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Title: Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art, No. 715

Author: Various

Editor: Robert Chambers

Editor: William Chambers

Release date: August 14, 2015 [EBook #49703]

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. 715 \*\*\*

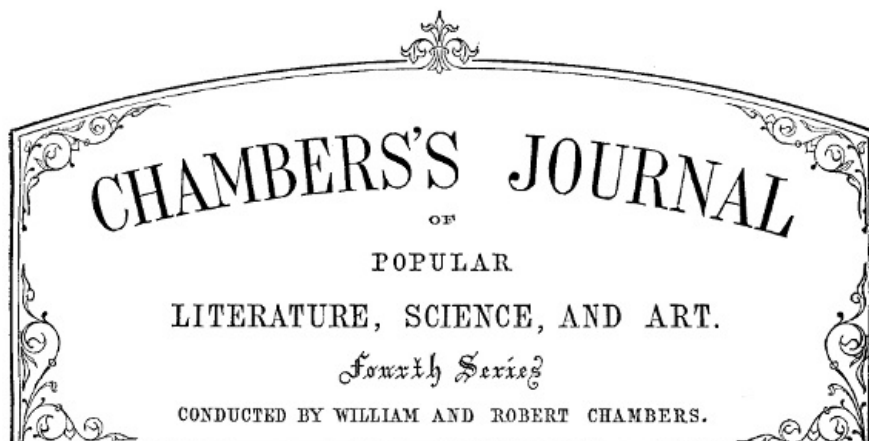
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**CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL  
OF  
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## FOREIGNERS' ENGLISH.

At all the tourist-towns abroad British visitors are much looked for; and it is amusing to see the mode in which inscriptions and advertisements are drawn up in English, or what is supposed to be English, for the sake of riveting the attention of possible guests or customers belonging to the 'nation of shopkeepers.' Many tourists have taken copies of these curiosities, which have afterwards found their way into print in various forms.

Hotels are famous for these curiosities: the variety of languages spoken by the visitors supplying a reason for this. The 'Drei Mohren' (Three Moors) hotel at Augsburg has the following entry in the visitors' book: 'January 28th, 1815; His Grace Arthur Wellesley, &c. &c. &c.; great honour arrived at the beginning of this year to the three Moors; this illustrious warrior, whose glorious achievements, which, cradled in India, have filled Europe with his renown, descended in it.' At the 'Trois Allies' hotel, Salzburg, some few years ago, mine host invited English visitors by the following announcement: 'George Nelböck begs leave to recommend his hotel to the Three Allied, situated vis-a-vis of the birth-home of Mozart, which offers all comforts to the meanest charges.' The prepositions *at* and *to* are great stumbling-blocks to such concocters of English sentences and phrases; the pronouns *which* and *who* not much less so. An hotel-keeper at Rastadt bestowed great pains on an announcement which with many others was exhibited in the entrance passage or hall: 'The underwritten has the honor of informing the public that he has made the acquisition of the hotel to the Savage, well situated in the middle of this city. He shall endeavor to do all duties which gentlemen travellers can justly expect; and invites them to please to convince themselves of it by their kind lodgings at his house'—signed 'Basil Singisem, before the tenant of the hotel to the Stork in this city.' If the good man had hit upon 'Savage Hotel' and 'Stork Hotel' he would have been a little more intelligible.

The circular of an Italian host, printed in four languages, discourses thus to English visitors concerning the excellences of the hotel 'Torre di Londra,' Verona: 'The old inn of London's Tower, placed among the more agreeable situation of Verona's course, belonging at Sir Theodosius Trianoni, restor'd by the decorum most indulgent to good things, of life's eases; which are favored from every acts liable at inn same, with all object that is concerned, conveniency of stage coaches, proper horses, but good forages, and coach houses. Do offers at innkeeper the constant hope, to be honored from a great concourse, where politeness, good genius of meats, round table, coffee-house, hackney coach, men servant of place, swiftness of service, and moderation of prices, shall arrive to accomplish in Him all satisfaction, and at Sirs, who will do the favor honoring him with a very assur'd kindness.' No doubt 'Sir Theodosius' took some pride in this composition.

The card of an old inn at Paris some years ago contained the announcement, 'Salines baths at every o'clock;' and of another, 'The wines shall leave you nothing to hope for.' In an hotel at Mount Sinai, on the fly-leaf of the visitors' book, English travellers are informed that 'Here in too were inscribed all whose in the rule of the year come from different parts, different cities and countries, pilgrims and travellers of any different rank and religion or profession, for advice and notice thereof to their posterity, and even also in ovr own of memory, acknowledging.'

On one of the slopes of Mount Etna, at a height of more than nine thousand feet above the sea, is a house built of lava, containing three small rooms and a shed for mules. Up to that point tourists and explorers can ascend on mules, but the remainder of the climb must be made on foot. Hence the desirability of having some building in which mules and muleteers may sojourn for a time, while their hirers or employers are wending their laborious way up to the volcanic summit. When an English force occupied Sicily in 1811, the three brothers Gemmellaro, the most indefatigable of explorers and describers of Etna, obtained from the commanding officer the aid of some of the soldiers (probably sappers and miners) in building the lava house above adverted to; giving it, in compliment, the name *Casa degli Inglesi* or 'English House.' Provided with a few humble pieces of furniture, it is placed at the service of visitors, who must bring their own food and fuel with them, and bedding if they wish to pass a night there. The key is kept at a house at the foot of the mountain, the residence (lately if not even now) of a member of the Gemmellaro family; it must be applied for when required, and returned when done with, accompanied by a signed certificate declaring that the liberal accommodation has not been abused. Printed notices are hung on the walls of the casa in various languages; one of which, in English, informs English-speaking visitors that 'In consequence of the damage suffered in the house called English, set on the Etna, for the reprehensible conduct of some persons there recovered,' certain regulations are laid down. Visitors, when applying for the key, must give name, title, and country, and must at the same time 'tell the guide's and muleteer's names, just to drive away those who have been so rough to spoil the movables and destroy the stables. It is not permitted to any body to put mules into rooms destined for the use of people, notwithstanding the insufficiency of stables. It is forbidden likewise to dirtes the walls with pencil or coal. M. Gemmellaro will provide a blank book for those learned people curious to write their observations. A particular care must be taken for the movables settled in the house.... Persons neglecting to execute the above articles will be severely punished, and are obliged to pay damage and expenses.' A significant hint winds up the announcement: 'It is likewise proper and just to reward M. Gemmellaro for the expense of movables and for the advantages travellers may get to examine the Volcan.'

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As English travellers will go whithersoever there is anything to be seen, hotel-keepers look out for them near buried cities as well as near volcanic mountains. The following was copied by a tourist from a card for English visitors, prepared by the host of an establishment at or near the excavations of Pompeii: 'That hotel, open since a very few days, is renowned for the cleanness of

the apartments and linen; for the exactness of the service; and for the excellence of the true French cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families whatever, which will desire to reside alternately in that town, to visit the monuments new found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air. That establishment will avoid to all travellers, visitors of that sepult city, and to the artists (willing draw the antiquities) a great discordance, occasioned by the tardy and expensive contour of the iron way. People will find equally thither, a complete sortiment of stranger wines, and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables and coach-houses, the whole with very moderate price. Now, all the applications and endeavors of the hoste will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers, which will acquire without doubt to him, in that town, the reputation whome he is ambitious.' The landlord's meaning is pretty clear, in spite of his funny English, save in relation to 'the tardy and expensive contour of the iron way,' which however, may have a vague reference to railways.

A refreshment house at Amsterdam sells 'upright English ginger-beer'—the Dutch word for 'genuine,' *opregt*, having led to a muddling of the English.

Shopkeepers will naturally be as desirous as hotel-keepers to draw the attention of possible customers who are more likely to read English than any other language. A firm at Marseilles, claiming a good repute for their preparation of the liqueur called *Vermuth*, have labels on some of their bottles to the following effect: 'The Wermouth is a brightly bitter and perfumed with additional and good vegetable white wine. This is tonic, stimulant, febrifuge, and costive drinking; mixed with water it is aperitive, refreshing, and also a powerful preservative of fivers; those latter are very usual in warmth countries, and of course that liquor has just been particularly made up for that occasion.' It is quite certain that M. Lapresté, a restaurateur at Versailles, said exactly what he did not mean in the following announcement; by confounding the French *prévenir* with the English *prevent*: 'To Rendezvous of Museum, Arms Place, 9, Lapresté Restorer, has the honor of preventing the travellers that they will be helpt at his house, or a head, or at choice.' The original may usefully be given here, to shew how perplexed the host must have been in his attempted translation: 'Au Rendez-vous du Musée, Place d'Armes, 9, Lapresté, Restaurant, a l'honneur de prévenir MM. les voyageurs, qu'on est servi, chez lui, à la carte ou par tête, au choix.' At Rouen an announcement is remarkable for the odd way of expressing 'London Stout'—namely, 'Stoughtonlondon.' A bath-keeper at Basle informs his English visitors that 'In this new erected establishment, which the Ouner recommends best to all foreigners, are to have ordinary and artful baths, russia and sulphury bagnios, pumpings, artful mineral waters, gauze lemonads, furnished apartmens for patients.' A French advertisement relating to a house to be let, with immediate possession, takes this extraordinary form: 'Castle to praise, presently.' Those who know the twofold meaning of the verb *louer* in French will see how this odd blunder arose. A dentist at Honfleur 'renders himself to the habitations of these wich honor him with their confidence and executes all wich concarns his profession with skill and vivacity.'

At Frankfort-on-the-Main, 'M. Reutlinger takes leave to recommande his well-furnished magazin of all kind of travelling-luggage and saddle-work.' Affixed to a pillar outside the Théâtre Français, some years ago, was a bill or placard: 'Hardy Cook, living to the Louvre on the West Gate under the Vestibule, old emplacement of late M. Kolliker. He will serve you with list, and he has parlours and privates rooms, receives Society, and has always some Shoueroute and Distfers of Cancall.' Inscrutable words these last, certainly. At Havre, local regulations for the convenience of visitors are printed in various languages; English people are informed that 'One arrangement can make with the pilot for the walking with roars.' 'Pilot' for 'guide' is not far amiss; but 'roars' as an English equivalent for 'ramparts' (if that is meant) is odd enough; and if not, the enigma is just as formidable. The much-used French *on* evidently increased the difficulty of the poor translator.

A Guide to Amsterdam was published in Holland, in English, some years ago; professing to be written, edited, or translated by an Englishman. Its style may be judged from the following specimen, relating to the manners and customs of many of the inhabitants on Sundays and holidays: 'They go to walk outside the town gates; after this walk they hasten to free public play gardens, where wine, thea, &c. is sold. Neither the mobility remains idle at these entertainments. Every one invites his damsel, and joyously they enter play gardens of a little less brilliancy than the former. There, at the crying sound of an instrument that rents the ear, accompanied by the delightful handle-organs and the rustic triangle, their devoirs are paid to Terpsichore. Everywhere a similitude of talents; the dancing outdoes not the music.'

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A Dutch volume containing many views in the Netherlands, with descriptions in three or four languages, claims credit for 'the exactness as have observed in conforming our draughts to the originals,' which (a hope is expressed) 'cannot fail to join us the general applause.' Of one village we are told, 'That village was renounced by the abandon of saulmons that were fiched there. That village is situated in a territory that afford abandon of fruits and corns.'

A small guide-book for English visitors to Milan cathedral is prefaced by the statement that, 'In presenting to the learned and intelligent publick this new and brief description of the cathedral of Milan, i must apprise that i do not mean to emulate with the works already existing of infinite merit for the notions they contain, and the perspicuity with which they are exposed.'

## PART I.

### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

'FATHER, where do you go away all day?' It was Charlie who spoke, clambering on his father's knee.

'I drive the coach, boy.'

'Coach? An' what is that?'

'Goodsooth, boy, thou hast seen a coach?'

'Ay, father—the coach an' four horses that runs to Grantham. You do not drive a thing like *that*?'

'Ay. And why not?'

The boy blushed scarlet. 'Why, father, you are Sir Vincent Fleming.'

'An' what o' that?'

'Then is it not against your pride to be a *coachman*?'

'Poor men must pocket pride, Master Charlie, as thou must learn some day.'

'Well, father, I like it not. Are you *so* poor, dear heart?'

'Ay, sweet heart, am I.'

'What makes ye so poor?'

'Ill luck, Master Charlie.'

'What in, is your ill luck, father?'

'In all things.'

'Dear heart alive, I'm sorry for ye! When I'm a man, father, you shall go no more a-coaching; *I* will work for you.'

'Ay, ay, my brave dear lad. I coach to win ye bread. We're poorer than the world thinks. But tell them not this, Master Charlie, or they will dun me.'

'Then I'll dun *them*!' cried the boy fiercely. 'I hate those bailiff fellows; if they come here, I'll shoot 'em!'

'We'll fight 'em together, boy. See that *thou* never hast the bailiffs at thy heels. Here is Deb, *Lady* Deb by courtesy. Mistress, my rose, say good-morning to me.'

But Deborah was already in her father's arms.

'Deb,' cries Charlie, 'father drives a coach!' Then seeing Deborah's round eyes: 'Now don't you clack, Deb; don't you go an' tell it to all the world, else they will dun father.'

'O me!' Then Deborah's eyes flashed. 'That they shall not—never again! But I tell you, father; I will coach beside you, and try to drive the four brave horses! I will not let you work alone!' Deborah's arms were round her father's neck; she showered kisses on his face.

'Off with ye!' cried Charlie, somewhat fiercely. 'You know that if any one should coach with father, I should—not a baby like to you.'

'Hush!' said Sir Vincent, laughing. 'Thou art ever ready to fight. I have spoiled ye both sadly; so Master Vicar tells me. But Deb, I cannot have thee to help me, little one. Get Dame Marjory to teach thee all the ins and outs of household work, and to trick thyself out bravely, so thou wilt be thy father's pride, my rose of Enderby!'

But Deborah laid her head on her father's breast, caressing him. 'Father, you love Charlie best—Charlie is your darling.'

'Who told thee so, sweet heart?'

'My own heart.'

'*Dost* love me best, father?' asked Charlie; he pushed his curly head up on to his father's shoulder, and looked up with arch eyes into his face.

Sir Vincent gazed at him. Ay, the father's rose lay upon his heart, his 'Lady Deb,' his darling; but that wilful rogue, that youthful inheritor of all his own wild freaks and follies, that young ne'er-do-weel, Charles Stuart Fleming, the plague of Enderby, was his own soul, the idol of his darkened life. Sir Vincent pushed him roughly away, and laid his hand on Deborah's fair hair. 'Love thee better? No; thou graceless rogue!' he said. 'I love thee both alike. Sweet Deb, thou art my darling too. Now be off with you both; and see that there is no more gipsying or ruffling it while I am away; for Jordan Dinnage shall have orders, if you disobey, to flog ye both with the rope's end; for nought but that, I fear me, will curb the villainy of either one. Good-bye, sweet hearts, an' see that ye stir not beyond the gates.'

The gipsies had vanished from that part of the country; not a trace of them was left; for they knew Sir Vincent Fleming well, and fled betimes. But Sir Vincent had not been gone three hours, when the restless roving Charlie was scouring round the park on his pony, and longing for some fresh adventure and wider bounds. Deborah and little Meg Dinnage were running after him, and urging on the pony with many a whoop and yell, with torn frocks and streaming hair.

'Deb,' cried the boy at last, pulling up, 'I am sick o' this. I am goin' to ride to Clarges Wood, to look for Will; I shall cut across yonder.'

'But you must not!' exclaimed Deborah; 'you have promised father not to go beyond the gate.'

'I have never promised that,' said Charlie hotly; 'father asked me no promise, an' I gave none. It is nothing o' the sort.' {564}

'Nathless it was a promise,' quoth little Deborah stoutly, glancing from Charlie to Meg Dinnage, and back in distress; 'for we said nought when father said: "An' see you stir not beyond the gates;" but I kissed him, an' I said: "I will not."'

'You did not say that, silly!'

'Nay, but to my own self I said it. Father has trusted us; so Dame Marjory says.'

'I care not for Dame Marjory. I gave no promise; nor am I afeard of a rope's end. If Jordan Dinnage beat me black an' blue, I'll go! But I'll not see Jordan till father comes home. Father loves me too well to have me flogged when he is by;' and with a laugh, Charlie turned his pony's head; but Deborah sprang after and caught the rein. 'Charlie, Charlie, stay!' she cried; 'father has trusted you to stay!'

But Charlie was across the boundary and far away; his laughter echoed back. Deborah flushed, the tears almost started as she gazed after him, but she kept them proudly back. Little Mistress Dinnage went up to her playmate and took her hand ('Mistress Dinnage,' as she was called for her little upstart ways and proud independence) and eyed Deborah curiously. 'Don't cry,' said she.

'Cry!' echoed Deborah scornfully; 'I'm not cryin'.'

'He's a bad boy,' said Mistress Dinnage gravely, with a nod of her head that way.

Deborah half rebelled at that, then: 'Charlie has broken his word!' and she flushed again. 'God will never love Charlie. The evil one will take Charlie to the bad place;' and the bright eyes glistened, but again the tears were stifled back.

'Not if my dad beats him,' said Mistress Dinnage consolingly; 'then he will be a good boy, and God will love him again.'

Deborah shook her head. 'Ah, Charlie will only be bad the more. He laughs at Master Vicar, and cares for nought. But don't tell your father, Meg, that Charlie's gone away; he will not be good the more for that; God will not love him better. Charlie must himself tell father, and that will make it right. So see that you don't tell Jordan, dear, for I am afraid to see my brave one beat; I had rather have Jordan beat me than him; it makes me *fear* to see Charlie beat.'

'An' me too,' said Mistress Dinnage, with infinite relief. 'We will not tell on Charlie; Charlie would call us "Sneak." Come an' play.'

And the two, putting aside their sorrows, cast care to the winds and danced away.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

A year or two have passed and there was joy in the bells of Enderby, and joy in the sun and flowers. Winter and summer, storm and sun, how sweetly the days fled by—the wild sweet days of childhood. The streams; the dark green woods; the blue and cloud-swept skies; the clear lagoons; the carol of birds in the gay early morning, from wood and field and holt; the father's call beneath the window, and then the long, long sun-bright day; the games; the 'make-believes;' tracking the wild Indians in the forest, hunting the chamois on the mountains—happy days, these!

Time passed on; Charlie was alternately sent to a public school and to a private tutor; he was expelled from the former, and ran away from the latter. The tender, but proud and stubborn heart was never reached; so the dogged will and headstrong passions remained uncurbed and uncontrolled, and Charlie Fleming too surely went from bad to worse. Three distracted governesses in succession gave up Lady Deb; their reigns were short and eventful.

Upon a certain day stood Deborah Fleming, watching for Charlie's coming. For a week past Charlie had daily ridden over to the neighbouring university town to 'read' with his cousin Kingston Fleming, who had just entered there, and being somewhat of the same stamp as himself, imagine how much 'reading' was accomplished! The lads came and went at all hours; sometimes at Enderby, sometimes away. To-day they were late. Deborah was weary. She wandered into the garden, between the high sunny walls, and threw herself on the warm grass amongst the daisies; she plucked a daisy idly, and grew intent over it, filliping away the leaves: 'He loves me, he loves not me!' and so forth. While thus musing, a tall fair youth, with a face browned by sun and wind, stole behind her, his whole countenance brimming over with merriment. Deborah instinctively turned her head. All her heart's blood rushed over her face, and her gray eyes flamed and dilated like a stag at bay; for one moment she glared at the youth, and then, before he could speak, was up and away. A peal of laughter followed her as she fled.

'Hi! what's the matter, King?' cried Charlie Fleming, swaggering up in his riding-gear. 'What is the cause of this immoderate laughter? Deb has flamed by me like a whirlwind; I tried to catch her.'

Still, for some moments, Kingston Fleming shouted with uncontrollable mirth, rolling on the grass. When he could speak, he said: 'You will never guess, Charlie! Yet it is a shame to tell you.'

And yet it is too rare a joke to keep! *Little Deb hath got a lover!* And with that, Kingston went off again.

'I came up unawares,' said he, 'an' my Lady Deb sat on the grass. "He loves me, he loves not me!" she said; not like Deb proud and haughty, but quite tender and subdued over it. She turned and saw me. Egad! how she blushed, and what a glare! Poor little Deb, she was distraught for shame and anger. I was a brute to laugh!

'I will roast her,' said Charlie. 'Deb a *lover*? Ha, ha, ha!'

'No; you shall not speak of it,' said Kingston, laying a heavy hand on Charlie's shoulder. 'On peril of your life, you shall not.'

Charlie laughed. 'Under that threat I must succumb. Perchance Deb has a sneaking liking for you, old King!'

'For *me*?' And Kingston had a fresh fit of laughter. 'Nay; Deb hates me like poison, and I think her the maddest little fury that ever stepped. Deb and I shall ne'er run together.'

But as for the maiden, she fled to her room like a little tempest, and lay along the floor half dead for shame. She could scarcely think, for when she thought, the blood rushed in eddying torrents to her head, and made her mad for anger and for shame; for more than aught on earth, was Deb shy of the dawn of love and Kingston's raillery. All day she kept her room. She watched from behind the curtains Kingston and Charlie ride away; she had not kissed Charlie that day or spoken to him; she heard him call out 'Good-bye, Deb.' Then he would not return that night. O Charlie, Charlie! And then she peered out, and heard Kingston's laugh, and saw his fair hair blown by the wind. The girl leaned out and watched them through the gateway. 'I love him,' she said to herself with mingled fire and softness; 'I love Kingston. But he will love *me* never—never!'

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Kingston laughed no more about Deborah's daisy: he was generous. The next day he was teasing, laughing, tormenting about a hundred things; and the child Deborah was chaffering and defying him in the wildest animal spirits. Dame Marjory shook her head; there was such a flying, scurrying, shouting, and such peals of laughter, not only from those three, but from the usually demure Mistress Dinnage who joined them, that the Dame could make nothing of them; they got worse and worse. Kingston Fleming was a wild youth, not one indeed calculated to steady his kinsman Charlie. Yet Kingston had good, and even noble impulses in those days: he was ambitious too; and at odd hours and by fits and starts, he worked hard, with the idea of fulfilling those ambitious dreams. But Charlie never worked at all; *his* dreams, if he had any, were not known. Himself caring little for any man, who cared for Charlie? Why, all who knew him loved him; they could scarce tell why. Old Jordan Dinnage, who had given him many a rough hiding, idolised the boy; young Margaret Dinnage, who had received many a rough word from him—well, young 'Mistress Dinnage' did deign to open the gates to Charlie Fleming's horse, though she would do so with a toss of her head and an assumed air of disdain. The maiden resented even then, though still a child in years, the full-blown compliments of the lad Kingston; but would redden, and her dark eyes would glow, when the boys passed by, if she only met the swift, shamed, furtive glance from two full red-brown eyes—the eyes of Charles Fleming.

On sunny mornings, when the lads rode unexpectedly into the courtyard of Enderby, there would be a whir-r-r-r of pigeons, lighting on the gabled roof; a blaze of sunshine on the great wych-elms; a murmur of bees; a smell of fruit and flowers; white-haired Sir Vincent standing in a stable-door; over the garden wall, Deborah and Margaret flying along the garden walk with arms linked in the 'maddest merriest dance,' set to the music of boisterous laughter. Those were happy days.

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## PART II.—NOON.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

'Hath he gone, Lady Deb? Hath Finton gone?' It was Dame Marjory who spoke, treading cautiously as she entered the young mistress's presence.

Deborah tossed her head, and gave a short laugh. 'Ay; he blustered, though. It is the third time he has come to dun father. My dame, these are hard times; but all may yet be well. Look you, I have saved *so* much for father; if Finton could see it, how his eyes would glitter like a wolf's. I hate that man; I hate all money-hunters. I care not if it be the law or not; it is dirty work! Take you this gold, dame; hide it well, lest I covet to buy a new gay scarf like Mistress Dinnage's. Away with it! and let me see the stuff no more.'

Dame Marjory took the gold, but she looked back over her shoulder, and her old eyes gleamed: '*Thou* to want for what Jordan's daughter has for askin'!' she said. 'What right has Mistress Dinnage to flaunt in silken scarfs—and *my* child, my mistress, my lady "rose o' Enderby" to pine and pine? My child!—and the old woman faced Deborah, and the hot fierce tears welled into her eyes—'I was wont to dress thee better than a queen; now, look at thy dress! What right, what call hath Sir Vincent Fleming's daughter to wear such dress as thine? A gipsy hag would scorn it! An' thy poor mother would have cursed the day that saw thee in this strait.'

'Hush, Marjory—hush!'

'I will not hush! It is thy father's an' thy brother's sin. I will not hush! O child, child, my heart is harried for thee!' And the old woman fell from her vehemence, and began to weep most bitterly.

Deborah softened at that; she flew to her nurse's side in wonderment, and kneeled at her feet in tender trouble. 'Dame, dame!' she said, 'it is not thy habit to give way to tears—and all for me, for *me*, dear dame, who am not worthy to have thee shed a tear! Hearken! Do you think I care to flaunt in silks? Do you think indeed Sir Vincent Fleming's daughter would wear fine feathers while *he* owed a penny? You might *then* weep for shame. But I am too proud for that. Now kiss me; and do not weep, oldest, truest friend. I cannot have thee weep!' Impossible to describe the tenderness of tone in those last words. Some thought Deborah Fleming cold, hard, haughty; they would not have thought so then.

Left alone, the girl resumed her gay debonair air. She gazed at herself in one of the long mirrors; she smiled and courtesied low, in mockery; then drawing herself up, she gazed again. Now Deborah would utter her thoughts aloud; it was a way she had. Regarding herself, she said: 'Nay; you are not fit; you cut a sorry figure in the world. She says truly. Yet what would you have me do? Beg borrowed plumes? Use ill-gotten gains? Would Deborah Fleming be the fairer for *that*? The fairer, perchance, but not the nobler. Oh, you are a sorry bird, Deb! The old barn-hen has a richer dress than *you*.' Then again, jerking her head upward once, twice, thrice: 'No wonder Kingston Fleming does not love you. "Master Kingston Fleming!" she added—and her lip curled with superb scorn—'loves fine dresses and silk shoes. He loves to see "beauty go beautifully." I am not a "Mistress May" or "Mistress Blancheflower."' With that, Deborah shot off all her satire; and laughing, tripped from the room.

In a few moments more she was running with the fleet foot of her childhood across meadow and holt, gay as a skylark. Presently she stopped, for in her course, with her back to a tree, stood a tall gipsy woman, with a red and yellow scarf upon her head. 'What do you here?' asked Deborah haughtily. The old scene in the camp came back; the fugitive retreat at night; she and Charlie and the old beldam huddled in a covered cart together; and outside, the tramp, tramp of horses and of men, and the mysterious jingle of pots and kettles, and the angry blows received from the old beldam for the noise she and Charlie made. The gipsy too recognised Deborah: this was not the child, though, who eyed her through the gate, but a proud imperious lady. In spite of the plain rough dress, the woman, with the nice discernment of a peasant and a gipsy, knew the lady, and the Lady of Enderby to boot. With unabashed impudence the gipsy stepped forward: 'I was waitin' to see ye, pretty lady.'

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'And what do you want with me?' asked Deborah. 'This place is not for such as you. Honest poor folk may seek me here, and welcome; not gipsy vagabonds and thieves. If you have a petition, refer it to the back door and the cook, not to Mistress Fleming.'

The woman turned aside her head; for the moment her dark face was distorted by impotent rage and passion; but when again turned on Deborah, it was calm. She darted forward and clasped her hands, for Deborah was passing on.

'I am no thief,' said the woman, with shortened breath. 'I am an honest woman, lady, an' honester than many folk that live in great housen, like yonder. Pretty lady, don't be so hard on the poor gipsy. I've had troubles I tell ye, to which yours are nought—an' I don't ask yer pity.'

'Then what do you ask?' asked Deborah, turning full upon her.

'Yer hand—to let me see yer hand.'

'For the sake of gold! I have no gold to give you.'

'Nay, for no gold,' said the woman eagerly; 'but to read yer fate. A silver piece will do it. There! I will tell ye yer fortune for that.'

'And to what end? Have *you* an interest in me? in one whom you would have gladly lured away to a life of sin and misery? or as a hostage for my father's gold? You have done me grievous wrong. You take too much heed by half to the interests of the Flemings, woman; it is for no good.'

'Yes,' said the gipsy, in a strange low tone, 'I take interest in ye, but *more* in yours. Lady, let me see yer hand. I tell ye I have interest in yer fate, and in the fate o' one yer soul loves. Come!'

'You shall not wheedle me into it,' said Deborah. 'If I consent to let you, it will be of mine own free-will and after thought, not from words of yours. Some tell me it is vain; some say that fortune-telling sells you to the evil one—that it is grievous sin to seek your fate by signs and stars. I am not of these opinions.' The girl seemed talking to herself; the gipsy watched her keenly.

'Yes,' said Deborah, looking up and full at her, 'you shall tell my fortune. But can you trust me for the money?'

'Yes.'

'And why?'

'Because ye can't tell a lie.'

'That is well. I believe in witchcraft; this is why I hear you. Had you not come here, I would sooner or later have sought you, because time is slow, is slow, woman, and I want to know my fate! I will not say God forgive me: it seems almost mockery to ask forgiveness on what my heart knows to be wrong.'

'*Wrong*, lady?'

'Yes, wrong!' cried the maid, striking her foot on the ground. With that she held out her hand, a

pink palm and tender lines, for the witch-woman's mystic reading. They both stood silent—the gipsy gazing downwards; Deborah gazing on the weird countenance before her, while the rich blood spread and deepened on her own with timidity and with shame. 'What do you see?' asked Deborah at length, with curling lip. 'I scarce believe you; it seems too vain!'

Then answered the gipsy woman, in low strange tones: 'You will be a great lady yet—ay, greater than Mistress Fleming. Ye will not go far to find yer greatness, either—it will meet ye at yer own gates; love and greatness will come hand in hand.'

Deborah's eyes sparkled. Then she said: 'Woman, that cannot be!' Then with the blood mounting to her brow like flame: 'What did you say—of one whom my soul loves? Who is he?'

'A fair tall youth. I know his title; but the title, look ye, will never be yours.'

'Then I care for nought!' said Deborah Fleming, and she flung away the gipsy's hand. 'Your craft is wanting. It is a vain, lying, deceitful craft! Look ye, Deborah Fleming will never be your great man's wife! You lie! I love power and riches; but I scorn them as *you* would foretell them to me. Gipsy, I have had enough of your fortunes and of you!'

She was gone—that proud young Mistress Fleming, whose will had never been crossed or curbed; tall beautiful young ash, that would yield neither to breeze nor tempest, but held its head so high.

The gipsy gazed after her; fierce passions made the woman's breast pant. 'I hate her!' she gasped between her clenched teeth—'I *hate* her! I hate all thy black race, my lass. But ye shall lick the dust, proud Mistress—I see it on yer palm. Ye shall have the pale-faced sweetheart, but it shall be across ruin and disgrace; an' by settin' yer foot on the two dead bodies o' them ye love like yer own soul, ye shall climb to yer lad. Take him! I wish ye joy o' him *then*! I care not, so long as I ha' vengeance, vengeance, vengeance!' and the wild woman's eyes glared with a fire like madness. She turned towards Enderby, and shook her clenched fist that way. 'I will have vengeance *then*, for all the dark hours thou hast caused me, pretty daughter o' mine! I will see thy boy dabbled in his blood; an' may thy dead eyes be opened to see it too. Heaven's malison light on thee!'

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## THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE AND ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

WHENEVER England is engaged in a naval war or any war including maritime operations on an extensive scale, a difficult problem has to be solved—how to man the ships? In the army, every regiment has a sort of corporate existence; it never dies—the exceptions, the actual disbandment of a regiment, being very rare indeed. The number of men varies according to the peace-footing or the war-footing at which the regiment may stand at any particular date; but at all times many hundreds of trained men belong to it. Not so in regard to a ship of war. When not wanted for warlike, cruising, or other service, it is 'out of commission,' all the officers and men are paid off; and the ship, moored at Portsmouth or some other naval station, is stripped of most of its paraphernalia, ammunition, and stores, and 'laid up in ordinary,' with a few dockyard or harbour men to take care of it. When wanted again for active service, it has to be 'put in commission' again; commissioned officers and crew have alike to be engaged anew, just as though the ship were fresh from the builder's hands. Officers are always plentiful enough, the number on half-pay in peace-time being very large—nearly the whole of them desirous of engaging in active service on full pay. With the sailors, the A.B. (able-bodied) and common seamen, the case is different; competition for their services being kept up by the owners of large commercial vessels.

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The difficulty of suddenly obtaining a large additional number of seamen was seriously felt at the commencement of the Crimean war; but the Admiralty solved the perplexity by organising a *Royal Naval Reserve*, and obtained the sanction of parliament for the necessary outlay. The Reserve was to comprise men who, provided they attend drill a certain number of days in each year, may follow any avocation they please at other times; it being a well-understood matter of agreement that they shall be ready for active service on the breaking out of war. Of course ship-owners did not at first relish this scheme, seeing that it established a new kind of competition against them for hands; but in practice no particular inconvenience has resulted. The men are permitted to take their drill whenever it best suits them; twenty-eight days per year all at one time, or in periods of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days. Certain qualifications are insisted on before enrolment, including a medical examination in regard to health. The 'retainer' which the seaman receives, and the prospect of pension, operate as inducements to steadiness and against desertion; and it is known that this is exercising a beneficial effect on the mercantile marine, seeing that ship-owners now give a preference to Royal Naval Reserve men whenever they can get them. Mixing with the regular men-of-war's men during the one month's drill is also found to be beneficial; and some of the Reserve go through all their exercises with as much steadiness as a regular crew. The Admiralty are empowered by parliament to engage thirty thousand men in this way; the Reserve now comprises twenty thousand; and it is believed that there would be no great difficulty in making up the full complement.

In a recently published Report by the Admiral Superintendent of the body, the following remarks occur: 'After all the expense the country has been put to, and will have to bear prospectively, for the organisation and maintenance of the Royal Naval Reserve, will the men be forthcoming when wanted? This can only be tested in the day of trial, when the Queen's Proclamation will call the



Reserve out for active service; but I hold that we have as reliable guarantees that the men will present themselves, as under any system that could be devised on the basis of voluntary service. The men have entered on an engagement to serve, they have received drill-pay and retainers under this engagement, and without being branded by public opinion, could not shrink from the fulfilment of their duty. It would be doing an injustice to the *élite* of the merchant service to suppose that they are entirely devoid of patriotism, and would not desire to serve in defence of their country. Their prejudices against service in the royal navy have been in a great measure removed; and they would feel themselves competent from previous training to work the guns and handle a rifle and cutlass.'

Very little has yet been done to take the Reserve on a cruise for rehearsal or practice. A merchant seaman, to fit him for the Reserve, requires chiefly to be made familiar with the great-gun exercise, to handle the sword and rifle, to be steady and silent under instruction, and to obey implicitly the orders he receives. This training he will receive on board the drill-ships especially set apart for the purpose, or at batteries representing the section of a ship, quite as well as in a man-of-war. The Reserve of the first class (for the force is divided into classes) have already been seamen in the merchant service, and do not require instruction in seamanship.

The drill-ships and the practice-batteries are distributed pretty well around the coasts of the United Kingdom at about forty different stations—eight in Scotland, seven in Ireland, and the rest in England and Wales. There are nearly always some men on drill at every ship and battery; but it is noteworthy that in the fishing season in certain parts of Scotland and in the Isles the drill is pretty nearly in abeyance—herrings being more important just then than big guns and cutlasses. The first-class men are far more numerous than the second, shewing that the main body are already fairly good seamen before they enter the Reserve. As to numbers in different places, the drill-ships near busy ports are naturally more frequented than those off a thinly populated coast. The *President* in the Thames, the *Eagle* at Liverpool, the *Unicorn* at Dundee, the *Netley* at Inverness, the *Castor* at North Shields, the *Dædalus* at Bristol, are among the drill-ships which receive the greatest number of enrolled men for drill during the year. Liverpool takes the lead in the number of outsiders (seven-eighths of whom, however, are already merchant seamen) who apply for enrolment. Half the whole number in the force are under thirty years of age, young men with plenty of health and strength in them. Rather less than half are at home or in the coasting-trade; rather more than half voyaging in foreign seas, mostly, however, on short voyages that will end within a month. More of these voyages are to the Baltic and the North Sea than to any other waters; the next in numbers are those to the Mediterranean and the Black Sea.

The officers who command or control the body comprise lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, engineers, assistant-engineers, and midshipmen. The lieutenants must have served as sub-lieutenants one year or upwards; most of them have been duly qualified masters of merchant-ships. Midshipmen are promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant on the fulfilment of prescribed conditions as to efficiency, &c.

The men of the first-class now receive a grant of a suit of clothing on enrolment and re-enrolment—an arrangement which they much relish, as an improvement on the plan at first adopted, when each man was left to dress pretty much at random, provided he looked something like a sailor. Nearly all the A.B.s in the mercantile marine have joined or offered to join the body; thus affording proof that it is popular. The second-class Reserve are mostly fishermen, who are unacquainted with square-rigged vessels, and are unaccustomed to long absence from their homes; but they are fitted for coast-defence service. In Scotland and especially in the Shetlands, the second-class serves as a stepping-stone to the first. Their pay is less than that of the first-class, and they have no claim for pension; therefore they have an inducement to try for promotion. The authorities have had under consideration the question whether to establish a third-class, to consist of boys belonging to the mercantile training-ships; but no decision appears at present to have been arrived at.

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In a discussion which took place at the Royal United Service Institution some time back, it was generally admitted that our band of hardy fishermen might be made to form an excellent Naval Reserve irrespective of regular seamen of the mercantile marine. 'There are,' it was urged, 'one hundred and fifty thousand men and fifteen thousand boys employed in the fisheries of the United Kingdom; besides the large number in the Canadian Dominion and Newfoundland. It would not be difficult to raise from among our large population of *bonâ fide* fishermen a Reserve equal to the full standard originally recommended. The drill could be taught in the most efficient manner and with the least expense to the government by sending a gunboat to visit the fishing-boats at the slack season. The local knowledge possessed by the fishermen would be of immense value in coast-defence; and there is an advantage in their having fixed places of residence and never sailing under a foreign flag; added to which is the value of their physical strength, hardy and domesticated habits, and good character.'

And now a few words for the *Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers*, another body intended for defensive purposes in the event of war. There is a corps known as the *Coast Guard*, to fulfil service on the coast in case of invasion; and under the same kind of control are the *Royal Naval Coast Volunteers*. These two bodies together comprise nearly twenty thousand men, all good seamen, and receiving liberal pay. But there is something more peculiar about the *Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers* likely to interest general readers. They are virtually an offshoot or supplement of the Volunteer Rifles, intended solely for defence against invaders. Who the invader is to be we do not know; haply and happily we may never know; but a thought on the subject now and then is reasonable enough. Our coast-line is very extensive, and needs watching at a considerable number of unprotected spots. Besides regular troops, Volunteer infantry, and

cruising war-ships, it has long been felt that a naval artillery corps would be a useful addition for serving in gunboats and mortar rafts, and operating in the new art of torpedo-defensive warfare. A small Marine Volunteer Corps was raised at Hastings about 1863; others were afterwards raised in London, Liverpool, and Bristol; and at length, in 1873, parliament passed an Act sanctioning the formation of a body to be known as the *Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers*. So far from being men who are paid for their services, these Volunteers have to provide their own uniform and to pay a small subscription to a corps fund; they really enter into the matter *con amore*, giving time, exertion, and some money for a purpose which may eventually be valuable to our common country. The government provide ships, great guns, rifles, pistols, cutlasses, and other gear for practice. Whether artisans, yachtsmen, or rowing-men would join the corps in any considerable number, could only be known by awaiting the result; but it turns out that clerks—mostly in commercial firms—come forward more readily than any other class. They like the bodily exercise and the open air after many hours of desk-plodding.

The idea is to render these Volunteers handy in the defence of rivers and estuaries, by the management of floating-batteries, armed rafts, and torpedoes. In practising with big guns at such places as London, Liverpool, and Bristol, there are of course neither real shot nor blank cartridges actually propelled from the weapon; a flash and a slight report are all; to run out, point, fire, and re-adjust are the exercises practised; and this is no small work with a sixty-pounder gun. After this big-gun drill, the Volunteers go through their rifle, cutlass, and pistol drill; and the young men are all the better for two or three hours of muscular exercise and ocular training. They wear a useful blue-and-white uniform while thus engaged. The *Rainbow* gunboat in the Thames off Somerset House, the *President* in the West India Docks, and two similar vessels at Liverpool and Bristol, are set apart by the Admiralty as drill-ships for the purpose. The total strength is somewhat under seven hundred men, with a naval instructor, petty-officer instructors, lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, shipkeepers, armourers, &c.

Even if never really wanted for river and estuary defence, these energetic young men will have no reason, bodily or mental, to regret the step they have taken—the devotion of a couple of hours occasionally after office or warehouse time to a right good exercise of muscle, nerve, brain, eyesight, attention, and intelligence. It is a national comfort to know that rifle and artillery volunteering are alike free from many of the evils of young men's recreations; they do not tempt to drinking, to betting, nor to dissolute companionship. All honour to those who promoted, and to those who carry out the movement.

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## TIM HARGATON'S COURTSHIP.

HE was mother's factotum, big Tim Hargaton. I do not know how she could have managed the farm without his clear head and sound judgment to guide her. He had the name of being the closest hand at a bargain and the best judge of a 'baste' in Innishowen; and I think he deserved it; for mother very rarely lost upon her speculations in cattle, and our animals were famed for their beauty. Tim was not wholly an Innishowen man. By his mother's side he claimed descent from the Scottish settlers of the opposite coast, and much of his cautiousness and shrewdness could be traced to this infusion of kindly Scottish blood. We children had rather an awe of Tim. He ruled the outer world of our homestead with a rod of iron. Woe betide the delinquent who ventured into the garden before the 'house' had been supplied with fruit for preserving! Woe be to us if with profane hands we assaulted his beloved grapes or ravaged his trim flower-beds! I daresay it was very good for us that some one was set in authority over the garden and farm-yard, for we were allowed quite enough freedom indoors, fatherless tomboys that we were. But years passed by; one by one we grew to womanhood. I, the eldest, left home first—to return first; more alone for having been so happy, too happy for a little while. When I returned, a widow, the younger birds had flown from the nest. Mother had no one left but me, and she was growing old; so I cast in my own and my boy's lot with her, and soon became thoroughly acquainted with Tim Hargaton. To him I was 'the young mistress' or 'Miss Ellen;' and I own I felt often at a disadvantage with him. His quiet knowledge of subjects I was utterly ignorant of, his cool rejection of my farming theories, his almost certain success in all his ventures, overawed me; and after a struggle or two I gave in.

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I think Tim must have been about forty at this time; but he looked many years younger, being fair and tall and well made, and—a bachelor. He had a merry twinkle in his gray eyes which almost contradicted the firm-set mouth with its long upper lip and square massive chin; from his half-Scotch mother he derived a close calculating disposition, hard to convince, slow to receive new impressions, strong to retain them when once received. From his father roving Pat Hargaton from Donegal, he drew an Irishman's ready wit and nimble tongue, and under all an Irishman's fickle heart, but not his warm affections, which go so far towards amending the latter fault.

Another unusual thing amongst men of his class, he was well to do, and having successfully speculated in cattle on his own account, he had money in the bank and a snug cottage. Yet year after year, Shrove-tide after Shrove-tide—the marrying season all over Roman Catholic Ireland—found Tim rejoicing in single-blessedness; nor could he have had a comfortable home, for his old mother was a confirmed invalid; and as Tim was reported to be 'a trifle near,' he only afforded her the services of a little girl scarcely in her teens. More than once mother spoke to him about matrimony, and as often Tim met her with the unanswerable argument: 'Is it as easy to peck for two as for one, ma'am?' So she ceased bothering him about it.

Now it befell that one bright frosty November day I had despatched Tim to the county town on very important business; and the better to assure myself of the favourable issue of it, I walked to meet him on his return. As the time of his return was overdue, I began to feel rather uneasy, and quickened my steps along the winding sea-side road; but a turn in it soon revealed the reason of Tim's delay. He was walking beside a very pretty country lass; and another, not so young or nearly so pretty, lagged a little behind.

'O ho, Master Tim!' I thought; 'are we to hear news of you this Shrove-tide?'

As I came forward, the girls fell back, Tim hastening on to meet me. He looked shy and sheepish enough as he advanced; and the pretty lass, whom I at once recognised as Mary Dogherty, the acknowledged belle of the barony, hung her shapely head in blushing confusion as she passed me by.

Tim was all business and stolidity once the girls were out of sight. He had lodged money for me in the county bank; settled my own and mother's accounts with butcher, baker, and grocer; transacted all our various businesses with care and correctness; and having given up his accounts into my hands, he hurried on, whilst I continued my walk. Twilight was falling when I returned home; but although more than an hour had elapsed since Tim had preceded me on the road, he was just entering the gate as I turned from the sea-road for the same purpose. I made mother smile that evening when I told her of my encounter.

'But,' she said, 'poor little Mary has no fortune. Tim will look for one with any girl *he* marries.'

A few days afterwards Tim took me into his confidence. We were making our winter arrangements in the green-house, putting away summer plants whose flowering days were done, and filling up gaps in our shelves with bright chrysanthemums and other winter-blooming plants. An hour sufficed to weary mother at this work, so Tim and I were left alone amongst the flowers. For some time he worked away in silence, but I could easily see he was longing to speak, and so I determined to give him an opportunity; but he forestalled me.

'Twas a fine day the day I was in Derry, Mrs Grace,' he said, as he passed me carrying a huge coronella from one end of the greenhouse to the other.

'It was indeed, Tim. Had you many people on board the steamer?' I replied.

'No, ma'am; not to say very many. Them officer-gentlemen from the Fort.'

'Had you any of the people from about here?' I asked.

'Hugh Dogherty and his sister, and Susie Connor, ma'am.'

'Ah, you walked home with the girls. What became of Hugh?'

'Troth, ma'am, he just got overtaken with a drop of drink, and I thought 'twas but friendly to see the girls home.'

'I am sorry to hear Hugh was so bad as that, Tim.'

'Well, sorra much was on him, Miss Ellen, but he was loath to quit Mrs Galagher's when we got off the boat, so we just left him there.—Hem! Miss Ellen, I'v a thought to change my life.'

'I am very glad to hear it, Tim.'

'Yes, miss' (Tim always forgot my matronly title in confidential talk)—'yes, miss. 'Tis lonely work growing old with nobody to take care of you.'

'That is a selfish way of looking at things, Tim,' I replied.

'Begorra, miss, what else would a man marry for but to have himself took care of?'

'I suppose liking the girl he married would be a kind of reason too,' I responded.

'O ay. I'd still like to have the one I'd fancy, if she was handy.'

'And who are you thinking of?' I asked, as Tim bent over a box of geranium cuttings. 'I hope she is nice and good, and will be kind to your poor mother, and a good manager?'

'Faith, I wouldn't take one that wasn't that, Miss Ellen,' he replied, without raising his head. 'But it's hard to tell how these young ones'll turn out.'

'She is young then?'

'Young enough, and settled enough,' he responded. 'There's *two* I'm thinkin' of.'

'Two!' I exclaimed. 'Why, that is not right of you, Tim. You are surely old enough to know the kind of wife would suit you best; and it is unfair to the girls. They are relatives, if I guess right. Those two young women you were walking with on Saturday?'

'Just so,' replied Tim, utterly unabashed: 'Mary Dogherty an' Susie Connor. Mary's the *purtiest*,' he added in a half soliloquy.

'I have always heard she was as good as she looked,' I said. 'She has been such a dutiful daughter and good sister to those wild boys, she cannot fail to make a good wife.'

'Maybe,' quoth Tim. 'But the Dogherties is down in the world these times.'

'I know they are not very rich; but they are comfortable.'

'They aren't begging, miss, axing your pardon; but musha! it's little softness there's about the house.'

'Well, suppose she has known what it is to want, she will know better how to take care of plenty, when she gets it.'

'Troth, I don't know. Maybe when she'd get her two hands full she'd be throwin' away, for them that's reared in poverty seldom knows how to guide plenty when it comes.'

'Well, I have always heard Mary extolled for being the prettiest and the best girl in Innishowen; and I am sure you may think yourself a happy man if you can get her for your wife,' I said rather sharply.

'Sorra word a lie in that, Miss Ellen,' replied Tim, as he placed the last young geranium in its pot. 'She's a good girl, and as purty a one as you'd see in a summer's day; but I'm thinkin' I'll step up an' see them all before I *spake* to her.'

'Why, Tim, have things gone so far as that?'

'Well, I may say I have her courted up to the axin, miss.'

'And the other, Tim?' I asked, intensely amused.

'Troth, I don't know, but I have her on hands too.'

'Now, is that fair to either?' I asked rather indignantly.

'Begorra, I don't know. A man has to look before him sharp.'

'And who is the other? Mary's cousin?'

'Yes, miss—long Tom Connor's daughter, from Shruve. She's up with Mary since Holly-eve. Hudie's lookin' after her.'

'She's no beauty, Tim.'

'No, miss; but she's settled. They do say she's a trifle coarse in the temper; but she has the finest two-year-old heifer ever I set my eyes on. A pure beauty, Miss Ellen.'

'And what good would the cow be to you, Tim, if you had a sour cross-grained wife at home?'

'Maybe she wouldn't be sour or cross when she'd have a good house over her head an' plenty. She's gettin' old, Miss Ellen, and she sees the young ones comin' on, an' her left. There'd be a quare change in her if she had her own way.'

'You seem to think more of the cow than the girl, Tim!' I retorted.

'Troth, it's the purtiest av the two. But miss, I'm sayin', what would you advise me?'

'Marry the girl you like best, Tim; never mind the cow. A young sweet-tempered girl like Mary, who has been so good to her sickly father and mother, so gentle and loving to those wild brothers, cannot fail to make a good wife. You will never be sorry, if you marry the girl you like best.'

'True for you, ma'am—true for you. She is a good girl, an' I'm nigh-hand sure I like her beyant any woman in the world; but Miss Ellen, I'd wish she had the cow!'

Next day I left home, nor did I return until the daffodils were glittering in the springing meadows around our home, and the rooks cawing over their fledglings in the woods behind our garden. Tim was married. I had heard that from mother early in the year; but upon which fair maid his choice had fallen, I was still uncertain. It was late at night when I returned from my travels, and mother had far too much to talk of to tell me the termination of Tim's courtship.

In the morning, I took my way into the garden, the farm-yard, the fields lying close by; but Tim was not to be seen; nor did I encounter him until late in the afternoon, when I discovered him busily trenching up some early cabbages in the back-garden. He seemed rather shy of me; but I put out my hand and greeted him kindly.

'You're welcome home, Mrs Grace, ma'am,' he said, striking his spade into the fresh-turned earth, and shaking the hand I gave him with more than ordinary warmth. 'We were thinking very long to have got you back.'

'Thank you, Tim. So I have to wish you joy.'

Tim looked sheepish, but speedily recovered himself. 'Yes, ma'am, if joy it be.'

'Oh, there can be no doubt on that score, Tim. I hope Mary is well?'

'Mary? Is it Mary Dogherty? Why, she's spoke of with Lanty Maguire that owns the ferry.'

'Why, I thought you were going to marry Mary, Tim?'

'Well, no, Miss Ellen, I did not. I b'lieve her an' Lanty was cried Sunday was eight days.'

'And what made you change your mind, Tim?'

'Well, I just took Susie; for you see, Miss Ellen, I judged a cow would make the differ betwixt any two women in the world.'

So after all, the cow carried the day!

## BY ONE OF THEM.

ANYBODY who can write may be a clerk: that is the general notion, which is far from correct. Among other accomplishments, an accurate and thorough knowledge of book-keeping is required, and so is a knowledge of the style employed in official and business letters. In numerous cases, parents in selecting avocations for their sons are induced, from perhaps laudable, but somewhat false notions of 'gentility,' to make them clerks, frequently with little regard to their aptitude for such an occupation. They seem to forget or to ignore the fact that there are other departments of the commercial world where there is room enough and to spare for more candidates, and many branches of skilled labour where ready and well remunerated occupation could be found. The consequence is that among those now in the service there are many who have mistaken their avocations, numbers who would probably have succeeded well in some other sphere, not a few others more fit to wield a sledge-hammer or handle a wheel-barrow, than to write a letter, keep a ledger, or prepare a balance-sheet.

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Of course, as is generally known, there are grades in this as in other professions. As might be expected, there are not only skilled and half-skilled labourers, but an admixture of drones. The variety of employment and responsibility of clerks is almost endless; there is no common level to which they are subject. Their position is peculiarly one of trust. In many cases the clerk has to control the expenditure of his employer's money, which necessitates the possession of certain habits and characteristics. It is not only important that he should possess the requisite competency for the performance of the duties intrusted to him, but his employers should know of what his peculiar individuality consists; for clerks are to a large extent intrusted with the important task of working out the general principles on which the business of their employers is transacted. The man who is naturally unsystematic can hardly be expected to work by system in his business; he who in personal and domestic matters is extravagant, will not be very likely to introduce habits of economy into his business transactions. Genteel appearance, good handwriting, the ability to add up dexterously the columns of a ledger, are not the only qualifications needful in a really efficient clerk.

The object of account-keeping should be the production of a picture which in every detail, as well as in one general view, should at all times shew what and how work has been done, and with what result it has been performed. Unfortunately it is sometimes the case that clerks, especially youthful ones, do not seem to possess an adequate idea of the great object in view, and which they are intended to assist in carrying out. In the matter of correspondence too the ability of clerks is put to the test, and their natural temperament often exhibited. The art of correct letter-writing is not to be gained by the perusal of 'a Complete Letter-writer' however complete, but can only be acquired by study and practice, combined with some natural aptitude. Business-like and civilly worded letters are an earnest of business-like transactions, and may be taken as an index to the ruling principles which guide the actions of the principals. In this way, clerks are intrusted by their employers with an important responsibility, in which there is need of the exercise of tact, judgment, and sound principles.

In no small measure does the treatment of employers mould the general disposition of clerks; and no more powerful incentive can be given to the latter than that of knowing that they are in full possession of their employer's confidence. But before extending this confidence, and appealing to the higher motives of his clerks, it is all-important that the employer shall have selected men fitted for the places they are to occupy. If an air of suspicion prevails, occasional deceit on the part of the suspected can scarcely be wondered at. It is no less requisite that clerks should put confidence in each other, but unfortunately the existence of petty jealousies often stands in the way. And this is one of the peculiar characteristics of clerks. There often exists a feeling that one encroaches on the domains of another, and not without cause; for there are those who 'run cunning,' if such an expression is admissible, and those who obtain favour and promotion by mere arrogance and effrontery. Then there are the excessively plausible men, whose working capital is well nigh restricted to the glibness of their tongue. Moral and mental excellence are as a consequence sometimes overridden, though as a rule but temporarily, for sooner or later the higher and more stalwart qualities of the quiet-spoken but thorough-going man must prevail. It must not be forgotten that employers need to have a good knowledge of human nature, to be proficient in the art of judging character, and to possess considerable tact; for unfortunately it sometimes happens that the more confidence placed in a man the less is he worthy of it.

There have been discussions innumerable as to the hours of manual labour; and important changes, some the result of legislation, have taken place. The overtaxing of mental power is, however, of graver import than the overtaxing of physical strength. In a large number of instances, clerks are in an easy position in this respect, those especially in certain government departments, banks, and some commercial houses. There are too many cases, however, in which clerks are grievously overworked. The case of many branches of the railway service may be cited where clerks are almost incessantly employed twelve or fourteen hours a day. Long hours are prevalent too in connection with many commercial houses, in which monotonous and unceasing labour during unreasonable hours, is a great tax on the nervous energies, and can only result in permanently weakening the system of those engaged in it.

The number of hours occupied is not, however, always a criterion to the amount of work performed. Could such a standard have been taken as a measure of tasks accomplished, the labour question would not have been one so difficult to deal with as it has come to be. It is sometimes the case that long hours are associated with comparatively little work. When time is not fully occupied, there is a tendency to procrastination—work is put off and put off, and then comes a final scramble to get it done by the specified time. In many instances, were shorter

hours adopted and the time fully occupied, the same amount of work might be done, and done better; it would not appear so irksome, punctuality and method would be more easy of acquisition, and thus employers and employed would be alike benefited.

In point of salaries, the railway companies, and some other large companies, adopt a uniform scale applicable to junior clerks; but beyond this rule, each individual case is dealt with according to its merits, the rate of remuneration varying in proportion to length of service, nature of work performed, and responsibility entailed. Newspaper advertisements occasionally convey an idea as to the rate of remuneration in some instances. An advertiser in *The Times* recently required the services of a clerk in London, age nineteen to twenty-three, salary commencing forty pounds. Another, 'Wanted a man as clerk; salary twenty shillings weekly; must write a good hand, and be well up in arithmetic.' It would be interesting to know what is here meant by a *man*? Three-and-fourpence a day for a *man* as clerk in London, who possibly might have a wife and what some call 'encumbrances!' One would indeed be sorry to quote this as a representative case; but it gives some weight to the assertion that there are instances too numerous of hard-working, underpaid clerks. No wonder that there should be among this class of men, so many pale and careworn faces, and coats threadbare at the elbows with long service.

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Since Dickens in his inimitable style first published his tale of Scrooge and his unfortunate clerk, many changes have taken place; but it is to be feared that this character created in fiction is still reflected in some realities. It is a law of nature that everything flourishes in proportion to the encouragement it receives; and in the same way the actions and motives of servants are in a considerable measure ruled by the disposition of employers. Isolated cases there always will be in which good treatment will be abused; and the result of such circumstances naturally induces some hesitancy to repose confidence in any; but as a principle of general application, results must depend upon the nature of the treatment adopted.

Clerk-labour would seem to be frequently employed at the lowest possible price for which it can be procured. But the same principle as that employed by the manufacturer in paying a good price for a machine that shall do its work expeditiously and well, is equally applicable to the purchasing of clerk-labour, in which much discrimination and tact are necessary. Sometimes those who are least competent and painstaking are the most dissatisfied; some there are who do not appear to understand degrees of merit, but think that all should be reduced to something like a dead level—that mere length of service, for instance, should command the maximum of reward. To length of service some reward is due, but the tools should be put into the hands of those who can use them, and who should of course be rewarded accordingly. Mr T. Brassey, M.P., in a speech on the labour question said: 'It is most economical to pay labour well. It is better to employ fewer men at high wages than more men at low wages. Every individual is better off, and the total expenditure on labour is reduced. For the non-employed, fresh fields must be found, and these will be opened by the ingenuity and enterprise of mankind.'

The employment of females in certain departments of clerk-labour would seem to be a thing much to be desired and encouraged; and there is ample scope for such employment where the duties are light, straightforward, and not too onerous in character. That the candidates are numerous may be judged from the fact that some time ago, in response to an advertisement for eleven junior counter-women at metropolitan post-offices, from one thousand to one thousand five hundred young ladies presented themselves as applicants at the offices of the Civil Service Commissioners on one day! In cases where certain active business qualifications are essential, it is not to be desired, nor is it expected that females will in any degree displace the other sex. The opposition manifested by certain of the male sex to the opening thus afforded for the extension of female labour may fairly be characterised as somewhat unmanly. But as we had occasion to say in an article on 'Female Occupations,' this extension of female labour will by natural laws not proceed beyond natural limits. The field for female work is circumscribed, and an extension in such a direction should be hailed with satisfaction. If the introduction of female clerk-labour displaces some of the overplus of boy clerks, and induces some to adopt avocations more suited to their natural fitness, much good will have been effected; for is not the accomplishment of account-keeping and a training in good business habits calculated to make better wives and mothers? An intimate acquaintance with simple account-keeping would be a valuable addition to the education of many ladies of the present day, and might save many a man's income which, but for his wife's accomplishment, would be unwittingly muddled away.

As a social animal, clerks possess some peculiar characteristics. The banker's clerk cultivates not the acquaintance of the lawyer's clerk; the draper's clerk prefers not to associate with the grocer's clerk. In the same establishment even, the spirit of caste has often a prominent place: those who by chance sit at a mahogany table would seem to say by their demeanour that they are far removed from those who occupy a deal desk. 'At Birmingham,' says Samuel Smiles in his *Thrift*, 'there was a club of workmen with tails to their coats, and another without tails: the one looked down upon the other.' What a great thing it would be if, in society generally, people would always have the courage to appear what they are, rather than try to seem what they are not! Some clerks if asked to describe their avocation would disavow anything so common as a clerkship; they would be 'an accountant'—anything but a clerk. What will not some folk do for the sake of keeping up appearances? and amongst clerks this disposition prevails to a considerable extent; as if appearance to the world, and not the ruling principles of a man's life, constituted the sole test of respectability. Douglas Jerrold said: 'Respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready-money; but to be obliged to run into debt for it, it's enough to break the heart of an angel.' Let those who are anxious for sound and wholesome advice upon this important subject read Mr Smiles' book above quoted.

The social life of unmarried clerks is capable of improvement, especially in large towns, into which there is continually flowing a stream of young men, who frequently have to be content with the first apparently comfortable lodging that presents itself, and to which nothing may be so foreign as the most ordinary home comforts, in addition to the accompanying risk of new associations formed of a kind both unexpected and undesirable, often likewise accompanied by impositions various and numerous. It has been suggested that clerks' inns or clubs should be established; and the idea is well worthy the consideration of all those who in any way are interested in the matter. The advantages to be derived from undertakings of this kind would be incalculable. Employers of clerk-labour would be indirectly benefited, and they would do well to assist in the promotion of any movement in the direction indicated. As regards clerks themselves, their comforts might be considerably increased and their expenses lessened. Such establishments might of course be made something more than mere lodging-houses. Under proper management, they might become a general resort both for amusement and intellectual pastime. The constant social intercourse of clerks with each other would tend to engender good feeling, and by this association an entirely new state of things would be brought into existence. The exercise of some amount of discipline would alone result in untold good, and the fact of membership would constitute a permanent recommendation as to respectability. As regards expense, economy would be created by co-operation; the quality of every article of food might be insured. In fact, by this means might be secured a maximum of happiness and comfort for a minimum of expense.

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A larger amount of judicious physical exercise than is now practised would be of great benefit to clerks. In the case of thousands in the large towns, this is seldom resorted to beyond the mere act of walking to and from business. In large establishments, organisations for such recreation might be more encouraged, and thus conduce to the great desideratum, of a healthy mind in a healthy body.

There is some doubt as to the future position and prospects of clerks generally, but as we have ventured to hint, little improvement can be anticipated until supply and demand become more equal. In many departments of skilled labour there is ample scope for educated men; in fact there is great need for them, and many a man now in clerk-service would have met with far greater success had he become an artisan. Indeed one sometimes hears an expression of regret to the effect that the task of wielding the pen, though it be 'mightier than the sword,' had not given place to the tools of a skilled workman. The fact of receiving a salary and working short hours seems to possess a considerable attraction to many, but it would be well if this unsubstantial state of feeling were removed. In many trades, such as book-binding, there is often great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of hands, especially 'hands with heads,' the services of a tasteful 'finisher' being highly paid.

Without in any degree depreciating the importance of and necessity for efficient clerk-labour, it would seem, taking a broad view of the question, that the chances of success in life of educated and persevering mechanics are fully equal to the prospects of the majority of clerks. In many cases the comparison is in favour of the artisan. The man with a trade possesses a sort of independence, and opportunities are frequent for his becoming his own master.

The Council of the Society of Arts has taken an important step in the matter of education. It has been arranged for examinations to take place, particularly for young men; certificates are to be given to those who are successful, and this will act as a passport to commercial employment. The subjects of examination are as follows: Arithmetic, English (composition, correspondence, and précis writing), book-keeping, commercial history, and geography, short-hand, political economy, French, German, Italian, Spanish. To entitle a candidate to this 'certificate in commercial knowledge,' he must pass in three subjects, two of which must be arithmetic and English. Every encouragement should be given to such a movement, calculated as it is to raise the general standard of efficiency of clerks in the future; and to those now in the service such a scheme is calculated to convey some benefit.

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## A LADY'S JOURNEY IN MOLDAVIA.

I AM going to describe a journey I made across Moldavia in 1863. Determined to leave the dust and malaria behind us for a time, we set out from Galatz one beautiful morning in the summer of the year 1863, in search of the cooler air which blows on the western side of the Carpathians. A village of the Siebenbürgen, near the old town of Kronstadt, was our destination. Early in the morning we prepared to start—two ladies, two nurses, and four children; all resigned to the absolute control and guidance of Herr F—, our dragoman and courier; a little round bustling man, speaking every European language with the ease of a not particularly refined native; literally splendid in theory and fertility of resource while any plan was under discussion, though hardly equal to himself in a practical emergency.

It was already dark when we arrived at the town of Tekoutch. After a good deal of waiting and difficulty, the Herr succeeded in procuring for us the shelter of two flea-haunted chambers at the top of a steep ladder. Whether this place was the principal hotel of Tekoutch or only one of the Herr's failures, I cannot say. All four children were sleepy, hungry, hot, and unhappy. Oh! for milk to make a refreshing drink for the poor sick baby, who was wailing so piteously! Our repeated calls brought upon the scene a hag—a hag who would have been invaluable in melodrama, but whose presence in the actual state of affairs superadded active terror to the

passive discomfort of the children. Her upper-country Moldavian was hardly intelligible, and she quite refused to understand our modes of expressing ourselves. But constant reiteration of the substantive 'Milk,' in every language and dialect known to us, was at last so far successful that we procured a small quantity of a curious gray fluid mixed with fine sand, which the poor little ones were too sleepy to judge critically; and we had soon the satisfaction of seeing them asleep on the divans with their nurses beside them. Before daybreak we were all awake, and renewing the struggle with the hag for the necessary provision of milk, to which she was good enough to add a few cups of black coffee. We removed such traces of yesterday's dust as we could, by dipping the corners of our towels in glasses of water. The Roumanian peasant's idea of washing is so different from ours that it is almost impossible to make them understand one's requirements in that respect. A jar of water, a friend to hold the jar, and standing-room in the open air, are his requisites. He stands bent well forward, to avoid the splashes, while the friend pours a little water—a very little—into his hollowed hands. These he rubs together, then holds them out for a second supply, with which he moistens the region immediately round his nose. The whole process requires a certain amount of skill and dexterity, to which the results are hardly commensurate.

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Before five A.M. we were on the road again. Our way lay through a very pleasant region, and we suffered much less from heat and dust than the day before. The country was undulating and less uniform. The roads were real roads, not mere tracks through the fields, or across the steppe. The wheat and barley were luxuriant all round; and great fields of mustard in full bloom made patches of a yellow, perfectly dazzling in its brightness. As we approached the higher country we came on large tracts of grazing-land soft and rich: trees were scattered about—oak, hornbeam, lime, and wild cherry, with an occasional birch or pine. Thorn and rose bushes, tall as trees, shook showers of blossom around. There were groups of feathery tamarisk, clusters of Guelder-rose, and bowers of white clematis thrown from shrub to shrub. The roadside was a garden of wild-flowers; tall spikes bearing alternate rings of deep purple leaves and the brightest of yellow blossoms, blue chichory, rose-coloured pea-blossom, sweet-williams, and aromatic herbs that filled the air with their perfume. A Roumanian cottage is generally a pleasant resting-place in the heat of summer; the roof of reed-thatch, or oak-shingle, projects so far as to shade the whole cottage, and within are whitewashed walls, and cushioned divans covered with rugs of thick home-made cloth, woven in brightly coloured stripes.

In the little inn at Domnul where we next arrived we laid down the children to take siesta; and by four next morning we were astir again and eager to set out, as we knew that a few hours' driving would bring us to the Oitos Pass, of the beauties of which we had heard so much. By half-past five we were off. The country got more lovely at every step. Low wooded hills rose in front; the glens, between, highly cultivated, though uneven and rugged in places. The road was terraced along the side of an abrupt slope: the driver of the baggage wagon managed to get a wheel on the bank, and over went the wagon, boxes and bundles rolling pell-mell down the hill. An hour's work, not without much vocal accompaniment, put all to rights, and our caravan was again in motion. Many brooks made their way down from the hills, and we had to cross numerous wooden bridges, for the most part in a very sad state of repair. Here a plank was missing, and a hole yawning under the horses' feet, shewed the foaming water beneath; there another rose and tilted up as the horses trod on the end. But the steady little animals never flinched; they picked their footing as mules would have done, and so we passed in safety. At noon our rest only lasted half an hour, and soon after starting we came to the Roumanian guard-house at the entrance of the pass. We were joined at this point by two Austrian soldiers, who accompanied us on horseback through the pass, bringing up the rear of our procession.

On all sides of us the steep, richly wooded hills rose abruptly; higher mountains shewing their snowy caps at intervals as the gorge opened up the distant view. Here, there, and everywhere roared and brawled the little river; now narrow as a winding thread, deep, below the road, which crossed and recrossed it by means of bridges, the safe passing of which seemed each time a fresh miracle; now widening in gleaming shallows, as from time to time the glen spread itself out to hold a little village. Each separate patch of gray rock contained its homestead; white cottages, with dark, quaintly carved, and pinnacled shingle-roofs, overshadowed by orchard trees or festooned with trailing vines. The population seemed to live in the water; men were fishing in the pools, women beating the linen on the flat rocks, or spreading the webs to bleach in the sunshine; while the children waded about in their one short garment, or bathed, diving plunging and chasing each other like veritable troops of 'water-babies.' What a handsome race they were, those Roumans of the Carpathians! Those we met on the road passed us with a courteous greeting, and went on their way; the women in their long white garments, drawn in at the waist by a broad brass-studded leather belt; the many coloured fringe, which fell straight, almost to their ankles, opening here and there as they walked to shew glimpses of the white below. Their feet were bare or covered by moccasins of undressed leather. Over their coils of plaited hair lay a square of embroidered linen, from one corner of which a coin hung over the forehead, and more coins formed earrings and rows of necklaces. The men wore a great loose white blouse, a studded belt, broader and heavier than those of the women, in which were stuck knives, daggers, and heavy pistols. On their feet were either moccasins or boots high above the knee. Their long uncut hair hung over their shoulders; and, twisted round their broad hats were ribbons of the national colours—red, blue, and yellow.

The ascent at first was gradual, but our horses being tired, we all walked for several hours. The soft rich beauty of the glen increased at each moment; hill rose above hill, covered with the mellow green of the young fir shoots, each tree bearing the golden red crown of last year's cones. The hanging birches with their silver stems swept over slopes smooth as a lawn, save where here and there the bold gray rock cropped out. Little glens ran up the mountain sides, scented with



wild thyme, which overpowered even the fragrance of birch and fir. An hour before sunset we reached a large village the name of which I have forgotten. Here were more guard-houses, and difficulties about examining our baggage. As we were anxious to avoid this scrutiny, we administered a gratuity to the guards, who speedily became our friends; but as we were preparing to resume our journey an unfortunate difficulty arose.

The Herr announced to us after half an hour's search, that no horses were to be procured. 'Then we had better remain here for the night,' we decided at once. But no. The Herr had undertaken us, and he alone must have an opinion. We felt that he knew the country, and that we did not, and gave way, though unwillingly, on his assurance that less than twenty minutes would bring us to the Austrian frontier, where we would be sure to find fresh horses. So we reluctantly reseated ourselves. The horses had been at work since early morning, and were utterly exhausted, crawling at a foot's pace. The shades were gathering deeper and deeper around us; the ground rose much more rapidly than before; the road in some places was so bad as to be almost impassable; worst opposite a tablet let into the rock, which informed the grateful traveller, in letters of gold and in choice Latin, how Prince Alexander Ghyka had made and finished it in 1855. The Herr's twenty minutes had lengthened to an hour or more when we reached a narrow treeless gorge, the heights crowned on either side by half-ruined fortress towers, while grim loop-holed modern walls ran down to meet in an immense gateway, whose shut doors barred our path. To the left, a small plateau of green turf bordered the crag overhanging the stream, which now held its rapid course many feet below us.

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Our arrival was an event. The guardian of the pass was fat, fussy, and important, and quite deaf to any representations of our anxiety to proceed. Had we anything to declare? No; certainly not. No tea? No. Nor tobacco? No. But then it struck him that there must be some tobacco for present use among our drivers; so a strict personal search was made; the tobacco-pouches were emptied, and their contents thrown over the crag. We were injudicious enough to remonstrate, as we would willingly have paid something to allow the poor men to keep their tobacco; and this seemed to determine our *douanier* to display his authority to the full, for soon the sword was strewn with our possessions, which included bedding, provisions, and books, as well as the clothing of the whole party. The men must have had a dull time of it in this lonely mountain fort, to judge from their excitement at the display of our goods. At last we seized a packet of tapioca and implored the great man to pass it and the nurses and children, that they might find rest and refreshment beyond the gates. To this, after a very critical scrutiny, he consented; and we despatched them to look for a krishma beyond the boundary.

When we had satisfied the douanier and seen such order as was possible restored to our luggage, we followed, and found them installed in a miserably dirty little place, where the children of the family, who were crowding round, looked so evidently ill, that, fearing something infectious, we were constrained to hurry the preparation of the tapioca, and go out again to the open air. At last the Herr appeared, and had to confess his failure. We ought to have passed the night at the village we had left two hours before; to pass it here was impossible.

'We must feed the horses and push on,' said the Herr; 'it is not an hour's drive.'

Alas! we were beginning to understand but too well what the Herr's 'hours' were like. But the night was mild and pleasant, though already dark; and having arranged beds for the children among the cushions, we continued our journey with a briskness on the part of both drivers and horses which was wonderful after the hard day's work they had gone through. There was just light enough from the stars to shew us the dangerous nature of the road, which rose in rapid zigzags. There was no parapet, and the little river ran below at a depth which increased at every turn. The heavy travelling-carriage seemed to drag back the horses, and the drivers of the wagons had to stop and push it up. At last we reached the top; but it was two o'clock before we reached Bereck. All the inhabitants were asleep; but the people of the krishma, after we had roused them, received us very hospitably, and busied themselves in attending to our comforts. It was late next morning when we resumed our journey, and we were now able to perceive that the scene had a beauty of its own—that of vast extent. Nowhere have I seen a wider horizon, and yet hills closed it in all round, but at a great distance. The plain over which we were passing formed a vast amphitheatre, and the eye took in at one sweep at least a dozen villages, all widely apart from each other. The roads were as excellent as, under Austrian management, they always are. Good horses were to be found at all the posting-houses; and by the middle of the following day we had approached the mountains which bounded the other side of the plain, and found ourselves at our journey's end.

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## THE CHANGES OF COLOUR IN THE CHAMELEON.

FROM very ancient times the curious changes of colour which take place in the chameleon, and its supposed power of living on air, have been the wonder of the uninformed, and have furnished philosophers and poets with abundant material for metaphor. The belief that the animal can live on air has been exploded long ago, and was no doubt due to its power of long fasting and to its peculiar manner of breathing. It is only quite lately, however, that any satisfactory explanation has been given of the apparently capricious changes which take place in the colour of the chameleon; the latest researches on the subject being those of M. Paul Bert, the French naturalist, which have been described in a recent paper by M. E. Oustalet. As most of our readers

are no doubt familiar with the appearance and figure of this curious reptile, and as descriptions of it may be found in any encyclopædia or elementary work on natural history, we do not consider it necessary to repeat them here.

Many and various theories have been proposed to explain the changes of colour which chameleons undergo; changes the importance of which have been greatly exaggerated. It is generally believed that these animals have the power of assuming in a few seconds the colour of any neighbouring object, and that they intentionally make use of this trick to escape more easily from the sight of their enemies. But this opinion is erroneous; and experiments conducted with the greatest care have proved that chameleons are incapable of modifying their external appearance in anything like so rapid and complete a manner.

The first probably to give any rational account of the causes of the puzzling changes of colour in these reptiles was the celebrated French naturalist, Milne-Edwards, about forty years ago. After a patient and minute examination, he discovered that the colouring matters of the skin, the pigments, are not confined as in mammals and birds, to the deep layer of the epidermis, but are partly distributed on the surface of the dermis or true skin, partly located more deeply, and stored in a series of little cells or bags of very peculiar formation. These colour-cells are capable of being shifted in position. When they are brought close to the surface of the outer skin, they cause a definite hue or hues to become apparent; but by depressing the cells and causing them to disappear, the hues can be rendered paler, or may be altogether dispersed. It is noteworthy that the cuttlefishes change colour in a similar manner.

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Underneath the colour-bags (or *chromoblasts* as they are called) of Milne-Edwards, Pouchet, a recent inquirer, has discovered a remarkable layer, which he calls *cærulescent*, and which possesses the singular property of appearing yellow on a clear, and blue on an opaque background.

M. Paul Bert, within the last two years, has by his researches thrown still further light upon these curious changes, and upon the mechanism by which they appear to be accomplished. He endorses most of the results of Milne-Edwards and subsequent inquirers, but has carried his observations much further. It would be out of place here to give a detailed account of the methods by which M. Bert has arrived at his conclusions. Suffice it to say, that by a series of careful experiments, he has discovered that these changes of colour seem to be entirely under the control of the nervous system, and that the chameleon can no more help them taking place than a toad can help twitching its leg when pinched. By acting in various ways upon the spinal marrow and the brain, the operator can send the colour to or withdraw it from any part of the body he pleases. Indeed a previous observer was able to cause a change of colour in a piece of the skin of the animal by acting upon it with electricity; and M. Bert has proved that even in the absence of the brain the usual changes can be produced by exciting the animal in any way; thus shewing that they are due to that class of nervous action which physiologists name *reflex*, and of which sneezing is a good example. M. Bert has also made some interesting experiments on the animal while under the influence of anæsthetics and during sleep. It was formerly known that in the latter case, and also after death, the chameleon assumed a yellowish colour, which under the influence of light became more or less dark. M. Bert has found that exactly the same effects are produced during anæsthesia as during natural sleep, and that light influences not only dead and sleeping chameleons, but that it modifies in a very curious fashion the coloration of the animal when wide awake. The same result is produced when the light is transmitted through glass of a deep blue colour, but ceases completely when red or yellow glass is used. To render these results more decisive, M. Bert contrived to throw the light of a powerful lamp upon a sleeping chameleon, taking care to keep in the shade a part of the animal's back, by means of a perforated screen. The result was curious: the head, the neck, the legs, the abdomen, and the tail became of a very dark green; while the back appeared as if covered with a light brown saddle of irregular outline, with two brown spots corresponding to the holes in the screen. Again, by placing another animal, quite awake, in full sunlight, but with the fore-part of its body behind a piece of red glass, and the hind-part underneath blue glass, M. Bert divided the body into two quite distinct parts—one of a clear green with a few reddish spots, and the other of a dark green with very prominent spots.

From his researches as a whole, M. Bert concludes: 1. The colours and the various tints which chameleons assume are due to changes in the position of the coloured corpuscles, which sometimes, by sinking underneath the skin, form an opaque background underneath the *cærulescent* layer of Pouchet; sometimes, by spreading themselves out in superficial ramifications, leave to the skin its yellow colour, or make it appear green and black. 2. The movements of these colour-bags or *chromoblasts* are regulated by two groups of nerves, one of which causes them to rise from below to the surface, while the other produces the opposite effect.

As to the effects produced by coloured glass, they no doubt result from the fact that the coloured corpuscles, like certain chemical substances, are not equally influenced by all the rays of the spectrum, the rays belonging to the violet part having alone the power of causing the colour-bags to move and drawing them close to the surface of the skin. This exciting action of light on a surface capable of contraction, an action which hitherto has only been recognised in the case of heat and electricity, is one of the most unexpected and curious facts which in recent times have transpired in the domain of physiology. Hence M. Paul Bert's researches are likely to prove of far more value than merely to explain the changes of colour which take place in the chameleon. He hopes especially in carrying out his researches to discover the reason of the favourable influence on health which is exerted by the direct action of light on the skin of children and of persons of a

lymphatic temperament; and this may lead to some very important practical results in the treatment of disease. In the meantime he has done much to clear up a very puzzling and very interesting fact.

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## MY SWEETHEART.

Do you know my sweetheart, sir?  
She has fled and gone away.  
I've lost my love; pray tell to me  
Have you seen her pass to-day?

Dewy bluebells are her eyes;  
Golden corn her waving hair;  
Her cheeks are of the sweet blush-roses:  
Have you seen this maiden fair?

White lilies are her neck, sir;  
And her breath the eglantine;  
Her rosy lips the red carnations:  
Such is she, this maiden mine.

The light wind is her laughter;  
The murmuring brooks her song;  
Her tears, so full of tender pity,  
In the clouds are borne along.

The sunbeams are her smiles;  
The leaves her footsteps light;  
To kiss each coy flower into life  
Is my true love's delight.

I will tell ye who she is,  
And how all things become her.  
Bend down, that I may whisper  
My sweetheart's name is—'Summer.'

T. P.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street,  
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