mother-in-law, Naomi, and trace the road which the prophet Samuel traversed when he brought his horn of oil to the house of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, there to anoint David. But even such names as these seem of minor import now. They are dwarfed by other and more soul-absorbing traditions. For it is the knowledge that where he stands "the good tidings of great joy" were first spoken, that here "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men," was proclaimed, which cleaves to the heart of the stranger in Bethlehem, merging every other consideration in awe, and sending him forth softened and humble.

MILITARY TALKERS AND DOERS.

THE relative degree of value to be attached to Talkers and Doers—each considered as a separate class—is a subject which has been already more than once handled in these pages.* Hitherto it has been chiefly in relation to matters connected with art that the proceedings of these two sections of society have been brought before the reader's notice. This, however, is hardly doing them complete justice; their respective merits being conspicuous in relation to other concerns of a widely different nature, and this same propensity on the

part of one set of men to talk, and of another—and much smaller—set to do, being manifested in connexion with religion, education, philanthropy, and political economy, quite as often as in relation to questions of an exclusively artistic nature. On all the above-mentioned points, and on many more, it is the custom of the talking fraternity to lay down the law for the benefit of those comparatively un-gifted mortals who can only do.

The Talker, when discoursing on these and other topics, has a way of "putting" things quite clearly and rationally which is intensely aggravating. His plans are so simple and reasonable, so distinct in direction, and at the same time so exceedingly difficult in the carrying out; this carrying out, by the way, being a part of the business with which he never meddles. He merely gives directions. "Let," he says in holding forth on some such subject as popular education, for instance, "let a house-to-house visitation be instituted by a set of paid officials in whose discretion and ability implicit trust can be placed; let strict inquiry be made as to the number of residents between the ages of six and sixteen in each house; let the parents be required to prove that all such are in the habit of receiving regular instruction, and in any case of default let such a heavy penalty be inflicted as shall be effectual in checking all such neglect of education for the future." On every subject our Talker is ready thus to hold forth, nor do any practical difficulties in the carrying out of his orders stand in the way of his authoritative "let." "Let all children throughout the length and breadth of the land be compelled to attend school." "Let all public-houses be closed after ten o'clock at night." "Let a virtually prohibitive duty be imposed on the sale of spirituous liquors of any kind and sort." It is thus that the Talker issues his orders. If you, the Doer, cannot carry them out in practical detail, so much the worse for you, and for society.

But perhaps the subject on which of all others the Talker loves best to hold forth, is that which has just now unhappily got such a strong hold upon us all—the subject of war and fighting. Whenever there is anything doing in the fighting way, the Talker comes to the fore. If a military expedition is about to be undertaken, if in any quarter of the earth British rule is to be set up, and native power to be put down—whatever the force of the obstacles which have to be overcome, whatever the nature of the opera-

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. iii., pp. 271, 537; vol. iv., p. 180.

tions which have to be carried on—he always knows exactly how all ought to be conducted in order to the attainment of a successful issue. His imperative mood comes out strongly on these occasions. Be the military operations in connexion with which he has to offer a suggestion what they may, he is never at a loss. Suppose it is a question of a native insurrection in one of our distant dependencies which demands public attention, he is in a position, quite unhesitatingly, to tell the authorities how they ought to act. "Let," he says, "a careful census be prepared of the population in each of the districts supposed to be inhabited by the disaffected; let the ryots (the Talker loves a native word) be compelled to furnish a report of the number of coolies in their employ, and let a requisition be issued, compelling each one of them to join himself to some one section of the forces sent out by the British government. By this means not only would a large body of troops be got together, but it would also be made to appear which among the ryots were favourable to the cause of order and which not."

The native rising involves the necessity of a military expedition into the interior of the country, which again brings the Talker to the front with all sorts of practical suggestions for facilitating the carrying out of the enterprise. "Let," he repeats, using his favourite formula, "let each man receive, at starting, a certain allowance of meat, of biscuit, and of rum, all divided into rations, each sufficient for a single day. Let him have provender for his horse similarly apportioned. Let his saddle be so contrived that on being removed from the horse's back it shall form into a camp-bedstead, with mattress and blanket complete. He should, of course, in such a climate, be provided also with a portable refrigerator, and, above all things, with one of the patent charcoal filters, which have always proved so serviceable where the water has been of inferior quality." The suggestions of our Talker are indeed both numerous and varied. "It is well known," he says, "that the natives have been taught from infancy to regard crocodiles with a superstitious terror altogether unconnected with the positive capacity for inflicting injury possessed by these rapacious creatures. Let a sufficient number, then, of these formidable reptiles be got together and thoroughly tamed, and let them be trained to precede each of our regiments as it advances towards the enemy. Depend

on it that at the first glimpse of the object of his alarm every one of the native insurgents will be seized with panic, and will turn and fly to the nearest place of refuge, where he thinks he may find shelter from his deadly foe."

But the military Talker is good at criticism as well as at suggestion. He is well up in the literature of war, and can quote his Vauban, and all sorts of other military authorities, to the confusion of such unfortunate Doers as incur his disapproval. "There is no doubt," he will say, on passing judgment on some recent passage of arms, "that in this case a very grave blunder has been committed. That an officer in the position in which General Shako found himself after the affair at Unterken should allow himself to be surrounded by the enemy, and should, in consequence, find himself deprived of his communications, is contrary to every law of military tactics of which we have any knowledge. 'Whenever,' says Todleben, 'a commanding officer perceives that the troops under his command are in danger of being cut off by the forces of the enemy, it behoves him,' &c. &c." Or, not satisfied with criticising the past, he will give directions as to the line of conduct which the general is to pursue in the future. "Let General Shako," he says, or writes, for he is as fond of talking with pen and ink as with larynx and tongue—"let the general intrench himself within the strong position, which everybody knows would be afforded by the Altenberg range of hills, taking care to be provided with provisions and ammunition enough to last him for at least six months. Let him thence send out detachments of troops, and carefully reconnoitre the neighbouring forest country, with a view to such a vigorous sortie as may disperse the enemy from the immediate neighbourhood of his camp."

It is thus that the Talker lays down the law—what time the Doer, this much-patronised General Shako, is contending with difficulties of which nobody but himself can have any knowledge, including insufficient supplies, antagonistic natives, impracticable roads, and other embarrassing impediments.

One more illustration of this particular section of our subject, and the military phase of Talking and Doing may be dismissed.

At a meeting which took place in the course of last spring at the United Service Institution, in Whitehall-yard, a discussion was held, in the course of which this sub-

ject of military Talking and Doing was rather curiously illustrated. The topic under discussion at this meeting was military labour, and the propriety of employing private soldiers in all sorts of occupations unconnected with their military duties, both with a view of utilising their spare time, and also of averting the bad consequences of their having too much leisure at their disposal. During the debate which took place after the main business of the evening had been concluded, the meeting was addressed by both military men and civilians—professionals and amateurs—one of the latter, in the course of the discussion, venturing on ground which it is always dangerous for the amateur to tread, and touching on a point of an entirely technical nature—the utility, namely, of sentries, and their value as maintainers of order in times of peace. The speaker contended that the number of soldiers employed on ordinary sentry duty was much greater than was necessary, and mentioned as an illustration of his position that he had seen an officer, with a guard of twenty men, on duty at one of the entrances to the barracks at Dover. This disparagement of the value of sentries naturally provoked a considerable amount of discussion among the professional men who were present at the meeting, and the importance of the work done by sentries, and the necessity for their presence in such numbers at the Dover barrack-gate, were strongly urged by more than one of the military men who assisted at the discussion.

It was reserved for a great Doer to set the whole matter before the persons assembled there in conclave in half a dozen sentences. At a moment when a pause in the debate took place, a gentleman, whom no one at first recognised, was heard asking permission to make a very few remarks on the subject under discussion, and stating, as an excuse for addressing the assembly without having first given notice of his intention to do so, the fact that he had had some amount of experience in military matters, at home and abroad, and would perhaps, in consequence, be able to say what might have some useful bearing on the matter in hand. He showed—and the clear perception of a Doer was conspicuous in his words—that the whole education of the soldier has reference to the exceedingly brief period of his being actually engaged in battle. The tendency of his remarks was to prove that for this crisis, which might be an affair of only a few minutes, the whole previous career of the soldier is

simply a preparation. The profession of arms is not exercised every day as other professions are, but now and then, and at very rare intervals. For those rare occasions the whole of the remaining portion of the soldier's life is simply a preparation, and of such preparation the discharge of similar duties to this of mounting guard—which the civilian thought monopolised an undue share of the soldier's time—was a most essential part. The engaging in such work—not sentry work alone, but other occupation of the same kind—is a part of the education of the soldier. He practises vigilance. He keeps his hand in, so to speak. He learns his part, and rehearses it continually, and we all know to what extraordinary completeness and certainty in actual performance the multiplying of rehearsals invariably leads. The soldier's great drama that he acts in is such an important one, and the part he has to play is so difficult, that we cannot doubt of the necessity of these perpetual rehearsals. It is so indispensable that the soldier should be thoroughly "up" in his part—a part played so often on one occasion only, and on the success or failure of which so much hinges.

It was this which, on the occasion to which reference is here made, the professional man—who proved to be no other than Lord Napier of Magdala—sought to explain to the amateur who objected to the sacrifice of the soldier's time, which seemed to him to be involved in his continual practice of the duties of war in time of peace. The discussion furnishes an admirable example of the hopelessness of any attempt on the part of those who are unacquainted with all the ins and outs, all the technicalities which belong to the actual working of any profession, to pronounce an opinion upon practical questions connected with it.

It is hardly possible just now to leave this subject of Military Talkers and Doers without dwelling for a moment on the remarkable confirmation of our theories as to the relative value of the two classes which has been furnished in the course of the war which is just now being carried on between France and Prussia. During all the earlier portion of this struggle there has been certainly a prodigious amount of Talking got through on one side, and of Doing on the other. With what prodigies of Talk was not this war inaugurated on the French side? With what "brave words" did the nation's leader take the field? The enemy was to be stunned by the sharpness of the blow which

was to be inflicted. This was to be the first part of the programme. Then followed the tall talk about "baptisms of fire," and the like, till the Sedan collapse came. Still the big words prevailed, though the big deeds were wanting. "Paris puts its faith not in barricades, but in its ramparts of citizens' hearts." "France requires martyrs, and Paris offers up its two millions of victims." "Let us make a pact with victory or death." With these and the like phrases we are all as familiar as with that strong assertion of the colonel of the Pontifical Zouaves that he would die on the threshold of the Vatican, succeeded by his evacuation of the premises in question sound in wind and limb. Thus have the French "unpacked their hearts with words," while their adversaries have been diligently occupied with deeds. Talking and Doing this, surely, and on a great scale.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

THIS is the way it came about; and mind! you are to believe me and no one else: certainly not Cousin Lotty or Aunt Julia, for they were not fair witnesses, as you will hear.

We were all staying down in a very wild and remote country place on the edge of a magnificent common, far away from anything like a town or railway, and we were going to stay there for the summer. Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty had just come from France, where they had been for a few weeks; and though they seemed to us a little affected, and as if they liked to give themselves airs—why! Cousin Lotty used to speak with a strong foreign accent, and they were never tired of saying what French people did, and said, and thought, and all so much better than the English—still, as we were living very cheaply, they were glad to join us; and as they were our aunt and cousin we all did our best to get on well with them. The "all" meant mamma, Minnie my young sister, myself Emmy, and Uncle Robert, mamma's brother, who lived with us. Aunt Julia was poor papa's sister, a widow like mamma; Cousin Lotty was six-and-twenty; I was nineteen, and Minnie three years younger.

Uncle Robert was very badly off; so was mamma; but we had another uncle whom we had never seen—poor papa's eldest brother; Aunt Julia's brother too of course; our Uncle Tremlett, a rich man of whose very name we were in awe, for he

made mamma an allowance, in fact supported us all, papa having died suddenly and left nothing; and I believe he did not much like having to make it, though he did not grumble now, and was punctual to a day in his cheques. But he had grumbled very much at first, and mamma had never forgotten it. Poor mamma! I am sure she did not like to take the money. But she could do nothing else. She was in wretched health, and Mary and I were too young to work for ourselves, when all this took place that I am going to tell you of—at least Minnie was if I was not. Besides, Uncle Tremlett would not hear of my going out as a governess or anything like that, and mamma naturally obeyed him in all he wished.

As I tell you, Minnie and I had never seen this uncle of ours, nor indeed had Cousin Lotty; for he had quarrelled once with Aunt Julia, and as he was not a man to forget a thing of this kind, he did not take any notice of the daughter. Mamma, I knew, was in mortal fear of him; so was Uncle Robert. Dear Uncle Robert! Let me tell you a little about him before I go on with my story. He was—what can I say to put it gently?—not quite right, you know; perfectly harmless, and so sweet and good, and with such a beautiful face! His hair was long and white and wavy; his face was thin and pale; he had large, light, grey eyes that were generally cast up, and he always looked as if he was seeing angels or saying his prayers. And so he was. Even his poor, weak, wavering mouth, with that simple smile on it like a child's, was beautiful; and I am sure his nose, keen, and high, and bony, was the handsomest you could see anywhere. He was proud of his nose, the darling. And so, if he had not as much intellect now as other people, he had more beauty and goodness; and he had once been cleverer than other people. He had gone out of his mind when a young man, partly from over study at college, and partly from a love disappointment, just as he had taken orders and expected to be married immediately. I don't know how, but Uncle Tremlett was mixed up in this matter somehow, and his very name was enough to make Uncle Robert wild with terror or convulsed with grief. So we never spoke of him. He had lived with mamma since he came out of the asylum. She was his favourite sister, and he was very fond of Minnie and me.

Well, you may imagine our state when Uncle Tremlett wrote to mamma, saying that he was coming to pay us a visit at

Woodham, where we were staying, and that he was going to bring his adopted son, Hume Cardew, with him. We had never seen this young man—"Uncle Tremlett's lubie," as Cousin Lotty called him—and we were naturally very curious to see him; especially as we felt that if Uncle Tremlett had wanted to adopt any one, he might have taken one of us. But though both Minnie and I wanted to see him, we were nothing to Cousin Lotty. She worried one's life out about this Mr. Cardew, wondering what he was like, and how much he would have when Uncle Tremlett died, and if he was in love with any one, and all sorts of speculations of things with which we had nothing whatever to do. I declare I got quite tired of hearing his name; and then Cousin Lotty used to say such rude things to me. She once said that she was sure I would set my cap at Mr. Cardew. I was so angry with her! but I am so stupid when taken suddenly that I could not answer her as I should have liked. All I could think of at the moment was: "I have no cap to set, Cousin Lotty," which I said very indignantly. And then she laughed, and her green eyes looked like a cat's, for she half shut them as she drawled out, with a strong foreign accent: "So! we affect the petite ingénue, do we?"

I wish great girls might slap each other as when they are little.

Aunt Julia was very vexed that Uncle Tremlett did not write to her instead of to mamma, but it was not our fault, so she need not have been so cross to us. Uncle Robert was at first furious, and we were sadly afraid we should not be able to manage him; but he soon got out of that state, and went into one of the most painful melancholy, shutting himself up in his own room, and refusing to come out or to let any one but mamma or me go in. However, we had to make the best of things, and we all put on our nicest faces and pleasantest manners, when, in the soft still summer's evening, a carriage came rattling up to the door, and we flocked out to receive Uncle Tremlett and his adopted son.

I scarcely know what I, for one, expected to see in Uncle Tremlett. In consideration, I suppose, of his reputation for severity and general bogeyism, I had a vague notion that he must be a tall, authoritative-looking man; but he was not. He was a small, thin, dapper little man, almost painfully neat, and with a constant smile. Not a smile like dear Uncle Robert's, that was a habit of mind, but a fixed, made-up smile, that looked like a mere trick of the

face. Not that it was a bad face; it was kind in a way, but it struck me as being neither candid nor quite sincere; and it looked mean, too, though he was really kind-hearted I am sure, and to us generous.

As for Hume Cardew, I scarcely know what to say of him. He was, he is, the handsomest fair man I have ever seen, and the others thought so as well as I. He seemed to feel a little awkward at first, and his position among us was awkward; but that soon wore off, for he was too much a man of the world to let us be uncomfortable because of him. My uncle was very kind to us, so far as a soft voice, a quiet manner, and that eternal smile went; but I felt he was taking the measure of all of us girls, and trying to find out what we were like. He paid the most attention to Cousin Lotty, and after her to Minnie; least of all to me. He spoke to me only once during the evening, but he watched me till I was crimson, and so awkward and nervous I scarcely knew what I was about. As for Hume, he devoted himself to mamma and Aunt Julia, and I don't think that on that first evening he knew one of us from the other, or could distinguish Cousin Lotty with her golden chignon, from Minnie with her long, straight, brown hair falling down to her waist, or me, with my black rough head, from either. Not that my hair is quite black, only it is very dark brown, and will curl and stick about as if it had been frizzed. As, of course, Uncle Robert would not come in, we had Uncle Tremlett and Hume Cardew as our only gentlemen, and had to make much of them accordingly. Not that I approve of flattering men just because we are women, but Aunt Julia used to say that I was bold and unwomanly when I talked like that. I do not think I was so bold as Cousin Lotty when she used to pay gentlemen such attention, and say such flattering things to them that really they did not know what to do or where to look. I have seen Hume so much embarrassed by her that I have quite pitied him, and done all that I could to help him by saying the most disagreeable things to him I could think of; but I did not mean them, and he knew that. He used to pretend he did not like it when I snubbed him to counteract Cousin Lotty's extraordinary flattery, but I think he did after all. "Miss Pert," or "Little Fire and Fury," as Uncle Tremlett called me when he got to know me better, and was in a good humour. But it is better to be both pert and furious than as Cousin Lotty was,

with green eyes and a flattering manner, and the habit of speaking against every one as soon as they were out of hearing.

Uncle Tremlett and Hume Cardew stayed a long time with us, and during all the time Uncle Robert never appeared, nor did Uncle Tremlett ask for him. Mamma was sadly perplexed what to do between her brother and her brother-in-law, her charge and her patron; and I am sorry to say that I accused her in my own heart of paying too much court to Uncle Tremlett, not because she liked him best but because he was the richest, while she left the one she did love to get on without her as he best could. Minnie and I used to go and sit with the poor darling as often as we could, but Minnie, of course, being so young, had not much will of her own, and if Uncle Tremlett or Hume Cardew asked her to be with them, why she left Uncle Robert to himself, and did as she was told. But I was older, and took my own way more.

I remember one day especially. We were all going on a charming excursion—the excursion of the neighbourhood—and Uncle Tremlett had been quite excited about it. Even mamma was going, and only Uncle Robert was to be left. I went into his room to wish the poor dear good-bye, and I found him in tears, weeping like a child. He did not often do this, but when he did it was very painful to witness, and all the more so because of that usual habit of his of being rapt away in a vague unfounded happiness which, however mournful it was for us to see, was a very heaven to him. I threw my arms round his neck, and smoothed down his dear silvery hair, and asked him to tell me why he was so unhappy, and why he was crying; and after a long time of coaxing I got him to confess that he thought we had all gone without wishing him good-bye, and that he was lonely and did not like it. And he did not like being left, he said, as if he had been a child. He saw ugly faces and horrid sights; and ever since that fiend (he meant Uncle Tremlett) had come into the house She had not once been to see him as She used; She had kept in heaven away from him, and had left him to the demons.

"That fiend came between us once before," he said, flinging up his hands while I wiped away his tears; "and now he has driven her away again: and not only her, but all of you, even you my little Emmy, that I love so much!"

"No, dear; not any of us, and certainly not me," I said coaxing him; and then I

added impulsively, "I have come to stay with you to-day. The others are going; and when they are fairly off you and I will have a nice walk on the common."

You should have seen his pleasure at this; but I don't know why, as soon as I had said it, a great lump rose in my throat, and I had to turn away that he should not see my eyes get wet. I had looked forward to this day with so much pleasure, but still I could not leave the poor darling alone! I knew that Cousin Lotty would make out that I had done wrong in staying behind, and she would say that I had "motives"—that was her phrase; and I knew that she would monopolise Hume Cardew. I could fancy her leaning across the carriage to speak to him, looking up into his face and hanging all her weight on his arm in that odd way she had. Of course she was quite at liberty to do this if she liked. I only hoped she would not prejudice him or Uncle Tremlett against me. As uncle's adopted son, I regarded Hume almost as a cousin, and naturally I did not want him to hate me merely to please Cousin Lotty.

When I went back to the drawing-room to tell the rest I was not going with them, I little knew the storm that would break out. Uncle Tremlett was furious. He called me insolent and undutiful, and declared he would disinherit me—cut me off with a shilling; and I am sure I had never given it a thought that he would leave me even that. Mamma was frightened and scolded me too; Aunt Julia made the worst of it she could; and Cousin Lotty said in her most unpleasant voice: "Dear uncle, do not you know that this is Emmy's way? She enjoys herself in making herself a martyr, and attracting the regards of an assemblage. It is her foible—the way your very unselfish, very conscientious little people have," she added with a little laugh.

Hume was the only one who kept silence; and he walked away to the window, so that I could not see his face. But I was firm. Poor Uncle Robert! How could I have deserted him! it would not have been right; and the party went off without me—Lotty driven in the dog-cart by Hume, "as Miss Tremlett will not go," said my uncle grimly, "else that was her appointed place." Did not Lotty glare, and did not I choke! and my uncle sitting with mamma, and Minnie, and Aunt Julia in the carriage as sweet to them as ever, perhaps more so, but to me—I could not help thinking of the old saying, "If looks could kill!"

I was very nearly crying as they drove away; but I thought that would be too absurd, so I pressed back my tears and ran to Uncle Robert, and made the poor dear as happy as—as I was wretched.

When they came back Uncle Tremlett would not speak to me, and the next day mamma said something about his taking away what might be considered my share of the allowance he made her, and my going out as a governess. He would not let Hume Cardew speak to me either, but told him off to Cousin Lotty whenever he could, while he fondled her and Minnie ostentatiously, and never so much as looked at me. I was very sorry, for I had an odd kind of liking for him; not the tender love I had for Uncle Robert, but a mixture of gratitude and fear and respect. I did not like his being so angry with me. But because he had all the money I could not even try to make friends with him for fear of being misinterpreted. As it was, I was once almost put in the wrong when I was going to do a little service for him, he not being in the room, and Cousin Lotty took the chair from me, saying, in her half-French way, "Ma chère, you cannot hold with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You have chosen your parti, and you must content yourself now without Uncle Tremlett's money!"

And I am sure that he heard her, for he was at the door when she spoke, and came into the room before she had quite finished.

I was much astonished that Uncle Tremlett should have shown so much displeasure for such a trifling act of disobedience; if even you can call it so: I do not; for I do not think I owed him so very much obedience. I did not then know that if poor Uncle Robert feared him, he hated Uncle Robert as people do hate those whom they have injured. He had injured him for life, ruined his prospects, destroyed his intellect, and of course he hated him; and now he hated me for having dared to do him a kindness against his own, as he thought, superior wish. He could not get over it, and did he not make me suffer!

The most painful thing, however, at this time, was his behaviour to me about Hume. When they first came he had thrown us together so much that I was often made quite uncomfortable, it was so marked, besides making Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty furious with me; but now he would not let him come near me, if he could help it; and I must say I did feel in disgrace when I saw Hume forbidden to speak to me, as

if I was something bad and wicked, while Lotty was put forward for everything, and Uncle Tremlett was never happy if Hume was half a minute away from her. "Hume, your Cousin Lotty wants you;" "Take your Cousin Lotty, boy;" "What lovely hair that Cousin Lotty of yours has, and what a sweet, obliging disposition!"

Every word of praise of Lotty seemed somehow to tell as blame of me, and I was more miserable than I care now to remember. But Hume was not quite the cipher Uncle Tremlett wanted him to be; and though, as he owed him everything and as much if not more duty than a real son, he did all he could to please him, yet he had too much self-respect to be a slave or unjust; and he would not hurt me by anything like neglect, though he could not, if he had wished it, pay me too much attention.

One day he met me alone in the garden. I had been crying, because I was very unhappy. Uncle Tremlett had been speaking at me all the morning, saying to Cousin Lotty how much he admired her sweet manner, and how he disliked pert, self-willed girls, and how he hoped that when Hume married (Hume was not in the room) he would marry a girl who had her temper under control, and understood the grace of obedience, and was well-mannered, had been abroad, and had fair hair; in fact Cousin Lotty herself.

And then he said, "It will be a good thing for the girl whoever she may be; for if Hume marries with my consent he will inherit as a son would; if without it, not a shilling!"

And then Lotty laughed quietly, and looked at me with her eyes half shut and very green.

Of course it was nothing to me whom Hume Cardew married; but I was hurt at Uncle Tremlett's unkindness, and cried accordingly. When Hume met me he seemed much distressed to see my red eyes, and I was quite as much ashamed to show them. Besides I could not tell him why I was so unhappy. It looked so babyish to go away and cry because one's uncle was cross. I was comforted however after this meeting, for Hume was so kind, so good; and there was something in his manner different from his usual way of speaking to me. I cannot explain exactly what it was, but I don't think he would have spoken to Cousin Lotty as he did to me. I remember to this hour his look when he took my hand in both of his, and said, "Don't be down-hearted, my little cousin. All will

come right in time, better than we dare to hope now, either of us."

I puzzled myself greatly over this speech. Who did he mean by us? and what were we to dare to hope? However, his words and manner made me much happier than I had been for many days, and I think they all noticed the change in me; and I think too, that both Lotty and Uncle Tremlett suspected it had something to do with Hume, for he suddenly got almost as cross to Hume as he was to myself, and Cousin Lotty was really too horrid, in the way in which she snubbed me, and flattered both him and Hume.

A few days after this Uncle Tremlett became very ill. No one knew what was the matter with him at first, but we all saw that it was something very dreadful. We were far away from any town and could get no one to nurse him. Mamma, an invalid herself, and poor little Minnie were of course unfit; Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty were as helpless as two babies in a sick-room; one could not let Hume take up an office that seemed so entirely suited for women; so there was really only myself to undertake the charge. And as poor Uncle Tremlett was very ill indeed, it did not much signify who it was, so long as there was some one to attend to him quietly, and see that everything went right. So I installed myself head nurse, and Cousin Lotty laughed at me to Hume, and said I was making a fuss, and that I did it to show off. I don't quite see where the show-off was!

When the doctor came he looked rather grave at us all, and on the second visit he told us that Uncle Tremlett had small-pox. You may imagine the despair and consternation of the house. Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty left at once; they never waited even for the carriage to be sent, but went away as if the place was besieged. The doctor ordered mamma and Minnie away; but Uncle Robert, who had an obstinate fit on him, would not stir; and Hume too remained: I too. There was no one else to attend to the house or the poor dear invalid, at least for the first day or so, until we could get a nurse from London; and as I had already been under fire I had got all the damage I could, and of course could not go to mamma for fear of carrying the infection with me. There was nothing for it then but to stay at home and make the best of it. And the doctor said I did my part very well, and nursed as if I had been used to it. And Hume was satisfied with me also: which was a comfort, as he was Uncle Tremlett's son—or like his son.

The disease ran its course, and uncle did not die of it, but he did not get well. I do not know what else went wrong, but something did, and he got weaker and weaker instead of better when the fever and the spots went away. One day it seemed as if he could not live many hours. He was very, very weak, but quite sensible; and he called me to him, and asked me to forgive him for his harshness. I thought my heart would have broken, and yet I dared not show that I felt anything, for fear of agitating him. All I could say was, "Don't dear uncle, don't! You were right to show you were displeased with me, if I vexed you, though I did not mean it."

"No, I was not right, little dear," he said, very tenderly, very faintly. "I would not have minded but for the old hate. Any one else but him!"

I did not know what he meant, so could only stand smoothing his wasted hand, and trying my best to calm him. But I learnt afterwards that he meant Uncle Robert, and that it was that sad old story he was alluding to, which I will tell you presently.

After a long time of silence, the poor dear opened his eyes again, and said: "I wanted Hume to like you, Emmy. I liked you at the first; and if *her* son had married my niece, it would have pleased me. I did what I could, and now I fear it is too late. I made him take to Julia's daughter instead."

I looked down at this. I thought that if this was all his sorrow, poor man, he might soon be comforted; for Hume had told me that he didn't like Cousin Lotty, and I pitied her when he said that. I did not pity myself when he added that he did like me. However, this was not a time to think of one's own happiness, so I said nothing of it, but petted uncle a little, and quieted him, and then he went to sleep; and Hume came in and sat with me, watching him.

The next day he was even weaker, and I was really afraid to be left alone with him, expecting he would die on my hands; but the nurse said he would not, and went to lie down, and so I sat and waited and watched.

Suddenly he opened his eyes, and asked for Uncle Robert. I was frightened but of course obeyed him, and went to the door to call a servant. Here I stumbled over Hume. He had been waiting in his own room, which was close to uncle's, to be at hand if he was wanted; and he volunteered to go for Uncle Robert, though he had never seen him yet. For all the time that he and Uncle Tremlett had been with us,

Uncle Robert had shut himself up as I told you, going out only at dead of night when every one else was in bed; so he had not seen or been seen by either. Hume nevertheless went to summon him; and presently I heard a scream, and then a loud sobbing. I dared not leave the dying man, though I was in torture, afraid of Uncle Robert and for Hume: indeed, I did not know what I was afraid of. But after a long time of mingled sobs and a soothing, low, kindly voice—Hume's—I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and Uncle Robert appeared, leaning on Hume and looking up into his face with that expression in his own which meant "seeing angels"—the sweet old raptness back again. They both came to the bed, Hume all amazement, uncle all mild ecstasy and radiance, Uncle Tremlett lying like a man already dead, quite still and as if breathless, his small pinched face and wasted hands looking so pitiful, so heart-breaking!

Neither of my uncles looked at each other.

"That is right," said Mr. Tremlett faintly, not opening his eyes. He seemed to know everything now without seeing it.

"And he is *her* son?" breathed Uncle Robert, he too not looking at his ancient foe, but at Hume.

"Yes," said Mr. Tremlett, "and since his death, and hers, mine."

"Mine too," said Uncle Robert with his sweet vague smile.

Poor Hume! I thought he was more than a little embarrassed at this reduplication of fathers; but he was very tender and good to the dear crazed brain.

Then Uncle Tremlett made a faint movement with his feeble hand.

"Shake hands before I die," he gasped, "and say you forgive me, Robert."

"I forgive you, from my soul, James. Why not? Is She not always with me?" said Uncle Robert smiling, but the tears were fast falling from his eyes, though they had their ecstatic look too.

"Hume, my boy, my Mabel's son, your hand," said poor Uncle Tremlett, yet more feebly; "yours, Emmy, little angel-girl."

We put our hands into his, he joined them, and his lips murmured, "God bless you."

He smiled and looked pleased when Hume leaned over me, and took me to him and kissed me.

I can tell you no more; there was something very dreadful then—a noise, a something; don't ask me what: all I know is,

that I found myself on the sofa some time late in the evening, with the nurse and doctor, and Uncle Robert, and Hume—my Hume—all about me, and I very ill, and feeling very odd. But I did not have small-pox, only a kind of nervous attack that did not last long; and when I recovered, well! I would have gone through a hundred times as much to be so happy!

So this is exactly how it happened; and in no other way. Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty at the first cut me, but now that I am married they have thought better of it, and have come round to me again; and I forgive them all they said of me. They certainly did say awful things; and Lotty, once, more than hinted that I had poisoned Uncle Tremlett that I might marry Hume, whom he would have disinherited if I had while he was alive, and whom he had expressly forbidden to think of me, "having other views for him." But I knew that was not true. Hume, the son of the only woman he had ever loved, or that Uncle Robert had ever loved, and whom he had induced to break off her engagement with Uncle Robert in the hope of winning her to himself—but you see he did not, for she married Mr. Cardew instead—Hume was destined for me from that first evening, if he would take as strong a liking to me as Mr. Tremlett himself did. For, being Uncle Robert's favourite niece, it seemed in some way to atone for his base conduct to him in those early years, at least in his own mind; and I knew that he died happier reconciled to his old victim, and leaving one of mamma's daughters, and his niece, safe with Hume as his promised wife, and consequent heiress to his own fortune.

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