The Project Gutenberg eBook of Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art, No. 699, by Various et al.

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art, No. 699

Author: Various
Editor: Robert Chambers
Editor: William Chambers

Release date: October 29, 2014 [EBook #47235]

Language: English

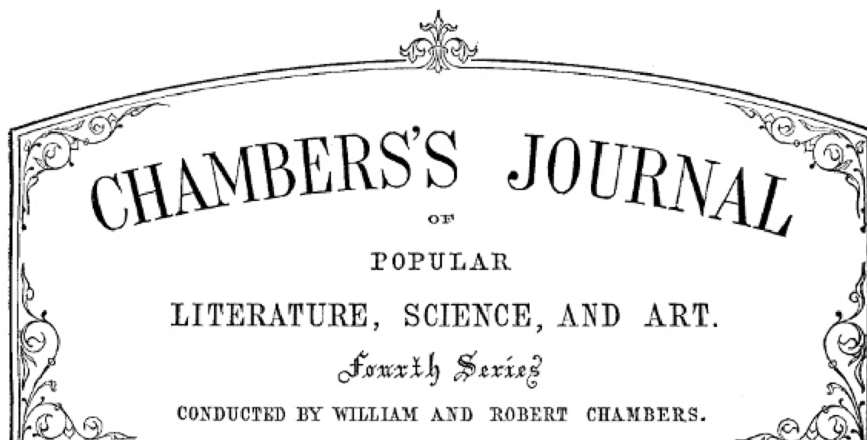
Credits: Produced by Susan Skinner and the Online Distributed
Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART, NO. 699 ***

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

CONTENTS

CHARLEY ROSS.
THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.
LIFE IN ST KILDA.
THE TWELFTH RIG.
RING LORE.
MOTHER GOOSE.



No. 699. **SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1877.** **Price 1½*d.***

CHARLEY ROSS.

On the 1st of July 1874, two little boys, brothers, were playing on the side of a public road near some villas at Germantown, a few miles from Philadelphia. The elder of the two, Walter Ross, was nearly six years of age; the younger, Charley Ross, was aged four years and two months. They were the sons of Christian K. Ross, a gentleman in business in Philadelphia, who lived in one of the villas at this pleasant part of the environs. His wife and some other children were at the time residing at Atlantic City on the sea-shore of New Jersey. Charley was a charming little boy, with a round full face, broad forehead, bright brown eyes, and light flaxen hair, curling in ringlets to the neck. Like all American children whom we have ever seen, Charley and his brother Walter were fond of candy, a sweetmeat of the barley-sugar species, the taste for which led in the present case to a serious misadventure.

For several days in their outdoor sports, the two boys had been presented with a present of candy by two men who were driving in a kind of wagon or drosky, and who stopped for a moment to talk to them. These interviews produced a slight acquaintance with the men. When they drove past on the 1st of July, and as usual gave them candy, Charley asked them for a ride, and also whether they would not buy him some crackers, which they promised to do. The crackers were meant to be used as fireworks on the 4th July, the annual fête commemorative of American Independence. After driving on for a certain distance, the men returned and took them for a ride into the wagon. Walter asked them to go to Main Street to get the fire-crackers, but was told that he and his brother would be taken to Aunt Susie's store. This was a place which had no existence. So onward the two boys were driven, amused with talk, and supplied with fresh doles of candy. By-and-by, as Charley thought the men were driving rather far, he began to cry, and begged to be taken home. To pacify him, the men gave Walter some money to go into a cigar-store which had crackers exhibited in the window; he was to buy two packages of crackers and one of torpedoes, and come back to the wagon. While he was gone on this deceitful mission, the wagon drove off with Charley. When Walter came out of the store with his hands full of fireworks, he was not a little surprised to find that the wagon had disappeared. He looked about in all directions, but could not see or hear anything of it. Finding himself deserted he cried loudly; a crowd gathered round him, and a kindly disposed person took him home.

On returning to his house in the evening, Mr Ross was distressed at the absence of little Charley, and alarmed from what Walter had to tell of the two men in the wagon. The only reasonable conjecture he could form was that the child had been stolen, though for what purpose he could not divine. Assisted by a nephew, he went off to make inquiries at different police stations; at none, however, could he hear any tidings to allay his anxiety. In the account given by Walter, he described the appearance of the two men, one of whom had rings on his fingers and wore gold spectacles; the horse and wagon were also described. Strange to say, no one knew who these men were. At taverns and livery-stables they and their equipments were unknown. The officers of police were at a loss what to make of the affair. For days Mr Ross continued the search for the child and his abductors. With his nephew he scoured the neighbourhood, telegraphed to various quarters, and advertised the loss in the newspapers. Hearing that there had been a band of gipsies in the neighbourhood, he supposed that they might have been concerned in the theft. Detectives were employed to visit the gipsy camp and make a rigorous search for the boy. The search was unavailing. The gipsies were apparently innocent of the crime.

Much public sympathy was felt for the father of the lost boy, and all were amazed at the possibility of a child being carried off in a manner so totally inexplicable. Where could little Charley be? He and his captors had seemingly vanished from the face of the earth. The only rational supposition that could be formed was that Charley had been stolen by two scoundrels in the hope of getting a heavy ransom on his restoration. Yet, a crime of this kind, though common enough in Sicily, where the laws meet with no sort of respect, was next to unknown in Pennsylvania or any other northern part of the United States. If Charley Ross had been abducted for the sake of a ransom, it was the beginning of a new crime in this part of the world, and as such would send a shiver through society; for no child of any man in good circumstances would be safe.

The conjecture that little Charley was stolen with a view to being held in ransom, proved to be the right one. The abductors had the audacity to write to Mr Ross, July 3, that he might keep his mind easy about Charley; but that no powers on earth would get him unless good payment was offered for him. The letter was in affectedly bad writing and spelling, and was not dated from any place. Strange to say, it must, from the short time between posting and delivery, have been written in Philadelphia, in which city, by a reasonable inference, the two thieves were concealed. The authorities now made a more minute and vigorous search, and a watch was put on all the railway dépôts day and night. Barns, stables, sheds, and unoccupied houses were looked into, and the police went through all known haunts of vice and professional beggars and vagrants. The search was not confined to the town and suburbs, but was extended up and down the Delaware and into the neighbouring states. Every canal-boat was carefully examined. To do the local authorities justice, they spared no pains to unravel this extraordinary mystery. The crime, as it now stood revealed, did not alone concern the bereaved father and his child; it concerned the whole community, and if allowed to go undetected, there might be no end to the felonious abduction of children.

On the day after receiving the letter of the 3d July, Mr Ross advertised that he would give a reward of three hundred dollars to any person returning his lost child. To this there came a startling response in a letter dated Philadelphia, 6th. It was as badly written and badly spelled as the preceding, and plainly intimated that the ransom to be paid for restoration of the boy was twenty thousand dollars—not a dollar less would be taken, and all the powers in the universe

would fail to find out where he was. If Mr Ross was ready to negotiate, he was to say so by advertisement in the *Public Ledger*. On the 7th Mr Ross advertised that he would negotiate. At two o'clock the same day a letter in reply was received. What was now demanded was that Mr Ross should advertise in the *Evening Star* as follows: either, 'Will come to terms,' or 'Will not come to terms.' If the former, it would be understood that twenty thousand dollars would be given; if the latter, the negotiation was at an end, and Charley's blood be on his father's head. Here was an explicit and horrible threat that if the full ransom were not forthcoming the unfortunate child would be murdered. It being conclusive that this, like the preceding letter, had been posted at Philadelphia, a watch was put on the letter-boxes, to discover who were the senders. This effort failed in effect. The thieves were evidently assisted by some unknown confederate, who posted the letters, and whom it was impossible to identify.

We have not space to go into the numerous details of what ensued, as given by Mr Ross in a volume which has lately made its appearance.[A] Referring persons deeply interested in the matter to the book itself, which will reward perusal, we proceed to say that the intercourse by letter and advertisement between the abductors and the bereaved father came to nothing. There were difficulties as regards the kind of notes in which the ransom should be paid; there were worse difficulties as to how the thieves could make the exchange of the boy for the money. In Sicily, where a brigand leaves his card with the superior magistrate of the district, things of this kind encounter no serious obstacle. It is different in the United States, as it is in England. In these countries, brigands are not on visiting terms with public authorities. The two rascals who stole Charley Ross could make nothing of him after they had got him. He was concealed with an extraordinary degree of skill, somewhere about Philadelphia; but the ingenuity which was displayed by his captors met with no recompense. It was evident from the universal clamour, that a repetition of tricks of this kind could not be carried on with any prospect of profit or security. The whole newspaper world was up. Thousands of presses from New Orleans to the Saskatchewan, from New York to San Francisco, were flaming with stories and conjectures about the abduction of Charley Ross. In time, the newspapers of England caught up the theme. The hearts of parents in every part of the English reading world were acutely interested. What will strike every one as marvellous, is the impenetrable secrecy which shrouded the spot where Charley Ross was secluded. It was tantalisingly near at hand, yet nobody could find it out.

It may amuse our readers to know that from the universal excitement that was created, there sprung up a crop of pretended discoverers of the lost child. All that was needed to restore him to the arms of his loving parents was a little money. Some of the announcements were hoaxes. Some were bare-faced attempts at extortion. The effect of these despicable communications was to add poignancy to the sorrow that was already endured by the father and mother of little Charley. The credulity of the family was also painfully tried by information alleged to have been obtained through the medium of spirits. Unfortunately, no two mediums gave the same direction in which to look for the child. Their revelations were simply a piece of nonsense, though imparted with prodigious gravity.

Annoyed with pretenders of various classes, Ross and his nephew did not relax endeavours to unravel the mystery. They travelled about over the northern states, led on by communications from the two thieves, who had quitted Philadelphia, and taken up new ground. It at length appeared to be conclusive that Charley's captors had gone to New York, and from rigorous investigations at the several hotels, it was almost certain that their names were Mosher and Douglas. They had, however, no child with them. Where he was stowed away, if still in life, no one knew. Going with professional zest into the affair, the New York police, greatly to their credit, under Superintendent Walling, made every effort to track the windings of the two desperadoes, who, from newspaper advertisements and bills stuck on the walls, saw that they were momentarily in risk of capture. New York, however, has about it holes and corners in which felons find temporary lurking-places, and when pursuit is keen there is water on two sides, with boats, in some of which there is a refuge from justice equal to that of the old Alsatia in Whitefriars. On the opposite side of the narrow channel on the east, lies Long Island, hilly and picturesque, and which, besides Brooklyn, possesses a large number of villas of wealthy citizens scattered about among gardens and pleasure-grounds. To this island, as charming a retreat of families from New York, as are the Highland borders of the Clyde for the citizens of Glasgow, we have to follow Mosher and Douglas, the reputed abductors of Charley Ross.

The two villains had exhausted their means. They had made nothing of the cruel capture we have been describing, and had indeed lost money by the transaction. Driven to their last shifts, they resolved to begin a career of house-breaking. As a commencement, they broke into the villa of Judge Van Brunt of the Supreme Court of New York, situated near the water's edge, at a picturesque part of Long Island. The judge and his family were absent for the season, and the house being shut up, offered, as was thought, a good chance of effecting a burglary. In laying their plans, Mosher and Douglas were not possibly aware, that before closing his house, the judge furnished it with 'a burglar alarm telegraph, which conveys information of the slightest interference with any of its doors or windows into the bedroom of his brother,' who resided permanently in a house near at hand. The account of the attack may be given in the words of Mr Ross:

'On the morning of December 14, at two o'clock, this alarm-bell rang violently. Mr Van Brunt was at once awakened, and immediately called his son Albert, who was asleep. When Albert came down stairs the father said: "Go over and see what has sounded that alarm; I think the wind has blown open one of those blinds again;" an occurrence which had more than once before caused the bell to ring. The young man went, first taking the precaution to put a pistol in his pocket.

Approaching his uncle's house, he noticed a flickering light through the blinds of one of the windows; he returned and told his father about the light, procured a lantern for himself, and went to arouse William Scott, the judge's gardener, who lived in a cottage close by, and who had the keys of the judge's house. On their way back, Scott and Albert ascertained that more than one man was in the house with the light. They then awoke Herman Frank, a hired man; and after placing one man in front and another behind the judge's house, Albert returned to his father and reported what he had seen and done. His father, although seriously suffering from illness, after getting together the arms in the house, joined his son, and calling the gardener and hired man to him, said: "Now, boys, we have work to do, and must understand each other; we must capture those fellows if we can without killing them; but if they resist, we shall have to defend ourselves. Albert, you and Scott stand before the front door; Frank and I will take the rear; and whatever happens afterward, let us remain in the positions we first take up; because if we move around, we shall be certain in the dark to shoot one another instead of the thieves. Whichever way they come, let the two who meet them take care of them as best they can; if they come out and scatter both ways, then we will all have a chance to work." The party took their respective places; the night was pitch dark, cold, and wet. The watchers waited patiently for nearly an hour, while the burglars went through every room in the house, with the rays from their dark-lanterns flashing now and then through the chinks in the shutters. At length they came down to the basement floor and into the pantry. Through the window of this little apartment Mr Van Brunt could see distinctly the faces of the two burglars. He could have shot them down there and then in perfect safety to himself and his companions; but he wished to refrain from taking life until he could be certain that the robbers would shew resistance. He did not wish to kill them in the house, nor in any other way than in self-defence.

'The elder Van Brunt, finding he was growing numb and weak from the effects of the cold damp air of the inclement night, determined "to push things," and standing in front of the back door, ordered the hired man to open it quickly. In trying to get the key into the keyhole, he made a noise which the quick-eared burglars heard. Their light went out immediately, and their footsteps were heard ascending the cellar stairs. Mr Van Brunt and his man moved towards the trap-door of the cellar, the lock of which had been broken. This was soon opened, and the body of a man started up, followed by the head of another. Mr Van Brunt cried out "Halt!" in response to which two pistol-shots from the cellar door flashed almost in his face, but without injuring him. He then fired his shot-gun at the foremost man, and a cry of agony followed. The other man fired at him a second time, and then ran towards the front of the house. There he dashed almost into the arms of the younger Van Brunt, at whom he fired two more shots, luckily missing him also; and before the pistol could be fired again his arm was struck down by a blow from Mr Van Brunt's shot-gun, which was shattered. Uttering a terrible cry the burglar now retreated; but before he had gone many rods, Mr Van Brunt sent a bullet into the would-be murderer's back. The desperate house-breaker staggered for an instant, and then fell dead.

'Meanwhile the other burglar, although mortally wounded from the elder Van Brunt's first fire, continued to shoot in the dark until he was exhausted. The firing now ceased; the only thing positively known, after the second or third shot, being the gratifying fact that while none of the defenders of the judge's property was hurt, the two burglars were literally riddled with shot and bullets. One was stone dead, with his empty revolver under his head; the other lived until five o'clock—only about two hours. Several neighbours, aroused by the firing, came rushing to the place, and got there by the time the fight was over; one of whom was asked by the wounded man to give him some whisky. After tasting it, he pushed it away, and called for water, which he drank eagerly. He was then asked who they were, and where they came from. He replied: "Men, I won't lie to you; my name is Joseph Douglas, and that man over there is William Mosher." He spelled M-O-S-H-E-R-'s name, adding: "Mosher lives in the city (New York), and I have no home. I am a single man, and have no relatives except a brother and sister, whom I have not seen for twelve or fifteen years. Mosher is a married man, and has five children." Believing himself to be mortally wounded, he continued: "I have forty dollars in my pocket; I wish to be buried with it; I made it honestly." Then he said: "*It's no use lying now: Mosher and I stole* CHARLEY ROSS *from Germantown.*" When asked why they stole him, he replied: "To make money." He was then asked who had charge of the child; to which he replied: "Mosher knows all about the child; ask him." He was then told that Mosher was dead, and was raised up so that he could see the dead body of his partner in guilt. He exclaimed: "God help his poor wife and family." To the question, "Could he tell where the child was?" he answered: "God knows I tell you the truth; I don't know where he is; Mosher knew." The same question was repeated a number of times to him; but he gave no further information, but said: "Superintendent Walling knows all about us, and was after us, and now he shall have us. Send him word. The child will be returned home safe and sound in a few days." He told his inquirers that they had come over in a sloop which was lying in the cove, and begged them not to question him any more, and not to move him, as it hurt him to talk or move. He remained conscious until about fifteen minutes before his death. Thus writhing in agony, lying on the spot where he had fallen, drenched with the descending rain, ended the purposeless and miserable life of one who aided in rending the heart-strings of a family unknown to him, and in outraging the feelings of the civilised world. So swiftly did retribution come upon his companion, that not one word escaped his lips: no message to his family—no confession of his terrible crimes—no prayer was he permitted to utter: suddenly, as by the stroke of lightning, was his soul ushered into eternity. Surely "the way of the transgressor is hard."'

That there might be no doubt about the identity of the two bodies, Walter Ross was sent for. He recognised one as having been the man who drove the wagon, and the other as having given him money to buy the crackers. Others identified them as the men who had been seen driving away

with the children. There could therefore be no doubt that William Mosher and Joseph Douglas were the real abductors of Charley Ross. The discovery was so far satisfactory; but where was the lost child? Mosher's wife was hunted up and questioned on the subject. 'She said her husband had told her that the child had been placed with an old man and woman, and was well cared for, but she did not know who were his keepers, or where he lived.' Disappointed in getting any useful information in this quarter, Mrs Ross's brothers offered by advertisement a reward of five thousand dollars for the return of the child within ten days. The child was not returned, and instead of any useful information on the subject, there was a repetition of miserable attempts at fraudulent extortion. At the same time, circumstances were elicited regarding the career of the deceased culprits Mosher and Douglas. It was ascertained that a person named William Westervelt, a brother of Mosher's wife, and a notorious associate of thieves, was concerned in the abduction. He, in fact, had been the confederate who posted the letters and otherwise assisted the two thieves. In September 1875, he was tried for being engaged with others in abducting and concealing the child; and being found guilty, he was sentenced to pay a fine of one dollar, the cost of the prosecution, and to undergo an imprisonment of solitary confinement for the term of seven years.

In the course of the trial, no fact was elicited respecting the place of detention of the child. From the day he was stolen, July 1, 1874, till the present time, not a word has been heard of him. His distressed parents exist only in hope that he is still in the land of the living, and may yet be restored to them. If alive, he will now be about seven years of age. It would afford us immeasurable satisfaction if *Chambers's Journal*, which penetrates into all English-speaking quarters in the American continent, should happily help to recover the child who was lost, the helpless little boy, Charley Ross.

W. C.

FOOTNOTES:

[A] *Charley Ross: the Story of his Abduction.* By C. K. Ross. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1877.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A DEATH-BLOW.

I stood for a few moments watching my strange new acquaintance, rapidly widening the distance between us, then turned thoughtfully homewards again. The story I had just heard had given me something to think of besides my own happiness. Although poor Nancy might be a little too ready to rebel, how hard things had been for her! How much did I, and all women blessed as I, owe to such as Nancy. Well, there would be Philip to help me by-and-by. Surely we two might be able to do something, I thought, my cheeks uncomfortably hot with the consciousness that the existence I had been dreaming of savoured too much of ease and sunshine for two people who professed to desire the highest life. Robert Wentworth would tell me that, and so of course would Philip; and I was glad also to realise, as I did just then, that continued ease and sunshine would pall quite as much upon me as upon either of them. 'I was not to the manner born.'

I had reached the stile, and was absently stepping down on the other side of it, as I afterwards found, stepping so wide of the lower step as to involve an ignominious descent, when I was gently lifted on to *terra firma* by two strong arms.

'What makes you so careless to-night?' said Robert Wentworth.

'It was stupid,' I replied, realising the position; and adding: 'In truth, my thoughts were wool-gathering; and I had forgotten where I was.'

'Rather an awkward moment for forgetting where you were; wasn't it?'

'No; yes—yes; of course it was stupid,' I repeated.

'You are not generally so ready to plead guilty as that,' he replied smilingly. 'What makes you so preternaturally meek to-night? Have you just come off second-best in a wordy war with old Jemmy Rodgers?' Bending down to get a better look into my face, he went on with quite another tone and manner: 'What has happened, Mary?'

'Happened?' I repeated, hesitatingly. But why should I not tell him? I presently asked myself. He knew that Philip was expected, and that we were to be married; he knew that I loved Philip; and why should I any longer act like a foolish girl about it? So after a moment or two, I went on: 'That which you asked to be allowed to speak of in three months may be spoken now, if you will.'

'Now!' As he echoed the word, bending to look at me again, I noticed a swift change of expression in his face—an eager, startled, yet not altogether assured look.

'Yes; I have had a letter this evening, telling me that Philip expected to be able to sail within a week or so of sending it, and he may be here any time during the next month.'

'Philip!'

'Mr Dallas you know. We are to be married.'

He was silent; and after waiting a moment for a reply which came not, I grew a little conscious of

the awkwardness of talking about my lover to him, and not the more pleased with him for making me feel so. A little confusedly, I murmured something about having hoped that they would be friends; so many Philip had known must be scattered and lost to him during his long absence, and he was a man of all others to appreciate a friend.

Nettled by his continued silence, I went on: 'If I have expected too much, you yourself are a little to blame for my doing so. You have always made me feel that I might expect something more from you than from other people.'

I saw his hand tighten on the bar of the stile it rested on with a pressure which made the veins look like cords. He threw up his head, and seemed to take counsel with the stars. Was it the pale moonlight which made him look so white and rigid? Had I offended him? *What* was it? Then arose a new and terrible fear in my mind. Had I misunderstood him—had he misunderstood *me*—all this time? Had I unwittingly led him to believe me a free woman, and—— Was it possible that he loved me—Robert Wentworth?

Deeply pained as well as ashamed, had I not always believed and asserted that such complications are not brought about by single-minded women? I bowed my head, covering my face with my trembling hands in the bitterness of humiliation. My love for Philip had made all men seem as brothers to me, and it had never for a moment entered my head that my bearing towards them might be misconstrued. Then it must be remembered I was not like a young and attractive girl; nor had I been accustomed to receive lover-like attention. Bewildered and miserable—God forgive me if I had wronged Robert Wentworth in my blindness—I was confusedly trying to recollect what I had last said, so that I might be able to add a few words which would serve as an excuse for leaving him not too abruptly, when he at length spoke. Clear and firm his voice sounded in the stillness, though the words came slowly: 'You have not expected too much, Mary.' I could not say a word; and in my anxiety for him, still lingered. 'You have not expected too much,' he gently repeated. Then seeing that was not enough, he added, in the same low measured tone: 'God helping me, I will be your husband's friend, Mary.'

I put out my hands, involuntarily clasping them together. I think he interpreted the gesture aright. With the old grave smile, he said: 'You must not forget you have a brother as well as a husband, you know.'

'I will not; God bless you, Robert!'—laying my hand for a moment on his.

He waved his hand, and without a word turned away. I tried to gather comfort from his quiet tone; tried to persuade myself that it was but a passing fancy for me, which he would very quickly get over, now he knew the truth; using all sorts of arguments to quiet my conscience. But in my inmost heart I knew that Robert Wentworth was not the man to be shaken in that way merely by a passing fancy. Beyond measure depressed and dissatisfied with myself, I slowly and wearily made my way back towards the cottage again. Ah me! how changed was the aspect of things already! How different this still grayness, to the *couleur de rose* in which I had read Philip's letter, and how different was my mental state! Was I the same person who only an hour or so previously had been telling herself that her happiness was almost too great to be borne? All my pretty pictures of the future, in which Lilian and Robert Wentworth had figured so charmingly, were destroyed. I had fully intended to take Lilian and dear old Mrs Tipper into my confidence respecting Philip's expected arrival and my future prospects, as soon as I reached the cottage; but how could I do so now? How could I talk about Philip as he ought to be talked about, with the remembrance of that set white face upturned in the moonlight, fresh upon me! Impossible! My heart sank at the bare thought of parading my love just then. It would be like dancing over a grave.

I could better turn my thoughts upon poor Nancy than upon my coming marriage, just now. I found Lilian and her aunt at a loss to know what had become of me, and it was some little relief to be able to talk about my adventure with Nancy.

They were full of interest and sympathy, entering into my feelings upon the subject at once, and only differing from me about my allowing her to return to the Home, thinking that this was too much to expect from her. But I still thought that it was her best course; and it did me a little good to argue the point with them in the way of obliging me to use my wits.

'She was not entirely blameless,' I replied. 'I think she recognised that, in deciding to return to the Home, when I left it to her to choose.'

'But I am very glad you promised to procure a situation for her as soon as you can, Mary,' said Lilian. 'It seems almost too much to expect her to remain there for any length of time.'

'I have no fear of being able to do that when the right time comes,' I rejoined.

I was not able to be quite as candid as I wished to be, because I would not now touch upon the subject of my approaching marriage. I was consequently obliged to speak more indefinitely than I felt about obtaining a situation for Nancy.

'May I go with you to the Home, Mary? I too should like to say a cheering word to poor Nancy.'

I very gladly acquiesced, and we agreed to set forth the following morning. I did not, as I had always hitherto done with Philip's letters, sit gloating over the contents of this last and most precious of all half through the night, finding a new delicious meaning in every word. The remembrance of Robert Wentworth came between me and my happiness; and my letter was put away with a sigh. Disturbed and ashamed, the possibility of Philip's wife being supposed a free woman, was humiliating to me. My thoughts were reflected in my dreams. I appeared to be all night wandering in hopeless search of an intangible something:

A form without substance,
A mental mirage,
Which kindled a thirst
That it could not assuage.

I awoke feverish and unrefreshed. But Lilian and I set forth in good time to do our errand before the heat of the day; and a walk in the fresh morning air, through the prettiest of Kentish scenery, proved a very good remedy for a disturbed mind. Then I had a special reason for exerting myself to keep Lilian's thoughts from straying that morning. Her exclamation, 'Already!' when we found ourselves before the gates of the Home, seemed to shew that my efforts had not been thrown away. As the estate had been sold piecemeal, and very little ground had been purchased with the house, it had been thought necessary to build a wall round it. The aspect of the grand old house, surrounded thus by a mean-looking new wall, was almost pathetic, as well as out of character. And the great gates, which had once graced the entrance to a beautiful old park, looked specially out of place, let into a wall some feet lower than themselves, and with their fine iron-work boarded up. We saw too that all the windows in view were boarded up so high as to prevent the inmates looking out.

'I really do not see how it could hurt the people to see the beautiful country,' ejaculated Lilian, as we stood waiting for admittance after ringing the hanging bell. 'No prison could look more dismal.'

'Yes; Nancy Dean is one of the inmates here,' in answer to my query, said a sullen-looking woman, in the ugliest of dresses in shape, and make, and colour; and with her hair tucked away entirely out of sight beneath a cap uglier if possible than her dress. 'But you can't see her. This isn't visiting day. Wednesdays, second and last in the month, two till four o'clock.' Wherewith the small door let into the wall by the side of the gates, which she had opened to inquire our errand, was unceremoniously slammed to.

I did not hesitate to ring again. This was Thursday, and not one of the visiting weeks. Nancy must not be left until the following Wednesday without the knowledge that I had kept my word. It was of the gravest importance that she should know that I had made inquiries, even though I could not obtain an interview with her. But I saw now that I had made a mistake in first asking for her. I hurriedly tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and pencilled a few lines upon it, to the effect that 'a lady much interested in the Home hoped Mrs Gower would accord her a short interview;' and had it ready by the time the woman once more opened the door.

'I wish to see Mrs Gower the lady-superintendent, if you please.'

'Have you got an appointment with her?' she asked.

'If you give this to her, it will explain,' I returned, putting the folded paper into her hand.

She coolly unfolded it, read it through, and after a moment's hesitation, ungraciously made way for us to enter. Then, after relocking the gate, she left us standing just within, whilst she went into the house to do my bidding.

'Not a very courteous reception,' said Lilian.

'We ought to have inquired for the matron at first; but we can do without courtesy, if we succeed in getting our way,' I returned.

It seemed that we were to get our way. The woman came towards us again. 'I was to say that it is not usual for ladies to come at this time; Mrs Gower is always very much engaged until two o'clock; but she will see you, if you will step this way.'

We followed her into the house through a great hall, cold and forlorn-looking enough even at this season, divested as it was of everything in the way of furniture, and with its stone floor distressingly whitened. Then she pushed open a swing-door, led the way down a small well-carpeted passage, and ushered us into one of the cosiest of little rooms, luxuriously furnished. I had just a momentary glimpse of a lady lying back in an easy-chair, with her feet upon a hassock, reading a newspaper, a dainty luncheon with wine, &c. on the low table at her elbow, when at the words, 'The committee room, the committee room, of course, Downs,' we were hurriedly hustled out of the room again.

'This way, if you please,' said our conductress, leading us across the forlorn-looking hall again.

But the room we were now ushered into was to my eyes more forlorn still—a long room of noble proportions, with five windows, which had once commanded the view of a beautifully wooded undulating park, but which were now faced by a brick wall only four or five feet distant. The only flowers now to be seen were the marble ones festooned about the high old-fashioned fireplaces at each end of the room. It was now used as a committee room; a long baize-covered table, a dozen or so of heavy chairs, with ink and papers and one book, representing the furniture.

I was busily altering the aspect of things, telling myself that even the committee must feel the depressing effects of such a room as this; pulling down the offending wall, training rose-trees round the windows, and so forth, when the door opened, and Mrs Gower entered. A stout large-boned woman, between fifty and sixty years of age; severe of countenance, and expensively attired—too elaborately, I thought, for a gentlewoman's morning-dress.

'One of our lady patronesses, I presume?' she said, with a little half-bend as she advanced. 'It is not usual for ladies to come at this early hour; but we are always prepared for inspection, and happy to shew the Home, and explain our system, to ladies who may be desirous of co-operating

with us.'

'I am very much interested, Mrs Gower. I do not think anything can be of more interest and importance to women than is such work as this. But I came as the friend of one of the inmates—Nancy Dean—to ask your permission for me to see her.'

'Are you a subscriber to the institution, may I ask, madam?'

'No.' {311}

'Do you bring an introduction from any one who is a subscriber?'

'No; unfortunately I know no one in any way connected with the Home.'

There was a very marked change in Mrs Gower's bearing, as she coldly observed: 'In that case, you did not, I presume, state your errand to the portress; and she was neglectful of her duty in not inquiring what it was, and giving you to understand that visitors to the inmates are only admitted upon certain days and at certain hours.'

'No; she was not to blame. She told me that I could not see Nancy until the usual visiting day.'

'Then I am quite at a loss to understand'——

'I should not have ventured to trespass upon your time if it were an ordinary case, and I could wait until the next visiting day to communicate with Nancy, Mrs Gower. I know, for the proper management of a place like this, it must be necessary to make rules and enforce them. But I hope you will make an exception in this case. It is of the greatest importance to her as well as to me that she should know a friend came here to see her to-day.'

'A friend! That means, I presume, that you have taken up her case? I cannot suppose that you belong to her own class?'

I made a little bow serve for reply; and she very gravely went on: 'If it be so, I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that you couldn't have taken up a worse case. Dean is one of the most incorrigible characters I have had to deal with during a long experience. You are probably not aware that she is at present under discipline for bad conduct?'

'Bad conduct?' I repeated interrogatively, a little curious to hear *her* version of the story.

'Yesterday, she conducted herself in the most disgraceful way before the committee. Afterwards she got through the window of the room in which she was confined, and ran away. Then, I suppose in consequence of not being able to find any place of refuge, she presented herself at the gates again late last night, saying that she had returned to take the punishment for what she had done, and to try to reform. Of course the true reason is, she prefers staying here until her plans are more matured, and she can leave at her own convenience.'

'May she not be sincere in her desire for reform, Mrs Gower?'

'That is perfectly hopeless. A very short residence here would teach you the hopelessness of expecting any thorough reform in such as Dean.'

'It must be very painful to you to feel that of any human creature, Mrs Gower.'

'Of course it is painful'—a trifle snappishly; 'but such knowledge as, I am sorry to say, is gained here does not increase one's faith in human nature, madam. We have to face a great many unpleasant facts, and one of them is, that such women as Nancy Dean are altogether incorrigible.'

'It must be very discouraging to think so.'

'Nothing discourages us from doing our duty.' And here Mrs Gower very decidedly touched a hand-bell on the table.

Not appearing to notice the hint, I quietly rejoined: 'But great mistakes may be made in such cases; and I hope you will excuse my saying that I think you have been mistaken with respect to Nancy Dean, and taken her incorrigibility too much for granted.'

Mrs Gower drew herself up; if she thought it possible that she could make mistakes, she was evidently not in the habit of being told that she could. It was probably all the more unpardonable from the fact that the portress, who had noiselessly obeyed her summons, heard what passed. I had not of course intended her to hear it; but she must have entered so very quickly after the bell sounded, and moved so noiselessly, that I was quite unaware of her presence, until the direction which Mrs Gower's eyes took informed me of it.

Mrs Gower's colour was a little raised, as she begged to decline any further discussion upon so painful a subject with one who evidently had had no experience, and therefore could not understand it.

'But you will, I hope, oblige me so far as to let Nancy Dean know that her friend Miss Haddon came to see her, and will come again on the first visiting day?' I pleaded, seeing that it was no use to press for an interview.

'I cannot promise anything of the kind,' loftily returned Mrs Gower. 'Dean is under discipline; and the course of treatment I adopt will entirely depend upon her conduct while under that discipline.'

'I beg'——

'I cannot promise anything.' Then somewhat irrelevantly, as it appeared to me at the moment, but

as I now think, for the purpose of pointing out to me that the fault lay with Nancy Dean, and not with the system, she added, glancing for a moment towards the woman, who stood with downcast eyes, waiting for further orders: 'This is one of our successes.'

'This' appeared to my eyes but a very poor success—a very doubtful one indeed, if the low narrow brows and heavy mouth and chin expressed anything of the character. She appeared to be quite accustomed to be so alluded to, no change in her face shewing that she was in any way impressed by it. There she stood, a success, make what you choose of it, she seemed to say, eyeing us with stolid indifference. I could not help contrasting her face with that of the 'incorrigible' whom I had seen the night previously, so open and honest even in its passionate anger. Nevertheless, in my anxiety upon Nancy's account, I ventured to make an indirect appeal to 'This.'

'I am glad to hear it. Her own reformation doubtlessly makes her more desirous to help her fellow-women, and poor Nancy Dean so terribly needs a friend just now.' Then turning again towards Mrs Gower, I added: 'I trust that you will allow Nancy Dean to be informed that I called, madam?'

I think she perceived my motive for repeating the request before the woman. She very decidedly replied: 'As I informed you just now, I cannot give any promise of the kind; and Downs knows her duty. And I must remind you that my time is valuable; I have already given you more than I can spare. Good-morning, Miss Haddon.—The gate, Downs.' And with a very slight inclination of the head, Mrs Gower gave us our dismissal.

Lilian and I followed the woman to the gate, where I paused a moment, trying to gather from the expression of her face whether it would be of any avail to make a more direct appeal to her. It {312} seemed useless to attempt it; one might as well hope to influence a wooden figure. As I stood hesitating, unwilling to go without making one more effort, I said a few words to Lilian, more to give myself time than anything else, but which served the end I had in view: 'I would give a great deal to get a message conveyed to poor Nancy.'

A new and altogether different expression dwelt for a moment in Down's eyes, fixed straight before her; an expression which suggested an idea to me that I had not had in using the words. In a moment I had my purse out of my pocket, and a half-sovereign between my fingers; taking care, as I noticed she did, to turn towards the open gate and away from the house.

Brighter and brighter grew the expression of her face as she said in a low voice: 'I might perhaps just mention to Nancy Dean that you called this morning, ma'am—if that's all you want done?'

'That is all I want you to do; just to tell her that her friend Miss Haddon called, and intends to come again next visiting day.'

'Very well, ma'am; I don't mind telling her that,' she returned, looking wooden and dull again, as her fingers closed over the money; once more the same sullen, unimpressionable woman we had at first seen, as she closed the gates upon us.

'O Mary, what a dreadful place! How could any one be expected to be better for living there!' ejaculated Lilian. 'How could they select a woman like Mrs Gower to influence her fellow-creatures!'

'There certainly appears to have been a great mistake somewhere,' I thoughtfully replied. 'So benevolent a scheme might surely be better carried out.'

I may as well state here what came to my knowledge later—respecting the Home and its management. Mrs Osborne, the founder, had commenced her work of benevolence without sufficient experience and knowledge of the class she wished to benefit. Like many other benevolent people, she believed that love was all that was needed for the work; and the lady she had at first engaged to act as superintendent was as enthusiastic and non-executive as herself. The consequences were disastrous; and it told much in Mrs Osborne's favour that she had the courage to try again. Unfortunately, in her anxiety to avoid her former error, she ran into the opposite extreme. Mrs Gower was selected from numerous other applicants on account of her having previously held office as matron of a prison, and possessing testimonials as to her special fitness for the executive department.

Accustomed to deal with the worst side of human nature, and to the enforcement of the necessarily rigid rules of prison-life, in which all must pass through one routine, Mrs Gower had become a mere disciplinarian, treating those under her charge in the Home as though their minds were all of precisely the same pattern, and that a very bad one.

If half the stories which reached me respecting her luxurious self-indulgent life were true, the effect upon those to whom she was supposed to be an example was undoubtedly bad. And if there were good grounds for the statement that her appointment to the office of prison matron had been to her a rise in life, it quite sufficiently accounted for the want of refinement in thought and habit, which occasioned her to live too luxuriously, and deck herself in too rich clothing for one living amongst women supposed to be endeavouring to strengthen themselves against yielding to temptation.

Again, good as he undoubtedly was, Mr Wyatt, upon whom Mrs Osborne depended for spiritual help, was not fitted for the task. He was too young, as well as too naturally timid and shy, to manage a number of women, who deceived him with the pretence of reformation when it suited their purpose better than openly laughing at him. Long afterwards, he told me how terribly he used to dread his visits to the Home, and how much he was troubled at the little effect of his teachings. It took him a long time to understand that the best natures might appear to be the

worst under such training as Mrs Gower's.

That Mrs Osborne herself was quite satisfied with the new management, is too much to say. But although Mrs Gower was not a woman after her heart, past failures had rendered Mrs Osborne distrustful of her own judgment; and she could not deny that there at least appeared to be better effects produced now than during the former management. Although there were occasional failures, which nothing could gloss over, Mrs Gower could point to the fact that a certain number of the inmates were annually drafted into service, and whatever became of them, they did not reappear at the Home.

LIFE IN ST KILDA.

SECOND PAPER.

The men of St Kilda are in the habit of congregating in front of one of the houses almost every morning for the discussion of business. I called this assembly the Parliament, and, with a laugh, they adopted the name. When the subject is exciting, the members talk with loud voices and all at one time; but when the question is once settled, they work together in perfect harmony. Shall we go to catch solan-geese, or ling, or mend the boat to-day? are examples of the subjects that occupy the House. Sometimes disputes are settled by drawing lots. A system of mutual insurance has existed from time immemorial. A large number of sheep are annually lost by falling over the cliffs, and the owners are indemnified by the other members of the community, whose contributions are in proportion to the number of sheep they possess, and the consequent risk. As the calculations are all performed mentally, I think this shews no small arithmetical power. Parliament, besides being necessary to the conduct of business, has, I think, a salutary effect on the minds of the people, and helps to keep them cheerful in spite of their isolated position and excessive religious exercises. Man is a gregarious animal, and there are no people more so than the St Kildans. In work every one follows his neighbour. If one puts a new thatch on his barn, a man is to be seen on the top of every barn in the village. If the voice of praise is heard at the door of one house, all, you may be sure, are engaged in worship; and so on.

The St Kildans are remarkable for their piety. They are all members of the Free Church, and contribute somewhere about ten pounds annually to the Sustentation Fund of that body. They go three times to church on Sunday, and hold a prayer-meeting every Wednesday. They have also service on the first Tuesday of every month to return thanks for the preservation of Captain Otter and his crew, whose ship was nearly lost on the island about thirteen years ago. This was instituted at the request of the (now deceased) captain, who brought them supplies in a season of dearth, and attempted some improvements; which have all proved abortive. The minister is one who commands attention—every eye fastened on him throughout the discourse; and if any one happens to drop asleep, he or she is immediately aroused by a stinging remonstrance from the pulpit! Such, for instance, as saying in Gaelic: 'Arouse your wife, Lachlin—she won't sleep much in Tophet, I think, eh?' which causes Lachlin to poke his elbow in his wife's side immediately. The church is a miserable place, with no floor but mother earth, and with damp sticking to the walls like hoar-frost or feathers. The seats are rude benches, many of them bored and grooved by the ship-worm. Here all the women sit for about six and a half hours every Sunday with bare feet and legs, even in winter. Family worship is held in every house morning and evening; and when parties of men or women reside in the other islands they 'make their worship,' as they phrase it, just as they do at home. Every meal is preceded by a grace, nor will they take a drink of milk or water without uncovering the head.

The St Kildans are quite as industrious as they are pious. Every family has a croft of ground, which they carefully cultivate, although their method of husbandry admits of improvement. They grow oats, barley, and potatoes, all of which are planted too thickly. The ground is manured with the carcases of puffins. But there is a great waste of this valuable manure, many thousands of these birds being left after the plucking season, to rot in the island of Boreray every year! The grain is ground into meal by handmills. In the beginning of summer the rocks are scaled, and the neighbouring islets visited, for old solan-geese and eggs. They fish for ling in summer and pluck instead of clipping their sheep. The wool is spun by the women, and woven by the men into cloth and blankets, which, after providing clothes for themselves, are sold to the factor. In August they catch the young fulmars, and in September the young solan-geese. In winter the spinning-wheels and looms are busy from the dawn of day until two or three next morning. Their diligence and endurance are astonishing.

The belted plaid (the original kilt) was the dress worn by the St Kildans when Martin visited the island in 1697. Previous to that they wore sheep-skins. But leg-garments wide and open at the knees were beginning to be introduced. Now the men wear trousers and vests of coarse blue cloth with blanket shirts. On Sundays they wear jackets in addition. The *brog tiondadh* or turned shoe, so called because it is sewed on the wrong side and then turned inside out, was in vogue until quite recently, and specimens are still to be seen. It is made to fit either foot, and is sewed with thongs of sheep-skin. They buy the leather from the factor. The sheep-skins are still tanned by themselves with, according to my informants, a kind of bark found under the turf.

The dress of the women consists of a cotton handkerchief on the head—Turkey-red being preferred—which is tied under the chin, and a gown (made by the men) of strong blue cloth, or blue with a thin purple stripe, fastened at the breast with a large pin made from a fish-hook. The

skirt is girdled below the waist with a sash of divers colours, and is worn very short, their muscular limbs being visible to near the knee. They wear neither shoes nor stockings in summer, and very seldom in winter. They go barefoot even to church, and on that occasion don a dark plaid, which is fastened with a copper brooch made from an old penny. Formerly the heads and necks of solan-geese were used by the fair sex as shoes; but these have gone out of fashion. The men too are generally to be seen without shoes. Sheep-skin caps were once common, and are yet worn by a few.

Both sexes look strong and healthy, have bright eyes, teeth like new ivory, and are capable of long-continued exertion. There are only six surnames on the island—namely Gillies, Ferguson, Macdonald, MacKinnon, MacQueen, and MacCrimmen. The average height of the men is about five feet six inches. The tallest man is five feet nine inches, the shortest four feet ten and a half. I measured twenty-one male adults. They are tough and hardy, and know nothing of the diseases which are common in other places. There is one old man of weak intellect, who is quiet and peaceable when not contradicted. He lives in a smoky thatched old hovel by himself. He has a sister afflicted with epilepsy. Another old man is blind from cataract.

The most extraordinary complaint that visits St Kilda is called the Stranger's Cold. The natives firmly believe that the arrival of a boat communicates this disease. They say that the illness is more severe when the ship or boat comes from Harris, and that they suffer less when the vessel comes from Glasgow or London. It is curious that every one caught this distemper immediately after the arrival of the smack and boat in 1876, and again on the landing of the Austrians this year. Not one St Kildan escaped. No one was ill during the intervening six or seven months. The symptoms are a severe headache, and pain and stiffness in the muscles of the jaw, a deep rough cough, discharge from the nose, and rapid pulse. But the great scourge of St Kilda is a distemper to which the infants are subject. This keeps down the population, and has prevailed for at least one hundred and twenty years. Medical men call it Tetanus and the Irish 'Nine-day fits.' Doctors differ as to the cause: some say that it arises from the mothers living on sea-fowl; others to weakening of the blood from long-continued intermarriage; some that an operation necessary at birth is not properly performed; others that the infant is smothered with peat-smoke; whilst some aver that the child is killed by improper feeding; and I am now inclined to believe that the last is the true reason. Comparatively few of the children born on the rock survive for more than a few days; they are seized with convulsions and lockjaw, and soon become exhausted. Those who {314} escape grow up into fine men and women—sound as a general rule in mind and body; but it is a significant fact that intending mothers often go to Harris if they can, to be confined, that they may escape the curse that seems to hang over the child that is born in St Kilda.

The people of St Kilda and Harris have no great esteem for each other. Mothers in Harris threaten to send their children when naughty to St Kilda; Harris men call the St Kildans *gougan* (young solan-geese). The St Kildans again never mention Harris but in terms of contempt: A poor place—dirty, shabby, greedy, &c.

The St Kildans talk Gaelic, and nothing but Gaelic. The minister and a woman who is a relation of his know English as well; but both are from the mainland. All are very polite in their own way. When they meet one of a morning they lift their bonnets with the left hand, and hold out the right, and never fail to ask for one's health and how one has slept.

When I had acquired some little knowledge of the language, I made inquiries about Lady Grange, who had been forcibly sent to St Kilda in 1734, and kept there for seven years. Her name was familiar to all the old people and to some of the young. Tradition says that she slept during the day and got up at night. She never learned Gaelic. The house in which she lived was demolished a few years ago. It belonged to the steward, and was exactly like the old houses still standing, but a little larger. A dearth happened to prevail during the whole time she remained on the island; but she got an ample share of what little food there was. The best turf was provided for her fire, and the spot where it was got is still called the Lady's Pool. She was much beloved; and the people presented her with a straw-chair, as a token of respect, when she was carried off to Harris. I heard nothing of her violent temper. Perhaps she had some reason to be violent when at home!

The churchyard, small and elliptical in form, is at the back of the village. The door is kept carefully shut. None of the tombstones bears an inscription, except one erected by a minister. I brought two sculptor's chisels with me, intending to carve a stone as a pattern, but could not find one soft enough to cut. Some of the men seemed eager to erect monuments to their friends, and brought me slabs; but none was found suitable. The ruins of an ancient chapel stood in the middle of the churchyard. The walls, I was informed, were about sixteen feet high; but this ruin was removed a few years ago, the stones being adapted for building. One is to be seen built into the wall of a cottage, and has a cross incised upon it. It must have been a good bit of steel that cut it, as the stone is like granite.

Close to the churchyard is a stone called the Stone of Knowledge, which is said to have possessed magical properties. He who stood upon it on the first day of the quarter became gifted with the second-sight, and was able to foresee all the events that were to occur during that quarter. I tried it on the first day (old style) of the present spring, but saw nothing except three or four women laden with peats, and smiling at my affected credulity. It does not seem to be much venerated in these sceptical times.

At the back of the village is an old cellar, said to have been erected by one man in a single day. It is built of huge stones, some of them too ponderous to be lifted by any two men of these degenerate times. The people refer to this cellar as a proof of the superior strength of their

ancestors. The builder had very nearly stumbled on the principle of the arch, which is as yet unknown in St Kilda. I shewed the men (who are all experienced masons in their own way) the photograph of an old bridge, and they looked at it with much interest and thorough understanding.

There were formerly three chapels on St Kilda, dedicated respectively to Christ, Columba, and Brendon. They still existed in 1759, but not a vestige of them now remains.

But the most extraordinary relic of antiquity in the village is a subterranean house. I had heard of it on my first visit; and on the 13th July 1876 determined to have it opened and examined. A crop of potatoes grew on the top, and the owner at first refused to allow this to be disturbed. But by dint of raillery, persuasion, and a promise to pay the damage, he at length acceded to my request. This underground dwelling was discovered about thirty-two years ago by a man who was digging the ground above it, and was generally called the House of the Fairies. The aperture on the top was filled up again, and it had never been opened since. But after a little search the hole was found and an entrance made. Two or three men volunteered to clear out the stones and soil that had accumulated on the floor to a depth of several feet, and worked with a will. The house was found to be twenty-five feet long by three feet eight inches wide, and about four feet in height. The walls consisted of three or four ranges of stones, a roof of slabs resting on the sides. This house runs due north and south, and curiously enough there is a drain under the floor. Amongst the *débris* on the floor I found numerous stone axes, knives, and fragments of a lamp, as well as pieces of rude pottery. As there was no tradition concerning this house, and as it is assigned to the fairies, it may be very old; but I am inclined to think that the stone period extended to a very recent date in St Kilda. I have some satisfaction in believing that I am the discoverer of stone implements in St Kilda, and that my claim has been recognised by the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

One day I went to the islet called The Dun, which stands opposite the village, and forms the south or south-west side of the bay. It is separated from St Kilda by a narrow channel. I went along with three men and three boys, who for want of better work tried to catch puffins. This business being easy, is generally left to the women. Although the sea was covered with these birds, they were uncommonly shy on shore and difficult to catch; about forty-five was the average bag. The Dun, although the crags are comparatively low, affords some grand bits of rock-scenery. The site of an ancient altar is still to be seen. The stones which formed it have, however, been removed. At the southern extremity of the island is a mount on which great blocks of stone are piled up in wild disorder. These blocks have been spoken of as being the relics of a fort; but this is open to doubt. The St Kildans probably trusted to hiding themselves in times of danger. There is not a single weapon of war in the island; but bows and arrows are mentioned in the traditions. The Dun, comparatively tame on the side next the bay, is wild and picturesque where it faces the ocean. {315} Some of the crags are crowned by pinnacles and fantastic protuberances, and the base is perforated with caves, into which the foaming billows rush and rage for ever.

On my return from The Dun I found a boat at the shore laden with puffins. She had come from Boreray, and had brought a cargo of birds to be plucked at home, so as to assist the young women, who were suffering from the 'Stranger's Cold,' combined with swollen throats—and no wonder! for the weather had been bad, and these unprotected females had never changed their clothes, but slept in the garments that they wore during the day; and although accustomed to severe exercise in the open air, had sat exposed to the cold, plucking feathers from morning till night. They suffered great hardships, and only get the pittance of six shillings a St Kilda stone (twenty-four pounds) for the feathers, which are of excellent quality. At that time the few people left in the village were also busy plucking feathers; and the smell of roasted puffins—'a very ancient and fish-like smell'—came from every door. These birds also furnish a feast for all the dogs and hooded crows that haunt the village. I ate a puffin by way of experiment, and found it tasted like a kippered herring, with a flavour of the dog-fish. Custom would no doubt make it more palatable. On the 3d of August a boat went to Boreray and brought back a cargo of puffins and *gougan* or young solan-geese. On the 6th two boats went again to that island, and brought back the twelve young women who had been catching puffins, together with the feathers. Some of the women caught as many as six hundred puffins a day. I calculate that eighty-nine thousand six hundred puffins must have been killed by both sexes. The fingers of the girls had become so sore from plucking the feathers that they were obliged to use their teeth in drawing the tail and pinions!

There was a debate whether it would be advisable to begin to catch the young fulmars, or to delay for a day or two, in the hope that the weather would improve. It was decided to delay, but meanwhile to bring out and test the ropes used for going down the cliffs. Some of the ropes were made from hair cut from St Kilda horses, and were forty years old. One of them gave way. Old men remember when there were ponies on the island; but many under forty have never seen a horse except in pictures. Ropes of manilla hemp are now used, and fewer accidents occur than in the olden time, when ropes of hair and even straw were employed. Some of the men made me feel the bumps and scars upon their scalps caused by the falling of stones from the cliffs above, whilst they were dangling below.

At length fulmar-catching began in earnest. I went in the morning with a party of men in a small boat to the islet of Soa, which is close to St Kilda. It is exceedingly difficult to land on that small island in any weather, from the swell of the sea and the steepness of the shore; but I determined to go to the top. We landed on the south side. With the end of a rope around my waist, the other end being held by a man on shore, I leaped on the rocks and climbed up the cliffs at the base, assisted by a pull when needful from a man, who now preceded me. At a short distance up, the

rocks became less regular. Great masses of stone spring tower-like out of the ground, and blocks of all sizes are crowded together on the steep acclivity. An old man called *MacRuaridh* or the Son of Rory acts as my guide; and although he totters on level ground, he goes up the hill without any difficulty. About half way up, amongst masses of huge blocks of stone, he shews me an old house which tradition says was made by one Duncan in ancient times. Close to this antique bothy are three houses equally primitive, in which the women pluck and store the feathers. Farther up, the steep ground is covered with a rich crop of grass, which affords sustenance to a flock of sheep of a peculiar breed. They are of a fawn colour, and are very wild. They run like deer; and are only caught to be plucked. They belong to the proprietor of the island. By means of a gentle ascent, I reached the highest part of the island, which terminates abruptly in a cliff one thousand and thirty-one feet in height. Far down I could just distinguish two of our crew, who were busy catching fulmars on the rocks, and the boat floating like a tiny mussel-shell at the base. These afforded a kind of standard by which to estimate the height of this stupendous crag. MacRuaridh and I sat and rested for a little on the verge of the cliff; but he soon grew tired of doing nothing, and began to peer over the edge in search of young fulmars, some of which he saw on a cliff adjacent, and caught.

Having caught as many fulmars as he could carry, we descended to the rocks where we had landed. The sea had risen considerably since that time. After waiting for about two hours, the boat came round the island heavily laden with fulmars. Some of the crew (there were twelve in all) had got into her on the other side. But four or five came down the rocks to where I was, and cast anxious looks at the boat and at the waves, that came sweeping along from the west at a right angle with the shore. Two young men sat on the top of the cliff, each holding a rope, by the help of which the others slid into the boat. Then came my turn. A line was fastened around my waist, and a hair-rope put into my hand. I was peremptorily requested to take off my shoes; and as I descended, I pushed my toes into any crevice or cranny that offered, until the rock became so smooth that I could find no hold for my feet. Then I was obliged to be passive, and allowed myself to be lowered like a sack until I reached a small limpet-covered shelf on which the waves rose about knee-deep. 'Jump! Jump!' shout the crew; and when the boat mounts on the wave, I leap, and fall in a heap amongst the fulmars—all right. The air was quite calm, but the sea continued to rise, and the boat was in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces against the wall. At one time she became altogether unmanageable, and was forced by the sea into a place where the rocks were under her bottom, and caused several hard bumps. The water too began to pour over the gunnel, and I thought that every wave would send us to the bottom. It being impossible to get the two men on board at that spot, the boat was rowed along to a cliff farther south. The waves were quite as wild there; but a double line having been passed around a projecting stone, and the ends held firmly in the boat, the two men slid down and pulled the rope after them. A few strokes of the oars carried us out of danger. In the excursion I experienced no little exhaustion. A morsel of cheese and a bit of oat-cake was all I had tasted during the day, as I had hurried off without breakfast. It was dark when we reached the village.

THE TWELFTH RIG.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—THE FLIGHT.

All next day Eliza was paler than her wont; her face wore a restless troubled expression, and she went about the house in an absent preoccupied manner, very different from usual.

Mary Conlan, who watched her face all day, thought that the omens of the night before, which seemed to indicate some dire misfortune, had roused her to serious reflection, and that she was making up her mind to abandon all thoughts of Crofton for ever, and return to her allegiance to Hogan, hoping it might yet be possible to avert the threatened evil.

Yet whatever her thoughts may have been, that evening found Eliza in the garden as usual, glancing up and down the road; and twilight saw her leaning over the gate engaged in earnest conversation with Crofton. Thus on each succeeding evening she might be seen. Those who had known her from a child came to her with advice and warnings. But some stood aloof and shook their heads. 'Sure, it's no use,' they said. 'She can't help the doom that's on her, poor thing; best leave her alone.'

Her father, too, seriously remonstrated with her. He did not indeed know how frequent her meetings with Crofton were, for he, worthy man, was generally napping in his chair after his day's labour when the interviews at the garden-gate took place; still, he had heard and seen enough to make him very uneasy. Even supposing that Crofton were in earnest and wished to marry Eliza, he felt sure that such an unequal marriage would not bring happiness to her in any way. And besides, he had set his heart on her wedding Hogan, whom he cordially liked, with whom he could trust her; and everything would be open and straightforward, she living on the spot, and among the people with whom she had been brought up. He tried to represent the thing clearly to Eliza, how Charles Crofton's family would be offended, and how he would needs break his engagement to Miss Courtney. He tried to shew her all the unpleasantness that must result.

She heard him in a silence that seemed dogged, pouting her lips when he spoke of the advantage

she would have in always remaining amongst them as Hogan's wife. In the same manner she listened to all the rest who spoke to her on this subject; but no promise could be extracted from her to discontinue her meetings with Crofton. From that time, however, the garden interviews were given up, but only, as it appeared, for a more secret meeting-place.

One evening after dusk, as Hogan was walking along a path between some fields, he heard voices behind the hedge. He stood still a moment. He could not mistake that tone, with its accent of refinement. It was certainly Crofton and Eliza. They seemed as if taking leave of each other. He could not overhear their words, save a few disconnected ones.

'To-morrow morning,' Crofton was saying, 'before any one'—— The remainder of the sentence was lost.

Then came Eliza's voice, low and somewhat tremulous; and Crofton again, in tender impassioned tones. Then there was a few moments' silence, and they seemed to part. But the footsteps returned, and again he heard their voices, as if they could not bear to tear themselves from each other without more last fond words and (Hogan clenched his hand as the suggestion arose) caresses. A low murmur only reached him now, followed by another short silence. How was it filled up? he wondered; and he ground his teeth in anger, and the hot blood mounted to his forehead. Steps now came along by the hedge. He walked on. He knew Crofton was behind him. In a few minutes the latter came up, and as he passed, looked at Hogan sharply, with an expression of annoyance on his handsome face; but he said gaily, though with a touch of insolence in his tone: 'Wandering absorbed in thoughts of love, Hogan; or only considering what crops you will sow this year? Which, may I inquire?'

'It doesn't concern any one but myself, I think, sir; but my thoughts are honest at anyrate.'

'Which means that somebody else's aren't, and I suppose I am that somebody. But I assure you, my good fellow, I haven't the slightest intention of filching anything from your barns, or committing other depredation upon you.'

'I don't know,' muttered Hogan, as the other passed on whistling an air.

'She must pass just now,' he said to himself, and stopping, leaned on part of a broken wall, half concealed from view. In a little while he heard the rustle of a dress and a light tread. Eliza came by, a bright flush on her cheek. She started a little on seeing him; then with a nod and a careless 'Good-evening,' was going on, when he detained her.

'You've just parted from Mr Crofton?' he said.

'Well,' she answered, looking full at him; 'and what then?'

'Eliza!' he burst out passionately, 'is it all over between us? Tell me at once, and crush me with one word. I would rather know. This suspense is more than I can bear. It is killing me.'

She hesitated. 'Well, Will, I suppose so.'

'You suppose so! You can say it thus coolly, and call me by the name you used to speak so tenderly once, and not so long ago either. O Eliza!' His voice fairly broke down, and he covered his face with his hand.

She stood by, her cheeks a deep crimson, her eyes cast down, beating her palm with a flower she held, a rare hot-house flower. Hogan knew well who had given it to her.

'And will he marry you?' he asked.

She ceased the restless movement and looked up quickly.

'Will he marry me?' she repeated indignantly. 'Will I marry him? Ask that, rather. *He* thinks the compliment's there.'

'He is so much above you, Eliza. Take care you are not making your own misery. I speak now only as a friend, one interested in your welfare. Oh, take care; I warn you before it is too late!' {317}

She stamped her foot on the ground in sudden anger, and her eyes flashed.

'I am sick of these warnings!' she exclaimed. 'I'm not bound to stand here and listen to them from you; and what's more, I won't either!' She darted past him and sped swiftly along the path.

'Good-bye, then, Eliza,' called he after her. 'And may you never feel the sorrow and desolation that I do this evening.'

But she neither stopped nor glanced round at him. He walked on, sighing as he went. The chill November wind whistled drearily over the fields; it was November too in his heart. All that night he lay sleepless, tossing about, unable to find rest for body or mind. At one instant he was cursing him who had alienated the heart that had once been wholly his own, vowing vengeance, and resolving to wrest Eliza from him by some means, before it was too late. The next moment, he bitterly reproached her for her faithlessness, called her vain, worldly, worthless, undeserving of serious love; half hoped she might suffer for her treatment of him, and proudly resolved to think no more of her; then groaning, and covering his face with his hands, as the thought of all she had been to him rushed overwhelmingly over his mind, and he felt how impossible it would be to forget her.

Next morning it was later than usual when he rose, for about daybreak he had slumbered a little. On going out, whether by accident or design, his steps turned in the direction of Daly's farm, and his eyes sought the window of Eliza's apartment. It seemed to him that there was an unusual commotion in the house. Figures moved hurriedly about the rooms and flitted past the windows.

As he gazed up, the house-door was suddenly thrown open, and some of the farm-servants, who slept in the house, rushed out and ran down the garden. At the same instant, Daly appeared, his face pale and full of distress and agitation. Hogan hurried forward, some half-formed fear and alarm in his mind, to ask what was the matter. On seeing him, Daly exclaimed: 'She's gone, gone from us for ever! disappeared during the night!'

'Who?' cried Hogan. 'Not Eliza? It can't have come to that so soon! You don't mean that she has fled, fled with *him*?' He asked the question in a kind of desperation, hoping against hope and probability, for what else could the words he had heard mean?

'Yes; fled, and of a certainty with Mr Crofton,' answered Daly.

'But they may be overtaken. Let us try to save her before it is too late.'

'It is too late, I'm afraid. From what I am told, she must have left about four o'clock this morning. Mary says she heard a slight stir in the house about that time, but didn't mind it then.'

Hogan turned away, and walked to a little distance. 'Gone!' he murmured in accents of deep despair.

At that moment Mary Conlan ran up to her uncle. She held a letter in her hand. 'See!' she exclaimed. 'We found this on the floor, under the table. It must have fallen down, and no one saw it till now.'

Daly seized it eagerly, and tearing it open, began to read. It seemed short, for after a minute or two he called to Hogan, and handed it to him.

It was from Eliza, addressed to her father. She began by saying that when he read it she would be the wife of Charles Crofton. As she saw that they would all be against her marriage with him—though why, she did not know, unless some didn't wish to see her in a position so different from their own; and as there would be so many obstacles from Mr Crofton's family, they thought it best to take this step, and avoid useless remonstrances. She then mentioned the church where they had been married that morning and the name of the clergyman. She hoped her father would not be angry. He oughtn't to be; for should he not be glad of her happiness and rejoice in her social elevation. 'Now good-bye, dear old dad,' she concluded. 'I know Mary will take good care of you; and believe that I am still your affectionate daughter, Eliza.—To-morrow, I may sign myself Eliza Crofton. Tell Will Hogan not to be fretting after me.'

'Careless and cold enough; isn't it?' said Daly sadly, as the other handed back Eliza's letter to him. 'I'm afraid she doesn't mind much what either of us feels, thinking of the grand life that's before her. I'll go to town at once and see if it's as she says.'

Hogan made no reply. He walked away; and when he had gone a little distance, threw himself down on the ground and groaned aloud in agony of spirit.

Daly's inquiries proved that the marriage had actually taken place that morning in the church Eliza mentioned. He was even shewn her signature in the book; and there remained not a doubt that she was actually the lawful wife of Charles Crofton. Daly felt a certain pride in his daughter's position; but he sorely missed her bright face and laughing teasing ways. He felt that he had lost his daughter for ever, and it sometimes almost seemed to him as if she had died.

As time went on, an occasional letter came, dated at first from London, afterwards from the continent; but they were as brief as they were far between, and told almost nothing. She hoped he was in good health. She was well, and seeing many things she had never even heard of before, and going into a great deal of gay society. This was usually their substance.

From the time of Eliza's departure, a great change came over Hogan. He grew so gloomy and irritable, that those with whom he had formerly been a favourite began gradually to shrink from him. Few will take misery as an excuse for broken spirits, and all steal away from the stricken one—

> As the ancients shunned the token
> Of a lightning-blasted tree.

But there was one who never avoided Hogan. Mary Conlan was often by his side, always ready with smiles and cheering words. She never alluded to his grief; but he saw by her actions and her sympathetic eyes how she felt for him in his sorrow. And though it seemed sometimes, when he turned from her with a dark brow and monosyllabic answer, that her task was an ungracious one, yet he blessed her in his heart that she still did not forsake him, and cherished the kind and gentle words she spoke as the only thing that made life not utterly a burden.

CHAPTER IV.—THE GLAMOUR FADES.

In an elegantly furnished apartment of one of the most fashionable hotels of Paris, a young lady sat alone. The rich sunshine of a warm July afternoon streamed through the room. Now and then a gentle breeze strayed in at the open window beside which she was seated, and sounds of life, careless, outwardly happy life, floated upwards.

It was a brilliant and varied scene to look on: the handsome equipages dashing by, the gaily attired ladies, the city itself, of which the window commanded a fine view, with its sungilt trees and white glittering domes; a scene that might well attract the eye.

But this gazer, though beautiful and young, not more apparently than twenty years of age, one

for whom it might be supposed to have every attraction, appeared indifferent to it. Her attitude, as she leaned back in her chair, her head resting on its cushioned top, betokened weariness; and the beautiful large black eyes fixed so wistfully, appeared to look far away and beyond what lay before her. It might be that it was a scene she was well accustomed to from childhood—that she was worn out after last night's gaiety. Yet she did not look like a born Parisian. There was a light in those eyes that seemed as if reflected from limpid, rippling streams, a something about that form which told of mountains and heath-covered paths. She roused herself from her reverie with a deep sigh and sat upright in her chair.

'Oh, if I could see it once again!' she murmured, 'the dear old place, and my father and all the familiar faces! It is a long time since I wrote to him. I never care to do it, because I can tell him nothing. Yet why should I not? What a relief it would be if I might freely unburden my heart to some one! I must do it.'

She rose, and walking to a small writing-table, unlocked the desk that stood on it and took out a letter. It was written in a large masculine hand. She read it over with fond brimming eyes, then seated herself at the table, and taking a sheet of paper, began to write rapidly, seldom pausing for consideration, as if she wrote straight down the thoughts that were in her mind. The letter abounded in fond expressions of love and interest, that seemed as if wrung from a sad home-sick heart.

'I sometimes think,' she wrote, 'in the morning when I awake, that I am at home, and fancy I hear the loud chirping of the birds among the ivy round my window, the lowing of the cattle, your voice in the yard talking to the labourers, and all the sounds that used to rouse me. Shall I never, never hear any of these again? I left them heedlessly, thinking only of *him* and the life of enjoyment I was going to. I do not think I cast one parting glance on the hills and fields that last evening, nor pressed a warmer kiss than usual on your cheek at night. There seemed some glamour over me that I could not resist, and that made me cold and unfeeling to all but the one. It is a just retribution that I should pine to return now, when I never can. He may tell me that I shall yet be there as mistress of Crofton Hall; but shall I? Something in my heart tells me that I shall see it never, nevermore! Would you know me now, I wonder, if you saw me? I am changed, I think, but the change within is the greatest of all. I can hardly recognise myself sometimes, as the same lively, thoughtless Eliza Daly.'

She then went on to tell how she had at first enjoyed her entrance into society. It was plain that she had been greatly admired, and that she had been able to adapt herself quickly to her new sphere in life. But as her triumph became less new, spots began to tarnish its brightness. With the murmurs of admiration and praise that reached her ears, scornful reflections on her humble birth were mingled; and she began to notice a tinge of condescension in the manner of many towards her, which at first, when absorbed in delight at the novelty and grandeur of everything, had not struck her. It was not possible even that with all her native quickness and tact, the humble farmer's daughter could at once be transformed into the polished lady, and so occasionally slight breaches of etiquette were observable, which did not fail to excite criticism. She would have thought much less about all this, only she saw how her husband was annoyed by it. She found too that remarks which she made in conversation frequently displeased him. He would accuse her of being too *naïve*, and of allowing her ignorance of some things with which she should be familiar, and her familiarity with others of which she ought to be ignorant, to appear. At first he would reprove her laughingly; but gradually, whenever she offended, with more and more displeasure. She soon learned to seal her lips on such subjects, and appear to know no more of the ways among which she had been brought up than any of them—learned even to deny all knowledge of the familiar spot itself.

But the gloss had gone from her pleasure, and she saw that it was also fading from something more valued still—her husband's love. She feared that he was becoming tired of her. She had amused him for a while, and he had lavished the most passionate fondness on her; but that was past now. She thought he repented, and was ashamed of the unequal match he had made; and she resolved that her presence by his side should no longer remind people of it and wound his pride. She absented herself from every gaiety. At first he would ask her to accompany him as usual, and seem surprised when she refused; but he never pressed her. He thought, or feigned to think, it was because of delicate health she would not go; but she knew that he was glad.

Withdrawn from the excitement in which she had lately lived, her spirits sank, and as they did so, her husband grew more and more careless and indifferent. Still, he was never unkind. He brought her presents and indulged every fancy; but she could not be content with the light good-nature that prompted this. She was dependent on him only, and he left her alone and unhappy, scarcely seeming to know that she was so, or betraying impatience at it.

As she finished her letter, the outpouring of a sad disappointed heart, which has found in the reality so mournful a contrast to the bright ideal, her tears fell heavily one by one. When she wrote the direction on the envelope, she sobbed aloud, and buried her face in her hands. In a few minutes she composed herself to read over what she had written. Having done so, she paused and seemed to consider.

'No; I will not send it,' she said aloud. 'It would be a comfort to me to get the affectionate reply I know I should from him, but it would grieve him too much to think I was unhappy. It must not go.'

She was about to tear it across; but a sudden thought stayed her hand. She folded it up and placed it in the envelope. 'If I die, let them send it to him. And stay! I will put a little piece of my hair in it.' She took up a pair of scissors, and going to the glass, severed a glossy curl. She folded it in a piece of paper, and wrote, 'With Eliza's love;' then laid it within the letter, which she sealed

with black wax, and instantly locked her desk.

As she did so the door opened, and her husband entered. He threw himself on one of the couches with some commonplace remark, such as people make when they think it incumbent on them to say something, but are urged by no impulse from the heart.

'Paris is beginning to shew signs of getting thin,' he continued lazily. 'We must leave it soon. I think of Rome for the winter. What do you say?'

'I have no objection,' she answered, trying to speak cheerfully; but there was a tremble in her voice, and something that seemed to strike him as unusual, for he turned round and looked at her.

'What is the matter?' he asked.

'Nothing; there is nothing the matter with me.'

'Very well; that's all right.' He closed his eyes.

She stood looking at him wistfully. Though her own love had grown dim and faint as his for her, and another face—that of him whom she had turned from in her infatuation—was ever before her, yet the change pained her. She went to him, and taking his hand, said gently, but with a thrill in her voice that told of deep emotion: 'Do you remember that evening—it is nearly a year ago now—when you first told me that you loved me, and asked me to be your wife? I was frightened, and said it was impossible the thing could ever be; but you knelt at my feet, and declared that the happiness of your life depended on me.'

'Well, of course. And what then?' he answered, somewhat impatiently.

'It does not now, I'm afraid.'

'Oh, do not talk such nonsense, dear. I was courting you then; but now such raptures and declarations would be ridiculous. *You* are altered. You always meet me with a sad face now. It is not very pleasant, I assure you.' He spoke peevishly, and getting up, walked to the window, and stood looking out with a discontented brow.

She followed him and laid her hand on his arm. 'Oh, do not—do not withdraw your love altogether from me!' she said pleadingly. 'You are all I have. Think of all I left to go with you.'

'All you left!' he repeated. 'And did I leave nothing, give up nothing for your sake?' There was a bitterness in his tone as he asked the question, and she perceived it.

'Oh, yes, yes; I know you did,' she answered. 'Much; and that is what grieves me; because I fear,' she added in a lower tone, 'that if it were to do again you might act differently.'

'Oh, don't bother yourself and me with such fancies. Of course I do not, and never can regret that step. There; let us say no more about it. I'm going to the Opera to-night. Will you come? You are moping yourself to death.'

She hesitated. She felt no inclination to go, but she thought it might be some real concern for her that made him ask, instead of the careless good-nature, more than half selfishness perhaps, which disliked to see sorrow on any face near him, because it made things less bright for him. She consented to go.

'Very well,' he said. 'It is time for you to get ready; and don't let me see red circles round your eyes again. You do not look so pretty when you cry, Eliza.' He bent down, and pressed a light kiss on her cheek.

RING LORE.

To Mr W. Jones' book on *Finger Ring Lore*, Historical, Legendary, Anecdotal, just published by Chatto and Windus (price 7s. 6d.), we are indebted for the following gossip, which may interest our readers.

In speaking of wedding-rings, we learn that these important symbols have not always been manufactured from the precious metal, gold. We are told that in lieu of a ring the church key has often been used; and Walpole tells of an instance where a curtain-ring was employed. The Duke of Hamilton fell so violently in love with the younger of the celebrated Misses Gunning at a party in Lord Chesterfield's house, that two days after he sent for a parson to perform the marriage ceremony; but as the Duke had neither license nor ring, the clergyman refused to act. Nothing daunted, Hamilton declared 'he would send for the Archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour past twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel.' Forgetful bridegrooms have been reduced to greater straits than this even; in one instance a leather ring had, on the spur of the moment, to be cut out of a piece of kid from the bride's glove. A tragic story of a forgotten wedding-ring is told in the *Lives of the Lindsays*. When he should have been at church, Colin Lindsay, the young Earl of Balcarres, was quietly eating his breakfast in nightgown and slippers; when reminded that Mauritia of Nassau was waiting for him at the altar, he hurried to church, but forgot the ring; a friend present gave him one, which he, without looking at, placed on the bride's finger. After the ceremony was over, the countess glanced at her hand and beheld a grinning Death's-head on her ring. She fainted away; and the omen made such an impression on her, that on recovering, she declared she was destined to die within the year; a

presentiment that probably brought about its own fulfilment, for in a few months the careless Colin was a widower.

In medieval annals and ballads we find very frequent allusions to 'token'-rings; that is, rings given to prove identity; as knightly gages, like the ring of the 'Fair Queen of France' that James wore at Flodden; as pledges, &c. Many examples might be given of these uses of rings. Perhaps as good as any are the two memorable instances in Queen Elizabeth's life. She was peculiarly unfortunate in her token-rings. When Essex was in her favour she gave him a ring, saying that if ever he forfeited her esteem, and sent back this signet, the sight of it would insure her forgiveness. The story is well known how, when Essex lay in prison, doomed to death, he sent the ring to the Queen; but Lady Nottingham intercepted it, and Essex was allowed to die. Recent documents tend to prove the truth of the romantic ending of this story, that when the dying and repentant Countess told the Queen how she had kept back the ring, the effect on Elizabeth was so overpowering that she died three days afterwards. The Virgin Queen's other historical token-ring was one of the many gems that passed between her and Mary Queen of Scots. She sent Mary part of a ring, with a promise similar to that in the case of Essex; but though Mary, previous to her fatal journey into England, wrote reminding Elizabeth of her promise, we all know how little effect it had.

Bequests of rings in wills, as memorials, were frequent in the middle ages as well as now. The sapphire ring that Mary sent from Fotheringay, just before her execution, to Lord Claude Hamilton is still in Hamilton palace; M'Gowan the antiquary had another of the rings she distributed among her faithful attendants, which the *Times* in 1857 traced to Broadstairs. Sir Henry Halford gave Sir Walter Scott a lock of Charles I.'s hair, which Scott wore in a virgin gold setting with 'Remember' embossed upon it. Instances could easily be multiplied, but one deserves special mention. The metal of the ball that slew Nelson was divided into three and set in gold; on the lead in each was cut a basso-relievo half-bust of the great admiral. Many special memorial rings of Nelson were made about Trafalgar-time, but none so interesting as these.

Besides other curious matter, Mr Jones gives us notices of the customs and incidents in connection with rings, and many anecdotes of remarkable rings, amongst the more remarkable of which were 'the wedding of the Adriatic' by the Doge dropping a ring into the bosom of the sea; the 'death-rings' of Borgia and the medieval Italian poisoners; the part rings have played in identifying the living and the dead, as when Cœur-de-Lion, returning from Palestine in disguise, was recognised at Gazara in Slavonia by his ring. The body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, cast up after a storm on the rocks of Scilly in 1707, was identified by his emerald ring, and was removed to Westminster Abbey. Rings have saved life, have promoted diplomatic relations with semi-civilised nations, have been used as bribes; in short, have played an important part on many different occasions. The *refusal* of a bribe-ring was the first step on the ladder by which the herdsman's son climbed up to be Earl Godwin and the father of a king.

Rings have been lost and found in many strange ways: a matron of East Lulworth lost her ring one day; two years afterwards she found it inside a potato! A calf sucked off the ring of Mrs Mountjoy of Brechin: she kept the calf for three years, and when it became veal, or rather beef, the ring was found in its inside. Moore tells us, in his *Life of Byron*, of the interesting recovery of the ring his lordship's mother had lost many years before, and which the gardener brought in just as Byron got the letter containing Miss Millbanke's answer to his proposal of marriage. 'If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring,' exclaimed Byron, before reading the lady's acceptance of his offer. Solomon's ring, and the story Herodotus gives us of the recovery of Polycrates' ring from the inside of a fish, are the first examples of a great array of like legends. Glasgow got the salmon and the ring in her city arms from a recovery of this kind, of which, however, there are several conflicting accounts. In former pages of this *Journal* we have noticed curious losses and subsequent recoveries of rings; and those who are further interested in the subject will find much entertaining matter in the volume before us.

MOTHER GOOSE.

This, it seems, is no fanciful name got up to please children. There was a real Mrs Goose, or as she was familiarly called, Mother Goose, who signalised herself by her literature for the nursery. We learn this rather curious fact from an American newspaper, the *Congregationalist*, which, in describing a Christmas festival at the Old South Street Church, Boston, enters pretty largely into a biography of the lady. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born at Charlestown, where she resided until her marriage with Isaac Goose, when she became step-mother to ten children. As if that was not a sufficient family to look after, she by-and-by added six children of her own to the number, making sixteen 'goslings' in all. It was rather a heavy handful, and we do not wonder that she poured out her feelings in the celebrated lines—

> There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
> She had so many children she didn't know what to do.

To entertain her young flock, Mrs Goose was in the habit of telling little stories in prose and verse, and singing songs, which were highly relished. Though tasked, she spent on the whole an agreeable existence. Her children having grown up, she was very much at her ease. Her daughter Elizabeth became the wife of Thomas Fleet, a printer in a small way in Boston. With this

daughter, Mrs Goose, now a widow, went to live, and had the satisfaction of singing her old songs to an infant grandson. Now begins the literary history of Mother Goose. Fleet, the son-in-law, was a shrewd fellow, and, as a printer, he thought he might turn the penny by noting down granny's nursery songs, and selling them in a cheap and attractive form. They were issued in a book under the title, 'Songs for the Nursery; or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers.' This title-page also bore a large cut of a veritable goose, with wide open mouth, shewing that the proverbial irreverence of sons-in-law is not a thing of recent origin. We are told that old Mother Goose did not resent the pictorial illustration, but took it just as sweetly as she had taken all the other trials of life. Possessing her soul in patience, and gladdening the hearts of grandchildren, she lived until 1757, dying at the advanced age of ninety-two. There, then, as we are assured, is the true history of Mother Goose. How the little books which she originated have spread over the world, need not be specified.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART, NO. 699 ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all

the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

> This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable

taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless

from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make

donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.