

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## THE ROSE AND THE KEY.

CHAPTER XLIV. FACES SEEN BEFORE.

LADY MARDYKES had left the Grange the morning after the Wymering ball, but Miss Medwyn's note followed her; and a few days more brought to Roydon three envelopes, addressed, in her pretty hand, one to each of the three ladies at present at Roydon.

That to Lady Vernon was very polite, though a little formal, and not very long, asking leave for Maud. But that to Maud herself was playful and animated, and extremely good-natured. She named an early day for her visit, and she insisted it should not be a flying one, as there were a great number of people coming to Carsbrook, who would interest and amuse her.

To Maximilla she mentioned some of these foreign ministers, authors, artists, parliamentary celebrities. "I know she would think it amusing, and you must not let her disappoint me. You have never failed me, so I put you down as certain. Don't allow her to leave Carsbrook before she is really tired of it. You know that there are more bedrooms there than I can ever find guests to occupy. Don't, therefore, let her fancy that I shall want her room, and you and she will be glad, I think, to meet where you can do exactly as you please, which, I conjecture, is scarcely the case at Roydon."

"I think I shall be pretty sure to meet a very particular friend of mine at Carsbrook," said Miss Max, after a little silence.

"Who is it?" inquired Maud, misled by her grave simplicity.

"Charles Marston, my dear," she said,

lighting up with a smile. "Of course you don't care, but I do."

"I don't think that very likely. I should not wonder if I were never to see him again," said the young lady.

"I should very much," laughed Miss Max.

"I mean he was so vexed at that odious Wymering ball."

"No wonder. But he has had time to cool since then, in one sense only. He will be there, as sure as I am here. You'll see. Put on your things, and come out, and we'll have a comfortable talk, quite to ourselves."

So these two cronies went out together, busy with the future, and already, in imagination, at Carsbrook.

"It is a huge house," said Miss Max. "One of those great black and white houses, with really an infinitude of bedrooms. When I was there last, we mustered sixty people every day to dinner—a noisier place, you see, than Roydon, and yet, I assure you, there were whole galleries perfectly deserted. She told me it would be much more crowded this year. I think, between ourselves, she takes a pride in collecting celebrities. It is her vanity, and certainly it is one of the very most amusing houses I ever was in. Of course one would grow tired of it after a time; at least, an old girl like me would. But for a little time it is quite delightful. She is very rich, you know."

"Indeed!"

"I don't say rich compared with you Roydon people, but she is what seems very rich to me; that is, her jointure is five thousand a year, and she has more than fifteen thousand a year that belonged to her mother, the first Lady Warhampton; so she has more than twenty thousand a year."

"Well, tell me more about Carsbrook," said Maud.

"We used to pass our time so agreeably, when we were not going out driving, or pic-nicking, or sight-seeing. There is a great, square flower-garden, with old-fashioned, trim hedges all round, and such quantities of pretty flowers, in the old Dutch style. As you look down on them from the terrace they seem like the pattern of a thick piled carpet. This is like a border all round, for the centre is kept in grass as smooth as velvet. And there is a very old mulberry-tree, with so many curious stories about it, in the centre. And ever so many parties used to play croquet or lawn billiards. It was such fun. And there were so many amusing affairs of the heart to interest old people like me. Such a comedy perpetually going on. You can't think what a charming house it is to stay at."

"I'm very glad we are going," said Maud.

"But you don't look very glad, my dear."

"Well, I suppose I am discontented a little. I was just thinking what a pity it is mamma keeps such a dull house here."

"So it is. I have often told her so," said Miss Max. "She could do, you know, whatever she liked. I don't think, indeed, she could get together so many remarkable people, but that kind of thing may be a little overdone, and, certainly, once or twice when I was there, there were some very absurd people at Carsbrook; but, taken for all in all, it is one of the most delightful houses in the world."

Full of these pleasant anticipations, which, to a girl who had never seen a London season, had something even exciting in them, and in the certainty of a very early meeting with Maximilla Medwyn, Maud bore the hour of separation much more cheerfully than she otherwise would.

That hour had now arrived, and Miss Max, having bid Lady Vernon good-bye, and taken many leaves of Maud, drove away at last, with maid and boxes, down the old avenue of Roydon.

It was three o'clock when she set out, having a ten miles' drive before reaching the train she was to catch.

It was about six o'clock, when the train in which she was now gliding toward her destination, stopped at the Drongwell station.

Here some of her fellow-passengers got out, and a gentleman with a small leather bag, a slender silk umbrella, and a rug, stepped nearly in, but arrested his foot at

the door, and would probably have receded had it not been that he was followed a little too closely by another person, who, with a despatch-box in his hand, had scaled the steps.

Miss Max saw his momentary hesitation, and a little maliciously said:

"How d'ye do?" with a nod and smile of recognition.

Doctor Malkin, for he it was, smiling his best, and squinting viciously, with a surprised and glad recognition, returned her salutation, and took his place beside her. His companion took his seat at the opposite side, in the corner next the window, placed his despatch-box on the seat beside him, and unlocked it.

There was no mistaking the marble features, strange eyes, and coal-black square beard. The gentleman with the despatch-box, who now leaned across, and murmured low a word or two in Doctor Malkin's ear, was that Antomarchi, whose appearance had so strongly excited Miss Maximilla Medwyn's curiosity at the Wymering ball.

The clapping of the doors was over now, the whistle skirled its horrid blast, the engine communicated its first jerk through all the articulations of the snake-like train, and the carriages were again gliding forward.

Doctor Malkin for a few minutes was busy stowing away his bag and umbrella, and having rid his mind of these cares, he smiled again, turning to Miss Max, and observed on the beauty of the weather and scenery.

"How soon we glide from summer into autumn," he observed. "The change of the leaf does not remind us so powerfully of our approach to winter, as the perceptible shortening of the days."

"It is so long since I glided into autumn myself, that these changes in nature don't trouble me much," answered Miss Max, gaily. "Certainly, the days are shortening, and so are mine, but that does not vex me either. There are younger people—for instance, Lady Vernon, I think her looking by no means well. I can't define what it is; she looks hectic, and odd, as if there were something decidedly wrong. She told me one day, when I remarked that she was not looking well, that she had a little palpitation, and she seemed almost vexed that she had mentioned it."

"Yes, there is a little; the action of the heart is a little eccentric," said Doctor Malkin. "Of course we must not mention

it; people are so stupid, it would be sure to come back to her, and the fact of its being talked of would only make her worse."

"You know I'm a homœopathist, but that's of no importance. What I want to know is, does she suffer under any actual disease of the heart?"

"Why, as to the heart, it is very hard to say," observed the doctor a little evasively; "because a man might pass the severest examination of the ablest physicians in England, and having been pronounced perfectly sound, might drop down dead as he quitted the room where the consultation was held. But there is no evidence of organic complaint in Lady Vernon's case, and I'll tell you frankly, if there were, I should not admit it; I am a great stickler for keeping faith with a patient. No one likes their ailments or infirmities to be disclosed; but of course," he added, thinking he had been a little brusque, "to so very near a friend and relation as you, Miss Medwyn, it would be different. The truth is, however, just as I have told you."

Miss Max sat quite far enough away to mention Doctor Antomarchi, the noise of the train allowed for, without danger of his overhearing what she said.

"I was going to say, I think Doctor Antomarchi a rather interesting man, and I should, I think, like to make his acquaintance."

"Well, I don't know that you would like him. He thinks of nothing but his science, his art; and to a listener not éclairée, I fear it must be more dull than entertaining."

"He seemed to have a great deal to say for himself at Wymering, to Lady Mardykes, the other evening," said Miss Max.

"I did not remark. But the truth is, I have scarcely made his acquaintance myself," observed Doctor Malkin, smiling. "I found him on the platform, and he followed me in here."

"How far does he go?"

"I don't know. I've to get out at Wakesworth."

"Wakesworth? That is not a great many miles away from Lady Mardykes'. You know Carsbrook, of course?" says Miss Max. "It is such a broken, round-about journey by rail, however. From Roydon it is more comfortably reached by the high road. What a huge old house it is," she continued, breaking again into the description of it she had given to Maud a few days before; "black and white, you know, and the great, old, square flower-

garden, with the clipped hedges round it, and the croquet-ground in the centre, and the old mulberry-tree."

As Miss Max concluded the description she thought she saw a listening smile of secret intelligence on the still face of Antomarchi, who was busy noting the papers he took from his box, and did not raise his eyes.

Her curiosity was piqued.

Did Doctor Malkin know more about this Antomarchi than he pretended? Were their routes really as disconnected as the Roydon doctor would have her believe? Had their journey anything to do with Lady Mardykes and Carsbrook?

These inquiries must rest unspoken for the present. She leaned back, and was silent for a time, with her eyes all but closed.

"I'm sure it is a fine place," resumed Doctor Malkin; "but I've never seen it, and I don't know Lady Mardykes. I hear she is perfectly charming."

"So she is, and extremely clever. Her poor mother was; and her father is. You know Lord Warhampton?"

"Yes, by fame, of course. Very able man. I've had to come here all the way about a patient," he added, as if to quiet further conjectures.

The sun was at the edge of the horizon. It would, after two or three golden glorious minutes, be grey twilight.

Miss Max opened her eyes, and those of Antomarchi met, or rather seemed to hold, hers with a sensation the most unpleasant and overpowering she had ever experienced.

His eyes almost immediately looked another way, and were bent again upon his papers.

Twilight came. He then locked up his despatch-box, and looked out of the window.

"Is not your friend, Mr. Antomarchi, something of a mesmerist?" inquired Miss Max.

"He is; a very potent one; at least, he is so reputed. I have never seen him exercise his faculty," answered Doctor Malkin.

A few minutes more passed, and the train, with a long whistle, came to a standstill at the platform of Wakesworth station.

Doctor Antomarchi stood up, with his despatch-box in his hand, and signed to the porter to open the door.

Miss Max was glad, somehow, that he was gone, and took leave of Doctor Malkin,

who was also going, without much reluctance.

She watched their movements slyly from the window, close to which she had moved. But there was to-ing and fro-ing on the platform, and the steam from the engine had eddied in, and was confusing objects, and it was already nearly dark. She thought, however, that the two gentlemen went up the steep road from the station, side by side.

In another minute the train was moving away, and she had left Wakesworth and the two doctors far behind.

Those two doctors did walk up, side by side, into the little town, and entered the White Lion, and, while they were eating a hasty cold dinner, horses were put to a carriage, which stood ready at the door so soon as the gentlemen emerged.

Some of the people who were at the door looked darkly at Doctor Malkin, and whispered to one another, as, aided by the lamp over the inn-door, and by the faint silvery beams of the moon, which by this time was showing her light, they saw him get in and take his seat.

The doctors smiled amusedly on each other as the carriage rolled away through the quiet street of Wakesworth, and lighting their cigars, they smoked as they drove up the narrow road, over the hedges of which hung the dewy boughs and fruit of orchards in the moonlight.

#### CHAPTER XLV. THE JOURNEY'S END.

FOR nearly three miles they drove in silence, each too comfortable to disturb the serenity of his ruminations.

There is a soothing influence in the subsidence of colour and the indistinctness of outline that surround one in a drive through a wooded country, when the thin mists arise by moonlight; and this seemed to prevail with the spirit of each gentleman, as he looked listlessly from his window.

Doctor Malkin broke the silence first.

"What asses young fellows are!" he declaimed. "I had an uncle the head of a great legal firm, and two first cousins solicitors, and they, one and all, wished me to go to the bar. I might have been making four thousand a year easily by this time. I might have been on the high road to the bench. Every one said I had a turn for it. But, like a fool, I took a fancy to be a doctor—and even so, I might have stayed in London. If I had—it was on the cards—I might have done some good. I know something about my business, I be-

lieve. And much good has it done me! What's the good of a fellow's making a slave of himself, if he doesn't put by something worth while. Better to enjoy what he has."

"Regretting is the greatest waste of time except wishing," said Antomarchi, in his cold, resonant bass tones.

"I have not much, very little: but liberty is something," said Doctor Malkin.

"Life without progress is death," insisted the same marble oracle, with something of scorn ringing in his deep voice.

"Think what Paris is, or Vienna, and think, then, of being stuck in such a cursed little hole as Roydon," said Doctor Malkin, with disgust.

"Your liberty and your vices are not resources enough for a life. A man of any mind must have a game of some sort to play at," observed Antomarchi.

"You may laugh. I don't say you are not a man of merit; I think you about the ablest man I ever met," said the Roydon doctor; "but you have found a short cut to fortune."

"You must count on a good deal of mud before you turn up a nugget," said the man with the square beard, and yawned. "I was on my way to London this morning," Doctor Antomarchi suddenly resumed; "I am not the first man who has so changed his purpose. A lady's billet has brought me back. Try one of these."

And so saying, he tendered his cigars.

"Thanks. I tell you, at a single jump you have reached a fortune," said Doctor Malkin. "I wish I could woo the goddess as successfully."

"Have you never tried the language of the eyes?" said Antomarchi.

"In ten years' time you'll be a baronet. You know how to rule men, and before fifteen more are passed you will have got a peerage. Of course, I assume that your energies will be directed to get it."

"And I will take for my crest, what device?" said Antomarchi. "Let me see. Just that," he said, nodding his head toward the resplendent moon. "A full moon argent, on a field azure, and three razors proper."

They were now approaching a village, with the tower of a country church shining silver white among dark trees and glimmering roofs.

Antomarchi's resonant voice brought the driver to a halt.

"We get out here," he cried, sternly. "Drive on to the gate-house, and give the man these things, and he will pay you."

"All right, sir," replied the driver, and the carriage rolled away toward the village.

They were now standing on the white road, dappled by the intense shadow of a motionless tree, under the brilliant moon. Skirting the road at the left hand ran a high park wall, here and there clustered with ivy, and overtopped with high old trees.

A narrow, arched door in this opened to Antomarchi's latch-key, and he and his companion entered, to find themselves on a narrow park road, from which, however, their path in a very little way diverged.

The grounds were studded with clumps of fine timber. The two doctors walked up a gentle, undulating slope, and when this was surmounted, close before them, on the low ground, stood a huge black and white house, its white showing, in the moon-beams, in dazzling contrast with the oak-beams that crossed it perpendicularly, horizontally, diagonally. They stood just overlooking a great, square, Dutch flower-garden, which interposed between them and the house, surrounded by tall, trim hedges, in the bygone Dutch taste. The flowers made a wide border in fantastic patterns all round, the centre was laid out in grass, and in the middle of this wide, green carpet stood a lonely old mulberry-tree.

In a long line of windows on the second story a ruddy light glowed out hospitably, as well as here and there from other windows above, and in the lower story.

They stopped for a minute without premeditation. The scene was so pretty, the contrast between the lights in the house and the cold, silver brightness of the moon-beams so striking, and the character of the whole so festive and hospitable, that each silently enjoyed the picture.

"There is a ball to-night," said Antomarchi, "but we need not appear at it. Come."

And he led the way toward the house. They soon reached a path, and under the wide shadow of tall trees, arrived at a door, like that which they had already passed, in the wall that begirt the garden.

The latch-key again opened this, and they entered the silent alleys of lofty clipped hedges, tall and straight as prison walls, making a profound shadow. They passed under the first arch of the many that pierced these thick curtains of foliage, and so found themselves, after passing the broad border of flower-beds, upon the shorn grass, in the broad light of the moon, among the

croquet hoops, that in this cloudless weather make their bivouac all night on the ground they have taken up by day.

It was, as I have said, a great black and white house, and, as they approached, its walls and windows seemed to expand, and the whole building to grow almost gigantic.

The latch-key of the privileged Doctor Antomarchi did here for Doctor Malkin the office which the feather from the cock's tail did for Micylus, and all doors opened before it.

Ascending two steps he opened a door in the wall, and led the way into the house.

They were in a long, dimly-lighted passage, that seemed to go right through the house, with doors on each side opening from it. Up this Antomarchi walked quickly, his hat still on, as confidently as if he were master of all about him.

Another passage, longer still, crossed this at right-angles, dimly lighted, like the first. A footman in livery was walking along it quickly. Antomarchi signed to him, and he approached.

"Mr. Drummond in his room?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You won't mind coming a few steps this way?" he said, taking Doctor Malkin's acquiescence for granted.

He walked down the transverse passage to the left, where, more than half-way on, a folding screen blocked nearly half the width of the corridor, protecting a door at the left from the draughts that sometimes eddied up the passage. At this door Antomarchi knocked.

"Mr. Drummond?"

Mr. Drummond, a serious, quiet man, with rosy cheeks, a little stout, and dressed in black, who had just been reading his paper and drinking his tea, appeared, swallowing down a bit of bread-and-butter which he was munching at the moment.

"Her ladyship arrived this morning?" inquired Antomarchi.

"Yes, sir," said Drummond, waiting just a second, to be certain that he had quite swallowed his bit of bread-and-butter.

"She's at the ball, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"She was satisfied with the preparations in her rooms?"

"Quite, sir; and she placed some papers in my hands, by-the-bye, sir, which she said were the title-deeds of Mardykes Hall."

"Very good; place them under lock and key in the long press, under the proper letter. She may call for them; and if so,

let her have them immediately. She must not be vexed. You understand?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

Antomarchi nodded, and, turning on his heel, led the way at a swift pace. They passed a staircase, and then reached another, the grand staircase, and a great hall, in which were many footmen in livery, and some female servants peeping in at an open door, from which issued the sounds of music and dancing, and laughter and talking.

"Peep in, if you like. They won't mind you."

He did, and—

Wow! Tam saw an unco sight.

The Wymering ball was dulness itself compared with this. There was such variety of character in the guests, and in their dancing. Some so stately, grave, and ceremonious; others so hilarious; some working with hearty, but rather grave, goodwill; others wild with glee—all so animated and amusing, that Doctor Malkin could have kept his post at the door I know not for how long.

"There is a tall, dark man, with long hair, rather handsome; he looks about forty. He smiles haughtily round, and stands with his arms folded—a remarkable-looking fellow."

"Does he wear steel buckles in his shoes?" asked Antomarchi.

"Yes, by Jove! and point-lace to his white neck-tie."

"That is his excellency the Spanish minister," continued Antomarchi.

"Oh!" said Doctor Malkin. "And there's a fellow, almost a dwarf, with straw-coloured hair, and a long, solemn face, with a sharp chin. He is close to the door here, and he has a set of ivory tablets in one hand and a pencil in the other. He must be a queer fellow."

"Queer fellow! You may well say so. He is the greatest mathematician, astronomer, and mechanic on earth. He has lately discovered, among other things, an instrument by which you may see the reverse side of the moon, and, oh, look there; do you see that lady, in purple satin, sitting on the sofa near the window?" said Antomarchi, peeping cautiously over Doctor Malkin's shoulder. "I don't think you'll recognise her, do you?"

"No, I don't think I do. Ought I to know who she is?"

"I think so. That's Lady Mardykes. But come, or they'll see me. I will con-

duct you to your room. Come," said Antomarchi.

They crossed the great hall, ascended a broad oak staircase, and then marched half the length of a long gallery. Their progress was arrested by a ponderous door, which appeared to be sheathed with iron. This opened, they passed in. It closed with a spring lock.

"Here we are private. This is your room; only two doors from mine." Antomarchi pointed with his open hand towards his own. He opened the door, and led the way into a large and very comfortable room.

Doctor Malkin looked round on the curtained bed and windows, and the handsome furniture, with a feeling of rather angry envy.

"You are lucky," he said. "How well housed you are."

"Patience, and shuffle the cards," the other answered. "Lady Vernon, I'm told, has some pretty things in her gift. You will be rich yet, if you are not in too great haste to marry."

"Would you mind considering this case where we are, we are so quiet here?" said Doctor Malkin, again looking round.

"Here, there, where you please; all one to me, provided we are not interrupted," replied Antomarchi. "Will you have your supper before or after?"

"When we have done, please," he replied. "I should like it here, if it doesn't upset arrangements. A broiled bone and a glass of sherry."

They entered on their business, and talked for some time, Antomarchi being chiefly a listener, but now and then putting a short, sharp question, and keeping the more discursive man very rigidly to the point.

Under the control of such a conductor, the discussion did not last very long.

And now it was over, and the point settled, and both gentlemen stood up, and Doctor Malkin, while his broiled bones were coming, looked round the room again.

Over the chimney hung a rather remarkable portrait; it was that of a handsome, but forbidding woman, in a nun's dress. The face expressed resolution, contempt, and cruelty, with a strange power; but it was death-like.

Under this picture hung a crooked Malayan dagger.

"That kreese was my father's," said Antomarchi. "He killed a renegade priest with it in a row in Egypt. So it has made its mark."

"Ha!" exclaimed Doctor Malkin, softly, as, smiling with increased interest, he handled its heft, and tried its point with his finger tip. "Very sharp, too."

"It has some magical characters engraved there," observed Antomarchi. "It is in keeping with the portrait; it looks as if it had slipped out of that sinister virago's pocket."

Doctor Malkin looked round, but there was nothing else by way of decoration in the room that interested him.

And now he had his supper, and Antomarchi, who wished to look in at the ball, took his leave, and went to make a rapid toilet.

His tray and sherry gone, Doctor Malkin prepared for bed.

The moon was high, but as yet her beams only entered the window obliquely. He drew the curtains, freely to admit the air. Partly in consequence of being in a strange house, and partly from other causes, he felt perhaps just a little nervous. He looked in the two presses, and other possible hiding-places in the room, to satisfy himself that there was no lurking intruder there. Then he secured his door, and, lastly, he made his prayerless preparations for bed, extinguished his candle, and was soon comfortably extended with his head on the pillow. He thought of the ball he had stolen a glimpse at to-night, and then of the Wymering ball, and the image of Lady Mardykes talking with so much pain and earnestness to Antomarchi, came before him. Lucky rascal, Antomarchi! And, finally, he was overcome by drowsiness, and slept soundly.

There are abnormal states in which the partners, the spirit and the animal, that jointly constitute man, are oddly divorced. The body will lie with eyes closed in deep slumber. The spirit will sit up with its interior vision and hearing opened, and see and hear things of which, in other states, it is not permitted a perception.

Here was Doctor Malkin, with his watch under his pillow and his head upon it, snoring, as was his wont, moderately but regularly.

But the doctor had eaten supper, which was not a habit of his, and seldom agreed with him; and the spirit, finding its tenement hot and uncomfortable, I suppose, slipped out of it, and sat up in the bed and looked about it.

It saw the "still life" of the room accurately. The bed-curtains drawn back to the posts, the window-curtains to the frame at either side. The moon by this time was

full in front of the broad window, and shone with an intense lustre into the old-fashioned room, right before the foot of the bed.

Doctor Malkin supposed nothing but that he was wide awake. He was looking about him, as I said, and, turning his eyes toward the fireplace at his left, he wondered what had become of the long Malayan knife with its crooked blade, that had hung under the portrait over the chimney-piece. He raised his eyes to the repulsive monastic portrait; but he could not see it! Had it melted into shadow?

The canvas seemed to present one surface of black. Perhaps the moonlight had dazzled his newly awakened eyes a little. He shaded them with his hand, but still the frame presented nothing but a black canvas. All the odder his dulness of vision seemed, that the dress of this mother-abbess was in great measure white. While he was looking, a voice at his right whispered: "Ha! Tempter, my child!"

Looking round instantly, he saw standing close to the bedside the figure of the portrait, but not the features. The face was that of Lady Vernon, white, gleaming, and quivering with fury, and the knife was in her hand. He sprang on the floor at the other side of the bed, and the phantom was gone. Over the chimney-piece the krees was glimmering undisturbed, and the lady abbess was scowling down from her frame with a grim smile.

Doctor Malkin went to the window and looked out. The flower-garden lay beneath.

He could see the arabesque pattern of the beds, in which the flowers were now closed and drooping. He could see in the broad grass-plat in the midst, which looked bright silver-grey all over, the faint lines of the croquet hoops, and at the other side the sharp black shadows of the tall, trim hedge, and the bush-like mulberry-tree in the centre, with its blotch of shadow on the grass.

He had never had a fright of this kind since his nursery years, and he was very nervous.

The unaccustomed view failed to reassure him. He lighted his candles again, and then one of his cigars, and smoked diligently from the open window, thinking of Lady Vernon, and assuring himself that never was vision more preposterous. He smoked on, looking out of the window, doing his best to obliterate the uncomfortable impression of his visitation or his nightmare. But he could not.

It answered uncomfortably to a latent horror of his conscience, which yet he boldly seized, examined, and pronounced upon most satisfactorily whenever it tormented him sufficiently. He did nothing he was afraid of, he shrank from no scrutiny; not he.

At last he lay down again, with candles burning still on his table, and, after a long and uncomfortable waking interval, he fell asleep, and the moment he awoke again in the morning, his thoughts were once more five-and-forty miles away at Roydon Hall.

He felt nervous and ill, and, despite it as he might, his vision worried him.

### A DAY AT BOMBAY.

THE Byculla Club, Bombay, is a delightful resting-place. A handsome mansion standing in its own grounds, with billiard-rooms, coffee-room, library, stuffed lounging-chairs, sofas, hall-porter, list of members, files of English newspapers and magazines, a bill of fare for the day's dinner, and a copious and well-selected wine-list; a luncheon in a lofty morning room, abutting on a trimly kept and spacious garden, windows open to the ground, and sparrows hopping in from the balcony, to peck impudently at my bread-and-cheese; a table d'hôte dinner at a round table, where every man was English, and where the courses were excellent after their kind; claret-cup, pale ale, and iced effervescent drinks; whist parties, smoking, and chit-chat; barouches, cabriolets, and buggies dropping, and calling for, members during the evening, in a fashion wonderfully suggestive of Pall Mall; a search through the journals, and a rapid posting up of oneself in the English news of the last few months—such is one series of pictures arising naturally out of my first day in Bombay.

At the club dinner, and before the cheese is removed, one of my fellow-diners calls, as I think, "Shallallah;" whereupon a native attired in a different uniform to the other attendants (of whom there seem to be two to every person dining) replies "Sahib!" reverentially, as if it were a response in church, and brings forward one of the stiff stage-banners of theatrical processions, and fixes the bottom of the flag-staff holding it into a wooden stand like a practicable boot-jack. I am immensely puzzled as to what he will do next. There is a gravity, not to say solemnity, about this native's handsome, swarthy, me-

lancholy face; his stiff red turban ornamented with gold, his black robes, and the manifold layers of red cord round his waist, give him such a sacerdotal look, that I more than half expect to see an interesting Hindoo religious ceremony performed. Why not? There would have been nothing incongruous about it, compared with many other things I had seen during my travels. I had met an Englishman of good family who professed himself a follower of Islam. I had been among Mussulmans, shieks, and Arab chiefs, who would not allow food, water, or even a whiff of tobacco to pass their lips between sunrise and sun-down, because we were in the holy season of Ramazan. I had been compelled to doff my boots and trudge about in my stockings, or at best in slippers borrowed from the Faithful, when within the precincts of a mosque. I had been warned gravely not to ride my donkey as swiftly as usual through the crowded bazaars of Cairo, because if the little animal shouldered any of the Egyptian strollers, they would assuredly fall down and not be able to rise again, so weakened were they by their protracted fast. I had seen men engaged in animated conversation, transacting business, driving bargains, and receiving orders, suddenly "flop" down, and after touching the ground several times with their foreheads, rise quite composedly and resume their conversation as if it had never been broken off. I had "assisted" at religious demonstrations, which included riding over prostrate human bodies, piercing naked people with swords and knives, eating live serpents, and twirling round and round on one foot like a self-acting teetotum, until the operators staggered off giddy and unwell. I had mixed with holy men whose piety consisted in tossing their heads backwards and forwards, uttering at the same time unearthly howls, and I had seen religious processions in which the cow's horn furnished forth discordant melody, and in which little children, gaudily dressed and decorated, were escorted through the public streets with every circumstance of pomp. What more likely than that I was about to acquire one novel experience the more, and that the English diner who threw himself back in his chair as if he were going to be shaved, and the handsomely dressed native who stood motionless at his elbow, with one hand clasping the flag-staff, and the other motionless at his side, as if posed for his portrait as a standard-bearer, were about to join in some Anglo-



Hindoo rite, wherein insular prejudice and native sentiment should be both studied? I had lost the faculty of astonishment long ago, and as I was now in a new country, with everything to learn, I waited with eyes fixed on the curious pair as calmly as if I knew to a nicety what was coming. The suspense was soon over, and my highly-wrought anticipations were a little dashed, when all this elaborate preparation ended in the white gentleman being fanned. He had called "Punkah wallah!" just as you call "Waiter" at a London club, and the vocation of the dignified native in black and red, whom I had taken for a priest or a chieftain, was to wave the stiff banner to and fro in its socket so as to produce an artificial current of air while the replete diner nodded and slept. It was a pretty and instructive sight, but though I saw it repeated later, it never had quite the thrilling effect of this first experience. The uncontrollable exposition of sleep which Bottom the Weaver felt come over him, appears to be a weakness with some Anglo-Indians, who are vivacity and cuteness incarnate at other times than those devoted to their "forty winks." Thus at club or private dinner-party, in the midst of conversation, in the presence of ladies, and when the hilarity and bustle of a banquet are at their height, a pair of eyes may be observed to close, a head to droop languidly forward, and a face to lose its expression as their owner sinks, with chin on breast, into oblivion of all around. This does not seem to be thought rude. The weakness is recognised as part of the sleeper, and no one thinks the worse of him. It is the climate, or his liver, or his hard mental work, or all three combined, and "Mr. Suasive must have his nap after dinner," is said as naturally of a guest or host as if it were "he's been ordered horse exercise." I had the pleasure of seeing the same gentlemen asleep at table in public and private more than once, and found that the habit formed a kind of label to recognise them by, and that when there were two of the same name in the station, the "Mr. Duplicate who goes to sleep," was always the most widely known.

This first meal in India impressed me, also, with the flat contradiction it gave to old-established theories, respecting the appearance and health of Anglo-Indian residents. I looked round the table at which I sat, and from it to the other tables about the club-room, and saw a succession of stalwart figures and ruddy faces which would

have done honour to a sanatorium. The dried-up frames, the yellow skins, the shrivelled looks, which fiction and the drama have given to the Anglo-Indian, are as false or as obsolete as the old-fashioned nabobs "with bad livers and worse hearts," and as, I fear, is the pleasant exercise of shaking the pagoda-tree. With the exception of one gentleman who wears a white linen lounging jacket, everybody was dressed precisely as they would be in a London club. The cloth out of which the garments are manufactured may have been somewhat thinner here than would be employed for suits to be worn in England; but there was nothing to denote this to the observer, and in cut, colour, and fashion the attire of the club-loungers of London and Bombay is identical. As for a hookah after dinner, you might as well have looked for a Suttee. There was not even a run upon cheroots. Meerschaum pipes, cigars, and cigarettes were carried into the card and billiard-rooms, and save for the general friendship and cohesive intimacy which prevailed among its members, the Byculla Club might have been in Pall Mall instead of Bombay.

Before turning in there to take up my membership, and to pay the moderate subscription, which was one of the most remunerative investments I made in India, I had to make divers small purchases for my travels, besides presenting my letters, and arranging where and how I could be communicated with by telegraph. This gave me glimpses of the representative Anglo-Indian city, and crude, rough-and-ready impressions of its inhabitants, which I shall never forget. Progress and prosperity seemed written in all directions. I saw, everywhere, new streets, places, squares, circles, esplanades, market-houses, all possessing the merits we are accustomed to look for in great capitals. In magnificent edifices of stone, six or seven stories high, I bought cheroots and tooth-brushes, suits of flannel for sleeping in at night, and some simple medicines and eau-de-cologne, from shopmen who would have done honour to Bond-street. At Malabar Point, the handsome villa-bungalows of the wealthy English merchants, the well-cultivated gardens stocked with tropical plants, the gorgeous hues of the scarlet-leaved Cape-plant lighting up houses and walls; the Hindoo temples, and the natives lying and sitting round the fœtid tanks; the mansions and pleasure-grounds of the wealthy Parsees; and the ghastly Tower of Silence, with the obscene

vultures, perched, gorged and torpid, on its walls—all told one how much there was to learn. The villas and grounds of the Parsees, by-the-bye, as seen during this bird's-eye view, reminded me of the gardens of North Woolwich or Cremorne. There is the same profusion of gaudy decorations as in those places of public entertainment; the same superabundance of lamps, the same incongruity in the disposition of statuary and pictures, the same odd mixture of semi-theatrical scenery with skilful landscape gardening. The suburban villa of a wealthy Parsee looks as if it were waiting to be lit up at night; and at weddings, or other great evening festivals, when its "thousands of additional lamps" are called into play, and enormous assemblies are held, the public-garden simile has still greater force. Verandahs glazed and shut in, so as to make their owners dwell literally in glass houses, are common. The oleaginous look of the Parsees we met, seated in their carriages, gave an unpleasant significance to the gorged vultures on the walls of the Tower of Silence. The latter is the Parsee receptacle for the dead, and within it the bodies are exposed on iron gratings, until picked clean by birds of prey. Hearing of this custom, and meeting obese Parsees at every turn, it seemed as if they were being fattened for eating, a horribly grotesque idea, but one which would obtrude itself whenever I saw a stout Parsee.

There was so much to see during my first drive, that I found it hard to classify and record my impressions when I sat down to my diary at night. Let me recal some of the strange magic-lantern figures and scenes of this odd experience.

Fierce-looking, armed Sikhs on horseback, in uniforms of red and black, and belonging to a corps of irregular native cavalry stationed here, are passed and met. Sepoy policemen in coatees and trousers of bright blue, trimmed with yellow braid, and with huge yellow turbans to match, give a respectful salute to every English passer-by. Hindoo lamplighters, who perform their work as similar functionaries do in London, are wending their way homewards in parties of two or three, looking in their white robes and crimson head-dresses, as they carry off the long poles of their extinguished torches, like native lancers on skirmishing duty; Jack on leave from some of the ships of war now lying in the harbour, and making for the Ratcliffe Highway of Bombay; the English gentleman taking his evening ride in

Rotten Row costume, including the conventional "chimney-pot" for a head-dress; elegantly dressed, delicately nurtured infants on ponies, led by one native manservant while another walks at their side—all these were interesting types. One seemed to read a melancholy story in the faces of the pretty children. They were taken to where the most healthy breezes could be obtained, and the infants we saw, though with complexions so exquisitely delicate as to resemble fine porcelain, seemed hearty and happy. But they were very young, and one felt that their little lives would be one continued fight against climate, aided by the appliances wealth can procure, but that, sooner or later, but inevitably, the doctor would issue his fiat, and they would be sent to distant England, never perhaps to know their parents again. This is, of course, a gloomy view; but the separation of families is the real blight on Anglo-Indian life, and is felt more acutely than any other drawback pertaining to it.

When our carriage crosses the populous thoroughfares of the native town, we see a troubled stream of red and pure white, from the turbans and robes of the dense mobs moving there. The crowding is tremendous, and every inch of pavement and roadway seems covered. The various trades are sorted together in separate streets of bazaars, as at Cairo; the copper-smiths and metal-workers reminding one of the Arabian Nights as well of as the Egyptian capital. The merchants are squatting in the open window recesses which form their shops; and the elaborate carving of the porticoes and pilasters of the gaudily painted native residences; the innumerable hanging-lamps seen through the lofty first-floor windows; the lighted shrines of the doll-gods, some of which are bitterly humiliating in their similitude to the tawdry effigies shown at the Chapel of the Flagellation at Jerusalem; the ornate Hindoo temples of a bright red, and as if modelled out of sealing-wax; the municipal carts with staring white numbers on their backs, conveying the city's sewage beyond the city's purlieus; the yellow omnibuses like those familiar to us in London, only with dark-skinned conductors and drivers, arrayed in scarlet robes and the inevitable turban, all tell their own story. Pushing through the crowd, too, are postmen attired like these last; nautch-girls bedizened with tawdry ornaments; and Persian horse-dealers in worked caps and embroidered velvet pinafores and trousers, on their way

to the great depository for Arab steeds. Again, the street monuments to departed official and military worthies, the elaborate memorial lamp at the cross-roads between the Byculla Club and hotel, erected to a benevolent Parsee, and inscribed with the unexceptionable motto in English, "Trust in God and be not daunted;" the multitude of handsome and substantial stone buildings in course of progress; the small compact figures of the native women, and the large metal rings through their noses and round their ankles; the smeared faces of the more than half-nude brown men, whose nakedness you scarcely notice, and whose face-streak of white or red paint bespeaks their caste—all speak of the peculiar social anomalies of India. As you ponder on these things you meet hideous buffaloes, black and hairless, harnessed in carts; well-appointed equipages with aristocratic English figures reclining in them; hack-buggies with large openings behind, really for air, but looking as if they were made to be jumped through by harlequin at Christmas time; clerks, warehousemen, and merchants steadily pursuing their business about the Fort, and you become gradually aware of combinations which differ from anything to be met with elsewhere. The Manchester cotton-trade and Macaulay's Essays on Warren Hastings and Lord Clive; the City of London and the faith of Mahomet; Hyde Park in the season and the fire-worshipper in Lalla Rookh; the wharves of Liverpool with begums, rajahs, and Brahmins for loungers; Tattersall's and sacred cows; the Church of England and "our heathen brother," who seems to have stepped bodily from the frontispiece of a religious tract—are amalgamated in the strangest way. A first day in India stands out quite distinctly from the rest of the time spent there, from the enormous variety of new impressions it leaves; and when, thirty hours after I had landed, I started on my tour over the country, it seemed as if several years had elapsed since I saw Egypt and Palestine, and as if British domination were the natural condition of Eastern lands.

## A SONG FOR MUSIC.

## THE OLD STORY.

My love is like the damask rose  
That blushes on her breast,  
Her breath is like the wind that blows  
Balm-laden from the west.  
Her smiles are like the sunlight shed  
On wavelets as they roll,  
And like the blue sky overhead  
Her purity of soul.

Her gentle thoughts are like the rain  
That falls on high and low,  
Her kindly deeds like golden grain  
When garners overflow;  
But ah! she shines so fair and far,  
She thinks of me no more  
Than midnight moon, or polar star  
Of ripples on the shore.

Arouse mine heart, proclaim thy love!  
And if thou canst not fly,  
To her who shines so far above  
In coldest upper sky,  
She may, when all thy truth is known  
As truth must ever be,  
Take pity from her starry throne  
And come to earth—and thee.

## 'RACKSTRAW'S CLIENT.

## IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

UPON one of the grimy, greasy door-posts of a house in Yew Tree-court, Inner Temple, the curious investigator might not long since have discerned the inscription, "Mr. James Rackstraw:" one among a long array of names more or less known to fame. Mounting the dark, creaking, dirty staircase, the persistent adventurer might further have found the same name, "Mr. James Rackstraw," traced in whity-brown letters upon a black ground, over a bruised and blistered door, upon the topmost floor of the house. And examination of the Law List, supposing it to have been worth anyone's while to study that directory in relation to so small a matter, would have shown in addition that Mr. James Rackstraw had been called to the bar by the Society of the Inner Temple a good many years ago, that he described himself as a special pleader, that he went the Midland Circuit, and attended the Coventry, Birmingham, and Leicester Sessions.

I am so far entitled to draw attention thus particularly to Mr. James Rackstraw, in that I myself happen to be that person. It was my name that appeared on the door-post, over the battered door, and in the official register of legal functionaries. I inhabited most dreary and squalid chambers at the top of the house in Yew Tree-court; my windows looking chiefly on to a rough sea of red-tiled roofs, which bore aloft vast fleets of chimney-stacks. It was a depressing prospect: sooty, smoky, foggy, detestable.

I was wretchedly poor. I had exhausted, or almost exhausted, such small private fortune—but fortune is too absurd a word to employ under the circumstances—let me rather say pittance, as I had ever possessed. I was in debt, and I was earning nothing, literally nothing.

A large sum of money had been invested,

of course, in my education, and I was a member of what is called a liberal profession, though I fail to see the justice of that designation. It was decidedly an expensive profession. I paid, at any rate I was charged, an exorbitant rent for my miserable garrets in Yew Tree-court. I had to appear dressed as a gentleman, or as nearly so as I could possibly contrive, to affect as much as might be a professional aspect and demeanour; for I clung to my calling desperately. It seemed to me my only chance. I was too old to begin the world anew, and I had sacrificed and suffered so much for the sake of my status as a barrister, that I could not bear to think, I could not bring myself to believe, that all had been, and would prove to be, in vain. So, although sometimes I found myself coveting the ready money earned by a copying clerk, or even the coppers received by a crossing-sweeper, I still posed myself as a member of the bar, and assumed an air of dignity and respectability, curiously out of keeping with the real grim truth of my situation. I lived on, somehow. I persuaded myself that the luck must eventually turn. My difficulty was the finding money to carry on the game with. I could not yet, even to myself, acknowledge exhaustion of my resources and complete failure of all my hopes. So I still went on circuit; although the expense of that proceeding, considered in relation to the profit it produced, was absolutely ruinous. But if I once omitted to appear with my fellows on circuit, it seemed to me that I should stand convicted absolutely of bankruptcy and desertion of my vocation. I was trying, in fact, how long a man could anyhow manage to live, and to look tolerably decent, upon an income of nothing a year. The experiment was a painful one. My credit, never very considerable, was now diminishing fast. Moreover, I could not reasonably expect much further assistance from such of my friends—I had but few of any kind—as possessed money.

The return of November had brought with it Michaelmas Term and the recommencement of the reign of law at Westminster, after some months interregnum; the Long Vacation being one of those precious possessions of the British Constitution, which could not possibly be sundered from it without grave peril ensuing to all concerned. The usual train of judges, wearing their state robes and wigs, having breakfasted with the Lord Chancellor, in conformity with duty and old custom,

passed along the Great Hall to their respective courts. Ushers, associates, clerks, and other officers, the supernumeraries attached to Justice's renowned and powerful dramatic troop, swelled the procession. The wonted crowd was in attendance, with its ordinary abundance of time and attention to spare for an exhibition at which the inconvenient preliminary of payment at the door was dispensed with. And the irrepressible pickpocket, dodging the watchfulness of the constable, was, after his manner, very well represented in the assembly, and pursued his trade with diligence and adroitness.

As in duty bound, I was also at Westminster, grudging much the cab-fare from the Temple, for shillings had come to be of serious consequence to me. By-and-bye I thought, with a sigh, I should perforce sink to counting my means in halfpence. I was duly dressed for the part I seemed to be always required to look, and never in truth to play. My stuff gown was shabby, and faded to a rusty brown; my bands were soiled and jagged at the edges; my wig lacked powder, and was much crumpled and dishevelled. I felt that my whole aspect advertised but too plainly my forlornness and poverty. I carried the conventional blue bag in my hand. It was not quite empty. For appearance sake I had thrust into it a law book or two and an old brief I had once held. But the cause it related to had never really come into court, and the fee marked upon it had never been paid. Be sure I had applied for the amount; but bankruptcy had overtaken the attorneys who had affected to require my services. I regarded the brief as my own property, therefore, and employed it to swell out my blue bag. So I loitered and wandered about in the different courts, hungry, envious, idle, hopeless. Could I help being so?

The judges and the leaders of the bar looked well, I noted: benefited by rural retirement and fresh air, nicely browned, most of them, by exposure to autumn sun and weather. Some had probably enjoyed good sport over turnips or in the coverts, by way of preparation for practice in the new term's battue of plaintiffs and defendants. And there had been vacation tours and rambles in great abundance, no doubt. I had been nowhere, of course, and for the old reason: no money. It was holiday to me all the year round, if absence of occupation can make a holiday. Heaven knows, I would have worked had the chance but offered.

And I had hoped that something might have come to me if only on account of the absence of others. Some crumbs from the master's table are popularly supposed to fall to the share of the barrister who remains in town during the vacation. But no crumbs, of comfort or otherwise, had fallen to me. So I was at the opening of the Law Courts as poor and woebegone, as when they closed. A tall, thin, limp, jaded man, with a lined face and grizzled whiskers, prematurely old-looking, carrying my bag, with its corpse of a brief shrouded in it, from court to court, trying to make believe that I was prosperous and busy, or, at any rate, that I was unprosperous and idle because I chose to be so. There were others about, comrades in misfortune, similarly circumstanced, I perceived, without, however, deriving any consolation from the fact. I had a fellow-feeling for them; but if one must suffer, it is preferable, I think, to suffer alone, individually, than mingled with others, lost in a crowd of victims. The briefless! What an ignoble army of martyrs they constitute! How amply they have furnished the jesters with food for mirth! What scant commiseration is ever bestowed upon them! From the popular point of view, a lawyer in trouble no more merits compassion than a rat in a trap. It has pleased the world to give us, as a class, a bad name, and some of us get hanged, or incur as bad a fate, in consequence. Others secure county court judgeships, or vast practice, and numberless briefs, and a few the woosack. My destiny, as I have set forth, was to be one of the condemned, the distressed, the miserable.

I had no business at Westminster. I had held no briefs at the sessions or on circuit. It mattered little to me what the judges and the bar were busy about. Still I looked into one after another of the Common Law Courts in which I was supposed to practise. They were very crowded. The tribunals are a kind of theatre, and never lack their share of spectators. Naturally, perhaps, I could not find much entertainment in the proceedings. I knew too much about them. I had been behind the scenes too often. I was as an actor out of an engagement, doomed to see other actors assume the characters he most aspired to. The judges were in high good-humour, apparently. They came fresh to their work, and had, I suppose, enjoyed their breakfast with the Chancellor. They seemed inclined at times to temper justice with jocosity, and to make occasional sacri-

fice of their dignity to their sense of the facetious. I thought their mood rather unworthy of them; but I was prejudiced, no doubt. They had won in the struggle for success, and it is the privilege of winners to laugh; whereas I had lost heavily. I was more inclined to cry.

I listened to various speeches made by the more eminent leaders of the circuits: applications for new trials, on the grounds of excessive damages, misdirection of the presiding judge, verdicts against the weight of evidence, and so on. To me it was tiresome, unprofitable work, jargon, palaver, rigmarole. When the courts rose, I hurried back to Yew Tree-court, bearing, of course, my imposture of a blue bag along with me. I was thankful to quit Westminster, though certainly the Temple had few attractions for me. But there, at any rate, I was alone, unobserved. I escaped men's eyes. My misery was no longer public property.

Arrived in my chambers, I abruptly, and perhaps with some loss of temper, emptied the contents of my bag on to the floor of my sitting-room. To my surprise, there issued from it, in addition to the defunct brief and the law books, which I knew too well, a small crumpled bunch of paper, of which I certainly knew nothing. I kicked it with my boot. Was it a joke? Had any one thrust this strange-looking object into my bag while my attention had been otherwise attracted? I took up and unfolded the wrinkled ball, idly and carelessly at first, then with more and more attention. At last a gasp, almost a scream of amazement, broke from me.

It was composed of bank-notes! Ten five and ten ten-pound notes of the Bank of England. Startled and bewildered, with trembling fingers, I smoothed them out, and counted them again and again. Yes. Ten five and ten ten-pound notes.

Was it a joke? I re-demanded. How cruel, if it were so! I pored over them one after another. I held them up, each separately, to the light. I scrutinised them in every possible way. No. There was no doubt about it. They were genuine. Their validity could not be questioned or gainsaid. But how had they found their way into my bag?

I felt perplexed to giddiness. Where had I been? What had I been doing? Surely I had not robbed any one? It had not come to that. Not yet, at any rate. I was not mad. I was not dreaming. I tested my mental condition in various ways. I was awake, conscious. All was real, and

true, and explicable about me otherwise. How, then, to account for the presence of the notes in my trembling hands?

I retraced, mentally, my conduct during the day. It was clear, absurdly clear, that the notes were not in my possession when I left the Temple in the morning. The blue bag had never quitted my hand throughout the day. Even while in the cab, driving to Westminster, I remembered that I had held it tightly, for it occurred to me that I had almost laughed at myself, when I discovered how firmly I was keeping hold of what was in truth so valueless. I had stood for a few minutes in Westminster Hall watching the procession of the judges. I had hardly spoken to a soul. I had wandered, as I have already stated, from court to court. I was now somewhat dizzy and confused, wearied, and wanting food, but surely I was in my right senses then. I could not possibly have yielded to any insane impulse, and suddenly committed a theft. I dismissed the idea at once. It was dreadful, and it was too improbable. I had heard and read of curious instances of kleptomania, but I could in no way connect these with my own case. I had really been thrown into no situation in which theft, voluntary or involuntary, conscious or unconscious, was conceivable. I decided positively that, however the notes had come into my possession, I had not stolen them. From no action on my part had they come to me. How? Why? From whom? It was a surprising mystery. I could arrive at no conclusion that was in the least satisfactory.

I pondered and brooded over the thing until I was nearly distracted. Then I locked the money up in a secret drawer in my desk, and rushed out. But a little while ago solitude and seclusion had seemed to me infinitely preferable to society, and the chance of being observed. Now I was anxious to join my fellows, to mingle with the crowd in the streets. I felt that if left long alone in my garret, with those bank-notes before me, I should go mad.

What was I to do? Advertise in the newspapers that bank-notes of a stated amount had on such a day, under peculiar circumstances, come into my possession, and offer, upon due particulars being furnished and expenses defrayed, to restore them to their rightful owner? No doubt that was the proper course to pursue. I did not pursue it, however. It would have been a matter of some difficulty for me to have found the few shillings necessary to

pay for the insertion of the advertisement. And a stronger motive deterred me from such a course. To speak plainly, I coveted the money. I longed to appropriate it. I could not bear the thought of surrendering it to another. However just his title to it, it seemed to me I had a paramount claim: my poverty. I set my want above his right. I determined to keep the money.

To be just to myself, however, I should state that before coming to this conclusion, although I did not advertise that I had found the money, I carefully watched the newspapers to see if the loser had advertised his loss. But I could discover no such notification; otherwise I should have taken pains to restore the missing money. Of this I have no doubt. For to take the lowest view of my situation and conduct—and certainly these were susceptible of the most ignoble interpretation—there would have been serious danger of exposure and disgrace, in attempting to make available notes that had been advertised as lost, and payment of which might possibly have been stopped at the Bank of England.

So for the present I resolved to do nothing but to wait, to watch the newspapers, and to retain the money. The only question was as to how long I should be able to keep the amount intact; for my necessities were really of a most urgent character. Again and again I found myself taking out the notes from my desk, turning them over, counting them, examining them anew, and then replacing them. There was pleasure in listening to the crisp rustling sound of the notes, as with a wet forefinger I reckoned them, after the manner of a banker's clerk, over and over. There was comfort in the sense of the potentiality of wealth afforded me by the spectacle of the money. How soon dared I try and change one of the notes? That was the question now constantly haunting me.

Lest I should be condemned too promptly let me state here more particularly how reduced was my condition—how pressing were my necessities. However painful, candour in this respect cannot now be avoided. To supply myself with food from day to day, I had been constrained to sell, book by book, my small but select and, at one time, really valuable library. I had parted with much of the furniture of my chambers. If unpretentious, this had been once, at any rate, of a substantial and comfortable kind. I had sold the few articles of plate I had brought with me from the university, and such little articles of

jewellery as, however unostentatious in such matters, a gentleman is accustomed to wear. Of late I had dispensed with the services of a laundress, partly because I could not afford to pay her small stipend, partly because I could not bear that she should know, and possibly report to others, my fallen state. I had sold the carpet and rug from my sitting-room; the sheets and blankets from my bedstead. I was without coals. I often walked about the streets after dusk to save buying candles. How long could I go on buying food? How soon should I die of destitution? It seemed to me only a question of time. Very soon I should be compelled to give over going out of doors during the daytime—my appearance was growing too squalid. Gradually I was consuming everything that was anyhow vendible, and therefore edible, in my chambers. The poor store was rapidly diminishing, and famine and I appeared to be distressingly near neighbours.

I say nothing of my debts. To a man who lacks bread, payment of his creditors is but a far-off, trifling matter. It is the advantage of great and urgent troubles that they absorb and devour petty difficulties. Despair gave me strength to despise my monetary embarrassments. Gradually nearing death from hunger, what did I care for the worst that debt could do to me?

And now this money had come! Should I give it up? Should I not rather keep it, spend it, and live by means of it? What was it but a real godsend to me? Or—and then my troubled mind turned to memories of old legends of tempted men, and purchased souls, and corrupt pacts with the Evil One. Was I bargaining away my salvation? Was this the consideration of the sale? Clearly, weakened by privation, undermined by despair, my intellect was yielding. I was already half crazy.

Sometimes I tried to think that some benevolent stranger—I had no friend I knew who could be credited with such conduct—had observed my destitute state, and chosen this eccentric method of relieving it. But the notion was not tenable. It was too romantic. Bank notes stuffed into a barrister's bag from motives of charity! It was preposterous.

For a time I hoarded the money. I dared not part with it; I dared not spend it. Then at last—really to buy food—I changed one of the notes. The agony I suffered the while! I was nearly fainting when I forced myself to comply with a very ordinary request—that I would write

my name on the back of the note. I did so. I felt that the signature was hardly recognisable as mine. But that was accident. At the time I could not possibly have written more legibly, or in a less tremulous and feeble hand.

After this incident I endured terrible days of suspense. What would come of it? Would payment of the note be questioned anywhere? Would the real owner appear, confront, threaten, and punish me? All this seemed possible—likely even.

I remained in-doors waiting the result. If I had done wrong, certainly I underwent chastisement. I was reduced to a pitiable condition of nervous debility and irritation. A sudden single knock at my door set my heart leaping and aching, to an extent that is not to be expressed. At last, then, I was to find inquiry, exposure, a constable! My foreboding pictured an infinite panorama of humiliation and anguish. I was mistaken. My visitor knew nothing of these things. He was simply an attorney's clerk. He brought papers and a fee! My services were required, in no very intricate or important degree, as a special pleader.

The luck had turned. Employment had come to me. I was saved, while yet a large balance of the money I had found in my blue bag was untouched, ready for its owner if he would but present himself.

Strange to say, after this time my prospects and condition gradually brightened. I had work to do. Not to any wonderful extent, but still sufficient to enable me to live, and indeed more than this, to resume some of the decencies—the necessities of existence others would call them—I had been forced to dispense with. I re-engaged the services of my laundress. By degrees I was able to take my clothes from the pawnbroker's, and to re-purchase one or two articles of furniture of which I stood in urgent need. My garret begun to look less wretched. My life seemed less gloomy; hope, or a ray of hope, once more illumined it. The air about me was clearer. I could breathe more freely.

In the spring I went on circuit; I had no great prospect of employment, but I was enabled without much difficulty to find means sufficient to defray all expenses. These I may explain to the lay reader are so ruled by the bar as not to press too onerously upon its junior members. Counsel on circuit are as a regiment on the march, "messaging" together, and the rates of payment for lodging, &c., in the various assize towns, are the subject of strict regulation,

so that the rich advocate is not permitted to distress or discountenance his poorer brethren by any very lavish system of expenditure.

At Warwick, I remember, I occupied confined and quaintly furnished rooms over a barber's shop.

A brief was delivered me the day after my arrival in the town. It had reference to a criminal charge, and the fee was of small amount, the case being one of quite an ordinary character. I was instructed to defend a prisoner charged with robbery from the person with violence. The man's name was Michael Runt. No witnesses were to be called for the defence. I was provided with copies of the depositions taken before the local magistrates on the occasion of the prisoner being committed for trial, and some few general instructions. I was to dwell upon certain weak points in the case for the prosecution, and to subject one or two of the witnesses to a rather searching cross-examination.

I soon gathered that my task was not a very hopeful one. But I was bent upon doing the best I could with it; rather, I may frankly admit, for my own sake than the prisoner's. The chance of my distinguishing myself in the matter was small enough, but still in my situation the smallest chance was something to be prized. The solicitor employing me was not a practitioner of very nice repute, but undoubtedly his business was of an extensive and flourishing kind. In such wise his good opinion was worth winning. It might lead to my further employment.

My misgivings about the case strengthened very much when I came to see the prisoner. As he stood in the dock—allowing for the fact that the dock is very trying to appearance at all times, and that placed there even innocent persons acquire a certain equivocal and suspicious aspect—I decided at once that Michael Runt was guilty; more, that he was an old offender, an established member of the criminal class. He was undersized, with compressed, irregular features, and a narrow slanting forehead, over which he had smoothed his dull, coarse, mouse-coloured hair. He slouched as he stepped into the dock, and his small sharp eyes moved restlessly about with a kind of animal cunning, as he remarked his surroundings. He bowed to the judge and jury, and his general bearing was submissive even to servility. Yet something redeemed his appearance from being absolutely repulsive. He

was refined, if I may say so, by an air of sickliness. He had a consumptive pallor of complexion, with a hectic spot of colour, about the size of a crown-piece, burning upon either cheek. His breathing was short, and he coughed painfully every now and then. That he was in a precarious state of health could not be questioned. And his hands it was to be noted, as they rested before him on the ledge of the dock, if not of very good shape, were yet waxen of hue, even to transparency, the fingers being very thin and long. They were the hands of a thief, it might be, certainly not the hands of a man used to rough labour. So far the sight of them would not assist his case with the jury. Except in this way: he was charged with robbery under circumstances of some violence. It was fair to raise the question: was he capable, judging from his appearance, of physical exertion of any pronounced kind? A rapid glance at my client decided me that his defence must consist in some such argument. Meantime I had to listen to the opening speech of the counsel for the Crown.

As I have said, the case presented no exceptional features, and I need not detain the reader with any detailed account of it. The facts were strong against the prisoner. A horse-fair had attracted a large assembly in a neighbouring town. My client was alleged to have come down from London with many associates in evil practices. They had surrounded and hustled the prosecutor, a burly tenant-farmer, who had been selling certain cattle at the fair. They had robbed him of his watch, and had only just been hindered from relieving him of his pocket-book. He had seized the prisoner, held him tightly, and handed him over to the constables. The watch, however, had not been found upon the prisoner. It was alleged that he had certainly taken it, but had succeeded in passing it on to his accomplices. The farmer had deposed to the identity of the prisoner, and to the fact that he had been the first assailant and had snatched and secured the watch.

The prosecutor gave his evidence in a sturdy, straightforward way enough. He was a middle-aged man, of powerful frame, with a flushed face that betokened rather inabstinent habits, or a constitutionally choleric disposition. His expression was one of somewhat obtuse obstinacy. His testimony, though no doubt in the main truthful, involved some inconsistency. He was anxious to have it understood that he



was perfectly sober at the time of the robbery; nevertheless, he was reluctant to admit that his property had been wrested from him without a struggle, in which a sober man of his muscular proportions could hardly have been worsted. He shrunk from conceding that the London thief had got the better of him, except by superior force. He had a countryman's pride, and did not like the notion of his vigilance and intelligence being discomfited by the cunning and sleight-of-hand of a cockney pickpocket. Yet the theory that he had really been defeated in an encounter with the puny creature in the dock seemed sufficiently improbable.

A dirty scrap of paper was passed from the prisoner to his attorney, and so on, to me. On it was written in a wretched scrawl: "The bloke was werry drunk." I pressed the witness on this point. Gradually he admitted that the alleged robbery took place after he had dined, very copiously indeed, at the farmer's ordinary, and that he had "refreshed" considerably before starting from home for the fair, and on his journey thither. A list he reluctantly furnished of his glasses of ale and rummers of brandy-and-water was of surprising length. The enumeration greatly amused the court, and even set the prisoner laughing. The witness lost his temper, and incurred the rebuke of the judge. He stuck persistently to the leading points of his case, however. He swore distinctly that he was quite sober; that the prisoner was the man who first assaulted him and took his watch, whereupon he had seized the thief and had held him until the arrival of the constables.

For the prisoner I did what I could, as it was clearly my duty to do, to present to the jury as favourable a view as could possibly be taken of his case. I argued that the charge against him was too full of doubt and improbability to justify his conviction. I maintained, in the old established way, that it was not for me to prove him innocent, but for the Crown to prove him guilty, and that the prosecution had completely failed so to do. I dwelt upon the absolute insufficiency of the evidence. The prosecutor was clearly intoxicated. Had there been a robbery at all? If so, where was the stolen property? We had only the word of a drunken man to prove that he had ever had a watch to lose. Could we on such evidence convict the prisoner of stealing a thing which had not been shown to exist other than in the imagination of a drunken

man? Drunkards were notoriously the victims of delusions of all kinds. But I forbore to press this argument too strenuously. I saw that the jury believed in the existence of the watch. So, granting that the prosecutor had once possessed a watch, had there not been abundant opportunities, I asked, for his losing it throughout the day long before his meeting the prisoner? He had been in and out of public-houses, mingling for hours in the thick of the fair. Suddenly he missed the property which he had probably been deprived of hours before. Thereupon, angry and unreasonable from the fumes of the liquor he had consumed so excessively, he had arrested the nearest man to him, and charged him with the theft. The idea of a conflict between the two men I laughed to scorn. I bade the jury compare the physical proportions of the prosecutor and the prisoner. They were a giant and a pigmy, I said, and the suggestion that the pigmy had triumphed in the encounter I characterised as monstrous. I dismissed the idea that the prisoner had been assisted by others, but on that head I thought it advisable to say as little as possible. I paid a compliment to the skill and sagacity of the police, and urged that if there had been accomplices most certainly they would have been arrested long since, and made to stand beside my unhappy client in the dock.

The prisoner during the progress of my cross-examination and speech on his behalf had much pestered me with his crumpled notes. These contained nothing of real importance. They were brief, but wretchedly written and spelt. "Go it, counsellor," he wrote. "Hit him hard." This referred to the prosecutor. "He was blind drunk, and did not know nothing of what happened." "He could not know for certain it was me as took his ticker." "Put it as it was Flash Looney as did the trick. It can't hurt him. He's got a twelve-month's hard already." I quote from memory, and have mended the spelling, but the communications were much to the above purport.

When I touched upon his ailing state, however, contrasting it with the prosecutor's air of robust health, the prisoner was quick to perceive that he could assist my arguments by assuming a corresponding demeanour. He left off writing notes. He was shaken by severe fits of coughing. He seemed nearly fainting from fatigue and weakness. He gasped for breath. He could with difficulty maintain an erect attitude.

Certainly, he displayed very considerable histrionic skill. He was really ill, but he contrived cleverly enough to aggravate all his symptoms of sickliness.

I need add little more about the trial. The judge summed up much, as I thought, to the disadvantage of the prisoner. The jury, however, after a few minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of Not Guilty. Michael Runt was a free man. He disappeared from the dock very briskly indeed.

The prosecution confessed their disappointment. The man was an old offender, boasting many an alias. They were ready to show that he was well known to the police, and had been convicted on several previous occasions. Had he been found guilty, they were prepared to press for a severe sentence.

I have said that the trial was but of a commonplace kind, and I attach little importance to the exertions I had used on the prisoner's behalf. Still, I was congratulated on my success by many of my colleagues on circuit. I was told that I had made a very good defence. The judge had even gone out of his way in his summing up to compliment my advocacy. And I derived from my efforts decided advantages in the way of further employment. Altogether I profited very fairly that circuit. There really seemed to be a chance that within, let us say, ten years or so I should be generally recognised as "a rising junior." For at the bar juniors rarely rise until age has somewhat bowed them. They don't flower until late in the autumn of life, just as the much-cherished chrysanthemums in their own Temple Gardens flourish most in November.

### CANVAS UNDER CANVAS.

"THERE is nothing in the whole world," said an eminent painter once, when expatiating on the delights of his gentle craft, "which an artist so thoroughly enjoys as painting his picture, except it is selling it afterwards." So, also, thinks the public, and although a little too prone to suppose that the limner's profession is exempt from the cares and anxieties incidental to every other, and that its followers generally lead an easy, idle, pipe-smoking kind of existence, the conclusion is correct. Nor is this wonderful, for is not the sight of an artist at his easel always pleasant? Does it not always conjure up ideas of patient reverential admiration for every-

thing that is lovely? What can be more elevating and ennobling than the constant contemplation and delineation of the beautiful? And if it be pleasant to watch him at work in his studio with its tasteful surroundings, it becomes doubly so when, in a ramble beneath a summer sky, across some picturesque tract of country, we come upon him unexpectedly, ensconced in a quiet nook, sitting on his three-legged stool under the shade of his tent or white umbrella, labouring away at the glorious, ever-changing phases of nature spread out before him. Is it possible for any one, having the slightest admiration for the charms of mountain, wood, or waterfall, of sky, sea, or lake, to conceive an occupation so thoroughly engrossing or delightful, especially when we remember that it is the means by which the landscape painter lives? No wonder if the world is apt to say, "his work is all play, his labour is a labour of love," and that his life is, of all others, the lightest and freest from burden. Enjoyment, it would seem, could no further go! It signifies little under what conditions we find him; he ever presents, when thus engaged in his pursuit, a picture at once fascinating, suggestive, and agreeable.

Peep at him, for instance, when, in the sultry noontide heat, he sits, half hidden in the tall fern of the deep umbrageous recesses of a forest glade, with the ghostly century-old sentinels of oak and beech keeping watch around him, their grey gnarled trunks flecked with specks of sun and shadow from bright sky and fretwork of leafy roof, and where the deer, unconscious of his presence, stray close to him on the windward side until, aware of his intrusion on their domain, they, with a sudden frightened start, burst madly down a drive.

Again, see him on a breezy, open, heather-clad moorland, depicting the fleeting gleams of sunshine and cloud-shadow, as they chase each other across the purple level and over the little knolls and breaks, and so up the rolling mountain spurs, until upon the rugged sides of the great hills themselves they are lost in the mists which cap the highest peaks. Or, when the tide is out, and the fishing craft are lying in their furrows of beach sand, surrounded by all the "picturesque lumber" of the shore, watch him as he, with his canvas under canvas, is making headway with his work by the "sad sea waves." Surely an enviable being is he under any of these circumstances, and equally so do we esteem

him if we catch sight of his tent, or white umbrella, by the side of a boulder-bedded torrent "far down a valley lonely." And if we find him ensconced among the reeds and willows of a broad flowing river's bank, or amidst the nodding corn-sheaves, and reapers at their work, in the water meadows, where the cattle, strayed and scattered over the mead, attract his pencil, does he not lend additional interest to the scene?

Once more, does not his gipsy-like encampment and its surroundings irresistibly entice us towards him, if we discover them nestling by some ancient castle-keep, or old abbey ruin, and are we not tempted, as before, to intrude upon his enjoyable solitude, and to behave almost as badly in our endeavours to get a glimpse of his sketch, or picture, as do sometimes the gaping yokels, urchins, and provincial citizens, who surround him in a hustling and jostling crowd, whenever they catch sight of him in the suburbs or the streets of some mediæval town, revelling in his grateful task? In a word, whensoever and wheresoever he pitches his tent, at home or abroad, your landscape painter—be he sketcher in water-colour or oil, or high finisher in both; spend he, as a squatter with very portable traps, six hours, or, as a settler with full camp equipage, six months over one subject—has, in our eyes, the very best of times of it; and one might almost admit that the pleasantness of his pursuit is sufficient compensation, and that to pay him handsomely for his work is a piece of supererogation. The man who has to go through essentially disagreeable, unhealthy, irksome, but necessary duties, is the man who should be highly paid, not he whose daily occupation is one round of successive delights. Yet the remuneration, now-a-days, is certainly no less satisfactory than is the following of the art itself. Sir Marler would twist you his moustache, and, with a disdainful twirl of his maulstick, inform you that your notions about the pleasures of his life were somewhat exaggerated. He would discourse you between the puffs of his pipe of the thousand and one discomforts, anxieties, and miseries which his labours on his canvas under canvas entails.

All the elements, he would tell you, that conspire to make his life enjoyable, bring with them each corresponding difficulties. The wind, which sets the waves and sky in motion, and helps to give the landscape painter the beauties of light and shade, is at times his bitterest enemy. It rattles and flutters his canvas or paper at the most tick-

lish moments; it whirls dust in his eyes, and over his wet colours; it insinuates itself under his coat-tails, and flaps them on to his delicately graduated tints, just as he has washed or rubbed them in; it eddies round, and lunges at him in every diabolical and impossible way, finally wriggling under his tent or umbrella, and, despite all pegs and cords, lifting it bodily high into the air, like an impromptu misshapen captive balloon.

The sun, too, won't shine when he wants to see the effect and form of a particular mass of light and dark, and bursts out unclouded when the whole feeling of his subject is essentially grey. After he has trudged some weary miles to a pet view, his paraphernalia on his back, rain sets in immediately he has settled to his easel, driving him home after long struggling and persevering against it, only to cease when he has finally made up his mind to abandon work for the day. Chill winds, scorching sun, drenching rain, stinging midges, all sorts of biting, tickling, crawling insects, gaping chawbacons, insolent children, savage dogs, enraged cattle, dreary lodgings in lonely farms, or questionable quarters in roadside stale-tobacco-smelling inns, tough mutton, and sour beer—these, and many more such troubles, will our landscape painter detail to you and make moan about. He may say nothing of unsuccessful work done, miserable blots, futile attempts, wretched renderings of splendid subjects, heart-burnings and disappointments at imperfect imitations of natural objects, which may drive him to do violence upon his picture. But such conditions arise. He may not be eloquent upon the follies and drivelling imbecilities to which, by his failures, he is reduced; nevertheless, evidence exists that he can be brought to a very low condition of mind indeed, for, reminded possibly by early arithmetical difficulties, he has occasionally broken out into puerile verse, and has been known to carve upon a boulder-stone, or upon the soft face of some sandstone rock, his lay; the Lay of the Landscape Painter on the Sea-shore running thus:

Stratification is vexation,  
Pebbles are as bad,  
The rolling sea doth puzzle me,  
And clouds they drive me mad.

Yet these are but temporary moods, and soon pass, only to leave him more determined than ever to carry out his purpose, and capture the coveted beauty before him; for this inextinguishable love for his art is the mainspring which keeps him going, and induces him, from the first, voluntarily to

encounter the difficulties of his profession. Were it not for this deep-seated love, the inevitable failures to which he is constantly subjected all through his life (for as his powers increase so does his ambition, each success only urging him forward to greater efforts, your true artist never being really satisfied, but always wanting to do better) would overwhelm him, and painting would become a task as ungrateful as any merely mechanical process by which a man must earn his bread. So then, despite the little grumblings of our friend, we return to our first proposition, despite his assertion (a perfectly true one, by the way) that painting from nature as he does, going to his work early in the morning, returning from it late at night, like any labouring man, is a very different thing to daintily dallying for an hour or two with enticing looking sketching materials, when we find ourselves idle in the country, or on our tours amongst peaks, passes, and glaciers. Despite all this, we say, we shall continue to believe that the landscape painter's lines are cast in pleasant places. The mere fact of having to spread his canvas in the open air, at a season when "all who are in populous cities pent" long to escape to the sea, the fields, or woods, and to have to busy himself only with objects which are a delight to eyes, ears, and nose, is sufficient to make his occupation pre-eminently attractive. And in his idle moments, too—for, however engrossed he may be by his art, he should not always be before his easel—see what enjoyment is within his reach. Who so happy as he, with rod and line perhaps, whipping the stream for spotted trout, and imperceptibly drinking in all the elements of beauty which surround him? Compared with the mere angler, is not his enjoyment double? Does he not get a thousand inspirations and suggestions out of every bend of the tiny stream or rushing river, as he gently plods from pool to pool? Now, with agile steps, he crosses and recrosses the flowing water, sometimes wading ankle-deep, at others balancing himself upon the slippery stepping-stones, until, tired of the sport, he stretches himself at full length upon a pleasant shady bank, and smokes a pipe, or makes a jotting of some picturesque effect or form in his pocket sketch-book. If the fish be shy, and his basket empty, his time is by no means lost. He has seen, perhaps, enough to allure him to the spot again, when, with brushes and with palette, he will capture something that shall be more lasting in its beauty even than his

finny prey, for nowhere in such scenes as the fisherman loves to frequent can the artist's eye be idle.

Botanising, or geologising, too, if he have tastes that way, must equally lead him to haunts out of which some suggestions may arise, some sort of capital be made. Climbing for a choice specimen that is beyond his reach, likely enough he puts up (to use a sporting phrase) some subject little dreamt of as he strolled along the lane, or beneath the overhanging rocks.

If he be a cricketer, the "district eleven" will be glad of his aid any evening on the common, or the village-green, and the steadiness of his hand will be none the less next day from the exercise, if his genial good-fellowship do not tempt him to "keep it up" too late after supper.

On the sea-coast he should be no less at home, and ready to take an oar or haul on to a rope with the best of the fishermen in the little harbour, combining sport with study in almost every relation of his rural life. A swimmer he is sure to be, and either in the "fresh" or "salt," need never fail to get his morning dip with unbroken regularity from early May till late October. Learned he must inevitably become in all that appertains to country life, for is he not its high priest? Are not its materials in every detail his stock-in-trade; and must not every sight, and almost every sound, come under his keenest observation, from roaring winds and rushing waters to the hum of insects and the song of birds? Ay, even from the gentle woodland warblers to the screeching sea fowl! In all the infinite variety of their notes, he will somehow get to take an interest, and to distinguish and identify the language of his feathered neighbours as readily as the voices of his friends, and now and then it will serve his purpose to bring one down with his gun, and stuff its skin, and set it up in his studio at home as "a property" of endless use to paint from. Farm labour, likewise, cannot go unobserved by him, and in localities where hideous machinery has not banished the picturesque plough or harrow-team, and such handwork as may form a foreground incident, he will have occasion to study the action, effect, and habits of all the rural population. A simplicity of thought and mode of life, especially healthful both to mind and body, should be the characteristic result of such a training—a result of no mean worth in these days, when to seem what one really is has become unfashionable. On every hand, then, from his hardest

and most earnest hours of work, when his whole soul is given up to the perpetuation of nature's choicest pictures, down to his hours of merest idleness, when he lies prone, pipe in mouth, on the verge of some breezy cliff, or in the depths of a shady copse, the conclusion is that the landscape painter's life is without parallel for enjoyment, when he sets up his studio in the open air, and labours conscientiously upon his "canvas under canvas."

### VAMPIRES AND GHOULS.

THESE gentry are not yet quite dead. At least the belief in them still lingers in some country districts; while in South-Eastern Europe, and South-Western Asia, the credence prevails among whole tribes, and even nations. There appears to be no essential difference between the European vampire and the Asiatic ghoul—a sort of demon, delighting to animate the bodies of dead persons, and feed upon their blood. It is believed that the superstition has existed in the Levant since the time of the ancient Greeks; but among that artistic people the vampire was a lamia, a beautiful woman, who allured youths to her, and then fed upon their young flesh and blood. Be that as it may, the Byzantine Christians, after the time of Constantine, entertained a belief that the bodies of those who died excommunicated were kept by an emissary of the Evil One, who endowed them with a sort of life, sufficient to enable them to go forth at night from their graves, and feast on other men. The only way to get rid of these passive agents of mischief was to dig the bodies up from the graves, disexcommunicate them, and bury them.

William of Newbury, who lived in the twelfth century, narrates that in Buckinghamshire a man appeared several times to his wife after he had been buried. The archdeacon and clergy, on being applied to, thought it right to ask the advice of the bishop of the diocese, as to the proper course to be pursued. He advised that the body should be burned—the only cure for vampires. On opening the grave, the corpse was found to be in the same state as when interred; a property, we are told, generally possessed by vampires.

The most detailed vampire stories belong to the Danubian and Greek countries. Tournefort describes a scene that came under his personal notice in Greece. A peasant of Mycone was murdered in the fields in the year 1701. He had been a man of quarrel-

some, ill-natured disposition: just the sort of man, according to the current belief of the peasantry, to be haunted by vampires after death. Two days after his burial, it was noised abroad that he had been seen to walk in the night with great haste, overturning people's goods, putting out their lights, pinching them, and playing them strange pranks. The rumour was so often repeated, that at length the priests avowed their belief in its truth. Masses were said in the chapels, and ceremonies were performed, having for their object to drive out the vampire that inhabited the dead man. On the tenth day after the burial, a mass was said, the body was disinterred, and the heart taken out. Frankincense was burned to ward off infection; but the bystanders insisted on the smoke of the frankincense being a direct emanation from the dead body—a sure sign, according to popular belief, of vampyrism. They burned the heart on the sea-shore, the conventional way of getting rid of vampires. Still this did not settle the matter. Positive statements went the round of the village that the dead man was still up to all kinds of mischief, beating people in the night, breaking down doors, unroofing houses, shaking windows. The matter became serious. Many of the inhabitants were so thoroughly frightened and panic-stricken as to flee; while those who remained nearly lost all self-control. They debated, they fasted, they made processions through the village, they sprinkled the doors of the houses with holy water, they speculated as to whether mass had been properly said, and the heart properly burned. At length they resolved to burn the body itself; they collected plenty of wood, pitch, and tar, and carried out their plan. Tournefort (who had found it necessary to be cautious as to expressing his incredulity), states that no more was heard of the supposed vampire.

In the year 1725, on the borders of Hungary and Transylvania, a vampire story arose, which was renewed afterwards in a noteworthy way. A peasant of Madveiga, named Arnold Paul, was crushed to death by the fall of a waggon-load of hay. Thirty days afterwards, four persons died, with all the symptoms (according to popular belief) of their blood having been sucked by vampires. Some of the neighbours remembered having heard Arnold say that he had often been tormented by a vampire; and they jumped to a conclusion that the passive vampire had now become active. This was in accordance with a kind of formula or theorem on the subject: that a man

who, when alive, has had his blood sucked by a vampire, will, after his death, deal with other persons in like manner. The neighbours exhumed Arnold Paul, drove a stake through the heart, cut off the head, and burned the body. The bodies of the four persons who had recently died were treated in a similar way, to make surety doubly sure. Nevertheless, even this did not suffice. In 1732, seven years after these events, seventeen persons died in the village near about one time. The memory of the unlucky Arnold recurred to the villagers; the vampire theory was again appealed to; he was believed to have dealt with the seventeen as he had previously dealt with the four; and they were therefore disinterred, the heads cut off, the hearts staked, the bodies burned, and the ashes dispersed. One supposition was that Arnold had vampyrised some cattle, that the seventeen villagers had eaten of the beef, and had fallen victims in consequence. This affair attracted much attention at the time. Louis the Fifteenth directed his ambassador at Vienna to make inquiries in the matter. Many of the witnesses attested on oath that the disinterred bodies were full of blood, and exhibited few of the usual symptoms of death: indications which the believers in vampires stoutly maintained to be always present in such cases. This has induced many physicians to think that real cases of catalepsy or trance were mixed up with the popular belief, and were supplemented by a large allowance of epidemic fanaticism.

In Epirus and Thessaly there is a belief in living vampires, men who leave their shepherd dwellings by night, and roam about, biting and tearing men and animals. In Moldavia the traditional *priccolitsch*, and in Wallachia the *murony*, must be somewhat remarkable beings. They are real living men, who become dogs at night, with the backbone prolonged to form a sort of tail; they roam through the villages, delighting to kill cattle.

Calmet, in his curious work relating to the marvels of the phantom world, quotes a letter which was written in 1738, and which added one to the long list of vampire stories belonging to the Danubian provinces. "We have just had in this part of Hungary a scene of vampyrism, duly attested by two officials of the tribunal of Belgrade, who went down to the places specified; and by an officer of the emperor's troops at Graditz, who was an ocular witness of the proceedings. At the

beginning of September there died in the village of Kisilony, three leagues from Graditz, a man sixty-two years of age. Three days after his burial he appeared in the night to his son, and asked for something to eat. The son having given him something, he ate and disappeared. The next day the son recounted to his neighbours what had occurred. That night the father did not appear; but on the following night he showed himself, and asked again for food. They do not know whether the son gave him any on that occasion or not; but on the following day the son was found dead in his bed. On that same day five or six persons in the village fell suddenly ill, and died one after another in a few days." The villagers resolved to open the grave of the old man, and examine the body; they did so, and declared that the symptoms presented were such as usually pertain to vampyrism—eyes open, fresh colour, &c. The executioner drove a stake into the heart, and reduced the body to ashes. All the other persons recently dead were similarly exhumed; but as they did not exhibit the suspicious symptoms, they were quietly reinterred.

One theory in that part of Europe is, that an illegitimate son of parents, both of whom are illegitimate, is peculiarly likely to become a vampire. If a dead body is supposed to be vampyrised it is taken up; should the usual symptoms of decay present themselves, the case is supposed to be a natural one, and the body is sprinkled with holy water by the priest; but should the freshness above adverted to appear, the ordeal of destruction is at once decided on. In some parts of Wallachia, skilled persons are called in to prevent a corpse from becoming a vampire, by various charms, as well as by the rougher and coarser plan of driving a nail through the head. One charm is to rub the body in various places with the lard of a pig killed on St. Ignatius's Day; another is, to lay by the side of the body a stick made of the stem of a wild rose. Some of the vampyrised persons are believed, when they emerge from their graves at night, not to go about in human form, but as dogs, cats, frogs, toads, fleas, lice, bugs, spiders, &c., sucking the blood of living persons by biting them in the back or neck. This belief forcibly suggests one remark: that as the peasantry in those parts of Europe are woefully deficient in cleanliness of person, clothing, and bedding, nothing is more likely than that they are bitten at

night by some of the smaller creatures above named, without the assistance of any vampire.

Mr. Pashley, in his *Travels in Crete*, states that when he was at the town of Askyló, he asked about the vampires or *katakhanadhes*, as the Cretans called them — of whose existence and doings he had heard many recitals, stoutly corroborated by the peasantry. Many of the stories converged towards one central fact, which Mr. Pashley believed had given origin to them all. On one occasion a man of some note was buried at St. George's Church at Kalikrati, in the island of Crete. An arch or canopy was built over his grave. But he soon afterwards made his appearance as a vampire, haunting the village, and destroying men and children. A shepherd was one day tending his sheep and goats near the church, and on being caught in a shower, went under the arch to seek shelter from the rain. He determined to pass the night there, laid aside his arms, and stretched himself on a stone to sleep. In placing his fire-arms down (gentle shepherds of pastoral poems do not want fire-arms; but the Cretans are not gentle shepherds), he happened to cross them. Now this crossing was always believed to have the effect of preventing a vampire from emerging from the spot where the emblem was found. Thereupon occurred a singular debate. The vampire rose in the night, and requested the shepherd to remove the fire-arms in order that he might pass, as he had some important business to transact. The shepherd, inferring from this request that the corpse was the identical vampire which had been doing so much mischief, at first refused his assent; but on obtaining from the vampire a promise on oath that he would not hurt him, the shepherd moved the crossed arms. The vampire, thus enabled to rise, went to a distance of about two miles, and killed two persons, a man and a woman. On his return, the shepherd saw some indication of what had occurred, which caused the vampire to threaten him with a similar fate if he divulged what he had seen. He courageously told all, however. The priests and other persons came to the spot next morning, took up the corpse (which in daytime was as lifeless as any other) and burnt it. While burning, a little spot of blood spurted on the shepherd's foot, which instantly withered away; but otherwise no evil resulted, and the vampire was effectually destroyed. This was certainly a very pecu-

liar vampire story; for the coolness with which the corpse and the shepherd carried on their conversation under the arch was unique enough. Nevertheless, the persons who narrated the affair to Mr. Pashley firmly believed in its truth, although slightly differing in their versions of it.

Modern vampires in Western Europe seldom trouble society, so far as narratives tell; but across the Atlantic something of the kind has occupied public attention within the limits of the present generation. In 1854, the *Times* gave an extract from an American newspaper, the *Norwich Courier*, concerning an event that had just occurred. Horace Ray, of Griswold, died of consumption in 1846; two of his children afterwards died of the same complaint; eight years afterwards, in 1854, a third died. The neighbours, evidently having the vampire theory in their thoughts, determined to exhume the bodies of the first two children, and burn them; under the supposition that the dead had been feeding on the living. If the dead body remained in a fresh or semi-fresh state, all the vampire mischief would be produced. In what state the bodies were really found we are not told; but they were disinterred and burned on the 8th of June in the above-named year.

This superstition appears to be closely connected with that of the Were-wolf, which sometimes presents very terrible features. Medical men give the name of lycanthropy to a kind of monomania which lies at the bottom of all the were-wolf stories. In popular interpretation, a were-wolf is a man or woman who has been changed into the form of a wolf, either to gratify a taste for human flesh and blood, or as a Divine punishment. The Reverend Baring Gould narrates the history of Marshal de Retz, a noble, brave, and wealthy man of the time of Charles the Seventh in France. He was sane and reasonable in all matters save one; but in that one he was a terrible being. He delighted in putting young and delicate children to death, and then destroying them, without (so far as appears) wishing to put the flesh or the blood to his lips. In the course of a lengthened trial which brought his career to an end, the truth came to light that he had destroyed eight hundred children in seven years. There was neither accusation nor confession about a wolf here; it was a man afflicted with a morbid propensity of a dreadful kind. Somewhat different was the case of Jean Grenier, in 1603. He was a herd-boy, aged fourteen, who was brought before a

tribunal at Bordeaux on a most extraordinary charge. Several witnesses, chiefly young girls, accused him of having attacked them under the guise of a wolf. The charge was strange, but the confession was still stranger; for the boy declared that he had killed and eaten several children, and the fathers of those children asserted the same thing. Grenier was said to be half an idiot; if so, his idiocy on the one hand, and the superstitious ignorance of the peasantry on the other, may perchance supply a solution to the enigma. One of the most extraordinary cases on record occurred in France in 1849, the facts being brought to light before a court-martial, presided over by Colonel Manselon. Many of the cemeteries near Paris were found to have been entered in the night, graves opened, coffins disturbed, and dead bodies strewed around the place in a torn and mangled condition. This was so often repeated, and in so many cemeteries, that great anguish and terror were spread among the people. A strict watch was kept. Some of the patrols or police of the cemeteries thought they saw a figure several times fitting about among the graves, but could never quite satisfy themselves on the matter. Surgeons were examined, to ascertain whether it was the work of the class of men who used in England to be called resurrectionists, or body-snatchers; but they all declared that the wild reckless mutilation was quite of another character. Again was a strict watch kept; a kind of man-trap was contrived at a part of the wall of Père la Chaise cemetery, which appeared as if it had been frequently scaled. A sort of grenade connected with the man-trap was heard to explode; the watch fired their guns; some one was seen to flee quickly; and then they found traces of blood, and a few fragments of military clothing, at one particular spot. Next day, it became publicly known that a non-commissioned officer of the Seventy-fourth Regiment had returned wounded to the barracks in the middle of the night, and had been conveyed to a military hospital. Further inquiry led to a revelation of the fact that Sergeant Bertrand, of the regiment here named, was the unhappy cause of all the turmoil. He was in general demeanour kind and gentle, frank and gay; and nothing but a malady of a special kind could have driven him to

the commission of such crimes as those with which he was charged, and which his own confession helped to confirm. He described the impulse under which he acted as being irresistible, altogether beyond his own control; it came upon him about once a fortnight. He had a terrible consciousness while under its influence, and yet he could not resist. The minute details which he gave to the tribunal of his mode of proceeding at the cemeteries might suit those who like to sup on horrors, but may be dispensed with here. Suffice it to say that he aided by his confession to corroborate the charge; that he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment; and that eminent physicians of Paris endeavoured to restore the balance of his mind during his quiet incarceration.

Fifty years ago, vampyre literature had a temporary run of public favour. The *Vampyre*, or the *Bride of the Isles*, a drama, and *The Vampyre*, a melodrama in two acts, were presented at the theatres: the hero being enacted by some performer who had the art of making himself gaunt and ghastly on occasions. There was also a story under the same title, purporting to be by the Right Honourable Lord Byron, which attracted notice. The form of the superstition chiefly prevalent in modern Greece is that vampyres, notwithstanding all the means used to destroy their bodies, will resume their shape, and recommence their mischievous wanderings, as soon as the rays of moonlight fall on their graves. This serves as the foundation of the tale in question. But Lord Byron repudiated it. In a characteristic letter to Galignani, he said: "If the book is clever, it would be base to deprive the real writer, whoever he may be, of his honours; if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dulness but my own." The authorship was afterwards claimed by another writer, who stated that the idea of the tale had been suggested to his mind by something he had met with in Byron.

All the stories of vampyres, ghouls, and were-wolves, we may safely assert, can find their solution in a combination of three causes—a sort of epidemic superstition among ignorant persons; some of the phenomena of trance or epileptic sleep; and special monomaniac diseases which it is the province of the physician to study.

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