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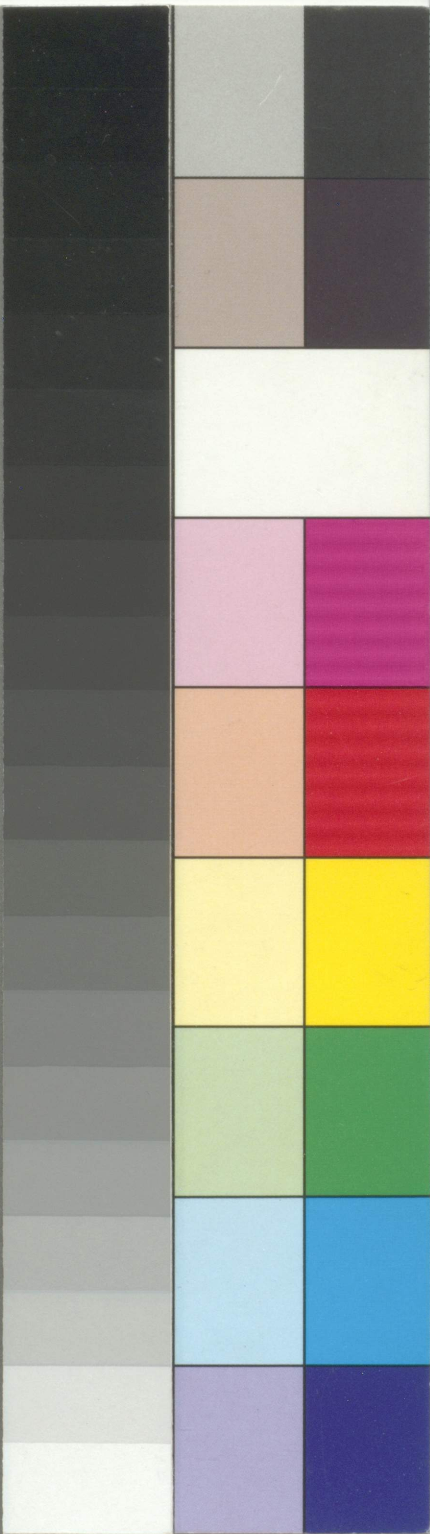

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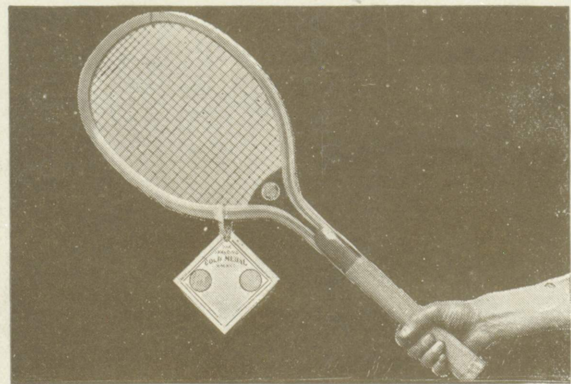

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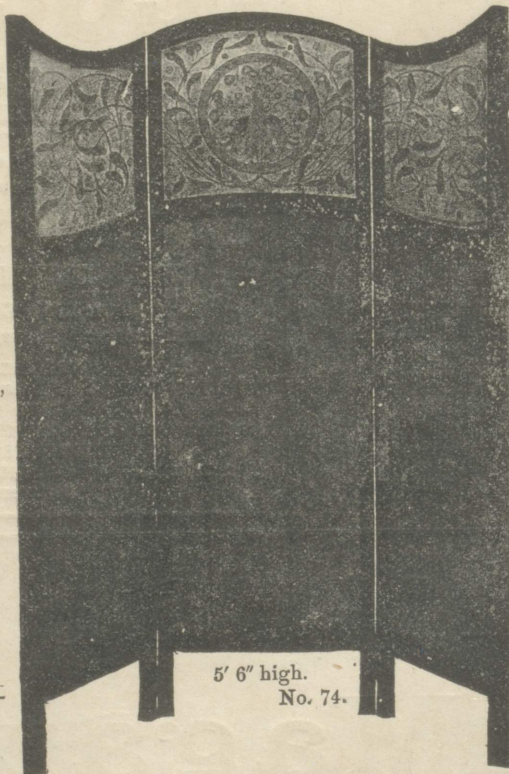

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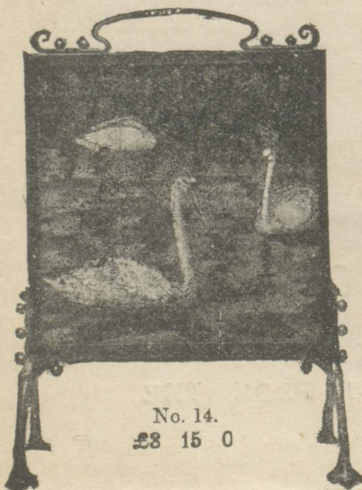

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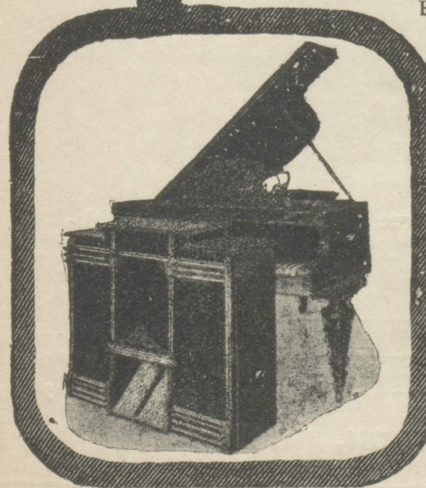

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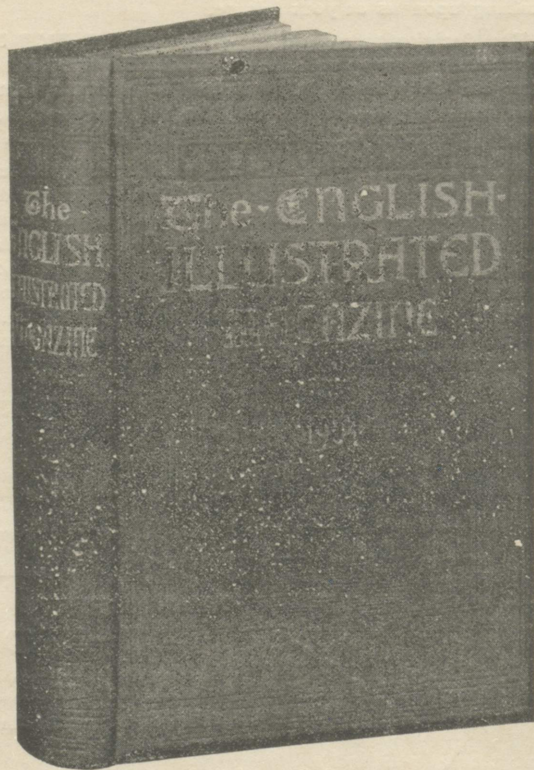

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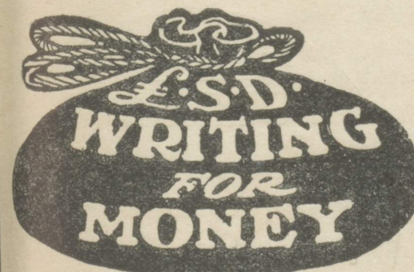

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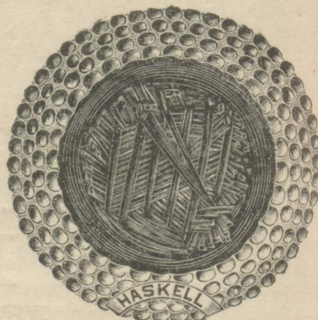

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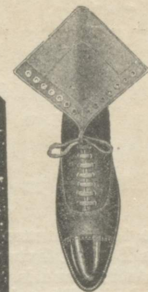

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the country properly surveyed with a view to their protection. Many days are pleasantly passed in tracing out these monuments of a nearly-forgotten race, and also in endeavouring to lure a few trout from the streams.

But Dingle fishing is not to be compared with that of many other spots in the West. Streams are small, and trout agree both in size and quantity.

Leaving stones and streams, we arrange for a farewell excursion round Slea Head before we depart homewards. Selecting a fine day, a long tramp past Burnham House, the home of Lord Ventry, through Ventry village, and along its magnificent golden strand, brings us to the headland, and before us stretches the mighty Atlantic Ocean, studded with the sixty islands and rocks of the Blasket group. About two miles away, the Great Blasket Island frowns down upon its smaller brethren, and 500 feet below us the sea, restless even on that windless day, frets and foams over purple beds of wrack and golden sand. Far below us scream and hover thousands of sea fowl chasing their finny prey, which harassed by pirates below, spring into the sunlit air, flashing like bars of silver as they vainly seek for safety, denied them in their own element. One solitary porpoise rolls and tumbles beneath us, the whole forming a picture alone worth the journey to Ireland to view.

We visit the Creek of Brandon, a curious crack in the sea cliffs, where once a large barque was hurled by the gale, and so wedged in by its narrow walls that it remained almost unbroken and upright for some time, while the fortunate crew crept along its bowsprit to dry land. Lucky it was for them it struck where it did, as there is no other opening in the rocks for miles on either side. We are sorely tempted to climb St. Brandon's Mountain, but can find no guide, and have not the experience of the saint who daily ascended it to say his prayers, so have to abandon the attempt, although we wish greatly to verify the statement that on its very summit two wells of water exist. We cross by a ricketty wooden bridge the Brandon River where the saint obtained his salmon, and, returning to Dingle, take for the present our last rest in Ireland, leaving by the morning's train for Cork in time to catch the steamer for Bristol. For those resident in other parts than the West of England, the Bristol route, may be, is not a convenient one, but given a fair ability to resist the prostrating effects of twenty-four hours' ocean rocking, the direct passage from Bristol to Cork is inexpensive and the least troublesome. The boats are clean and fair-sized, the catering plain but satisfying. Other routes are via Milford Haven with a ten hours' passage, or, of course, the time-honoured but tedious railway journey via Holyhead and Dublin.

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By L. M. CHURCH.

SHE came across the gleaming, yellow field, a tall, slender, white-robed figure, humming a gay air the while. Through the vine-covered lattice of the summerhouse he saw her come up the path, and smiled a tender, amused smile as he watched her turn this way and that, like a great white butterfly, and heard the low hum of her voice. As she drew near he turned back to the table covered with papers and continued his writing.

At the door she paused, glanced at the grave, earnest face of the man at the table, who kept on writing, then knocked lightly on the casing.

He did not look up. The pen travelled a trifle faster across the paper and a slight frown gathered on the writer's face. She hesitated a moment, then bravely entered.

"I suppose you are busy?" she ventured.

He looked up and solemnly greeted her, and answered the question with the same silent bow.

She sighed a little as she seated herself on a corner of the table. "Everybody is busy. Mother is in the kitchen with Rebecca, trying some recipes she has just read in a magazine. They don't want me, and I feel just like talking to some one."

The pen scratched on across the sheet. There was no answer.

"Is the sermon nearly finished?"

He drew his chair a little closer to the table and shook his head in reply.

"It seems as if I must talk to some one."

A long pause.

"Don't you like to have me talk to you, dear?'

The man placed his pen between his teeth and turned to a reference book at his elbow. Silence reigned.

"Dear man, aren't you glad to see your wife?"

He closed the book, took the pen from his teeth, and resumed his writing.

For some minutes she sat gazing out into the sunny field. Then, turning to him appealingly, she asked: "Do you wish I would go?"

He smiled at her affectionately.

She stood up and looked at him a minute as he wrote forever on and on. "Very well, I will go," she answered, sadly, turning to the door.

At the threshold she paused. "Perhaps I shall never come back," she darkly suggested.

No sound came from the busy man.

She passed out into the sunlight. "Good-bye," she called as she faced about.

Gravely, soberly, he bowed his head without lifting his eyes from the paper.

And the tall, white figure slowly moved away.

The faint fragrance of the wild rose filled the air, borne by the summer breeze, and sweet was the song of the meadow lark beyond the brook. All the world seemed gay and glad, but still the man worked at his papers, nor seemed to notice that the bright sunshine and the breeze and the meadow lark were all calling to him to come out and rejoice with them.

Once he stopped an instant and passed his hand through his hair as he thought, and as he paused a low, murmuring sound attracted his attention. It was regular, like the buzzing of a bee, but rose and fell in musical cadences. With curi-

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osity at last he parted the vines over the lattice and peeped out.

A few yards from the summerhouse there partly reclined against a large rock the white figure of the woman, in the cool shade of a near-by maple. One elbow leaned on the gray stone, while in her hand was a spear of grass, which she nibbled now and then.

The man smiled as he laid down his pen and tiptoed softly out of the summerhouse and a little way down the path.

"My dear man is so busy this morning on his sermon he won't let me talk to him," she was saying. "I interrupted him, and he doesn't like to be interrupted this morning, and I would like to interrupt him better than anything on earth. Some mornings I like to sit on the verandah and sew or read and do things in the house, but to-day I feel so happy, just bubbling over to express myself to an agreeable companion. If I had been writing that sermon, and he had come to me, I would have said: 'My dear wife, it is a beautiful day, far too beautiful to stay in and work, and as it is only Tuesday my sermon shall wait. We will take Dolly and the phaëton and drive off across country and talk and sing and have a glorious holiday and not come home till the sun is down.' That's what I would have said. But his heart is hard, his duty is stern and real, and his wife and the world are filled with frivolity." She concluded with a sigh and dropped her gaze to a more common altitude.

A faint spicy odour came from the house. She sat up straight and the man hastily backed a few steps toward the summerhouse.

"The ginger snaps—they are done," she murmured, and drew in a deep, full breath. "And they are good," she added. "And I will get some and bring to him to soften his heart. But if I just take them to him he will accept them without speaking. No, I know what I will do. I will ask him what I have brought him and hide them so he won't know. I'll hide them right here, by this rock, and give him three guesses, and by the time he is interested and talkative I will come and get them, and then he will be won. Hooray!"

The man waited to hear no more, but ran softly and quickly back to the summerhouse before she rose and turned about. He was hard at work again in a minute, and only peeped through the vines in time to see the white gown flash down the path and into the house.

Then quickly he seized a large, blank sheet of paper and wrote on it in plain letters:—

MY DEAR WIFE: It is a beautiful day, far too beautiful to stay in and work, and as it is only Tuesday, my sermon shall wait. We will take Dolly and the phaëton and drive off across country and talk and sing and have a glorious holiday and not come home till the sun is down.

Swiftly he ran out to the big rock with what he had written and placed the sheet in a conspicuous spot on it, holding it down by a small stone. Then with soft, rapid steps he ran back to his work, and with a smile on his face was soon writing away on the unfinished sermon.

Beyond the field was the orchard, and back of the orchard was the house, whose open doors and windows exhaled the fragrance of the oven. It was some time before the screen door closed with a slam, and a splash of white could be seen among the trees.

The man heard the door, and with a wide smile of anticipation laid down his pen and gave himself up to the enjoyment of watching her approach.

In her hands she held a blue plate, vivid against the white of her gown, and on it were piled the fragrant brown cookies. Tall, graceful, her face flushed and eyes dancing, like a goddess of joy and plenty she came, and did not notice as she tripped lightly up the path that the rock was inhabited. A few yards away she saw it—the patch of white shining in the sunlight—and with eyes widened with wonder she hurried on.

The cookies were hastily deposited, the paper was in her hands in a moment, and the man behind the vine-covered lattice watched with an ever-widening grin—watched the expressions of surprise, interest, wonder, and joy pass over her face; then as with a cry of elation she ran toward the summerhouse, he took up his pen and sobered his face.

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With a rush she entered, the papers were scattered in the air, the pen was knocked to the floor, and rapturously she infolded him in a mighty hug, he whose eyeglasses were left to dangle, but who tried to look stern.

"Dear, *dear* man, do you mean it? Shall we go? Now? Right away?" she breathlessly demanded, aglow with excitement.

He carefully readjusted his eyeglasses, then looked down into the eager, flushed face.

"We shall go"—he slowly, kindly answered—"we shall go before long."

"Oh!" she cried, in disappointment. "You said the sermon could wait. Why can't we go now, dear? Can't we go now?"

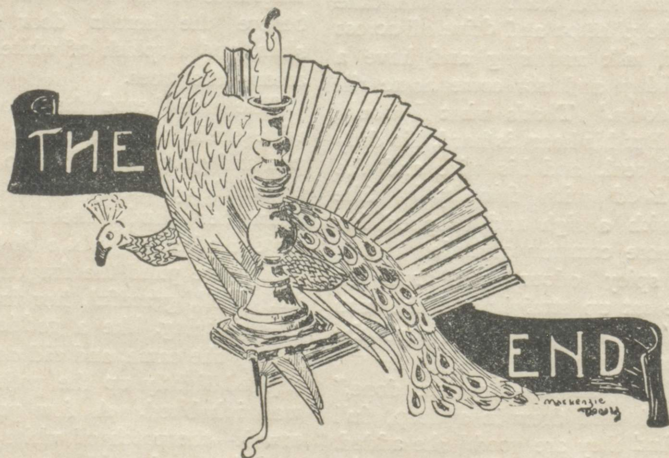
Very soberly, very tenderly, he lifted the anxious face and gazed into the troubled eyes.

"Dear heart, we shall go," he answered, "just as soon as I can find it possible to——" He paused, as if he could go no further.

"Oh, dear, *what*? Just as soon as what?" she asked, in grieved tones.

"Just as soon," he went on seriously, kindly, "as I find it possible to"—he smiled a little at her growing impatience—"just as soon as I find it possible to eat the ginger snaps that are on the blue plate behind the big rock."

With a wild cry of relief she flew out of the door, while the man gathered his papers, put them away, and locked the drawer.



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THE NATURE AND CAUSES OF RHEUMATISM.

THE first step towards curing or preventing attacks of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, or other forms of Uric Acid Troubles, is to clearly understand the nature and probable cause of the ailment. Not that this facilitates cure in a direct sense, but, by enabling the sufferer to trace the origin and development of his trouble, and giving him (or her) an intelligent acquaintance with its various phases and symptoms, it indirectly helps him to accelerate the remedial action of whatever specific he may happen to be taking.

Despite the fact that 20 per cent. of the inhabitants of these islands are sufferers from chronic Rheumatism, or some similar malady, there are not 1 per cent. of these who really understand anything whatever about the nature and cause of the racking pains which distress them.

For example, you rarely meet a rheumatic subject who has not attempted at some stage of his complaint to cure himself by the application of liniments, oils, etc.

It requires but very little careful study of the question to enable one to understand that all Uric Acid troubles originate in the blood; and, with that knowledge, it is not difficult to appreciate that the only possible means of cure is through the blood.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and all ailments of this nature, owe their origin to the presence in the blood of a quantity of insoluble Uric Acid deposits. In a healthy person these deposits are never found, but derangement of the kidneys (resulting from injudicious diet or hereditary predisposition) usually renders these important organs—the filters, so to speak, of the human system—unequal to the work for which they are intended. Thus, instead of all the Uric Acid being eliminated from the blood as it passes through the kidneys, a quantity is allowed to remain in the blood to form compounds of an insoluble nature. In the course of time these insoluble salts are deposited at the joints of the limbs, and the sufferer soon begins to know how agonising are the acute pains of Gout and Rheumatism.

There is the whole process stated, not scientifically, but in as plain and simple language as it is possible to explain it. The reader should ask himself just what good he is going to effect by attempting to *cure* a malady of this nature by pills or by external applications?

The one way to cure—for relief is not enough—is to dissolve those terribly obstinate Uric Acid deposits. The blood of itself is powerless to re-dissolve them, or there would be no trouble to be cured. The blood must be aided—reinforced—purified, and no remedy yet introduced has ever proved so uniformly successful as that remarkable remedy known as Bailey's "Goutine."

BAILEY'S "GOUTINE"

has this one distinguishing merit in the eyes of those who have tried—and been disappointed in—so many new remedies, viz., it is a remedy with a reputation. It comes before the public not as a new and untried remedy, but as one which has been crowned with success in every quarter of the globe. An overwhelming mass of striking testimony has been received from sufferers who have proved in actual use the reliable nature of this genuine cure. Elsewhere are reprinted a few of the recent private testimonials received by the proprietors. To reprint the whole number up to date would be impossible, and these few have been taken at random to give the reader some small idea of the universal approbation which "Goutine" has won.

It is not without good reason that Bailey's "Goutine" is claimed to be the premier remedy for all complaints of a rheumatic or gouty character. It might with justice be claimed even that it is the only satisfactory remedy—that is to say, satisfactory in that it not only embodies all that is requisite to deal effectively with the complaints under notice, but also that it is entirely free from every ingredient of a poisonous or otherwise harmful character.

Again, the efficacy of "Goutine" is a matter which is not open to doubt, however serious the nature of the case may be; and in some cases (and not always cases of a slight attack) even a single 2 oz. bottle has been sufficient to complete cure.

When it is mentioned that in the course of the first four years of "Goutine" being put upon the market no fewer than 4,000 letters containing direct and unquestionable testimony of the wonderfully curative power of Bailey's "Goutine" were received, and during that period it was practically sold only by personal recommendation. It may be claimed that the faith of the proprietors in the remedy is amply seconded by the faith of others.

These facts are laid before the reader to be critically examined and their truth tested. The proprietors seek no better way of earning the public confidence than by submitting every fact, every testimonial, every statement made, to the severest scrutiny on its merits. No faith, no quackery, no costly treatment—simply a remedy the efficacy of which has been proved in the most practical fashion, and which is offered to the world of sufferers from all forms of Rheumatic or Gouty disorders in the fullest confidence that it will succeed where other medicines and doctors alike fail—**i.e.,**

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Bailey's "Goutine" is sold in bottles, 2/9, 4/6, and 10/6, **post free, or any chemist will be pleased to supply same.** Sole Proprietors—LEIGHTON **BAILEY & Co., 180, Fleet Street, London, E.C.**

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The following letters will convince all sufferers of the efficacy of Bailey's "Goutine":—

A Grateful Husband.

Cleveland House, Great Malvern, 16th May, 1904.—Gentlemen,—I shall always feel indebted to you for the good Goutine has done my wife, and should anyone apply to you from Malvern, please refer them to me, where I have resided for the last 34 years, therefore am well-known here. I may say since my wife commenced taking your Goutine she can walk any distance with great ease.—Very faithfully yours, CHARLES ELLIS.

A Different Man after Months of Pain.

Bath Road, Harlington, December 22nd, 1904.—Dear Sirs,—I am indeed glad that I saw your advertisement in the *Family Doctor*, and after taking the contents of a bottle I don't feel my old complaint. I think it is a wonderful remedy, and I will tell all sufferers I know about it. After your medicine I feel a different man.—Yours truly, C. GODDARD.

A Musical Composer Cured in Two Days.

From G. Jacobi, Esq., 240, Camden Road, N.W., April 25th, 1899—Dear Sir,—About two months ago I awoke with a swollen foot and an attack of Gout. I took the opportunity of testing your "Goutine," and the effect was great. The same day I could put on my boot, and the next day the swelling was gone. In fact, in two days I felt all right again. I think your "Goutine" most useful; it has done me very good service, and I have told a great number of my friends who suffer from Gout. You can, of course, make use of my sincere testimony, and believe me, with best thanks, yours truly, G. JACOBI.

Muscular Rheumatism Cured After 18 Months' Suffering.

Castelnau, Barnes, January 19th, 1904. — Dear Sirs,—I am pleased to say that the two bottles of your Goutine I had completely cured the muscular rheumatism I had been suffering from for the past 18 months, and I take this opportunity of thanking you for your cure, and can assure you I will recommend it whenever I can.—Yours truly, (Mrs.) L. LAYTON.

"A Perfect Gout Specific," says a City Director

9, Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E., May 1st, 1899.—Dear Sirs,—It is due to you from me, as one of the many persons who have benefited by your "Goutine," to say that I consider it a perfect specific in the treatment of Gout. I happened to take a friend's advice about two years ago, when having a bad attack, and wrote you for a bottle. I found the cure miraculous, and from that time I have not had an attack that has prevented me from attending to my business.—Yours faithfully, H. DUFFELL.

Splendid Stuff for Gout.

79, Queen's Road, Tunbridge Wells, May 1st, 1899.—Dear Sirs,—I think Bailey's "Goutine" splendid stuff for Gout.—Yours truly, WM. LEVETT.

A Well-known Journalist says its Effect is Miraculous.

Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, W.C., June 20th, 1899.—Dear Sirs,—I have to convey to you my sincere thanks for the bottle of your "Goutine," the effect of which, I must say, was miraculous, for after only a few doses I got relief from the intense pain I was enduring. I feel thankful to you for my cure, and shall take every opportunity of recommending it to my gout-afflicted friends.—Yours very truly, FRANCIS HART.

A Well-known Medical Man Astounded.

A well-known London medical man—an M.B., B.Sc., and F.R.C.S. of England, lately in charge of a Military Hospital — writing on 30th January, 1899, said:—"I have to inform you that, at the request of a mutual friend, I tried your Gout Specific in several severe cases, and was astounded at its rapid effect. I compliment you on your valuable combination of therapeutical agents, and will strongly recommend 'Goutine.'"

A Well-known Explorer Cured.

Savage Club, W.C.—Sir,—I must thank you for your "Goutine." I have been troubled for months past with Gout in my right knee, and the two bottles have proved a perfect cure.—Yours very sincerely, W. CARR-BOYD, J.P., F.R.G.S.

The Great George Robey Praises It.

Tivoli Music Hall, July 6th, 1899.—Dear Sir,—For some years past I have been subject to severe Rheumatic and Gouty pains, but, owing to the occasional use of your remarkable compound called "Goutine," I am now entirely free from all gouty symptoms, and am able to discharge my professional duties without let or hindrance. You are at liberty to make whatever use you like of this letter, and, with the assurance of my continued esteem, I am, yours faithfully, GEO. ROBEY.

Eloquent Testimony from a Well-known Contractor.

C. Fardell & Sons, Chief Office, 121, Brook Street, Ratcliffe, E.; and G.E.R. Coal Depot, Devonshire Street, E.—July 31st, 1903.—Dear Sir,—Our Mr. Alfred wishes me to write and thank you for the great benefit he has received from taking Bailey's Goutine. He is pleased to say he has lost that hot, tired, languid feeling, and the stiffness in the joints when he gets up in the morning. Kindly accept his best thanks; and he is sorry that, owing to pressure of business, he is unable to write you personally; and he wishes to say that, should any of your customers wish for his opinion of the medicine, he will be very pleased to recommend it.—Yours truly, F. W. GRAY.

A Renowned Journalist Rejoices, "The Gout Gone."

Portland Mansions, Addison Bridge, W.—Dear Sir,—"Throw physic to the dogs" has been my favourite order from my youth up; but when man proposes and gout indisposes he looks all round him for a remedy, and very seldom finds one. I have found one in your "Goutine." A country trip was spoilt on a recent Sunday by an unexpected attack in the foot, and at night I went home hobbling, and that with difficulty, the pain being so acute. On going to bed I thought of your "Goutine," a bottle of which had been sent me by a friend. I took a dose and went to sleep; at four o'clock in the morning I awoke and took another dose; at nine I got up rejoicing—the gout had gone; a miracle seemed to have been worked. Since then, whenever and wherever I have met a sufferer, my mouth has been filled with praises of your really wonderful preparation.—Yours faithfully, G. SPENCER EDWARDS (of the *Referee*).

An Aged Sufferer Cured.

Lyndhurst, Stevenage, March 12th, 1904.—Gentlemen,—Thanks for your enquiry of Mr. Stephens, who has taken two bottles of your Goutine for Rheumatism, and it has quite left him; he is 82 years of age. We have reason to think well of your remedy for rheumatic persons, and shall have pleasure in recommending it.—Faithfully yours, R. STEPHENS.

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THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIII.

(NEW SERIES)

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Drawing by G. H. Edwards.

HARVEST TIME.

THE
English Illustrated Magazine
SEPTEMBER, 1905

THE ECCENTRIC IN ART

THE WIERTZ MUSEUM AND ITS ORIGINATOR.

By MARK PERUGINI

THE Wiertz Museum of Brussels at once confirms and asserts its reputation for eccentricity by existing not in the Rue Wiertz as one might reasonably expect, but in another—the Rue Vautier. True, the Rue Vautier is but an offshoot from the former; but this fact does not make it much less puzzling for a stranger to Brussels when he goes on a pilgrimage to this vatican of eccentricity.

The museum was built in 1850 by and at the cost of the Belgian Government, by whom it was presented to the artist on the condition that he should thenceforth, as the catalogue tells us, "give his works for ever to Belgium, to remain on the walls of the building where they are now, on free exhibition to the end of time." This catalogue—an English one by Ouida, Wirt Sikes, and many other hands—is interesting. There will be occasion to refer to it again.

With the outside of the museum we have not now to do. It is an ivy-covered building of somewhat austere but peaceful aspect; an incongruity in brick—designed by Wiertz in imitation of a ruined temple of Paestum. It was one result of the furore aroused by Wiertz's painting of "The Triumph of Christ"—decidedly one of his strongest and, for him, most beautiful pictures. He had been offered for this some twelve thousand pounds, but refused the offer that he might retain a lien on his work; for, as he said with eccentric modesty: "I cannot sell my picture, because to-morrow I may find something to correct in it." In this remark we have a sign of the man's humility towards the ideal he set before him, which is all the more bewildering by contrast with his arrogance of opinion in every other direction. But then, in a manner, though he was humble before his ideal, that ideal itself was partly, if not entirely, afflicted with the disease of arrogance.

Whichever way considered, Wiertz was a living paradox; a curiously well-balanced blend of opposites: yet a more unbalanced mind would be hard to find in the whole gallery of perversity. He was certainly "made up of mean and great, of foul and fair"; but this is not uncommon in the making of genius. Amid all his wildness, however, in one thing he was consistently sane. It was the life-long creed of Wiertz that an artist cannot serve two masters: and he repudiated Mammon. For this is he most to be admired; not because he would not sell his work, but because he would not work solely for money: appropriately to which the catalogue attributes to him a saying over which it gloats a little. The dominant tone of this catalogue, by the way, is unrestrained and indiscreet adoration; but in this instance it is comparatively temperate, and says of the artist: "Tempting offers were

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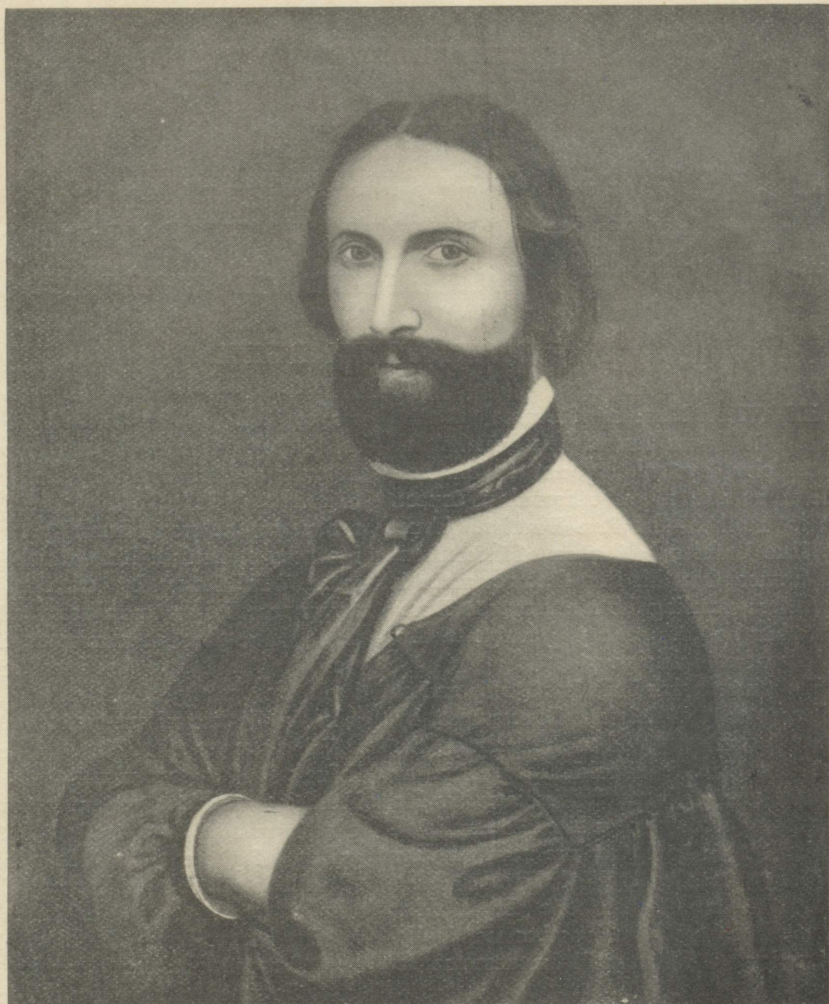
made to him to paint for money, but he would not. To one connoisseur, who offered him a large sum for one of his studies, Wiertz made a reply worthy to live among the celebrated speeches of genius. 'Keep your gold,' he said, 'it is the murderer of art." One hardly knows at which to marvel the more—the kindly rashness of the connoisseur in offering a large sum, or the queer taste Wiertz showed in making such a remark to one who sought to show his admiration in the kindest way, if not, indeed, the sole way possible for any wealthy person, artistic only in appreciation. To reject honourable tribute with scorn is hardly the action expected from one who strives after any beautiful ideal; courtesy is more usual. And to discourage such practical admiration, too, is to have an ill effect upon the ardour of other would-be patrons. Appreciation of such sort has ever been too rare in this world, and should rather be encouraged than denied. But denial was Wiertz's own peculiar custom—denial either of himself in the cause of his art, or of the opinions of everyone else who offered him any opposition. He was not above the painting



ANTOINE WIERTZ.

Painted by Himself.

INTERIOR OF THE WIERTZ MUSEUM.

of occasional "pot-boilers" for the bare necessities of life; but—he gloried in poverty. And though, undoubtedly, it was well within his power to have attained considerable fortune by his efforts he preferred a proud, heroic independance, and refused to sell his pictures: a practice which might, with obvious advantages be encouraged among certain of our academicians.

The actual birth-place of men of genius is often enough a matter for dispute. The greater the genius, the greater the discussion amongst covetous peoples of posterity.

"Seven ancient cities strove for Homer's birth": and Dante and Camoens in some degree have given rise to kindred faction. After all is said, it matters little from which of many lands or nations a genius has arisen. For a while he was manifest to men; and that is all we need study—save his work.

In the case of Antoine Wiertz, however, there is no question of dispute. He was born at Dinant on the Meuse, on February 22nd, 1806. The only other dates which are strongly lit and clear within the focus of biography are the following: In 1832—after good instruction and infinite hardship in Antwerp—he went to Rome, and while there began and finished his colossal work "Patroclus." In 1838 the "Patroclus," having achieved success in Belgium, was exhibited in Paris and, large as it is, passed almost unnoticed. In 1840 he competed for and won a prize offered by the City of Antwerp for the best eulogium of Reubens. He wrote as well as painted: and his writing was strong, assertive, vindictive, and denunciatory. In 1848, having suffered the grievous loss of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, he settled at Brussels, and in 1850, as aforesaid, was installed in his huge studio under Government patronage. He died, with the record of fifty-nine energetic years, on June 18th, 1865—the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. He never married, but committed, perhaps, a worse folly in evolving, after laborious chemical research, his method of *peinture mate*.

Antoine Wiertz was the son of a tailor

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whose ambitious, but unrealised, dreams of martial glory fired the artist with an overwhelming desire to outshine all hitherto existing splendours of the firmament of art. It was not ambition which determined Antoine's career, but it was almost entirely by force of ambition that he won a position of any distinction in art. He was not a genius of the highest type, and hardly rivalled, if he ever approached, the masters whom he sought to vanquish—Michael Angelo, Raphael, or even Rubens. Genius he had to some extent, but the arrogance of the man's ambition defeated the perfect blossoming of his art, and for each triumphant effort he also had to pay heavily in trivial failure. As a man he was a being to marvel at for his force of character and heroic self-sacrifice; but as an artist, his desire to astound simply ruined most of his art, and it is almost throughout tainted by aggressive self-assertion.

In considering the paintings in the Wiertz Museum it strikes one forcibly that the main reason for the artist's existence—apart of course, from parental responsibility—was that he should stand as model of a paradox, to wit—the triviality of the colossal; for much of his work defeats itself by its very size. Nature always contrives to find space for her largest effects and to show their glories to the best advantage. But there is a point, hard if not actually impossible to define, when human effort, in seeking to convey the idea of vastness by working over a large surface, fails not merely to convey that sense of vastness, but actually produces only an anti-climax, and either wearies or induces contempt and laughter. In painting, this is peculiarly so; one always in such cases sees the frame. However it may be with others, those pictures please me most which make me forget the frame. And surely the artist's purpose is to attune a human soul to the infinite, rather than to force it to recognise limits. But with the work of Wiertz, except in a few instances, the case is quite otherwise; and, for the most part his pictures are colossal, or eccentric, or merely trivial; or yet a subtle compound of all three irritating qualities.

As you enter the gallery the picture of "Patroclus" confronts you. The canvas measures some 30 by 20 feet. It shows the Greeks and Trojans fighting furiously for the pallid body of the fallen hero—fighting as they have fought all one day; and if the painting were nothing else, it is interesting as a study of all tones of flesh, from the deep ones of hot and lusty life, to the purer, paler ones of flaccid death. The colour is over hot in places, but the dramatic feeling is immense, and you seem to hear the clash of strife, and the hoarse cries, and the slipping limbs, and the quick breathing of the group of men, all struggling, all living—save one. The contrast is not aggressive or too sudden, and it *is* effective. There is in this, as in the "Revolt of Hell" and the "Triumph of Christ," something gigantically orchestral; and one turns again and again from the many instances of maudlin pathetic, would-be humourous, sickly poetic, and down right morbid—with all of which the walls abound—back to these three pictures as to things full of infectious fire and strength.

Now there is but one way of considering a great artist—and Wiertz is reputed such—namely, as an artist. His life as a man matters not in the least. Simply by his efforts to be so he announces to the world his intention of showing that he is, or intends to become—an artist; and so his achievements are to be judged, and applauded or condemned, solely as art—*not* as biography. But Wiertz reeks of biography—just as Antwerp reeks of Rubens. Not, mark you, biography of exterior incident, but of what may be called intellectual incident, of the man's own assertive opinions. Somewhere in his writings he says: "En dépit des passions haineuses, parlez; en dépit des nullités, des impuissants, parlez, parlez. Dites ce que vous ont appris vos études, ce que vous inspirent vos convictions." And this he did. He spoke violently any and every conviction by which he was possessed; and under the erroneous impression that mere force and extent of utterance would prove his greatness as an artist, he spoke only too often "des nullités, des impuissants." His convictions were strong enough to have made him in some former time an exemplary religious martyr. But in the very conviction that all inspiration was equally worthy, he foiled his aim of impressing and descended

time after time to paltry expressions of trivial themes.

The curious catalogue classifies his work into "Antique Subjects," "Biblical Subjects," "Modern Subjects: Dramatic and Satirical," and "Genre Subjects." Under the first head comes, of course, the "Patroclus" already mentioned. But "Un Grand de la Terre"—otherwise Polyphemus—is a work of merit very different from that of the "Patroclus." It is painted in Wiertz's own peculiar method of "*peinture mate*," and seen closely, has the appearance of coarse tapestry, incoherent in design. Seen from a little distance it does not look more beautiful; and one can only wonder why was all this canvas necessary to convey an artist's idea of a giant. Why paint a natural grotesque — life size? Blake was able within small limits to give such impression of huge strength and fierce emotion as to hold one enthralled and even awed. Wiertz, however, only bores. Had he lived long enough to realise his later ambition and fill a studio three times the size of that he habitually worked in, with paintings which, for giant conception and execution, should outdo all the greatest of his previous efforts, he would likely enough have ended his days in a madhouse, raging or sighing because he had not got the sky itself for a canvas. For his mania was in the direction of expansion-megalomania.

ONE SECOND AFTER DEATH.

After the Painting by Antoine Wiertz.

Of another antique subject, "The Forge of Vulcan," the catalogue remarks: "We are struck with the superior beauty of this supremely graceful picture," and finishes a short description with, "But words are useless here. Before such a picture one can but look, and think, and enjoy it!" This is misleading. There is, perhaps, a little grace in the drawing, but the spirit of antiquity is certainly not real—it is vulgarised, artificial, and in some unaccountable way suggests the Early Victorian Era. The flesh lacks texture, and the colour is frequently false; but not quite so bad as in the horror which follows it—"Baigneuses et Satyrs." The chaste bathers at the water's brink are busily trying, in a slovenly and hasty way, to wrap their clothes about them. One old satyr half out of water endeavours to draw some

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lawny drapery from some fair maid who seems coyly to say: "Go away, bad man." But the flesh of the young lady is the colour of bright salmon, and that of the satyr is scarlet as a lobster. The tone of the thing is vicious, and the whole is a colour discord without hope of resolution into harmony. Of this the catalogue incontinently says, "This is a very poem of the flesh; more need not be said." If a feverish colour, never seen on any healthy flesh, be poetry, such it may be; but more need not be said.

Among the Biblical subjects the "Revolt of Hell"—50 by 30 feet—is really terrific. The fierce movement of the angels warring in mid-space, and the force with which the rebels fall is almost exciting—one feels, too, that they might fall for ever without striking solid substance. But "Happy Times," oh, Happy Times! and the "Education of the Virgin"—the feebleness of both is pitiable in one who painted the "Patroclus." They had no need of like strength, it is true, but they utterly lack poetry. "The Beacon of Golgotha," in the detestable "*peinture mate*" is madness incoherently expressed. Orderly expression of madness is genius, or akin to it; but this is neither. "The Entombment," a tryptich, is amazingly like Blake. The left wing shows "the Angel of Darkness"; the right—Eve. The curve of scorn upon the lips of the angel and the malevolence of the eyes are admirable; and curious, too, the expression of new born, timid sensuality on the face of Eve. This Eve might have been drawn from one of Blake's chief types, such as "Vala." She is no sumptuous, full-blooded Rubens' type, but is slim, graceful, suggestive, unearthly; a purely imaginative Eve; as most paintings of the same subject must unfortunately be, since contemporary records by realists are wondrous few.

As high as the "Patroclus" is above all his other efforts among antique subjects, so is the "Triumph of Christ" above all the religious paintings both in conception and merit. This is no colossal triviality. One gets a sudden glimpse of the vast world of vision shown forth by the artist with a superb force, a loftiness and grandeur of design and execution that conquer the unreality of vision and draw one out to the majestic infinite as to a thing of whose reality and beauty we are assured. But of the "Modern Subjects—Dramatic and Satirical," the Dramatic are for the most part revolting and vulgarised melodrama; while the Satiric are either coarse or feeble parodies of satire. Satire demands or implies the existence of a very fine sense of subtle humour; but of humour, in its true sense, Wiertz was absolutely deficient. He took himself too seriously.

A CORNER OF HELL.

From the Painting by Antoine Wiertz.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST.

After the Painting by Antoine Wiertz.

"The Burnt Child," and "Hunger, Madness, Crime," are classed as dramatic. The former is open to the general gaze, and shows the frenzy of mingled grief and horror of a poor mother who returns to her home to find her child, which she had left in a cradle by the fireside, burnt to death. "She is seen just having snatched the little body from the flames, and examining with stupor its dreadful injuries." One cannot well declare that the thing is impossible or overwrought, never having in life witnessed such a situation; but it nevertheless conveys a feeling of falsity. It is horrible: it is what some might, unthinkingly, call realistic; but too evidently there is a vulgar, wanton horror about the work that robs it of effect; and you shrug your shoulders, and smile rather than weep. The latter picture, "Hunger, Madness, Crime," is described thus: "A mother driven to insanity by hunger has destroyed her child with a view to actual cannibalism. The artist has shrunk from no circumstance of terror." This is not art. Mary, daughter of Eleazar, when Jerusalem was besieged, went mad in the same way. But here the case is different; there is no evidence of dire need: and in any case such a subject is too repulsive, too ignoble for any artist to paint and not thereby degrade himself and his art. This, together with one or two others, is shut off from the rest of the gallery by wooden screens, "and can only be seen through a small aperture, a contrivance intended by the artist to give greater vividness to his productions, and which leaves the visitors at liberty to see them or leave them, as he thinks fit"—as the guide book says with reckless pleonasm. The device is childish in the extreme, and gives no particular vividness to pro-

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ductions which the visitor usually wishes he had left rather than been at liberty to see.

Another cheerful little work which strives to heighten its "vividness" by this strange device is "L'inhumation précipité," and depicts the joy of a man who discovers that he has been buried alive. He is supposed to have died from cholera. The horror-struck face, the attenuated hands, are seen protruding from an aperture forced in the miserable parish coffin, and around are all the sombre paraphernalia of the charnel-house.

HUMAN POWER HAS NO LIMIT.

After Antoine Wiertz.

Wiertz preached against the horrors of "literature" in paint; against paintings that seek to tell a tale or point a moral. In this, also, he was not always consistent, though it is so good a creed. "The Romance Reader" is a picture of a nude girl lying on a couch and reading spiced romances, while at her bedside stands, invisible, a horned satan "whose influence has created these romances, and whom their influence has drawn near." This, of course, is intended as a chaste warning against the wickedness of immoral literature. The feebleness of style, the unpleasant suggestiveness, and the absurd peep-hole device all offer a perfect foil to any moral intended, and are testimony as to the depths of banality to which this artist could descend.

"Thoughts and Visions of a Severed Head," a tryptich, is another charming little pleasantry representing a human being's sensations for the first three minutes after decapitation. Wiertz was not drawing upon personal experiences when he painted this. It is simply meant for an attack upon the system of capital punishment, and is an ill-written pamphlet in paint. "The Suicide," "The Orphans," and a "Scene in Hell" are all equally cheerful. In the last, Napoleon, as the Genius of War, stands outwardly impassive amid writhing flame, while a grief-mad, raging mob presses on him, shrieking curses and brandishing limbs and various portions of the bodies of relatives slain on the field of battle. Napoleon looks bored.

The so-called "Genre Pictures" have for the most part nothing about them in character which could justify such a classification. The greater number are sentimental studies of children, and of unintelligent looking girls in various stages of dress and undress; feeble in execution and queer in colour. Of Sculpture the Musée contains practically nothing that is finished. There are two groups in clay, "The Birth of the Passions" and "Strife," which Wiertz intended ultimately to work out in gigantic dimensions. But they are distinctly pleasing as they are, and have a freedom and grace which would probably have lost in effect if worked out on some grotesque scale.

It were almost needless to observe that Wiertz has followers—even many followers, perhaps. Copies of his works are made—and, it is to be imagined, sold—by fervent students. But much of his work has just that kind of vicious influence which infallibly attracts the soul of Mediocrity, so that Mediocrity becomes a reckless and whole-hearted devotee having no worship for the nobler works of far greater men. It has that specious power which inspires vain students with the unhallowed doctrine of egotistic force, and arouses within them the demon of jealous partisanship. To some this in itself would appear to be a proof of the genius of the artist; but should it not rather be taken as one more proof of the occasional indiscretion of fevered and uncritical disciples?

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PHIL TREVOR'S RIDE

By A. O. VAUGHAN | Illustrated by Bertram Gilbert

[Phil Trevor, a Captain of Horse in the Royal Army during the Civil Wars, being ordered to capture a message from the Parliament to Lord Fairfax, relates his adventures therein. In the two preceding episodes he has told how two fair ladies played a trick upon him, and how, by a clever ruse, he got possession of the message.]

III.

"A POINT OF HONOUR."

"COME, Phil, be not so long i' the lighting o' that pipe," spoke Red Ned impatiently, as Crompton held the glowing slow-match to Trevor's pipe till the face of the latter disappeared in the cloud of the first few vigorous pulls. "Or art thou hovering at having to tell the tale of some new jest played on thee by Mistress Isabel? Faith! she shall be my toast for the next nine days if thou art."

"Then thou'lt find some other toast or be without one, this time," retorted Trevor, chucklingly. "It's on no trick but on a point of honour that I'm hovering, if hovering I am indeed. But ye shall hear the tale on't, and then, egad! we'll sit on't in court-martial and try the point of honour out. I have not asked Prince Rupert what he thought on't. He might ha' said it was well done, or he might ha' damned and doomed both it and me together. Safest was to say naught, so naught I said. But hearken ye.

"Think o' me yonder then, striding out over the threshold of that upper room, the captured message safe stowed in my cuff, the naked messenger very grateful to me in the room behind the door I was pulling to, and no more for me to do now but get safely out of the town, and there would be another good service rendered to His Majesty. I make small doubt there was a shine in my eye as I thought what a rare servant the King had in me.

"Then there must ha' flashed a twinkle thro' the shine, for it came to me all in the next stride that there was no need to wait till the lad should ride out and then to follow him. Why should I not just mount again, and in all quietness ride back the way I had come? The corporal on the chains, who let us in, would make no bones of letting me out. He would easily believe I was but starting on the return before the rest of the troop, so that I could let my tired horse go easy, and not have to spur him to the pace of the better horses. Faith! the thing was as good as done.

"But ever at the top of certainty comes the snare of accident, and, presto! a man's nose is rubbed i' the dirt. I was but half-way down that stair when, in through the doorway below, stepped what one half a glance saw for a young gentlewoman and the other half proclaimed for Mistress Isabel.—Woe me now if she should prove not truly gentle blood!

"For she saw me as quick as I saw her, and all in a gasp she knew me. Now was the moment for her to cry my name and call the street upon me for a spy. But, na, instead she went half white with a catch of fear—for me, an' it please ye, no less. 'Sdeath! I could see it in the quick glance of fright that went right and left and over her shoulder, dreading lest anyone should see me; for, good heart, she never thought but that everyone else must know me for a cavalier, even as she did. Gad! gentlemen, it troubled me to the marrow to see her put to such distress.

"I shook my head with a smile and I nodded it with a smile too; anything to ease her mind till I could get down near enough to whisper that all was well if she said nothing. And at my voice and my smile—yea, doubtless, too, at my ruffling strut—she got her blood back again, and, loo' you! the demurest twinkle that ever lit a mischief's eye stole into her's as she gave me a little grave courtesy; all the merry roguery of last night's jest stirring her veins, till at last she had a deal of ado to keep her smile from breaking into open laughter. Bones o' me! it was all that I could do to keep from entering siege to her then and there.

"For full a minute we stood so, I wanting to say something with wit in it, she from top to toe all one sly enjoyment of remembrance, and then a door opened somewhere, or a foot sounded behind her, or something else there was that roused her again, and at that she lifted her head and swept on past me, up the stair to some room to call for some refreshment, doubtless. Marry! I felt sore tempted to tarry and refresh myself likewise. It would ha' been a rare refreshment to me to sit and chuckle with her on my blood-an'-wounds attack last night, and my great chase of her pretended sweetheart.

"Then came a truer temptation, for half-way up the stair she flashed a swift glance back at me, and I saw, to my wonder, her face all strained with fear again. I' faith! I lifted a foot to follow and comfort her, so sweet she looked and so pitiful in that distress. It was all I could do to remember my duty. That's the worst o' duty; it always comes up stiffest to be done just when the very wine o' the world is at your hand had ye but time to taste it. Misery me! my work would not wait; I must begone.

"But this life is so short that Fortune must crowd her hazards one on top o' the other, to get them all in on some of us that she can never leave alone. Faith! I did but turn from watching sweet Isabel go up the stair and, loo' you! there into my face ran the goggling face of the knave serving-man that Wharton had scruffed up last night, to show us the messenger's room.

"I stretched him flat with the savagest blow."

"He had his helmet in his hand, for he was hurrying in to overtake his mistress with some question about the horses, and so she did not know he was behind her. But he had been as far i' the joke last night as she; he should ha' been as ready now to grin and to pass on. But that is ever the fault of servants like him, they have no wit at a pinch. This one was as dunce as any. He knew me instanter; pat as a beadle on a parish brat; and all in a breath he burst out on me for a spy. 'This is him! Here's the captain that rummaged Landon last night. A spy! A spy!' roared his great frog's mouth. 'Sblood! I could ha' run him through with a relish, for his silliness, had he not been her servant.

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"I stretched him flat with the savagest blow I ever landed on the ear of any man, laying him out cold as a wedge for the minute. But all the common room had heard, and out it flocked, and all the kitchen, too. 'A spy! Where? Where?' they shouted.

"'Down the street!' shouted I, as if I, too, was alight with excitement. 'After him, while I run and tell my master,' and as they flew out o' the door in front, I flew out o' the one i' the back, and into the yard behind. Swift was my one word and the message my one thought. A plan came to my head as I ran. By the stable was a shed full of horse gear of all sorts, and on the far wall, behind all else, hidden by a lumber of wains and carts, hung wrecks of outworn harness, stuff that would never be used again. Snatching out the paper I read it once, twice, and again, to make sure, and then, reaching up to a dusty old horse collar on a peg, slit a hole with my sword between the leather facing and the pad of it, and into the crack I stuffed the paper. It would be a queer cast of fortune that should ever bring that to light again.

"Next, to slip through the yard door and into a back street was enough. Though I were captured now I could not be connected with that message. Neither would that message ever be found. Parliament might sit twirling its thumbs, but there would be three full days spent before the loss of that message could be made good, and Fairfax would then be too late to stay the King from relieving Hereford of the besieging Scots. Even if I were caught that much was done at least; even if I were shot as a spy that would not be undone.

"Yet all that was but half the work I had to do, and naught was done while aught remained undone, thought I. An' it were any way possible I must still get away and take the words I had read to Rupert, Rupert who sent me and who waited for the message. The town was too small and too openly built for me to cherish any great hope of hiding in it till night, and then escaping in the dark, but I might still try the trick on the corporal at the chains if I were swift before the din broadened. Alack! I was no sooner come to my horse than—Zwounds! there he stood, shining with lazy happiness; done for all present use. Two young imps, that wished themselves big enough for soldiers, had seen one horse standing with the saddle on him still, whereas the horses of the strange troop had been unsaddled now some little while. To do a good turn to the absent soldier they had unsaddled his horse—mine—and completed the kindness by watering him. Beelzebub! the old joskin was just lifting a dripping muzzle from the trough, out of which he had filled himself full as a tick. To gallop him now would founder him in a dozen strides, even if I could ha' saddled him in time.

"For even while I stood looking at my useless horse, men were spurring every way to warn the guards on every post, all round the town, to be vigilant and let none pass till the spy was found. Yet had I but had a horse I might ha' ridden wildly to warn the sentries, too, and in my excitement ha' somehow got outside them and chased a spy in every bush till I were clean escaped. But, na, I was afoot, and naught remained but to join the crowd and hunt for the spy with them, keeping an eye open to be out o' sight of the pestilent rascal that had betrayed me, till the hubbub was done, or till I could come across some good hiding-place.

"But the dice seemed loaded against me now, for all the roaring street came dashing this way, and who in the lead of all but this very villain I thought I had quietus'd for a while. And—no hope—he marked me a street away, belling on me like a bloodhound. I looked about. I must make some sort of play for it. There was a narrow back street at my elbow, and into that I flew as if headlong. Yet, na; at the third stride I stopped and turned, blade out and up; and here, as I expected, all but tumbling over me in his eagerness, headlong came the serving knave, still well ahead o' the rest.

"He had snatched his headpiece on and that saved him, for in my haste I used the edge instead o' the point, bringing it down in so mighty a stroke that it drove that pot down over his head till it all but tore his ears off and made him another Prynne. He came down on his knees and groaned; he came down on his nose and made no sound. He was ended for a while; a thing that comforted the old Adam in me mightily.

"Then the rest fell on me. Bones o' me! but we had the handplay there. Luckily no man had a pike with him, but only swords, and so I set my back to the wall, and for a minute or two was doing ding-dong, like a bull broke loose at a baiting, till, nay, comrades I might ha' come at some escape yet had I but had the luck to ha' chosen a different wall to back me at first. For this one, an' it please ye, proved to be that of a cow-yard, and while I made such mighty swashings and such furious ado in front, loo' you! a grinning lout inside climbed up on the midden heap to see what all the fluster was, and there, seeing me, down he reached with his vile midden rake, and first he caught the neck-eaves of my helmet behind and jerked it forward over my face, and next, with his unhandsome tool, he caught me under the chin and jerked me back, flat to the wall, like an owl nailed spread on a barn-end. Pest! that's the thing that Fortune owed me amends for—to be mocked by a midden rake, just when I was out-championing all the seven champions of Christendom rolled into one.

"Gad! but they rubbed my nose i' the dirt for me rarely, before they set me o' my legs again and haled me off to the Governor for judgment, though they themselves judged and sentenced me afresh at each fresh stride. 'Thou shalt be shot, malignant! Thou shalt be hanged, spy!' clamoured they as they thronged about my going, and only them that had been stiffest before me with the sword now kept the curs o' the pack off, or it might ha' gone ill with me, as I smiled round at the blather.

"When we came before the Governor I judged him for the very one that would send a kindly, comely youth like young Hardacre, the messenger, away to the inn, or anywhere out of his house, to dine. Codfish-eyed and fiddle-faced, he droned and snuffled over me as if I were a text for a four-hour sermon, for he was none o' the good, grim, fighting Roundhead,

"I set my back to the wall."

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but one o' them that come to note by reason of a long face, and a whine i' the nose that would put the devil himself to his wings to get away from them.

"But whine as he would I would ha' none of his sermoning, and less than none of his first and biggest word, to wit, that I was a spy. *Imprimis*, I retorted upon him that I was wearing the common dress of His Majesty's soldiers in this buff coat, and that if knaves who rebelled against him wore it too, then it was they who were at fault, not I. *Item*, too, I had ridden into this Barlington in bold daylight and broad noon, offering no password nor using any false tale. And as to why, it was a something that he would hardly understand, since it was the failing of a gentleman had moved me to it, for a certain gentlewoman had left me no choice but to ride in and out of Barlington in broad day, before I could stand in her sight as I would choose to stand. So I had e'en tried and now failed, and, being a prisoner, would be glad of a quiet corner on the straw, to give me a chance to sort my limbs and bones into shape again, after the mauling they had just come through.

"'Od's Body! There was a deal of cracking about hanging or shooting me, but i' the end they had to hearken to sense, for I reminded them how Rupert had made their officers, his prisoners, throw dice upon a drum, which of them should be shot, in justice for the royalist officers they had tied up and shot at the taking of Bartlemy Church in Cheshire. That quieted these talkers, and i' the end it was agreed to leave my case to the decision of Parliament itself in London, and meanwhile to clap me up i' the roundhouse here to wait the word. Ten minutes after that and I was safe inside the clink, stretched on clean straw, sore and damaged, but still half-way content, for, as I was marched out from the Governor's to the jail, I had seen, down the street, the messenger and his fresh troop merrily pricking away for the west. That meant that the loss of the paper would not be discovered till night, at Briarslow. I was not here in vain, loo' you!

"All being done that could be done, and regret being but mere waste of time and heart, I fell to thinking of what pleasant things my mind could conjure up. And first and readiest of all, belike since 'twas the newest, up came the picture of Mistress Isabel, there on the stair, all in a fright for me. Faith! I found my fingers putting fresh shape on my moustache, and I was all but beginning to plume myself on the memory, when like a flash my mind went still further back and left me stranded like a landed fish. Was that fright for me, or f r the messenger? For that messenger was her lover, was he not?

"Ay, that part of my trumpeter's tale must ha' been true then, as the words of the Lady Margaret also made surer, for why else had Isabel ridden into the town and gone straight to the inn, save to steal a meeting with her lover in passing? And coming to the inn, and being within a step of his arms, suddenly to meet me coming down the stair; me of all men i' the wide world; might well stop her heart for a gasp or two, and wash all colour from her face. For though her lover was there i' the midst of all the security of a strong garrison and broad daylight, yet there i' the midst of that garrison and daylight was I too, with my mission against his errand; and to a woman the least danger at all about her lover is enough; her heart will not be still till it be stamped out.

"Well, there i' the straw as I lay I was sorry for her, that such a downfall should befall her lover, as that he should lose his charge and come to such grievous disgrace. And it would be the worse for her when she came to know all, since, but for that jest in which she had done her part last night, her lover would never have been despoiled of his trust, save in open fight, wherein the bravest and the trustiest may come to loss without dishonour. Yea, I was right grieved for poor Mistress Isabel as I thought on it all there in quiet.

"But, that Fortune might waste no time on this, her busy day, I had scarce made myself comfortable, and got my thoughts to flowing quietly when, loo' you! open swung the prison door and in to me entered—? Nay, ye'll never guess; for it was Mistress Isabel, none other i' this rare world of God. And I was trying to gather my aching bones and get upon my feet to make obeisance i' my best manner, when—na, na—she flung herself to her knees beside me in the straw and stayed me rising, her hand upon my hand to hold me still, and I holding still for the sweetness of having her hold me. Gad! gentlemen, prison might ha' been worse, thought I.

"But then over her head I was aware that she had not come alone. Nay, she had come accompanied by that villain serving knave, no less; the rascal I had once stricken under the ear, and once smitten downrightly through the sconce, save for his headpiece, a murrain on it! His coming took the edge off my welcome for his mistress for a breath, by my thinking he was here to leer in triumph at me, till in a second glance I saw that, though I had failed to disable his thick head, do what I would, yet he had since fallen foul of one that had managed it—John Barleycorn, good man. There he stood, drunk as a lord and grinning like a clown at a fair to think again of what great things he had done in capturing me. But there as he stood, too, I saw that in another minute or two he would be sound asleep as a log, and even while I yet looked he began to stretch himself i' the other corner.

"She saw me looking at him, and her face pleaded with me to excuse her of that company. 'Nay, indeed,' she whispered, 'he is very needful for the plan I am here upon, and it is still more needful he should be in that state.'

"Plan, hark ye! I smelt escape i' the very mention of the word. Yet never a word I said, but only smiled openly upon her, so that she went on. 'It was seeing the knave in that condition in the inn-yard that put the plan in my head. I had him roused, gave him another cup, and brought him here. In five minutes he will be so dead-fast asleep that you will be able to change clothes with him without disturbing him one snore. I shall be gone out meanwhile, to a mercer's near by, and as soon as I have bought me a thing or two of which I have no need, then I will come to the door and call him—"Giles! Giles!" Then out you will lurch, as if you were he, and I will rate you and bid you follow me to the inn. There we will get to horse, I pretending that I have to get home at once.

"'But once outside you must promise me that you will make no more attempt on Captain Hardacre, for I shall have set you free, and I, too, am of the Parliament side, even as he is.'

"Sirs! her face took on a grave, sweet look as she said those last words, so that, though I thought Captain Hardacre a goodly lad, yet I thought him lucky, too, to be able to cause that look.

"I looked my thanks to her, but I spoke another thing. 'Will you tell me why you do this thing, and take this risk to save me from what is but the consequence to be reckoned on by a soldier in his duty?'

"'Because I have been sitting in such horror of hearing you shot for a spy, when I know well that, but for our foolish jest last night, you would never have ventured into this town as you did, but would have beset the road openly and tried the shock of war. Believe me, when I agreed to that jest I believed you were only some coxcomb, as my cousin truly thought you. But when I met you at the foot of that stair in the inn, oh, my heart bounded with dread of what I had done. I knew that Captain Hardacre was in the inn somewhere with the real message, and there were you, making such utter mock of all security to him, and of all danger to yourself; yea, my heart shook for a minute in dread of such a man——'

"I broke in upon her words by standing to my feet to do her obeisance. But she stood up too, and finished in spite of me. 'So now that Captain Hardacre is safely gone on his way, I have had time to think, and it went to my heart to see what we had been playing with last night, when we made sport of you in so grim a business as this. Nay, I had it shown to me in all its ugliness as this rascal serving knave of mine got worse and worse in the inn door in his glory, telling his great exploit, and drinking from every stretched cup of them that wanted to hear his tale of last night and to-day.'

"'Nay, madam,' urged I, 'never take it to heart so. Trust me it was nothing after all. If it were not one play of Fortune it would be another. These things are never done like clockwork, plan we never so well; nor by the wave of a wand, like a conjuror's trick. I am alive, Captain Hardacre is alive; the world is wide and time is long—make no sorrow then, but smile upon it all. It is the only way, I swear you.'

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"'Ah, you do but make me grieve the more. You are so brave, so forgiving, so——'

"'Noble' she would have said, but I stopped her there with the bald truth. Captains, I told her the plain truth, just as we know it. 'Nay, madam, that is just the place where all women for ever make a mistake on us fighting men. It is not bravery in us, but only habit, that takes us into danger and out again. Neither is it forgivingness that makes us bid you say no more of mistakes, but only that we see so much of such strange turns of life and fortune that we reckon only the intent of them that hurt us and not the effect.'

"But she was like all true, sweet women. Out of their nobleness they picture us as something nearer to gods than such poor, sinful earth can ever come, and a man shall no more than do what manliness demands, than, lo! they cry in their hearts that he hath proved their dream to be no dream, but daily user, and straight they set him on a pedestal, proving, an' they tested it, that they hold him no common mortal but a god, or else, if they be thorough, that they hold this world for a temple where all men should be gods to be enshrined. All that I could say was as naught. 'You do but show yourself the nobler, in what you say,' she answered me with earnestness.'

"'Then I'll say no more, madam, for I am a deal less than noble, as you will find or e'er this play be played,' said I, thinking on the message I had hidden, and knowing that she could not have brought herself to help me had she known of that. 'We will leave talking, then, till I am clear of the town. Once I am there, riding free beside you, I will soon prove to you how little of nobleness doth ever trouble men.'

"She smiled a sweet, stubborn little smile, and so departed, telling the jailer, who was but an old town watchman, that her serving knave might better lie there till she was finished her buying, than to be following her in that state. She would come again for him when she should be ready to go. And the jailer nodded and agreed. Truly I blessed the fact that there was no great prison in Barlington, but only this simple clink, as pat to the plot of Mistress Isabel as if it had been made for it.

"A-well, in short time I had changed what was needed with the piggish knave i' the corner. Jack-boots there was no need to touch, and his barred helmet I must take without exchange, for mine had gone over the wall on the scurvy midden-rake. But buff-coats, yes, for mine had been slashed most grievously i' the fight; and sashes too, since his was plain red woollen and mine o' the golden silk. The last thing I changed with him was places, laying him face down on my straw, his hands under his forehead as a tired man does sleep, and then I was ready for the opening door. Egad! the thing was fine!

"The rusty hinges screeched. I never stirred. The voice of Mistress Isabel called on me to come. 'Giles! Giles!' I did but snore. In came the jailer to rouse me with his boot, but I lay so, face down and head to wall, that when his kick stirred me I rose up drunkenly with my face to the wall, and thus stepped out, he, being behind, having to follow me out and shut the door, by which means he missed seeing my face. And if he looked me over from behind, why, my lurch was as like the lurch of the drunken knave he thought me as any jury could expect.

"Behold the two of us then, Mistress Isabel and I, returning through the street, I keeping as close behind her as I could, and hanging my head i' the foolish drunken fashion that also served to hide my face. Straight we kept for the inn, and straight I went through to the horses in the yard behind, she coming too, as if to see that I saddled the right horses—which in truth was what she did come for. Then, while she for a moment returned to the inn, belike to settle the bill, I seized the chance to dart into the shed and get the message again from the horse collar.

"Never a lighter heart rode out of Barlington than mine, as I followed my sweet deliverer, she with her dainty nose half-wrinkled in disgust of such a bestial knave as I, and I with a silly leer and a bend o' the back that well justified her nose. The corporal on the chains at the west end o' the town let us out, with a civil salute to my mistress and a sly grin at me, and away we went at a quiet gallop for the first half-mile, till we turned into the side road that led to Landon House. Then she checked to let me come beside her, and there she spoke at last. 'Sir, that horse is one of my father's own, for my father hath been away in London this week past, sitting in his place as a member of Parliament —or else we dared not have used the house for our folly last night—and so I bade Giles ride it to-day for exercise. You will let my cousin, then, send it back to me from Slainingham before my father returns.'

"She checked to let me come beside her."

"'I will,' said I simply, just that, for a breath. Then in the next breath I began to take order to save her from the consequences of what she had done in freeing me—to save her, in fact, from the blame of her party. 'What shall you say when it is discovered in Barlington that your servant it is in the jail and the Malignant it was that followed you out as your servant?'

"'What can they ask of me? It was their own jailer who went in and drove you out. And if I say—which is the truth—that I never looked on you, but kept my back on you all the way to the inn, and that you never spoke or faced me till we were well clear of the town, why, what can they answer then? Besides, it is only a prisoner lost, for they do not know that you were there to capture that message. My father himself will understand and will approve. Since it was my folly that brought you into prison it was my duty to set you free again. He will be content, since no harm has been done, you having failed to get the message.'

"Believe me, comrades, at that moment I felt the prick of her words. This was the time when I should have justified the words I had spoken to her in the round-house, and proved to her that nobleness troubleth a man's mind little. But it stuck i' my throat; the words would not come. Then I fell on another thought, and spoke again. 'What pity 'tis you are not on our side. Are you not, in your secret heart, a King's woman, but for your father?' asked I, for if she were, then I thought I could work on that.

"But na; she spoke out with her former sweet gravity. 'Sir, I am on the side of Parliament, to save England from the harm the King would do it, as wholly and as truly as you are on the side of the King to save England from the harm that Parliament would do it.' I'faith! she left me no room for hope of convincing her, since she stated my chief argument i' the same breath and the same words as her own.

"And now, ye two bold captains," broke off Trevor, "there is the case. I had let her set me free under false colours, for it was my duty as a soldier to get free at all costs, that I might bring the news I had captured to Rupert that sent me. Yet I stood under the honour of a gentleman to this gentlewoman who had risked so

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much for me, maugre the easy way she spoke of what must follow. Above all, it was her sweetheart I had brought to disgrace. What then was the thing for me to do? Was I to ride away and leave her to find out for herself what harm she had done to her own side, and to her lover, in releasing me? Or was I to tell her, and try to excuse myself before I rode away—Or what was I to do?"

The two listeners looked across at each other in slow doubt. "I fear me I know what the King would say," spoke Crompton. "Since the Roundheads printed his letters that they captured at Naseby there is small room to doubt."

"Hold awhile," broke out Red Ned. "Thou hast not told us all. Thou hadst read the message and knew what weight hung upon it. Tell us, if it be no secret now, and then we shall be better fit to judge."

"The message was this. Parliament had got word that the King intended marching out of Wales to drive the besieging Scots from Hereford, and so it ordered Fairfax, its General in the West, to leave all else and march at once on Bristol. Thus either the King must march to protect Bristol instead, and so leave Hereford to fall to the Scots, or, if he still marched on Hereford, he must leave Bristol a cheap and easy prize to Fairfax. Either way, Parliament would win one town."

"Faith!" answered Pugh roundly, "I'm fain it was Phil Trevor, and not Red Ned Pugh, had that point to settle. For there was only one thing to do—to ride away and let her set thee down for ever as a villain."

Trevor turned his gaze on Crompton. Crompton smiled and shook his head. "There was no other way, I fear."

Trevor nodded. "So I have thought myself ever since. But, then, looking at her, listening to her, watching the sweetness of her lips; nay, it was not so easy. For a full five minutes I sat considering, and then——"

"Then what?" demanded Crompton eagerly, as the tale broke off again.

"Then took out the message and handed it across to her," said Trevor deliberately.

Down on the board came Red Ned's fist with a bang. "Stout heart! Bold man! Since thou hast done it, and I have not to judge, Zwounds! my thanks to thee, Phil."

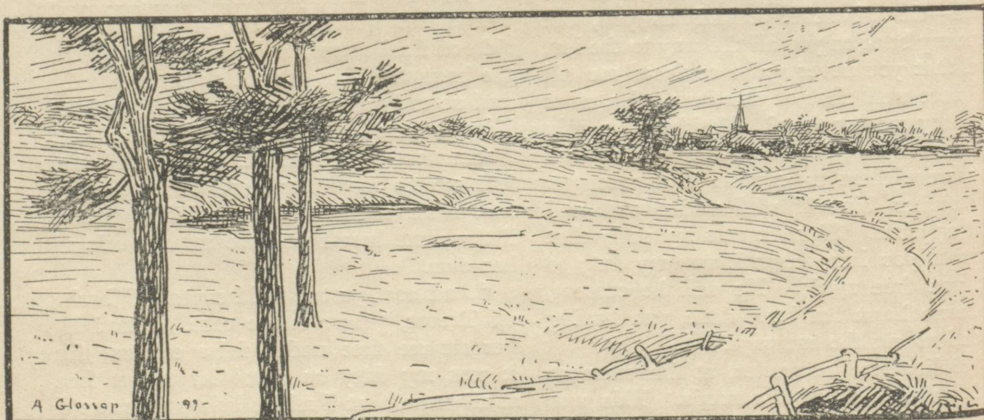
Crompton spoke slower. "But how didst thou justify that, Phil? Or how didst thou dare return?"

"That's another tale," retorted Trevor, his easy smile coming again. "Another tale; the tale of the Knave of Spades."

"The Knave of Spades," broke out Pugh in fresh astonishment. "Gad! we'll have that tale as quick as tongue can tell it. On with it, now. For the thing thou hadst done is a thing that by all law and right thou shouldst have been shot for. A graver breach of duty a soldier could not well make."

Trevor nodded. "So think I—*now*."

To be continued.



OLD ENGLISH SHOPS

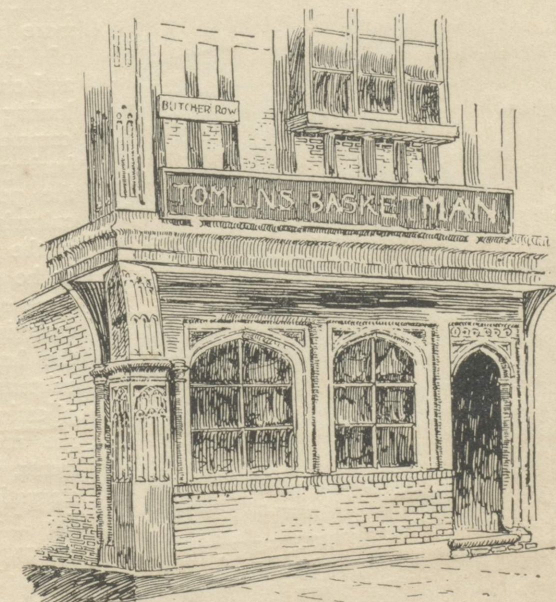
By J. HUTCHINGS

OUR idea of the old shop is inseparably associated with small panes of glass, and windows jutting out over the pavement, or gracefully curving forward on each side of the door. We think instinctively of Birches and the scarcely less celebrated Chelsea bun-shop. The theme awakens visions of erratic building lines, narrow tortuous streets paved with cobbles, houses almost meeting overhead, and between them slung signs, bearing quaint legends and devices, supported upon iron-work of fantastic design.

Such reminiscences at least afford some relaxation from the depressing monotony of modern trade emporiums, those endless vistas of gigantic panels of plate glass, framed by slender ribs of wood of alarmingly attenuated proportions, divided by iron stanchions concealed within a veneer of masonry, faience, or woodwork, the false covering obviously incapable of bearing the superstructure.

Far be it from us to deny the utility or inevitability of the plate-glass front; still, the question may reasonably be asked whether the best results are obtained with the materials in vogue and the object in view, and whether the antiquated notions of our forefathers may not contain some lessons which may assist us in realising a higher type of civic architecture. Revolutionary methods are apt to produce grotesque and uncouth shapes, to beget reaction and decadence; the gradual organic growth is the true path; the progress step by step, from past to present, present to future, a gradual unfolding, expanding and developing is the only sure and certain course to the higher levels of aesthetic attainment.

We must confess, therefore, to a hankering after the past, and a desire at times to ruminate amongst those survivals of ancient art which have escaped the iconoclastic tendencies of the day, conjuring up ghostly visions of antiquity; the while, not earning the reproach due to a modern student of the Canterbury Tales, of whom it is said, that when asked some question relating to everyday concerns, he would reply: "I don't know what the present opinion is, but in the days of Chaucer, people would have done so-and-so"; but rather gleaning from the past those lessons which testify to ever-changing forms in art as well as in nature, the result of the effort to meet new circumstances and new developments in a direct and appropriate manner.



IN BUTCHER ROW, SHREWSBURY, TUDOR PERIOD.

In the days of the Norman Conquest, and still later, in

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the provinces, the trades were practically limited to the crafts, the small town and village settlements being self-governing communities, almost exclusively agricultural and having little dealings with their neighbours. The local smith, and the shoemaker, the bell-man, the hayward, and other functionaries of archaic society often shared in the common lands belonging to the inhabitants, in exchange for their services, a condition of affairs indicated by survivals in nomenclature existing at the present time.

IN WHITCHURCH, 1670.

The wool from the backs of the flocks was spun and woven into yarn and broadcloth, which thrifty wives and daughters manufactured into garments; the brewing and baking took place on the homestead, the beast was slaughtered by its owner, and bartered in kind, or salted and preserved for future use. The merchant, the trader, other than an occasional pedlar or huckster, were unknown in this primitive society—and their ultimate appearance provoked an outburst of ill-feeling and opposition on the part of the ignorant, non-progressive peasant community. The trader appeared to them as a panderer to the rich landed proprietor; one who introduced luxuries which could only be gratified at the expense of the tillers of the soil. Yet this very trader inaugurated a period which has culminated in the vast commercial enterprise of to-day; he made possible the infinitely more precious blessings of freedom, education, and civilisation, that, following in the wake of commerce, are now the heritage of the masses of the people. The agriculturist had proceeded in the social scale, as far as he could unaided by some outside influence or incentive. He provided the bare necessaries of existence by constant application, but being at the mercy of the elements, if his crop failed, starvation stared him in the face. Without resource, he was probably at feud with the neighbouring villagers, and had never penetrated beyond the hills and forests that surrounded his home and isolated him from the outer world. The

presence of a builder must, from very early stages, have been needed in places of any importance, although the rough frames of wattle and dab could not have called for any high degree of talent. Such technical skill as sufficed for the hut of the peasant, and the collection of magnified huts constituting the farm and manor, cannot account for the splendid work we see in the remains of fortress and church; these must have been fashioned by a far superior class of itinerant mason and joiner, men who would find constant employment on the large monastic establishments, as well as upon the numerous military strongholds and the stately churches springing up on every hand.

IN MUCH WENLOCK, 1682.

The growth of commerce, however, introduced into this simple state of communism complex conditions, having the most far-reaching effects. The division of a portion of the population into trades and crafts created a distinct and rapidly increasing class, divorced from the soil and dependent upon the agriculturalist for support. The middleman now made his appearance and the retail shop became a necessity, alike for the sale of imported goods and articles of home manufacture, as well as for the supply of food to the

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townspeople, no longer living in scattered groups of cottages, divided by arable and pasture lands, but crowded closely together in streets and alleys.

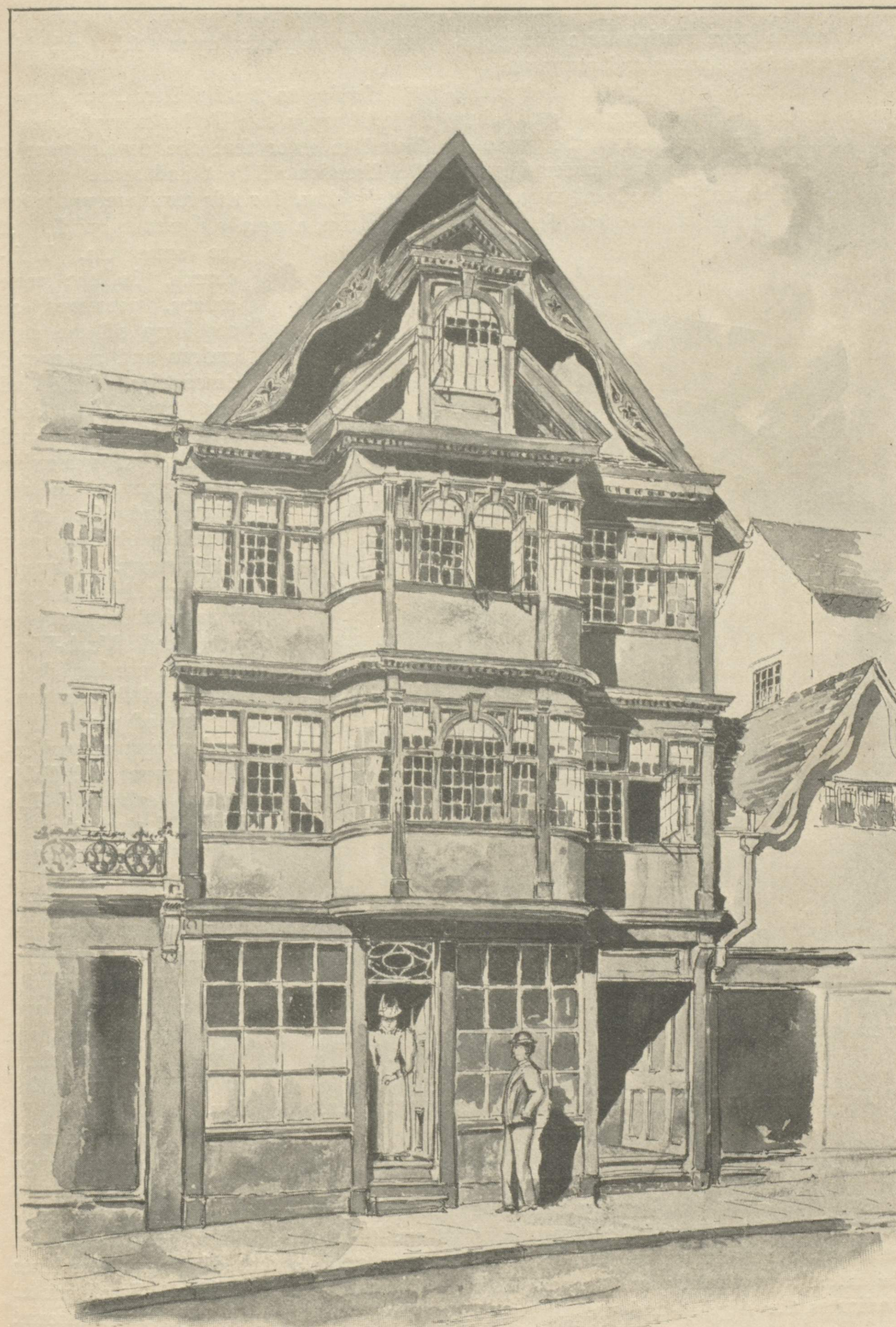
The "mercers" are regarded as one of the oldest associations of tradesmen in this

EARLY EXAMPLE OF THE USE OF GLAZING BARS, LUDLOW.

country. Mr. Norman in "London Signs and Inscriptions," referring to this subject, says: "It is probable that those who were called mercers dealt at first in most commodities, except food and the precious metals. Herbert, however, considers that in ancient times 'mercer' was the name of a man who dealt in small wares; and that 'mercieries' then comprehended all things sold by retail by the little balance, in contradistinction to things sold by the beam or in the gross, and included not only toys, together with haberdashery and various other articles connected with dress, but also spices and drugs; in short, what at present constitutes the stock of a general country shopkeeper."

With the increase and establishment of custom, it became convenient and less complicated to restrict the multiplicity of articles. Owing to this specialising process, we obtained from the parent mercer the silk mercer, the linen and woollen drapers, and many others. The Haberdashers and Merchant Adventurers are off-shoots from the London Mercers' Company.

It is curious to refer to Harrison's perfunctory and brief description of national trade in the reign of Elizabeth. Clearly he did not foresee the time when England should be known by her foreign rivals as "a nation of shopkeepers," or how that very commerce which he condemns as luxury should be the means of raising this country — already embarked upon her imperial quest — to the forefront among the progressive nations of the world. Trade to him is synonymous with dishonesty, is another name for all that is mercenary and self-seeking; to quote his own words: "It is a world also to see how most places of the realm are pestered with purveyors, who take up eggs, butter, cheese, pigs, capons, hens, chickens, hogs, bacon, etc., in one market and under pretence of their commissions, and suffer their wives to sell the same to another, or to poulterers of London." He stigmatises the whole system as a scheme for raising prices and impoverishing the artificer, the labourer, and the poor. His notion—perhaps derived from Sir Thomas More's "Utopia"—perhaps founded upon ancient custom, appears to have been that all produce of the land should be retailed to the



SHOP FRONT IN HIGH STREET, OXFORD, END OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, SUPERSTRUCTURE OLDER.

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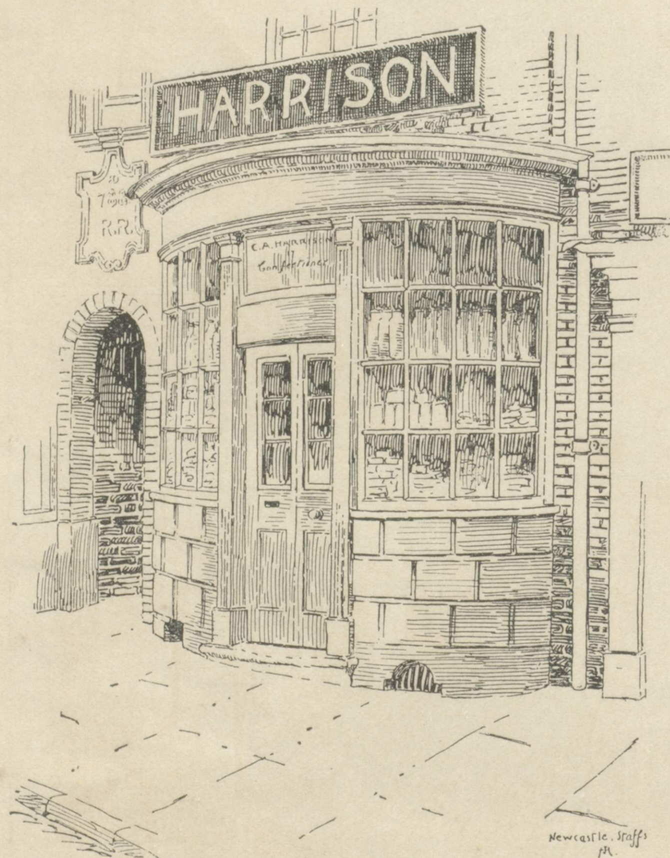
consumer in open market, or a direct exchange between farmer and consumer.

By Addison's day thought had made considerable strides; trade was then reckoned an important source of revenue, as well as one of the principal causes of prosperity. This enlightened writer quaintly depicts a phase of the old feud (not yet extinct), in an altercation between Sir Roger de Coverley, the Country Squire of the old Tory School, and the enterprising merchant, Sir Andrew Freeport, in which the latter triumphantly and conclusively vindicates the dignity and usefulness of commerce.



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SHOP FRONT, NEWCASTLE, STAFFS.

The pioneer would commence business in an ordinary dwelling and display his wares in the principal window of the ground floor, until experience taught him how to improve upon this primitive plan.

Referring to the Butchers Row shop at Shrewsbury, a late Tudor example, we are forced to infer that the development in the direction of light and space was extremely slow, for this structure varies but little from a purely domestic building of the same era. Whitchurch, in the same county, preserves an old shop of the most curious and antiquated description, of the kind that prevailed later. Note the awkward flight of steps forming the approach to the door, and the stall-boards projecting over the footway. Shrewsbury contributes a specimen of about the same age, and Much-Wenlock yet another, dated 1682, and from a comparison of these, it is evident that a considerable amount of individuality existed. The Much-Wenlock shop is below the footway, and is reached through a little side door under a balcony, but customers usually stand, whilst being served, on the narrow pavement, and their purchases are handed to them through the open window.

The limited dimensions of the old shop contrast strikingly with the spaciousness and elevation of their modern representatives. But the former flourished in an age anterior to that of colossal combines and cut-throat competition. Small profits and quick returns was a phrase undreamt of in the jog-trot days of our forefathers. Their stock was small if varied, their profits obviously ample measured by the present standard, and there was no need for the pushing, aggressive tactics adopted

by our American kinsmen and already permanently adopted by English commercial custom.

It was in such restricted premises as these, the shop proper forming but one small section of the building, of which the remainder was devoted to domestic uses, the surplus goods housed in the loft or basement, where the apprentice of old worked at the counter, plied his master's craft, learned the rudiments of his business, how to make himself agreeable to customers, to pass the time o' day, and indulge in all the little civilities, chit-chat, and gossip that supplied the absence of newspapers and rendered his place of business a popular resort. It was in similar apartments to these that the London apprentice served his time, garbed in the sprightly dress of the period, a youth supremely jealous of the privileges of his guild, and ready at a moment's call to spring through the unglazed window into the street, ever ready to draw his sword in any quarrel that offered excitement, or that involved any member of his order.

SHOP FRONTS AT WELLINGTON, SALOP, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

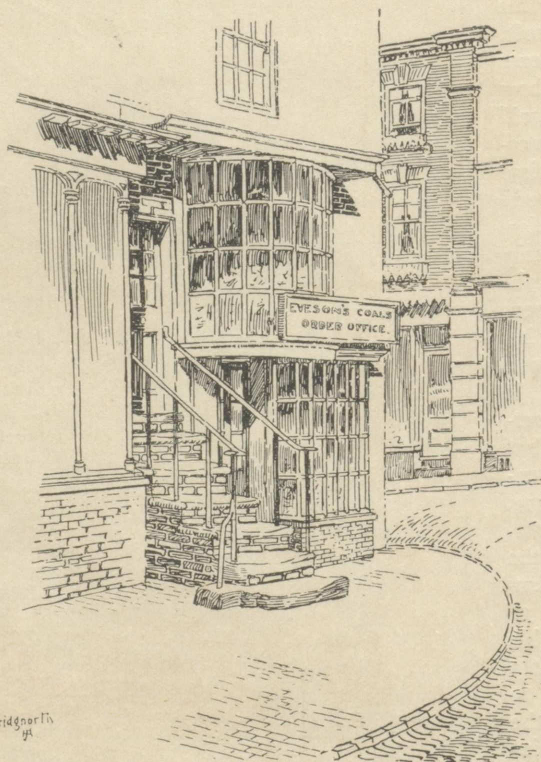
The introduction of glass into general domestic use and the improvements wrought in its manufacture led to conspicuous modifications in the treatment of shop fronts. For trade purposes leaded lights in tiny squares would be readily discarded for the obvious advantages of larger panes. To accommodate these, lead lacked the required rigidity and, being therefore unsuitable, was replaced by glazing bars of wood.

These bars at their introduction early in the seventeenth century (see Mill Street, Ludlow, page 524), heavy and close together, were gradually whittled down to the slender proportions that are familiar to us in eighteenth century work, and the interstices were gradually enlarged, as bigger sheets were procurable. With experience and knowledge, greater freedom of expression was indulged in, and from strict angularity the designers launched forth

into curved forms of beautiful and graceful contour.

The Tudor period inaugurated a new era in more senses than one. Not only was the old tyranny of the Church broken and the new light of learning allowed to permeate the land, but the prevalence of peace, combined with these and other causes, led to a rapid development of intercourse with other nations, resulting in a phenomenal increase of trade.

The demand for more space and increased height, synchronising with the cheapening and popularising of glass, placed the Renaissance Architect face to face with a new problem, for the shops erected by his fathers were judged insufficient and unworthy of his successors. We can see for ourselves by many delightful specimens that survive, that in bracing himself to tackle the changed requirements in a broad spirit, untrammelled and unbiassed by past traditions, how, giving reins to his fancy, he indulged in pleasing conceits of curving windows and jutting bays. Windows, no longer narrow openings in the wall, further obstructed by numerous posts to support the superstructure, became a bold breaking away from established custom, until the shop, now the raison d'être, practically monopolises the lower portion of the front, and in place of the heavy supporting posts, a strong lintel bridges the entire opening, reaching from pier to pier. And all this is accomplished with such masterful completeness, such wonderful dexterity, that the result looks the most natural in the world, almost as though it were the only thing to be done under the circumstances.

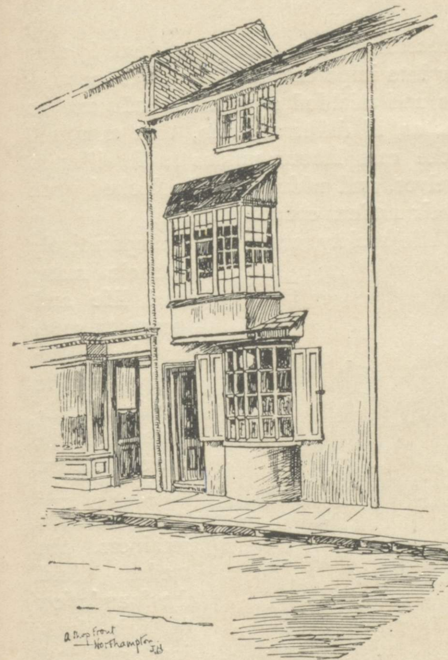


TWO-STOREY SHOP AT BRIDGNORTH.

Plate glass is quite a modern invention, and the perfection of this material inaugurated the most violent innovations, which in the eyes of some portend the total degradation of the shop front.

Already between the bow-windowed shops of the eighteenth century and the plate-glass erections of to-day there is a vast gulf. One of the greatest architectural problems of the present time, and one generally recognised and admitted, is how to design a shop-front providing the maximum of plate-glass for the display of wares, and at the same time to so dispose the supporting piers and the superstructure that the result shall be satisfactory structurally and aesthetically. Usually it is admitted the problem is not adequately solved, and the result is that four or five stories of brick or stone work appear to rest upon attenuated frames and enormous sheets of plate-glass, a most unstructural, painful, and inartistic result.

But reverting to the eighteenth century examples, nothing seems easier than to have designed a fitting and elegant shop front in those days; yet it was, when we



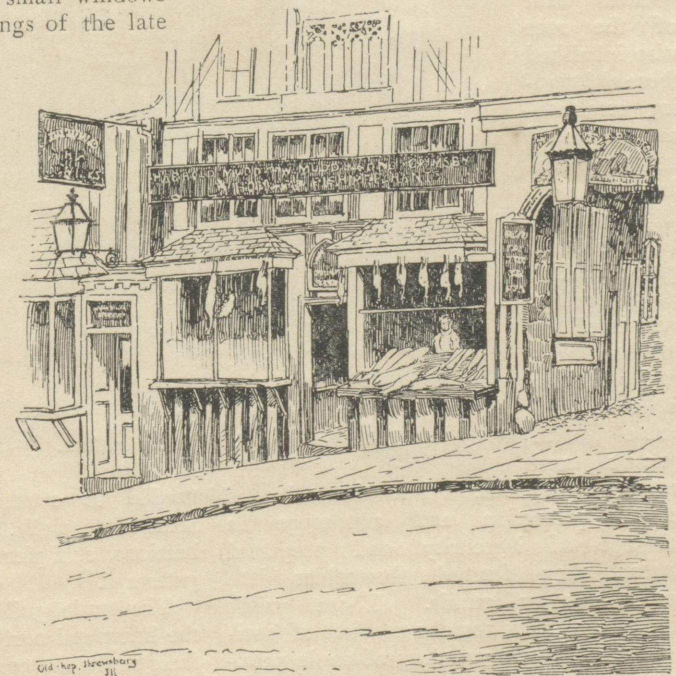
AT NORTHAMPTON, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

reflect, a far cry from the small windows and the low narrow openings of the late Gothic era.

The very fact that the difference between the types is so totally distinct, is conclusive testimony to the ingenuity and wit that accomplished the change so completely and so successfully. Those old shops look simple, natural, unaffected, for precisely the same reason that everything in nature occupying its proper place looks in absolute harmony with its surroundings; for precisely the same reason that a masterpiece of decoration appears exactly what is required in the particular conditions, maintaining so absolutely and in all essentials what is required, that the alteration of apparently unimportant details would seem to detract from the perfection of the work as it stands. All ostentation, the effort to produce an exaggerated effect, to magnify the humble shop into a state emporium—all this is absent, and the result is correspondingly natural and pleasing.

Here we have another instance of the success of the Renaissance movement in the development of objects of everyday art, whilst it failed in more pretentious and ambitious schemes.

The vigour and variety that distinguished design up to the middle of the eighteenth century, waned towards its close, and at the advent of the nineteenth century, though still elegant and well-proportioned, a more fixed and tamer standard of treatment prevailed. The bow window so tastefully applied formerly is now replaced by curved and reeded end-pilasters, which though inoffensive enough in a few instances, become wearisome when repeated with ever recurring sameness. The square and cant bays were also gradually abandoned and some form of large flat window held the field almost alone.



OLD SHOP IN SHREWSBURY.

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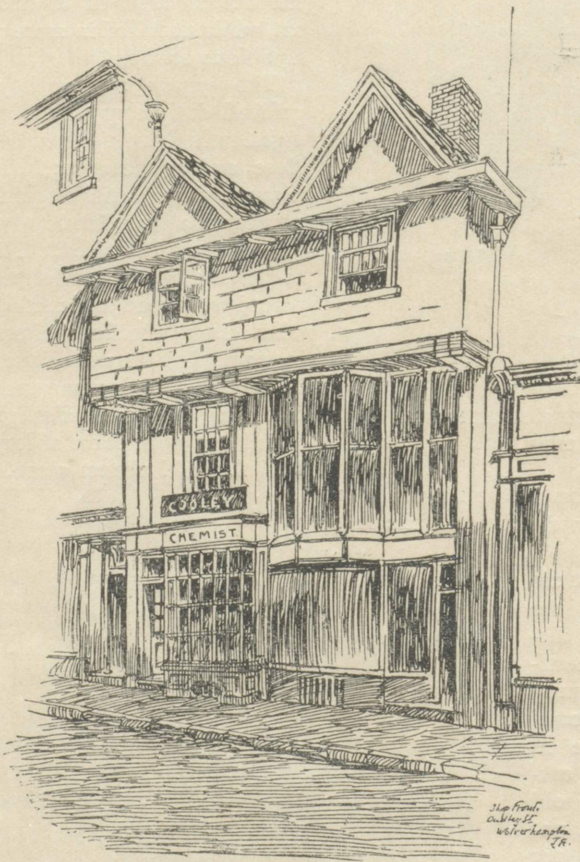
Soon local bye-laws stepped in to prevent encroachments over the pavement, a change as inevitable as it was desirable, yet one cannot regard without a sigh the irregular building line, so characteristic in the past, and a feature that certainly added quaintness and charm to our streets, being gradually straightened into universal uniformity by the operations of these acts.

All that was now necessary was to reduce the supporting piers, to enlarge the panels of glass, and the modern window was achieved in all its poverty of invention and gauntness of proportion.



OLD SHOPS AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

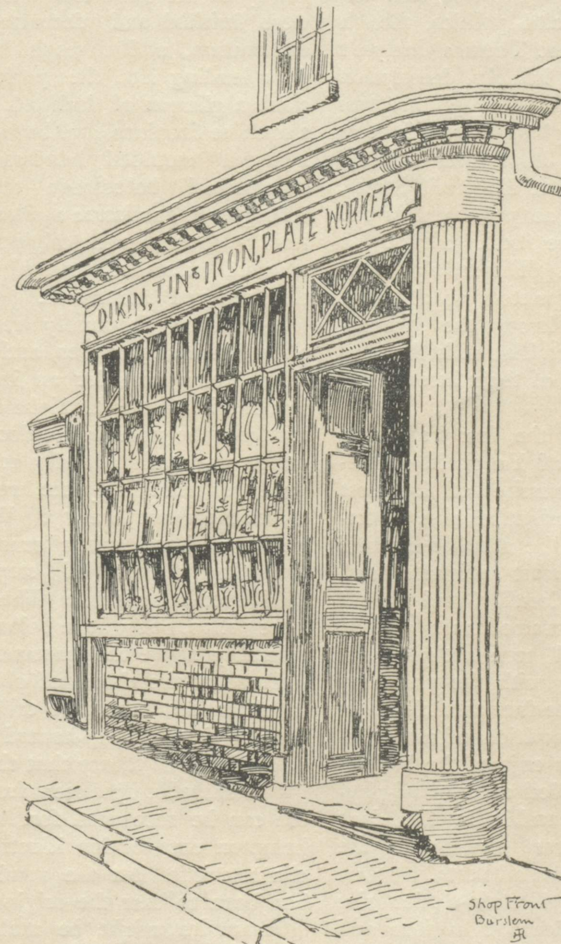
(The frames on the right are modern.)

And what of the race who inhabited these old trading establishments, and gradually enlarged and built up our commercial system? The beginnings were small, as indicated already, and as is ever the case with great and lasting enterprises. For the sake of mutual protection and advantage in an age of insecurity and perpetual unrest, they formed themselves into associations or guilds. These guilds formulated rules for the conduct of business, for the safe-guarding of trade privileges, for resistance to encroachments on the part of the feudal powers, and for the maintenance of the aged, the weak, and defenceless. As time progressed they grew into important and powerful corporations and wielded a political influence as great as, if different from, that exercised by the vast labour unions so familiar to ourselves, and which may be looked upon as their modern counterparts.

While society was in a comparatively archaic state, and life and property were at the mercy of lawless bands of robbers, or of the unscrupulous lord of the manor and his retainers, the trader laid the foundation of fair dealing and local self-government. Quietly and unostentatiously he fought his way, forming larger combinations, eventually obtaining state recognition in the shape of royal charters which insured a certain legal status. Too prudent to rest contented with these paper rights, the new corporations proceeded to entrench their position with solid stone walls, further strengthened by bastions, and pierced by strongly guarded gateways.

The trade guilds formed of necessity the heart and soul of municipal life. From their ranks the town guard was recruited, they erected halls for the sale of their wares, and in these they also schooled themselves in debate, levied taxes for the

construction and maintenance of bridges, roads, and other aids to commerce; and at the same time exercised judicial functions. It was this substantial and sturdy class, together with the yeoman and artisan, who bore the main stress of battle which culminated in victory for religious liberty at the Reformation. And when the question arose whether a headstrong sovereign should be allowed to impose upon the country his own tyrannous methods in place of government by Parliament, and force his own unpopular religion upon the community, the same party again espoused the cause of progress, and once for all established the principle that even the divine right of kings must be exercised with justice and moderation and in accordance with the laws of the Constitution. This reputation for independence and good sense has been again and again vindicated at succeeding critical epochs, till we have come to regard it as no insult to be called "a nation of shopkeepers."



AT BURSLEM, BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

And as with the class, so is it with the units constituting the class.

The thriving centres of modern municipal activity are not rich in records of the past; progress or change has there been sweeping and complete. It is in the byways and slums where antiquity lingers, but perhaps the richest legacy of the past is to be found in our sleepy old country market towns, which have remained comparatively stationary and but little influenced by the restless bustle prevailing elsewhere. Ancient Shrewsbury, for instance, the sometime metropolis of the west, and still a great trading centre, abounds in relics dating back to Tudor times.

Happily, there are still many trades that have no need of large and unobstructed window space. The chemist frequently exposes his drugs in the quaintest of windows, and his row of coloured bottles look far more effective seen through small panes of dinted glass than they appear behind a screen of perfectly transparent and flawless plate.

In the country a trade is frequently hereditary, the son succeeding to the father's business and place of business generation after generation. Another calling that frequently prides itself upon the antiquity of its establishment is that of the bookseller. Members of this order are often seen in the most curious premises,

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harbouring all sorts of dark corners and unsuspected nooks and crannies in their inmost recesses. The windows, whether bulging out over the street, recognising the line of frontage, or modestly retiring into the background, are small and reminiscent of age. Such a hole-and-corner shop would have befitted Kingsley's Sandy Mackaye. "He read at least twelve hours every day of his life and that exclusively old history and politics, though his favourite books were Thomas Carlyle's works." His quaint, homely description of the old bookseller and his den suggests that extraordinary conglomeration of wood and plaster known as Book-seller's Row; in short, the now extinct Holywell Street, and the varied stock as portrayed in the description might have been almost as aptly applied to them. The seeming confusion was to the proprietors no obstacle, they appearing to know the whereabouts as they were familiar with the contents of every volume of their heterogeneous collection.

The barber, one of the few tradesmen who retains the sign of his craft, accommodates himself to premises of the most erratic shape and diminutive size. Indeed, in the provinces he attaches himself for preference to the most antiquated and crazy building in the locality, and should on this account be esteemed as a pattern and example by all true antiquarians. Perhaps his sympathy with the past may be accounted for by the fact that his order formerly occupied a position of more importance than he now enjoys, the barber-surgeon being regarded as a quasi-physician, quite indispensable in the days when blood-letting was considered the panacea for most human ailments.

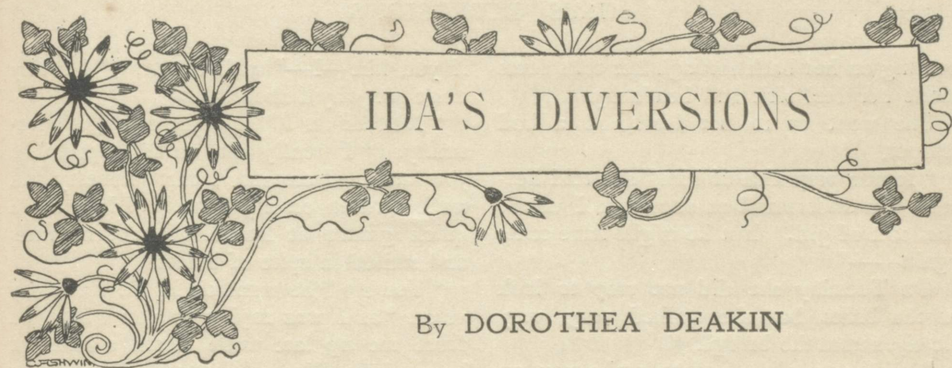
The pawnbroker and curio-dealer rise superior to considerations of hygiene and convention, and as they thrive best on the borders of the slums, their varied stock of old clothes, brass candlesticks, antique furniture and miscellaneous jewellery are more often than not displayed in a window as quaint and interesting as themselves. These establishments are still distinguished by the sign of the three golden balls.

In treating of the old shop, it must always be remembered that the proprietor lived upon the premises, and though far from commodious, viewed in the light of modern standards, those of the better kind compare very favourably with the houses of the professional classes and smaller gentry of the same era. Sometimes they were finished and decorated with great elaboration, and through the half-open door leading into the parlour, one may catch a glimpse of dark oak panelling and a massive fireplace, and beyond, perchance, a heavily moulded hand-rail and richly ornamented balustrade that evidently belong to a handsome staircase; enough at least to show that the original owner was a man of substance, and also a lover of elegance and refinement.

A feature frequently recurring in the older business premises, and one which we should now consider an insuperable objection, is a straight flight of steps, leading from the street to the door. Awkward, unnecessary, and out of place as these appendages undeniably are, we should regret to see them swept away. Wellington furnishes a characteristic example of these sprawling flights of steps, and the Bridgenorth specimen illustrates a two-storey shop, one a little below and one considerably above the pavement level.

Some of the charm of old shops is due to alterations that have taken place from time to time in hap-hazard fashion. It is only on this theory that the existence of the remarkable specimen from Northampton can be accounted for. The Wolverhampton contribution illustrates the same characteristic, but the result in this case has been to mar the original.

Examples might be multiplied a hundredfold to prove that variety and interest invest the old trade premises, but enough has been shown and said to vindicate the author in his attempt to interest the public in the old shops that compose so largely the street architecture of our ancient towns.



IDA'S DIVERSIONS

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN

"EVERYTHING," she said with disgust, "is hot and hateful and horrid."

The Quai de Mont Blanc, and even the pleasant, shady Boulevards were deserted.

All the pretty ladies, in cool organdies and silks, with bright parasols, had disappeared. Ida felt sure that they were sleeping away the hot hours in cool, luxurious bedrooms with the blinds down. It was only silly little school girls like herself who came out on such a day as this without a sunshade.

She leant her elbows on the stone parapet of the Pont du Mont Blanc and stared at the blue waters and the swaying, inviting boats beneath her.

It certainly was cool to look at just down there in the shadow of the bridge, before the water caught the glaring sun, and it was the first time she had been able to open her eyes since she had left her tram at Place Neuve.

"My head aches with all this blue and white; it is whizzing round like wheels—blue sky, white houses! Blue water, white pavement! All blue and white and glaring!"

She sighed and moved her elbows. She would be late for her appointment. She would be late home for tea—she would—She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, what's the odds if I am," she cried recklessly, "and why should I be home for horrid tea?"

"Come out in a boat for half an hour—I can see you are dying to."

Ida stood up in amazement, too confused for the moment to turn away with the silent contempt proper to the occasion, and I am afraid she noticed how attractively clean and cool he looked in his light grey flannels, before she remembered that this was an insult she must resent at once.

"Come out with me," he went on with a charming smile. "You are a stranger here; so am I. Why shouldn't we improve the shining hours together?"

By the time he had finished, she was ready with a suitable answer.

"I think you are making a mistake," she answered icily, walking away with her head in the air. "But, oh," she thought as she hurried along, forgetting how hot she was, "What a pity! What a pity! He *is* nice, and I know he didn't mean to be horrid. I suppose I oughtn't to dawdle about when I'm alone. I wish I could have gone. I wish I knew him."

"I ought to have known that she'd only be angry," said the man in grey flannels with a sigh. "She's English, and much too well brought up to be civil to strangers."

. . . . .

Then "Oh," cried Ida, when her lesson was over, "what a silly I was! He was an American, and Americans are always so very nice to girls. He only meant to be kind. I know he did. And I *should* like to go on the lake. Perhaps——"

She gave English lessons to a French girl over at Grand Pré. The French girl repaid them in kind, and it was for this that Ida crossed the noisy, busy town twice a week in the mid-day heat. The next lesson was on Friday. She put on a fresh muslin, which was quite unnecessary, and when she reached the Pont du Mont Blanc she stopped to rest, and once more gazed wistfully down at the tempting little boats. She stayed there, indeed, nearly half an hour, and it was not a cool place to choose. There was no shelter at all, and the sun

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beating on her back through her thin dress made her feel sick and headachy.

She went on to her lesson in a bad temper.

"It was very nice of him," she told herself, "to understand at once that I wasn't *that* sort of girl. But he might have come again——"

On Tuesday she did not stop to look at the boats, but she walked very, very slowly across the bridge.

"Will you allow me to make you an apology?"

Ida felt a sudden throb of pleasure; but she didn't speak. She was only eighteen, you see, and didn't know what to say. He looked quickly and apprehensively at the blushing face under the shady hat.

"Please don't be angry with me," he went on earnestly. "I know you must think me horribly rude, but what was I to do?"

"I don't understand," said Ida in a voice which she hoped conveyed icy indifference. I don't think it did. Neither, I imagine, did the young man.

"I have seen you regularly every Tuesday and Friday for three weeks," he said, "and every time I saw you I wanted to know you more and more."

Ida's heart beat faster and faster. It was very nice of him, she thought, to want to know her so much, but she couldn't think why he did. She had been brought up with half-a-dozen sisters, you see! At the age of eighteen, and under such circumstances, it was natural, perhaps, that she should under-value her power to interest and charm.

"I went to the English Church," he said, "on purpose to get an introduction to you through the parson. And then I found he didn't even know you by sight."

"I don't go to church," Ida said quickly, forgetting to be chilly. "We are chapel people at home."

The stranger laughed.

"Will you accept my apology?" he said.

"Yes, of course." Ida liked him better than ever when she saw him laugh.

"Will you consider me as introduced to you by a clergyman of the English Church?"

"Yes"—with some hesitation. "If—if you like—I—" with a rush—"I really don't see why I shouldn't."

"Neither do I," said the stranger pleasantly. "I really am quite respectable, you know. I am sure I carry honesty and truth written on my brow." Ida gave a quick glance at his thin, sunburnt face, and smiled in spite of herself.

"You see," he went on in his slow, dry voice, "as I was saying to you when you froze me up last week, I am a stranger here—from Massachusetts. You are a stranger—from England. Why not be friendly? I guess we should agree all right."

Ida was silent. It was all very, very wrong, she felt sure, but how was it, she wondered, that wrong things were so pleasant?

"I should *like* to be friends," she said, dropping her Anglo-French dictionary in the confusion of the moment.

The man from Massachusetts picked it up.

"Good," he said. "Are you going to school?"

Ida found her tongue then, and told him about Renée Coquillon and the exchange lesson. She went on from that to talk about the little village of Carouge, where she lived—Carouge which had once belonged to Corsica or Sardinia—she didn't quite remember which, and which was still full of strange names and alien descendants, and the stranger listened to her childish chatter, and to the odds and ends of more or less inaccurate information brought out entirely for his benefit, with much apparent interest. He walked with her to Grand Pré; to the door of Madame Coquillon's house, and when he held out his hand to her to say good-bye, he studied her face with some return of his old apprehension.

"When will you come out on the lake?" he said.

She looked down. Could she—dare she? Oh, if she only might—and yet—if Miss Linaker found out.

"Courage," said he. "Why shouldn't you? What are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid of anyone," cried Ida childishly, "and I *will* come if you like."

"I do like," said he, smiling; "very much indeed. But when can you come? To-morrow?"

Ida shuddered at her own audacity.

"Yes!" she said, "I will come to-morrow."

"At three o'clock? It will be hot, but there is always a breeze on the lake."

"At three o'clock," said naughty Ida. "And thank you very much."

. . . . .

That was the beginning of the deceit.

Ida pretended—she didn't exactly say so, I believe, but, still, she led Miss Linaker to believe that she spent the next afternoon with Mdlle. Coquillon. Instead of which she let the stranger, whose name was Clay, take her on the water for two hours, and their friendship increased in leaps and bounds! Ida told herself that he was the nicest person she had ever known, and no doubt she was right, for her experience of nice young men had been small.

On Friday he walked up the Grand Pré with her again, and waited till she came out, to take her back to the Rond Point and the Carouge tram; and she told herself that she walked to the Rond Point to save expense, not at all for the pleasure of his society. She had explained to Renée with all the French she could muster, that in any questions regarding her English friend's movements she must be discreet and admit nothing—deny nothing. Renée (who was older than Ida, and quite as pretty), understood perfectly, in spite of the broken French, and promised discretion. If the lake was so pleasant on Wednesday, why not try it again on Saturday—and Monday—and Wednesday again? Ida's conscience was lulled to rest quite successfully for the moment, and she was having a good time. It was on Wednesday that they had tea together at a little crêmerie in Place Neuve, and Ida explained to the stranger, who was hardly a stranger by that time, that the pale green pistachio cream cakes, crescent shaped, and only five centimes each, were in every way superior to the round pink ones, or the small hot browny things soaked with rum which cost ten, and which he affected.

"Look here," Clay said presently, absently dropping the flat squares of sugar into his already sweetened cup. "Don't you think I might get to know your people somehow? Couldn't you introduce me? Say I was a friend, you know. You needn't say how long our friendship had existed."

Ida opened her eyes wide at him; and a Frenchman at another table stared at her with insolent admiration.

"Quels beaux yeux," he cried to his companion.

Clay heard and scowled for a minute. Then looked at Ida again, and his face cleared.

"That's so," he drawled. "Eyes like the darkest kind of purple pansy—almost black."

Ida dropped her lids and blushed. "Les yeux noirs au purgatorie," she said, smiling. "But what do you mean, Mr. Clay? Of course, I can't introduce you to Miss Linaker. She would be *dreadfully* angry, and I should never be allowed out again."

Clay's eyes grew thoughtful.

"It doesn't seem quite square," he said.

"What doesn't seem quite square?"

He hesitated.

"Why this—this sort of thing. You're so young, you see—only a kiddie, after all, and I'm beginning to feel ashamed of myself."

Ida was silent. She was so young that she didn't altogether understand him. There was no harm in it that she could see.

"Of course," he went on, leaning his elbows on the little marble table, and tracing a spilt tea pattern with his forefinger, "I know that *I* am straight, and *I* know that I respect you as much as if you were my own sister, and like you a good deal more, but——" Here he stopped, and Ida looked frightened.

"Other folks don't know all this, and I'm afraid it will be nasty for you when Miss Linaker learns that you've been going about with me. I guess she'll find it all out sooner or later."

Ida rose from her seat. "Miss Linaker must never know," she whispered, looking round the room with frightened eyes. "Why should she? She stays in all the afternoon when I am away, because it is

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too hot to go out, and she has no friend in Geneva who could tell tales to her."

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "if I can't be friends with you in a straight, conventional, decorous kind of way, I must take what I can get. I can't give you up."

"Why?" asked Ida, with apparent innocence.

Clay laughed.

"I guess you know why," he said. "I won't tell you to-day, anyhow."

After that Ida met him every day. Sometimes she cycled with him; sometimes he rowed her on the lake, and once he took the train to Annemasse on the Voiron and from there walked up the hill to the tiny old Savoyard Chateau d'Etambrieres with its two towers, and its little gray church to match. From every point of view the excursion was a success. Clay grew reckless.

"Look here," he said slowly, as they climbed down the hill again. "This has been a glorious afternoon, but it has been too short. Could you get away for the whole day, do you think?"

Ida drew a deep breath at this daring suggestion.

"I'll try," she said; "only——"

"Only what?"

"I'll have to tell a lie if I do."

Clay's eyes grew grave suddenly. She was beginning to look for that sudden clouding over when she alluded to the ways and means she used to escape Miss Linaker's vigilance, and she smiled cheerfully and reassuringly.

"Don't look so solemn," she said. "It won't be the first time, you know. I learnt how to fib long before I ever knew you. I can easily pretend that I'm going to spend the day with Renée Coquillon. She won't mind backing me up a bit, if I take her some pralines next time I go."

"Can't you get away by any other means?" Clay asked hastily. "Without lying about it, I mean."

Ida looked at him in surprise. "You are funny," she said slowly. "How is it you have grown so particular all at once? And, anyhow, it *must* be just as bad to act a lie as to speak one, don't you think?"

Clay didn't answer. All the way home in the tram he sat and looked at Ida's childish profile; at the heavy fall of soft black hair over her little ears, shadowing her delicate, colourless cheeks. He looked at the full, red lips and slender, long neck, the thin, girlish figure and brown hands; and his eyes were filled with something that was half pity, half sorrow. Ida felt that she had a right to feel aggrieved by his behaviour.

"It's all very well for him to be depressed," she said to herself. "If we are found out, it's me that will be blamed. I shall get into a regular royal row, and he will escape scot free. Who is there to row him, I should like to know?"

Presently, however, he shook off his gloom, and spoke to her with a smile.

"We'll have a real good time on Thursday," he said. "A steamer leaves the Quai de Mont Blanc every morning for a dear little place called Hermance, where nobody ever goes. *We'll* go there and picnic by the stream. I shall have you to myself a whole long day. I guess we shall both remember that day."

Ida laughed.

"I shall remember all these days," she said softly.

So they went to Hermance on Thursday. They took the little steamer, and were on the water so early that all the wonderful mountain pictures round them, the purple Juras, and the Voiron and Grand Saléve, with the dim shadow of the Alps behind, were veiled at first by delicate opal haze, then gloriously-reflected in the blue waters of the lake. Ida was in ecstasies. Miss Linaker had never taken her on the water; Miss Linaker had never shown her anything half so beautiful as this. And then when they landed on the wooded shore; Hermance itself!

Clay took her to the sunny hillside meadow where the vineyards are, and they sat down in the shade of the little wood where the stream lives; that stream whose wonderful waters of iron and magnesia are some day to turn the paradise into an inferno of a spa and a health resort.

Ida had brought her poetry books. She thought she was fond of Browning and Matthew Arnold; she also thought that she understood them, I believe. Since then she has learned her own limitations, and knows, I think, that she never will.

Clay lay at her feet and listened to her pretty voice as she read to him, and watched her pretty face and moving lips. If he knew the verses she read to him off by heart already, and if his brain was busied with other thoughts as he lay there, who was the wiser? Ida thought she was edifying and impressing him; perhaps even improving his mind. Why shouldn't she think so?

At one o'clock they lunched, and Clay found that he had left the fruit behind. Ida jumped up with a laugh, and ran away with the empty basket. Presently she came back to him laden with big plums and peaches.

"I saw a man in an orchard," she said gaily. "But I find now that it is only the angel of the Paradise. He gave me all these, and wouldn't let me pay a sou for them. Look!"

"I don't wonder," the young man said gravely. "How could he take payment from you?"

How could he? Her pale cheeks glowed a faint pink with excitement and pleasure; she wore a white cotton frock with a pink flower on it, and had taken off the big hat which hid her pretty hair. The magic of her wonderful dark eyes bewitched him.

"Why shouldn't he take the money from me?" she said laughing. "I am not too poor to pay for a few plums."

She didn't want him to think her poor, little goose that she was. Anything rather than that he should think her poor—and common.

"Ida," he said presently, looking up into her eyes with earnest enquiry, "You've never told me anything about your people at home in England. We know very little about each other. I guess we'd better confess like good children. Suppose you begin."

Her pink cheeks deepened to scarlet, but she did not answer at first. How could she tell him? Oh, how could she? How he would despise her! No; anything, anything but that now. Perhaps afterwards when—when he had spoken to her properly—when everthing was settled between them; when she went home and had told her people about her engagement, he would be so fond of her by that time that he would forgive anything. But not now—not yet. She couldn't spoil this beautiful, beautiful day. He would go away without telling her that he loved her, and she couldn't bear that. She must be worthy of him to-day; she *must*.

"What are your people?" he asked curiously. "Manchester's all cotton, isn't it? Are your people in cotton?"

"No," said Ida emphatically. This, at least, was true. Then she hesitated. Poor, silly little girl! She had put her conscience to sleep lately, you see, and there was nothing else to tell her that, at this moment, truth was not only right, but expedient.

"My people live in Lancashire," she said quickly. "We are the Delameres, of Delamere Hall, you know. My father doesn't have anything to do with the cotton, of course."

Clay sighed.

"It sounds very grand," he said. "Is the ancestral mansion very old?"

It was easy now for Ida to draw upon her imagination.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Hundreds and hundreds of years old. My—my great grandfather fought at Waterloo," she went on madly, "and one of the Delameres fought the Spanish Armada and another at Agincourt."

Clay was silent.

"The house is an old Manor house," Ida went on shamelessly. "A long, low black and white Manor house with lots of gables and dormers and mullions and lattices and things."

"With such a home as that," Clay said gravely, "I don't know how you could bear to come away. Why did you?"

Again the girl hesitated. The opportunity for romance was irresistible, and why should she tell him that she had merely come to Geneva to study French?

"They wanted me to marry someone," she said, hanging her head. "He was very rich, and—and titled, and I couldn't bear him. So they sent me away from home in disgrace—to make me see reason."

Clay rose. Ida was sitting on a fallen tree, and he sat down beside her.

"Ida," he said, in a low voice, "Did

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you care for anyone else—over there in England?"

"No," said Ida, glad that she was able to reply truthfully. It was more difficult somehow to make up things, while he watched her face so keenly.

"Do you care for anybody now?"

She was silent. Her cheeks burned and her heart was thumping away so loudly that she was afraid he would hear it. Of course, she did—oh, of course she did. He knew she did. Why didn't he tell her what she was longing to hear—now, now—the time was slipping.

But he didn't say anything, and when she turned to look at him, surprised at his silence, she saw that he looked anxious and troubled. She couldn't think why he looked like that. Surely, he understood. He did understand, and still he was silent.

"Why do you ask?" said Ida. No answer. She felt chilled. The sun was still shining on the pretty hillside pasture before them, but she felt somehow exactly as if it had gone in. What did he mean? Perhaps he didn't care, after all. Perhaps—oh, how unkind he was—how very, very unkind!

When Clay looked round at last, she was crying; big tears were welling out of her dark eyes and falling on to her frock, and she was struggling in her sleeve to find an inadequate handkerchief. What could he do? He had gone so far, he told himself recklessly, and to-day, at least, he must play the game he had begun.

He took her into his arms and kissed her without a word, and Ida laid her head on his shoulder and finished her cry there. And still he was silent.

"I—I thought you didn't care," she said at last.

"I wish to God I had let you go on thinking so," said Clay.

Ida drew herself away from him in surprise.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Clay kissed her again. "Mean," he said; "I don't know yet what I mean. I only know that I love you. And I guess I'm behaving like a mean hound in telling you so."

Ida laughed.

"Nonsense," she said. "Why shouldn't we be happy while we can? Why do you worry so about stupid people who don't matter a bit? What does anything matter if only—we—if we—,"

Clay smiled rather miserably.

"If we what?" said he

"If we love each other," said Ida. He was silent again, and presently he took his arm away and got up to pack the things into the picnic basket. Ida didn't understand why he was behaving so strangely, but he certainly loved her, and that was all she cared about.

He hardly spoke to her at all in the hour on the steamer going home, and when he said good-bye to her in Place Neuve he held her hand a long time; then recklessly kissed her in face of all Geneva.

"Good-bye, little girl," he said.

"Good-bye," said Ida, "till to-morrow."

There was a letter next morning for Ida, directed in a fine business hand.

"What is it?" Miss Linaker was properly inquisitive. But Ida put it in her pocket.

"From the dentist," she said hurriedly. "It's only the hateful dentist's hateful bill."

After breakfast she ran upstairs. It didn't take a second to tear open the envelope. Why had he written when he was to see her that very day?

No address headed the letter.

"Dear little girl,—

When I fell in love with you I hadn't reckoned on the fighting ancestors and the ancient Manor house, and it seems to me that for a square man I've been playing it pretty low down on your aristocratic parents.

I guess those ancestral halls are a cut above the junior partner in a hardware store, and before you get my letter I shall have started for home again. I should advise you to forget all this as soon as possible, and think twice before you reject that titled aristocrat for the second time.

Believe me,
Always your respectful friend,
ISRAEL P. CLAY."

Ida was stunned for a moment. She did not realise all at once what the stupid letter meant. Then quite suddenly everything came to her in a flash, bringing with it a horrible, aching pain at her heart, and a blinding storm of tears. She saw at last, too, very clearly how wrong she had been. What a wreck she had made of her life with her silly, romantic lies; her stupid deceit.

Down on the pillow went the poor little head in utter despair, to soak it with tears from the eyes he had called purple pansies.

It was too late now—too late for anything. He was gone, and she should never see him again as long as she lived.

But was it too late—was it? She looked at her watch. If—if he went by the nine o'clock train to Paris there was still time to catch him; only just time. If he went last night—

"If he went last night," she cried, as she hastily pinned on her sailor hat, "I shall drown myself in the lake."

Luck favoured her so far that she slipped out of the house without attracting notice—that her tyres were plump and the bicycle house unlocked.

Once on her machine, she was safe. Down the hill to Carouge and on to Geneva as she had never ridden in her life before. What a long way it was to the station. The roads had been watered—her bicycle skidded once, and she fell, covering herself with mud; but she did not even wait to wipe it off her hands. If she could reach the station in time nothing else in the whole world mattered.

Clay was having his luggage weighed when he saw her, and his grave face grew graver still as he went to meet her.

He saw at once that she had been crying—that there were still tears in her eyes, and he wished that she had not come to make things harder for him at the last moment.

He took her little muddy hands in his, and gazed wistfully into her face.

"It is good of you," he said slowly, "to come and see me off—to say good-bye."

But Ida had found her breath at last. "Oh," she cried, "you musn't go! You shan't go! I have come to—to tell you what a hateful, hateful girl I am—I came because I couldn't, couldn't let you go—I came to tell you that it is all lies!"

Clay stared at her in amazement.

"My father," cried Ida recklessly, "keeps an ironmonger's shop, and always has. There are no ancestors—no black and white Manor house—no anything. I am the wickedest girl in the world."

Clay caught her hands in his.

"Is it true?" he asked, "true?"

"Yes," said Ida in a low voice. "I am speaking the truth for once. It was all made up, every bit of it."

"And the titled aristocrat who wanted to marry you?" Clay asked eagerly. "Was he a myth, too?"

Ida's poor little face grew crimson.

"No one ever wanted to marry me but you," she said. "And I don't suppose *you* do now—now you know what I really am."

Clay laughed out loud. "It's a good thing," he said, "that I have not taken my ticket yet."

Ida's eyes fell before his. "Then," she whispered, "you—you are not going?"

Clay laughed again. "Well, I guess I'm not going to Paris. I am going to take you straight home and have things out with your precious Miss Linaker, whether you like it or not."

Ida's tone was very humble now. "I don't care what happens," she said, "if only you don't go away."

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COUNT D'ORSAY

By CHARLES WILKINS

Illustrations from the Rischgitz Collection

ALFRED Guillaume Gabriel, Count D'Orsay, was born in Paris on the 4th of September, 1801. His father was Alberte, Count D'Orsay, a noble of the *ancien régime* who was familiarly known as Le Beau D'Orsay, being one of the handsomest men in the Court of the first Napoleon, who had been heard to remark "that he would make an admirable model for Jupiter." He had early entered the grand army of the Empire, and he had served with great distinction under Napoleon: who was wont to say of him, that he was "aussi brave que beau." His mother, a beautiful woman, was a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg by a marriage that was good in religion but not in law, and which was afterwards set aside by the King's union with a royal personage; she was no less remarkable for her wit and noble disposition than for her beauty. The eldest son having died in infancy, their family consisted of Alfred, and a daughter Ida, subsequently Duchesse de Grammont. By the transmission of intellectual power on the maternal line, and of striking traits of physical conformation from the sire, the force of heredity was exemplified in the children of the brilliant Countess and Beau D'Orsay.

From his earliest childhood, Alfred was remarkable not only for comeliness, but for quickness of apprehension; as a boy his superior strength and agility in exercise and bright spirits, combined with frankness of nature and chivalrous generosity of disposition, made him the favourite of his companions.

While yet in the nursery he was set apart to be a page to the Emperor, and at a very early age he entered the army, and somewhat later and reluctantly, the *garde du corps* of the restored Bourbon sovereign. He retained imperialist sympathies during the whole of his life, as well as an ardent enthusiasm for Napoleon, whose page he was to have been. He was greatly beloved by the soldiers, whose comfort and welfare he carefully looked after, and their worship was deepened by the feats of strength he performed, as well as by the leadership he took in all manly exercises.

Some of the traits of his garrison life are too characteristic to be left unnoticed. His various attractions had made him an object of admiration at the provincial balls; at the dance it was his custom to single out the plainest girls present for his partners, and to pay attention to those who seemed most neglected and unnoticed. The officers jeered at him for this, yet there was no affectation in it, for it was done simply from natural kindliness of heart.

Count Alfred D'Orsay's first visit to England was in 1821, on the occasion of the coronation of George IV. He came in company with his sister and her husband, the Duc de Guiche, son of the Duc de Grammont, then Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. The Duc de Guiches had been reared and educated in England, and he had served in an English regiment of Dragoons; his sister had married Viscount Ossulton, afterwards Earl of Tankerville; consequently he held a position calculated to ensure the best reception for his brother-in-law in the first circles of English society, which advantage was strengthened by the favourable impression the young Count created by his graceful bearing and charm of manner at the entertainment given by the Duc de Grammont at Almack's to the King and Royal Family, on the 27th of July, 1821, and he was at once placed amongst the leaders of fashion.

It was during this first visit to London that D'Orsay was introduced to Lord and Lady Blessington, and not in the garrison in France, as has been stated. It is equally incorrect that to accompany them to Italy he abandoned his intention of joining the expedition to Spain.

Lady Blessington was now twenty-eight. She had contrived to set one-half of London raving about her beauty, and the other half frantic about the magnificence of her establishment. Margaret Power,

COUNT D'ORSAY.

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the daughter of "Shiver the Frills," a ruined Tipperary buck, had suddenly become a queen of English society. Royal dukes, Cabinet Ministers, wits, painters, authors, poets, and actors thronged to pay homage to her gorgeous charms. Count Alfred D'Orsay was amongst the foreign noblemen who sought her acquaintance, and nowhere did he create so deep and lasting an impression as in the breast of Lady Blessington; and he was the favoured guest of this charming hostess at the magnificent conversaziones, soirees, dinners, balls, breakfasts, and suppers, which followed each other with such rapidity in her brilliant mansion in St. James Square.

The young Count then formed that hasty judgment of English Society which he entered in the Journal eulogised by Byron after he had perused it carefully. This praise would be very pleasing to the writer, who formed other opinions subsequently nevertheless.

Count D'Orsay's first visit was brief, and he returned to Paris with his relatives. A very short time elapsed and Lord and Lady Blessington found themselves at the French Metropolis under circumstances that greatly added to the enjoyment of the latter. Her sway over her extravagant lord being absolute, she prevailed on him to commence a lengthened tour in Italy, in company with the handsome young Frenchman, and it was immediately so arranged. Count D'Orsay joined the Blessingtons at Avignon—they having started from Paris for Italy via Marseilles, having with them her ladyship's sister, Mary Anne Power, a younger daughter of "Buck" Power.

Charles Matthews, the comedian, was another member of that party, a host in himself in contributing to their amusement, until this was spoilt by a quarrel between himself and D'Orsay. A duel would have been the result, had not judicious friends interfered and made peace between them.

The extravagance of the Blessington mode of living abroad exceeded their extravagance at home. They travelied with a retinue of cooks headed by a *maître de cuisine*, who had been *chef* to an Emperor.

They arrived at Genoa in March, 1823. Here they met Lord Byron, who then sat to D'Orsay for his last portrait. Byron announces their arrival thus, in a letter to Moore, dated April 2nd, 1823:—

"Your other allies, whom I have found very agreeable personages, are Milor Blessington and épouse, travelling with a very handsome companion in the shape of a young French Count, who has all the air of a *Cupidon dechainé*, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman before the Revolution. Miladi seems highly literary. Mountjoy seems very good-natured, but is much tamed since I recollect him in all the glories of gems and snuff boxes, and uniforms and theatricals, and speeches in the House—I mean the peers (I must refer you to Pope), and sitting to Stroelling, the painter, to be depicted as one of the heroes of Agincourt."

Three days later, in a letter to Lord Blessington, he returns to him the Count's Journal, and writes:—

"The Count's Journal, which is a very extraordinary production, and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England; I know, or knew personally, most of the personages and societies which he describes, and after reading his remarks have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. The most extraordinary thing is how he should have penetrated not the fact, but the mystery, of the English *ennui* at two and twenty. I was about the same age when I made the same discovery, in almost precisely the same circles, but I never could have described it so well. *Il faut être Français* to effect this. Altogether your friend's Journal is a very remarkable production. Alas! our dearly beloved countrymen have only discovered that they are tired and not that they are tiresome. I have read the whole with great attention and instruction. I am too good a patriot to say pleasure, at least, I won't say so, whatever I may think. I beg that you will thank the young philosopher, and make my compliments to Lady Blessington and her sister."

In subsequent letters Byron repeatedly returns to the subject of the Count's English Journal:—

"I beg my compliments to Lady Blessington, Miss Power, and *your Alfred*. I think since his Majesty of the same name there has not been such a learned surveyor of the Saxon Society."

To D'Orsay himself Byron gives his approbation, as follows:—

April 22, 1823.

"My dear Count D'Orsay.

(If you will permit me to address you so familiarly) you should be content with writing in your own language, like Grammont, and succeeding in London as nobody has since the days of Charles II and the records of Antonio Hamilton, without deviating into our barbarous language—which you understand and write, however, much better than it deserves. 'My approbation,' as you are pleased to term it, was very sincere, but perhaps not very impartial; for tho' I love my country, I do not love my countrymen—at least such as they are now. And besides the seduction of talent and wit in your work, I fear that to me there was the attraction of vengeance; I have *seen* and *felt* much of what you describe so well; I have known the persons and *réunions* described—(many of them that is to say), and the portraits are so like, that I cannot but admire the painter no less than his performance. But I am very sorry for you; for if you are so well acquainted with life at your age, what will become of you when the illusion is still more dissipated?

Believe me,

Your very obliged and faithful,

BYRON."

The world will be interested to learn whether this satirical view of English high life two generations ago still exists, which was pronounced by such competent authority to be equal to anything the Comte de Grammont has left, and even to surpass his Memoirs in genuine wit and humour. Byron may have praised it unduly for the very reason that he has stated "that I do not love my countrymen—at least such as they are now, though I love my country." After D'Orsay's decease the Duchesse de Grammont took possession of his papers, but the Journal had been destroyed by himself years previously, after he had formed different ideas from those of his first visit, "lest at any time the ideas there expressed should be put forth as my matured opinion." During the latter years of Count D'Orsay's residence in England, when his debts were pressing hard upon him, he might again and again have coined money on the pages of a MS. (reputed on no less authority than Byron's) to be so piquant, but he had been heard repeatedly to declare that he never would "sell the people at whose houses he had dined"; and he burnt the Journal to render all temptation impossible.

When Byron went to Greece to die there, he made a parting present to Alfred of a ring, which he desired him to keep: "It is too large to wear, but it is formed of lava, and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character."

In his "Pencillings by the Way" N. P. Willis says that the Count was the most splendid specimen of a man, and of a well dressed man, as he had ever seen. The portraits confirm that opinion. He was six feet in height, broad chested, with small hands and feet, hazel eyes, and chestnut hair. Sidney, in his "Book of the Horse," mentions him as the first of a triad of dandies, the two others being the Earl of Sefton and the Earl of Chesterfield. A characteristic engraving taken from an oil sketch by Sir Francis Grant, in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace, shows D'Orsay on his park hack in Rotten Row.

D'Orsay so endeared himself to his English friends, that a union was at length proposed by Lord Blessington between him and the younger of his two daughters by his first wife, Mrs. Browne. This proposition meeting the approval of the Count's family, it was decided that Lady Harriette should become his wife; she was accordingly sent for, and the marriage was celebrated at Rome. That this unhappy marriage was forced on Count D'Orsay there can be no doubt; yet he had then reached the age of twenty-seven, when he married a beautiful woman whom he could not love, while loving a beautiful woman whom he could not marry, which resulted in his separation from his wife almost at the church door. The grievous wrong done to one almost a child in years, experience, and understanding, may rather be laid to the charge of those who promoted the marriage.

After a lengthened tour and a sojourn of some years in Italy, Lord and Lady Blessington, with the Count and Countess D'Orsay came to reside in Paris, where their joint careers received a check by the death of Lord Blessington from apoplexy in 1829.

It was very remarkable to observe the affection which D'Orsay inspired in children, whom he seemed to attract by an influence which the most reserved and shy could no more resist than the most confiding. Children who usually held aloof from strangers would steal to his side, take his hand, and be quite happy and at ease.

In society no one was too humble, too little *au fait* in the mode of living, to be beneath his notice or beyond his power of finding out any peculiar talent the person

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might possess, on which he could converse with him. Men of all classes, opinions, and positions found themselves at home with him on some particular question or other, from his natural facility of adapting himself to those around him. His active mind declared itself in conversational exercise. He often said that "he had never known the meaning of the word *ennui*." To the last he retained this happy frame of mind when he had lost his fortune and nearly all he loved best on earth.

He was severe on arrogance and affectation, and satirical on the purse-proud; on these he let play his keen wit and powers of raillery. He had made a study of the wit of Talleyrand, and he had become a proficient in that species of refined conventional *esprit*, combining terseness of language, neatness of expression, and certitude of aim with the polish and sharpness of an intellectual weapon of rare excellence:—

> "His social wit, which, never kindling strife,
> Blazed in the small, sweet courtesies of life,
> Those little sapphires round the diamond shone,
> Lending soft radiance to the richer stone."

It became evident on Lord Blessington's death that the splendours of the Hotel Ney must be abandoned. Early in 1831 D'Orsay and Lady Blessington had drifted back to London. Thenceforth, for nearly twenty years they wielded a sort of supremacy over a considerable circle of the artistic and fashionable world of London. They gathered around them in their drawing-rooms for five years in Mayfair, for nearly fifteen at Kensington, all the social and literary celebrities of their time. They lived scrupulously apart for the greater part of the time, though within easy distance. While the Countess had her home at Gore House, the Count occupied a villa next door. During his career in London D'Orsay was recognised universally as the "arbiter elegantiarum" and beau *par excellence* of his age, and was very much more deserving of that distinction than any other of the oracles of dress and deportment who had given the law to a particular set. D'Orsay was anything but a mere fop and adventurer; he was a gallant gentleman of refined taste and of aristocratic birth. His pure classical features, his accomplishments, and irreproachable get-up made him everywhere the centre of attraction.

He possessed great strength and dauntless courage. He was one of the best shots, the best fencers and the best boxers of his day. He rode well to hounds, but the hunting men at Melton thought his style rather that of the riding school than of the hunting field. In dress he was decidedly to the front, his name being attached by the tailors to any kind of raiment, till Vestris made him a subject of ridicule by an application to his tailor for a coat made after the Count's pattern; the tailor received the Count's permission, who, no doubt thought it was some admirer's way of testifying his admiration; but on going to the Olympic Theatre to see a new piece, he had the pleasure of seeing his coat on the back of Liston as a burlesque of himself.

The *New Monthly Magazine* for August, 1845, remarks on D'Orsay as follows:—

> "Whatever Count D'Orsay undertakes seems invariably to be well done. As the 'arbiter elegantiarum he has reigned supreme in dress and fashion. To emulate him was once the ambition of the youth of England, who then discovered in this model no higher attributes. But if time, 'who steals away our years, steals also our pleasures, he replaces them with others or substitutes a better thing; and thus it has befallen Count D'Orsay."

D'Orsay was both a sculptor and a painter. Most of his works of art are well known. His portrait of Wellington, who had so great a regard for him that it was sufficient to mention D'Orsay's name to ensure his attention and interest even when otherwise occupied, was, we believe, the last the Duke ever sat for. At its completion his Grace warmly shook hands with the noble artist, exclaiming "At last I have been painted like a gentleman! I'll never sit to anyone else."

Count D'Orsay's statuettes of Napoleon and of the Duke of Wellington, and of his portraits of Dwarkanauth Tagore and of Lord Lyndhurst, exhibited capabilities of the first order. Additional proof of his powers has been given by the publication of the engraving of his portrait of Lord Byron, wherein that noble bard is represented where he most loved to be, on the deck of his own vessel.

GORE HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF COUNTESS BLESSINGTON.

Haydon in his Diary, 31st of June, 1838, makes this mention of D'Orsay:——

> "About seven, D'Orsay called, whom I had not seen for long. He was much improved, and looked the glass of fashion and the mould of form; really a complete Adonis not made up at all. He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were sound impressions and grand. He bounded into his cab and drove off like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus. I looked after him, I like to see such specimens."

Again in his Diary, 10th July, 1839, Haydon observes:——

> "D'Orsay called, and pointed out several things to correct in the horse (the Duke's Waterloo charger), verifying Lord Fitzroy's criticism of Sunday last. I did them, and he took my brush in his dandy gloves, which made my heart ache, and lowered the hindquarters by bringing over a bit of sky. Such a dress—white great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with eau de Cologne or eau de jasmine, primrose in tint, skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism he took up a nasty, oily, dirty hogtool, and immortalised Copenhagen (the charger), by touching the sky."

The *Globe* newspaper truly observed after his death:—

> "Unquestionably one of the celebrities of our day, the deceased man of fashion, claims more than the usual curt obituary:—It were unjust to class him with the mere Brummells, Mildmays, Alvanleys, or Pierrepoints of the Regency, with whom in his early life he associated, much less the modern men about town who have succeeded them. Equally idle were the attempt to rank him with a Prince de Ligne, an admirable Crichton, or an Alcibiades; yet was he a singularly gifted and accomplished personage."

In Dickens's *Household Words* occurs this passage:—

> "At Number 5 lived Count D'Orsay, whose name is synonymous with elegant and graceful accomplish-

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ments; and who, by those who knew him well, is affectionately remembered and regretted as a man whose great abilities might have raised him to any distinction, and whose gentle heart even a world of fashion left unspoilt."

And Mr. Sergeant Ballantine says in his *Experiences*:—

"Count D'Orsay was courteous to everyone, and kindly. He put the companions of his own sex perfectly at their ease, and delighted them with his varied conversation, and I never saw anyone whose manner to ladies was more pleasing and deferential; and I am not ashamed to record the fact that when, as occurred occasionally, he stopped and spoke to me in the park or elsewhere, I used to hope that some of my ordinary companions might witness me in converse with this 'glorious creature.'"

It is very evident that this man was something more than a mere fop and man of fashion, or "a compound even of Hercules and Adonis," who could enumerate amongst his friends the Duke of Wellington, Lords Brougham, Ellenborough, Lyndhurst, and Byron; as well as such men as Landor, Campbell, Forster, the D'Israelis, and the Bulwers.

Count D'Orsay's mother was strongly attached to Lady Blessington, and frequently before her death she spoke to her with great earnestness of her anxieties for her son, chiefly on account of his tendency to extravagance, and she entreated Lady Blessington to watch over him and to use all her influence to check these propensities. Lady Blessington often alluded to the promise she had given to the dying Countess D'Orsay; as also the Count did after Lady Blessington's death.

We have already said Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay returned to London in 1830, and about the end of the following year, she had fitted up a residence in Seamore Place, Mayfair. Here she gathered around her as many distinguished people as she could entertain, and queened it amongst them with a magnificence only a little less regal than she had shown in Italian and French palaces.

In the year 1836 Gore House became the headquarters of the *demi-monde*, with the Countess of Blessington as their queen. D'Orsay was almost invariably present at these receptions. Latterly he became domiciled at Gore House, to avoid the danger of being arrested for debt. He there carried on his profile sketches of people of fashion of that day, which numbered one hundred and twenty-five in all, and were published by Mitchell, of Bond Street.

Amongst the visitors welcomed at Gore House were Walter Savage Landor, who praised the hostess in verse and prose; the elder D'Israeli, who, even in his eightieth year, sought the same inspiration; the younger D'Israeli, who sketched D'Orsay to life under the name of Count Mirabel, in his love tale of Henrietta Temple; Thomas Campbell, the poet, who was the only man she came in contact with who remained insensible to her fascinations, which she tried on him in vain—the canny Scot shied from her hand like a Highland sheltie; Bulwer Lytton, who inscribed to D'Orsay his political romance of "Godolphin," referring to him "as the most accomplished gentleman of our time"; two great Lord Chancellors, Lyndhurst and Ellenborough, with the accomplished Marquis Wellesley, and Lord Brougham were pleased to relax in that pleasant circle. Lord Normanby, a novelist, as well as an ambassador, Lord Durham, and Lord Chesterfield assisted in giving a tone of fashion as well as of gaiety to the agreeable conversaziones.

Prince Louis Napoleon occupies a distinct place apart from the general crowd of the habitués of Gore House. He was then looked upon as a harmless refugee without influence or resources, and as a dreamer of the vainest dreams. At that time he had published "Les Idées Napoleoniennes"; and in the course of a few years the same quiet and observant author had written another book, which was sold by hundreds of thousands throughout the world. The relations which had existed between Count D'Orsay and the prescribed Prince Louis Napoleon, the twice defeated conspirator and still conspiring *emigré* were of the most confiding and intimate nature. To the Prince, D'Orsay was something more than a mere oracle of fashion—for he possessed the intimate friendship of statesmen of all parties, foreign Ministers at the Court of St. James, secretaries of several

Legations, and his powerful influence with the editors of newspapers was widely exerted in the cause of the exile of Ham.

To these influences the prescribed conspirator was indebted for his position in society, for opportunities of acquiring influence, and of early and timely knowledge of passing events in foreign Courts. He said with truth when the news of Count D'Orsay's death reached him that he had "lost his best friend."

During his residence at Gore House D'Orsay was a most generous benefactor to his countrymen in need of assistance. From Louis Napoleon down to the poorest exile, he afforded relief with a considerate delicacy and sympathy which increased the value of his bounty. He founded the Société de Bienfaissance, still existing in London, for the benefit of his distressed countrymen.

When D'Orsay fell into pecuniary embarassments, his debts had reached the enormous total of £120,000, and he was obliged to remain in close concealment, to avoid the bailiffs, within the walls of Gore House, where he amused himself by painting, sculpture, and by "stalking sparrows," as he called it, shooting them with a pea rifle in the garden. He relinquished all interest in the Blessington estates in consideration of certain annuities being redeemed and of a stipulated sum being handed over to himself. The result of this arrangement was that with the annuities the aggregate sum paid to his creditors by 1851 amounted to upwards of £103,500. During the period of his twenty years' residence in London he himself had an allowance from the Court of Chancery in Ireland of £550 a year. Lady Blessington's liabilities had long been desperate, even with the assistance of her literary productions. The final crash came in the April of 1849, when D'Orsay started for Paris, taking with him his valet and a single portmanteau. Lady Blessington followed him soon afterwards, accompanied by her nieces, the Misses Power. Their old friend, Louis Napoleon, was then President of the Republic. On the 4th of June of that year, Lady Blessington was carried off by a sudden fit of apoplexy, as her lord had been twenty years before. Her death profoundly affected D'Orsay, who busied himself in designing and erecting a fitting monument to her memory, in which he took a deep and mournful interest.

In the following year he hired an immense studio attached to the house of M. Gerdin, the celebrated marine painter, to which he removed all his belongings, including his own works and implements of art. His talents were now developed in the extraordinary taste shown in the arrangement and transformation of a large waste room, with naked lofts, into one of the most elegantly fitted up and admirably disposed studios in Paris, and a habitable *salon* of great beauty, combining requisites for a museum *en miniature*. In this *salon* he lived, here he daily received the visits of some of the greatest celebrities of Europe; statesmen, politicians, diplomatists, men of letters and artists were his constant visitors and frequent guests.

The ex-roi Jerome, one of his most faithful and attached friends, desired to see him elevated to a post worthy of his acceptance, but this hope was destined to be defeated. Meanwhile he executed a bust of Lamartine, of Emile de Gerardin, and of Napoleon, the son of Jerome; shortly before his death, he had completed the small model of a full-sized statue of the ex-roi Jerome, ordered by the Government for the Salle des Marechaux de France. The three works of art on which D'Orsay most prided himself were the statuettes of the Emperor of Russia, Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington.

Charles Greville states in his Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria that Louis Napoleon wished to give D'Orsay a diplomatic mission, and he certainly was very near being made Minister at Hanover, but that the French Ministry would not consent to it. The poor Count pined away, expecting in vain. The President of the Republic had nothing in common with the exile of Ham. D'Orsay was struck to the heart by the ingratitude of Louis Napoleon. Though his generous nature was incapable of bitterness, he suffered deeply and long in silence. He had separated himself from general society since Lady Blessington's death, but he still received in his studio-salon morning visits from his family and a small circle of intimate friends. The Duchess de Grammont with the Misses Power were his de-

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voted attendants in sickness and sorrow. The ex-roi Jerome and his son, Emile de Gerardin, and the well-known M. Ouvrard were amongst the last in whose constant society he found repose and happiness, when that of others had lost its charm.

On the 9th of April, 1849, the Duke of Wellington had written a letter to Count D'Orsay, in which the following passage occurs:—

> "Je me rejouis de la prosperitè de la France et du succès de M. le President de la Republique. Tout tend vers la permanence de la paix de l'Europe qui est necessaire pour le bonheur de chacun.
>
> Votre ami tres devoué,
>
> WELLINGTON."

This singular letter of one of the most clear-sighted, far-seeing men of modern times was written after the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the Republic, not after the *coup d'état of* December, 1851, which, effected, as it was, at the loss of personal honour and the cost of perjury and blood, put an end to the friendship between D'Orsay and Louis Napoleon. The former, with his chivalrous notions as to solemn promises and sacred oaths, believed the President of the Republic had violated these obligations, and unwisely expressed his opinion thereof in these words: "It is the greatest political swindle that has ever been practised in the world." Such sentiments were very unwelcome to the new *régime*. Lady Blessington had been equally unwise. "Are you going to stay long in France?" inquired the head of the Republic, as their carriages stopped a few minutes side by side in a crowded thoroughfare. "I don't know," answered the fugitive lady, saucily; "are you?" Indiscreet remarks of this nature would naturally tend to block the road to fortune.

It must be remembered that just then D'Orsay was wholly dependent on the favour of the Prince for his future fortunes in his native land; and that he had returned to France reckoning on the gratitude of his former friend, now head of the French Republic, to whose establishment he had so largely helped. He was at first well received, but after the *coup d'état* the amity of the Prince and Count cooled down from blood heat to the freezing point. The man with the heavy eyelids, pressed down by the leaden hand of care and calculation, having imposed upon himself the weight of Empire, could not see his former friends without looking down on them; and D'Orsay would not be looked down on even by an Emperor.

At last, however, when a representation was made to the Prince-President (for he was not elevated to the Imperial rank till the following December) of D'Orsay's urgent necessity, he deigned to recognise his claim, and he appointed his old friend Director of Fine Arts, of which appointment it cannot be truly said, "better late than never." The Prince thought by this tardy favour, which came too late, to screen himself from just reproach.

Directly afterwards, in the spring of 1852, the spinal affection, which ultimately proved fatal, declared itself unmistakeably, to which was added disease of the lungs, causing intense suffering, and which, according to his devoted attendants, was borne with great fortitude. At Dieppe he was visited by Dr. Madden, who witnessed a pathetic scene. D'Orsay was so overcome with emotion, that for a long time he could not speak. Gradually he became more composed, and talked of Lady Blessington's death, while all the time the tears poured down his wan, death-stricken face. He said with marked stress: "*In losing her I lost everything in the world—she was to me a mother, a dear, dear mother! a true loving mother to me!*" While he uttered these words he sobbed and cried like a child. Again he said, "You understand me." Dr. Madden received his words as those of a dying man speaking from the heart, expressing nothing to encourage the belief that he sought to deceive his hearer or himself.

In the dying man's chamber was a crucifix, placed over the head of his bed; to divert his mind to that source of consolation which alone could bring peace at the last, the same friend remarked on its presence, finally observing that "men living so much in the world as he had done were likely to forget the calls of religion." D'Orsay seemed hurt by this remark, he arose and stood upright at a great effort, and said, "Do you see those two swords?" (pointing to two small swords hung over the crucifix crosswise) "do you see that sword to the right? With it I fought for my religion with an officer at the mess-table, for

"Then am I not to cast out love, now that it has come to me?"

"Monsieur, what a question to ask me. How can I advise thee? Yet, I had thought thee a brave man."

"Then I will not," he cried joyously. "I will feed, and not starve my love; I will not suppress it and try to cast it out. but encourage it; and it shall increase, although e'en now it is great enough to overwhelm me, and ere long it shall be so strong it will sweep all before it, and claim its prize, the cause of its being," and in the flashing of his eyes and the ringing tones of his voice, Madame de Montespan could read the honesty and ardour of his passion.

Truly, Pierre was different from all the other men with whom the mistress of the King had come in contact, and she was forced to realise that her estimate of his character was scarcely a correct one. Such fire and resolution she had never expected in this simple country squire, and a slight feeling of nervousness was coming to her. What she had began in mockery, this young man had accepted as earnest, and this was likely to prove dangerous. While Pierre, no longer nervous or ill at ease, poured forth the tale of his love and devotion, she was seeking for some means to control the spirit she had aroused, when there came a hurried knock at the door, and the maid entered and whispered a few words in her mistress's ear.

Madame's self-control was superb. "Monsieur," she said regretfully to Pierre, who had not risen from his knee, "Monsieur, the time has passed so quickly in your company that I had forgotten the hour of an appointment with my physician has come I must bid thee farewell."

Pressing his lips passionately to her hand, Pierre, guided by the maid, left the room by another door than that by which he had entered. As he left the hotel a huge carriage, lavishly decorated and gilded, was drawing slowly away from the great gates, and on the panels his eyes noticed the Royal lilies of France. His mind, however, took no heed of the circumstance.

De Merévy's exultation at the thought that he was a favoured suitor of the lady he so passionately loved did not prevent him from feeling uncommonly hungry, so to the Fox he returned, and after a hearty meal again sat himself down to try the quality of the host's famous Beaune. A dozen or more men occupying one of the larger tables, who had commenced the business of drinking some time before Merévy's entry, had now reached that stage of convivality which demands a song. and one of them, a big, swarthy-complexioned fellow with a rich deep voice, trolled out a song which would have procured him a life-long habitation in the Bastille had it come to the ears of the lady whom it celebrated. But as there was no one in the room beyond his boon companions and the rustic-looking fellow de Merévy, the singer chanted boldly:—

> "Qu'est ce qu'est aimé par le roi?
> Malgré qu'elle n'est pas en la loi,
> Qu'est aimé par tout avec l'argent, Ma foi!
> C'est Madame de Montespan.'

Qu'est ce qu'est"—the singer had gone no further into the second verse when the rustic looking fellow was out of his chair, a single bound brought him to the long table, and the song was brought to an abrupt conclusion, for his clenched fist smote the singer full on the lips and hurled him backwards over his chair. De Merévy, his hand on the hilt of his sword, drew back, and faced the astonished roisterers with flashing eyes and burning cheek.

For a moment the entire company sat speechless with amazement; then, as the singer scrambled to his feet, they rose as one man. In a moment their swords were unsheathed, and they crowded around the champion of the King's mistress, amid a babel of oaths and threats and angry shouts.

"The song is a foul slander, a lie, as I will prove by my sword," shouted Pierre. "Gentlemen, I will fight you all, one after the other, and God will protect him who upholds the right."

They stared at him in wonder. "Listen to him, he is mad or drunk," said one. "Mad or drunk," shouted a voice thickly, "I will slay him for that blow," and with the blood dripping from his wounded mouth the swarthy-faced singer pushed himself through the ring. "En garde, monsieur."

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De Merévy's blade flashed from its scabbard; the others fell hurriedly backwards, and in the clear space between the long table and the wall the two swordsmen set to work.

The soldier attacked immediately, his crushed lips mumbling curses as he thrust and lunged with furious strength; fury had robbed his hand of its skill, but had added to its power. Another man had given way before his fierce attack. Not so Pierre. His arm was as firm and rigid as a bar of iron, and, fierce as was the onslaught it was met by a defence so sure and so strong that his opponent's sword arm was almost numbed by the force of the parries. Nor was he backward with his ripostes. The lust of killing, which lies in the heart of every man, had been aroused by the gross insult given the woman he loved, and he was determined to slay the insulters, fighting with a cold ferocity more dangerous than the other's passionate anger. In less than a moment a vigorous parry sent his opponent's rapier flying towards the ceiling, he lunged fiercely, and the onlookers heard the horrible drawing sound of steel passing through flesh, and the dull thud of his sword guard as it struck on his opponent's breast bone. The soldier threw up his arms and fell to the floor, with three feet of encrimsoned steel protruding from between his shoulder blades.

Withdrawing his rapier, de Merévy stood upright and steadily faced the dead man's comrades. "The next gentleman," he said calmly; but none came forward. They were all men of courage, and he had killed their friend, but they feared to face this young giant, in whose eyes gleamed murder so plainly.

For a minute de Merévy waited; then thrusting his sword into its scabbard, he walked steadily past them and out of the room. The conversation he had overheard in the morning, the smiles and winks which had met his requests for direction to Madame de Montespan's house, came back to his mind, and were jumbled in hopeless confusion with the words of the song sung by the dead man. Across his mental vision came pictures of Madame as he had seen her, so innocent, so guileless, and so beautiful; and following these across the panoramic sheet of his mind came the gilded coach with its decorated panels.

Straight to the magnificent hotel he went. He found no need this time to enquire the way, and passing through the gates, and then the long ante-room heedless of those who gathered therein, and who stared at him in alarm, he reached the stairs. Here a lackey strove to bar the way, but Pierre put him aside with one hand and ascended. Before he had gone half way the astonished servant had mounted behind him, seized him by the jerkin, and tried to drag him backward. A single blow freed him, and the unfortunate man fell to the foot of the stairs and lay there without movement, while Pierre reached the corridor and searched for the door with its panels decorated with pink roses, by which he had entered the boudoir a few hours before. Then he came in confusion, with beating heart and nervous limbs, but now his heart scarce seemed to beat and his foot was firm and steady. He turned the handle and entered.

Reclining on a low ottoman was the woman he had come to see, and whose smile of welcome died from her rouged face as she recognised her visitor. It was someone else she was expecting. As he advanced, Mdme. de Montespan sprang to her feet, and there was more of anger than alarm in her voice as she cried. "Monsieur, what means this intrusion? Who has allowed thee to come hither?"

"I came, madame, to ask a question, which I pray thee to answer. Art thou loved by the King?"

Madame stared, but she did not reply; she made a movement towards a table on which stood a small silver bell, but de Merévy interposed and caught her bare beautiful arm in his right hand. He did not mean to hurt her, but, nevertheless, she winced beneath his grip.

"Will ye answer my question, madame? I have heard rumours and stories: I have but now slain a man who dared asperse thee, and I demand an answer. Are ye the King's mistress?"

"Release my arm, monsieur: begone; I will cry for help. Begone, I say." No one had e'er yet accused Mdme. de Montespan of lack of courage, but the devil in de Merévy's eyes was bringing fear into her heart.

Pierre's grip tightened. "Madame, I beg for your answer. Is it true? I loved you: God only knows how much, and I demand to know, or I will strangle you in this room."

The eyes of the man and woman met. For a moment Madame's were resolute beneath his stern, pitiless gaze; then they wavered, and, bending her head, she faintly whispered, "Yes." She had met a spirit stronger and more unconquerable than her own.

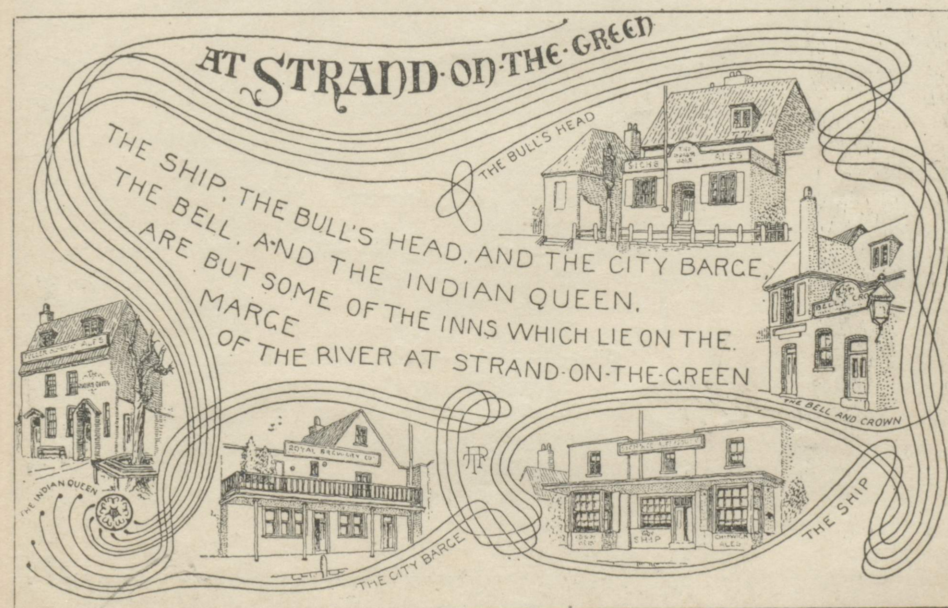
For a moment de Merévy looked down on the bowed head; he shuddered and hesitated as if irresolute, then he cast her from him roughly, and she fell sobbing on the ottoman.

"And I loved her," he muttered, and left the room without a glance behind him. As he passed from the hotel a carriage approached and stopped outside the gates. A gentleman dressed in white satin stepped out and entered the hotel, with the manner of one who goes into his own house.

De Merévy watched his entry, and to a passer-by he said, "Is it the King, monseiur?" and the man replied, as one who answers some ridiculous question, "The King? Why, of course, m'sieur; who else should it be?"

At the Fox all was in a state of confusion when de Merévy returned, and his host stared at his re-appearance. "If m'sieur is wise he will leave Paris at once," he said. "The dead man has been carried to yonder room, where his friends are; they are awaiting the bier. They have vowed vengeance, and they are many."

Straightly Pierre strode into the room through the angry, wondering Musketeers, and, reaching the table where lay the corpse, he laid his hand on the dead man's breast. "God pardon me, comrade," he said sorrowfully, "for killing thee, for thou wert right, and 'twas I who lied. Now, gentlemen"—and, straightening himself, he walked towards the slain man's comrades—"ye may do with me as ye will; I admit that I was wrong."



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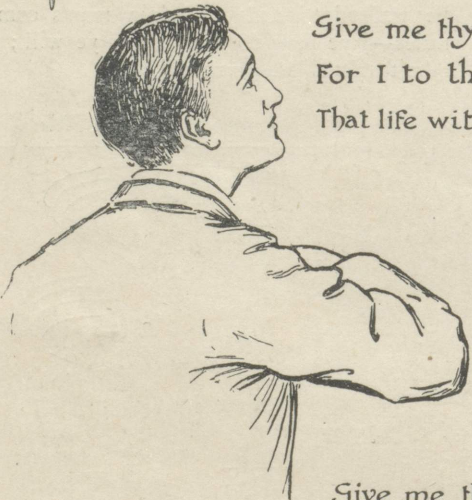
Love's Requests.

By K. V. Howard.

Give me thy hand?
Nay, 'tis a sorry part!
Love will not be content without the heart!



Give me thy smile?
For I to thee confess
That life without it is a wilderness!

Give me thy lips?
Ah! me, 'twere bliss
To lay upon their sweetness
just one kiss!

Give me thyself?
I ask no more
Than brave men asked of ladies fair,
in days of yore!

SOME TYPES OF RUSSIAN ALIENS.

Drawn from the life in the East End of London

By JOSEPH O'BRIEN.

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KERRY COTTAGES, KILLORGLIN.

WESTERN KERRY

By HENRY A. FRANCIS

A FAINT, sweet smell of the peat fires of early morn, borne off land by the soft summer breeze, a bold brown shore fringed by a lace of white foam, a white, sturdy, sentinel lighthouse watching over a black reef of hungry rocks, tells us that our passage, luckily smooth, from Bristol port, is ended, and Cork city is nigh.

Sweeping round at a right angle and passing under the frowning forts guarding the harbour's entrance, Queenstown Bay throws wide its spacious expanse, studded with merchant shipping intermingled with Britain's ironclads, who look down with stern rigidity and contempt upon the fussily-panting pleasure steamers rushing from one portlet to another. Sweeping past Queenstown, fairer afar off than near, but crowned by a noble Cathedral, we glide under the shadow of the guardship, which condescends to drop its ensign to our salute. Passing up the beautiful River Lee, the towers of a stately Church rise in the distance, and soon Cork's fair city is reached. A yelling mob of car drivers, frantically trying how near they can back their cars to the quay edge, yet miss such utter destruction, claims our practical attention, and having made one happy we drive off, scattering pigs, poultry, and Paddies with equal impartiality. Racing up the quay side over St. Patrick's Bridge, paternally watched over by the statue of the Temperance Apostle, Father Matthew, who ever contemplates the element he loved so well, we charge up Patrick Street, stop for a few hurried minutes to purchase fishing tackle and flies, and then return to the steamer, get our luggage, and catch the train for Western Kerry. Booked for Killorglin, we proceed at a fair speed to Mallow Junction, where we change into the branch train, and then travel very leisurely to our destination.

Killarney lies on our route, but, having visited it before, we do not alight, and can enjoy from our carriage the familiar spectacle of the perplexed tourist clamorously urged to choose his hotel, a nuisance which the Railway Company has now put a stop to.

The slow railroad journey gives us

plenty of time to talk over plans of exploring the lovely Caragh Lake, climbing Mount Carrantuel, and visiting the little-known, but wonderfully interesting Dingle district, famed both for its grand coast line and its archæological relics. Farranfore, another junction, is negociated, and our little branch train crawls circumspectly along until our first abiding place, Killorglin, is attained.

RAPIDS IN THE UPPER CARAGH RIVER.

Fairly comfortable quarters await us and in the evening we explore the town. Situated on a hillside, one principal street runs up it, crossed at the top, like the letter T, by another. Rough cobbles pave the roadway, and one tiny thatched cabin with mud-carpeted parlour opening on the sidewalk, and a microscopic four paned window embellished with a plaster of Paris egg-cup and egg, garnished with pre-Adamite dust, bore across its lintel the legend:

T. FOLEY,
EGG AND BUTTER MERCHANT,
WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION.

Turning from these haunts of commerce, we leave the town and stroll along the banks of the broad, shallow River Laune, watching with interest the sight of fourteen fine salmon being hauled for the London markets. The fishermen tell us that some little while ago an old dog seal came with two of his harem, and diving below and into the net deliberately tossed every fish it contained to his wives. The Arms Act

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LOWER CARAGH LAKE.

prohibiting rifles, the net men were powerless to arrest the thief, and the seal, when satisfied, simply rushed the net and swam away. The story is confirmed by another countryman, who adds that "the talk of them salmon boys was mighty strong."

The Laune fisheries, having netting rights over several other rivers, send during the season large quantities of salmon daily to England. The persistent hauling of Irish rivers and waters, however, spoils greatly the sport of the rod-fisher. Judging from former experience, I know how comparatively scarce the salmon are getting. In one pool on this same stream nine salmon were taken by the fly in one day, now it would be an event to take one salmon there in nine days.

A night's rest and a good breakfast the next morning prepare for a reasonably early start for the climb of Carrantuel, and although urgently pressed by the head waiter of the establishment to remain one night more, "as it is Fair-day, and there will be great sport to-night in the smoking-room," yet we resist, and engage a car with a driver who, probably spurred on by the hope of sharing in the sport, does his duty gallantly, and lands us at Mrs. Breen's Hotel, Glencar, in ample time to climb the mountain and return before sunset. One ascent is much of a kin to another. It is only a song of degrees; no hairbreadth escapes happen, and the usual mist lies on the very summit, but through gaps of it, sufficient is seen to disclose a splendid land and seascape. Easterly spreads out the range of the McGillicuddy's Reeks, embosoming Killarney's lakes. Southwards the bay of Kenmare shines through a far-away haze. Apparently, at our very feet lies fair Caragh's lake; beyond the Bays of Castlemaine and Dingle; yet further, Mount Brandon and, in the dim distance, rolls the Atlantic. To the north, the valley and plains of the Laune and Maine rivers run out to the Tralee hills, whilst in the very mountain's heart nestle green lakelets feeding mountain torrents glistening in sunshine. Three hours we take to gain the summit, 3,414 feet above the sea, two and a half to return to the hotel, where a good dinner satisfies well-earned appetites.

Two days are devoted to exploring the beauties of Glencar, and in vainly trying to lure a salmon from the Caragh river. One solitary rise of a doubtful nature is the sole reward, but if we cannot get a bite, yet the more blessed office of giving is ours, as swarms of midges claim their toll of Saxon blood. One morning is spent in

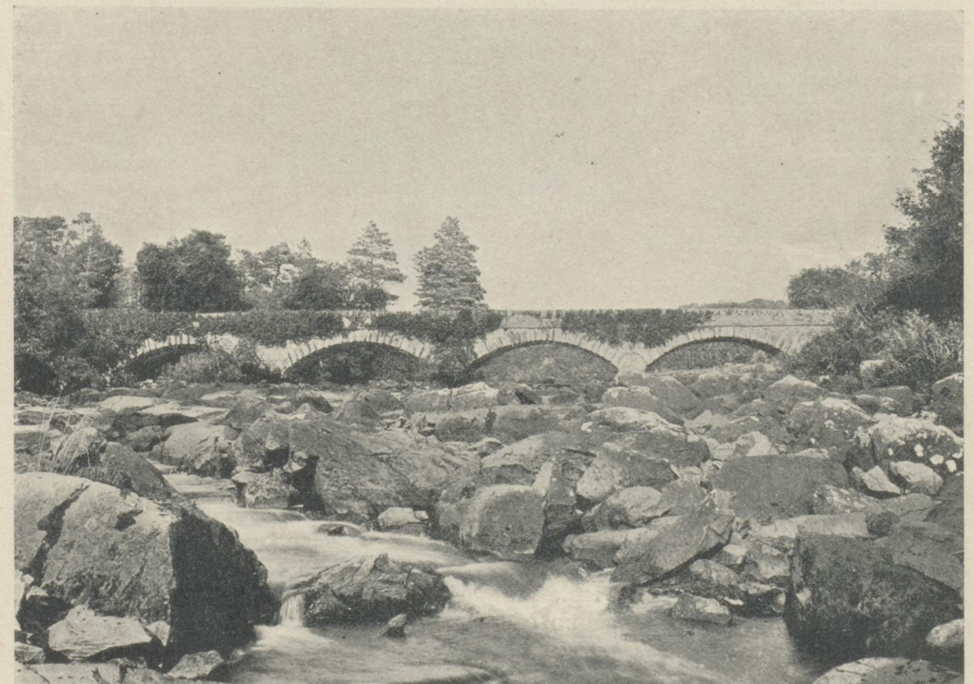
a fruitless search for a specimen of the Killarney fern, legended to have been found here, hunting for which we climb the charmingly fair but damp course of an infantile waterfall.

The filmy ferns, both *Hymenophylum*, *Tunbridgense* and *Wilsoni* we find in plenty, and the tall Osmunda covers every crevice and tiny glen with imposing fronds, but *Trichomanes Radicans*, if ever there, had withdrawn herself from covetous eyes. Trees, ferns, and grassy glades with lovely Fritillery butterflies darting to and fro, bold rock and scarp with sunbeams silvering the dainty streamlets falling over them make, however, a picture that atones for our disappointment.

The upper Caragh river, to my thinking, is one of the most beautiful in Ireland, running between wooded banks, hemmed in with heather covered hills, and broken into chains of foaming falls and rapids, it finally rushes under Blackstones Bridge, and after a mile, more or less, of smooth current opens into the no less beautiful Lough Caragh, through which we take boat to catch the train at Caragh station, en route for Dingle, viâ Tralee. Caragh Lake is about six miles in length, narrow in its upper half, and almost cut in two midway by two bold spits of land reaching out to each other. Avoiding these obstructions, it swells out into a broader basin, but, like many a successful humanity, loses romance by prosperity.

The waters of the upper Caragh all but wash the towering steeps rushing sheer from the narrow beach. Brightly coloured rocks relieved by green fern and tree, wherever tree can anchor root, depict a scene unsurpassed by even famed Killarney.

Bold, rugged headlands, jutting out, lend relief to the frowning cliffs, and on one mighty precipice, till lately, a solitary pair of eagles built their eyrie, and tyrannised over the wild fowl haunting the waters. The craggy shores are outflanked by massy boulders carved by the ice plough of bygone æons into fantastic shapes. One monolith, halfway in the lake's course, from shape and blackness, has earned the title of "the coffin of the O'Donoghue." Caragh, however, has another claim for notice. Trout are plentiful, and salmon not



BLACKSTONES BRIDGE, GLENCAR.

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scarce, and the many fishers who frequent its waters find their wants well cared for in the Castle Hotel.

A couple of hours leisurely spent by our oarsmen take us to the landing stage for the roadside station, and a slightly monotonous ride ends at the metropolis of Kerry, Tralee. Thence the light line rail running for the most part alongside the public road conveys us to the most westerly town in Ireland, Dingle, little known to the ordinary tourist, but well worthy his visit, being, perhaps, the centre of the most interesting district in Europe. Pity it is that more Englishmen do not search out the resources of their own lands, benefitting their own kinsfolk, and helping to link our Islands in closer bonds, rather than spend their money n foreign hotels, enriching those to whom they are simply so many strangers to be fleeced.

ROADWAY, CARAGH LAKE.

Dingle has, perhaps, the most magnificent coast scenery in the world, and its antiquarian remains have earned for it the title of "the Baalbec of Ireland." From the hour Tralee station is left until the day of return, scenery and relic rival each other: even the rail journey—well! whoso has not travelled by light line rail to Dingle has missed a good thing. Climbing up one mountain side with glorious views over Tralee Bay, pausing for a few minutes on the summit ere descending an equally precipitous steep overlooking mountain, moor, and sea, plenty of time is given to drink in the magnificent landscape, and, moreover, to appreciate the remarks made by sarcastic car drivers, who, overtaking and passing us on the road, suggest the delivery of sundry messages to the good folk of our destination or generously tender a tow to the engine. The guard and driver are also most accommodating, and would, probably, raise no serious objection to the stoppage of the train, so that passengers might gather mushrooms, and certainly do not hesitate to delay a little extra for a conversation with their numerous friends and relatives. In one instance so prolonged a halt is made that an irate third-class remarks out of his window that "maybe that when the gentleman who drives the machine has finished cooking his dinner he'll drive on." All things end sooner or later, and in about four hours we cover the thirty odd miles, despite an errant cow, which, in true national obstructive spirit, selected the railway sleepers whereon to take her siesta, and on being disturbed appealed to her owner, a lady of varied but scanty clothing, emphatic in voice and gesture, who in a fluent hybrid of Gaelic and English pleads her quadruped's rights, calling upon the aid of all the ancient saints in her calendar, but finding them, alas! powerless against the modern fire-eater, with vague threats to carry her wrongs

to the law, whacks off her cow and clears the line.

All Ireland is studded with ancient monuments, but the climax is attained in the Dingle district; to quote the roll-call of one section—the Barony of Corkaguiny—about the size of a medium English parish, will suffice. Eleven stone cahers, three carns, forty calluraghs, or ancient burying grounds (now only used for the interment of unbaptised children), ten castles, eighteen artificial caves, twenty-one Churches in ruins, and nine Church sites, two hundred and eighteen cloghauns, or bee-hive shaped stone houses, sixteen cromlechs, twelve large stone crosses, three hundred and seventy-six earthen raths or forts, one hundred and thirteen gallauns or immense rude standing stones, forty-four monumental pillars (mostly bearing Ogham or litle writing inscriptions), fifteen oratories, nine penitential stations, sixty-six wells, many dedicated to some saint, and twenty-nine miscellaneous remains.

BRANDON CREEK, DINGLE.

Legends hover round these as the doves flutter round the stones of St. Mark's of Venice. All, moreover, can be explored while drinking in the pure Atlantic breezes; no evil-smelling or dank crypts have to be sought out by flickering candle light; all lie open to the sunlight, unhaunted by special microbe troublers, unhaunted by that worse enemy, the officious guide, for, wherever you journey in Ireland, saving those spots where the usual ruck of tourists have forced the breed into existence, the peasant is uniformly courteous, ready to give information when asked, but never intrusive. I know Ireland well, and I have yet, in her comparatively unknown parts, to experience a rudeness by word or deed from an Irish countryman.

Dingle until the last few years was, except by sea and car, cut off from the rest of the world. The nearest railway station, Tralee, being thirty-three miles away, the car road ran through a bleak and mountainous country, and no halt, save to change horses, broke the long drive. The probability of rain daunted the pleasure-seeker, although to the hardy native rain and storm enough to have driven the average mortal to a dog kennel for shelter seemed but an episode to be commented on but not avoided. I can recall one day while travelling on the car, the rain, im-

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pelled by a sudden change in the strong wind, varied its monotonous perpendicular fall to a horizontal rush. I, in desperation, took temporary refuge with car and horse in an old shed. Therein stood a Kerry man, a driver of a mob of ponies, who had taken off his clothes to "dhry himself." Carefully he wrung the excess of water out of each garment, and, replacing his attire, informed me that "it was a fine soft day, but the weight of water in his clothes made them heavy to walk in," and, lighting his pipe, he unconcernedly faced again the wrath of the elements.

ANCIENT HOUSE, BEE-HIVE SHAPE, AT PERFEET.

Supposed to have been built by Phœnecian Metal Workers.

The township of Dingle is fairly large, moderately clean, and possesses two good hotels. It has a good harbour, and is in weekly communication with Cork by steamship, which, carrying back fish, the staple trade of the town, returns with "notions" to supply the inhabitants and trawling seamen. A handsome Roman Catholic Church is situated in the centre of the town, and a most interesting Protestant Church is well worth the investigations of the antiquary. Crime is rare in the district, the principle business of the magistrates being to fine publicans, who are many, for being open during unlawful hours, and also to settle the personal family disputes of the townsfolk. We were invited to inspect the Hospital and the Workhouse, a very fine one, by the way, but, preferring stone ruins to human ones, the day after our arrival at Dingle we began by inspecting the Oratory of Gallerus, supposed to be the most ancient Christian Church in Ireland. It is in perfect preservation built of enormous roughly hewn stones placed together without cement. The doorway, about five feet four inches high, is of the Cyclopean type of architecture, and at the east end of the building is a small window, sufficient to admit light and air. It is a strange sensation to stand inside the ancient building, antecedent, according to Dr. Keane, to the advent of St. Patrick, and remember how many races and changes that plain building has survived. The land it stands upon is classic ground. Not far off, and clearly in view, is St. Brandon's mountain, with its holy wells at its summit, to which, legend tells us, the saint every morning made his pilgrimage. From the bay below the hill, St. Brandon, with a faithful few, sailed on his momentous voyage, and, tradition states, discovered America. His wondrous adventures are recorded by the monkish chronicles of the middle ages. Amongst other strange sights, the weirdest, may be, was his encounter with Judas Iscariot, who, for one day in the year, is released from torment because he once shared half his coat with a naked beggar.

GALLERUS ORATORY, DINGLE.

Most ancient Christian Church in Ireland.

Immediately facing Gallerus, about a league off, is the famous Fort del'Or, where the Spaniards made their last stand in Ireland, and were, by order of Lord Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh, after surrender, slain to a man. Charles Kingsley, in the stirring pages of "Westward Ho!" tells well the tale.

About a mile from Gallerus stands the ruined Church of Kilmelkedar, or St. Melkedar, an old building, erected about the twelfth century, on the site of an ancient heathen temple, the shrine of the Golden Moloch, the Phœnecian god, whose worshippers are credited with the erection of many of the buildings in this locality. This Church is remarkable for being the earliest known Christian Church in Ireland that had a cross on the roof. The cross is still to be seen over the chancel; another large cross in the churchyard is an object of great veneration to the country folk. To the extreme left of the photograph is a remarkable Ogham Stone, pierced near the top with a hole; this is a stone of blood-guiltiness, a pillar of refuge, in fact. As of old, the Jews had their cities of refuge, so, also, had the ancient inhabitants of Ireland. Once a man, guilty of shedding his fellow's blood, could reach the stone and place his hand or finger into the hole, he was safe from the slain man's kindred. Other stones of this character exist in Kerry; a

RUINS OF KILMELKEDAR CHURCH—ABOUT THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

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very fine one, I believe, near Sneem. An Irish oath to the present day is, "I swear by the hole in the stone." The Church is still used for burials, and the tourist is advised to take heed to his steps lest he tread upon some poor relics of mortality as bones and skulls are too much in evidence, the shallow graves the Irish dig, in the course of a few years, wearing away and uncovering their contents. My friend peered into one of the vaults; he made no remark, but looked white for a few minutes.

Close to the Church is an old monastery, erected, probably, about the fourteenth century, containing a window, which, from its construction, was probably used as an open-air pulpit. On our return to Dingle we pass a group of the old bee-hive houses, but these, although curious, were not in as good preservation as others we afterwards inspected. A curious trait in the Irish character was experienced at Kilmelkedar. A country man walked up to the church-yard gate, his friends attending him; hardly had he crossed the bounds, when, rushing to a newly-made grave, he flung himself on his face, keening, moaning, and tearing up the earth with his hands. His friends tried to drag him away, but as often as they partially succeeded he burst from them and renewed his attempts. At length, by main force, he was borne back. Once outside the sacred confines his grief departed, and, lighting his pipe, he departed also.

Inside Kilmelkedar Church, and leaning against one of the pillars, is a curiously-engraved stone, the inscription being partly written in ancient Irish characters and partly in Roman.

Near Dingle, leading westerly over the mountains, and ending in Brandon Bay, is a very ancient roadway, called the Fahan road or the Thief's Highway. It has its course marked out by upright stones placed at certain distances apart, and it was, undoubtedly, used in old times as the roadway of the freebooters. At different points in its track are remains of the ancient bee-hive houses, some in good preservation; one near the summit of the Scrag Mountain in perfect condition. This house, in common with many others, is built of roughly hewn stones placed in a circle about 38 feet in circumference at outside base; the wall about four feet thick, and rounding to the top, about seven feet high in the centre. Access to the interior is gained by a doorway measuring two feet six inches square. Alongside many of these houses are little chambers, probably for the shelter of their watch-dogs. Some of the dwellings are quite isolated, but many are in groups. The solitary ones seem to have been used as sentry-boxes, as they are placed in the best position for observation. In nearly, if not all, of these buildings at regular intervals stones are left, with their ends jutting out from the sides of the structure, probably to allow the occupier or, perhaps, sentinel to rapidly ascend to the crown of the roof; or, it may be, the houses were thatched, and the projecting stones so left in order that the thatch ropes might be attached to them. The architects of these domiciles are unknown; rumour attributes them to the Danes, but a more probable surmise is that the Phœnician metal workers were their builders. They are much the shape of African kraals. It is known that a large traffic in wrought metal was carried on with the North of Africa; probably then the now bare hills were well wooded, supplying fuel in abundance. A smelting forge was discovered near Mount Brandon with the remains of long-spent charcoal fires.

The most remarkable find in recent years was discovered in an old chamber not far from Slea Head in the Fahan Highway before alluded to. The archæologists, on removing the flat paving stones, found the existence of a lower chamber about nine feet square, and in it, leaning against the wall, a small oblong stone with the head of a sphinx or Pharoah rudely engraved on it. Evidently, from its position, it was valued by its ancient owners, and is a striking link with the Phœnician past. The stone is now preserved in the Dublin Museum.

I have mentioned but a very few of the wonderful records of antiquity scattered about this marvellously-interesting district; the county is full of them. Scarcely a field but contains some relic of old. Many hundreds of old dwellings have been destroyed and the materials used in fences, but now the Royal Irish Academy has intervened in their behalf, and is having

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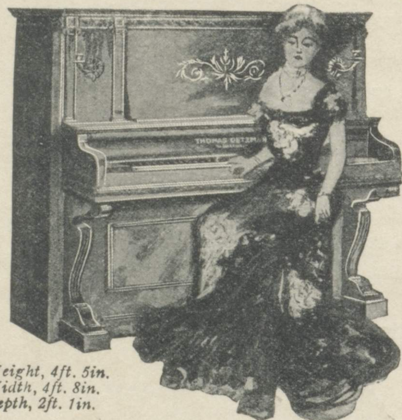

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