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**CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL  
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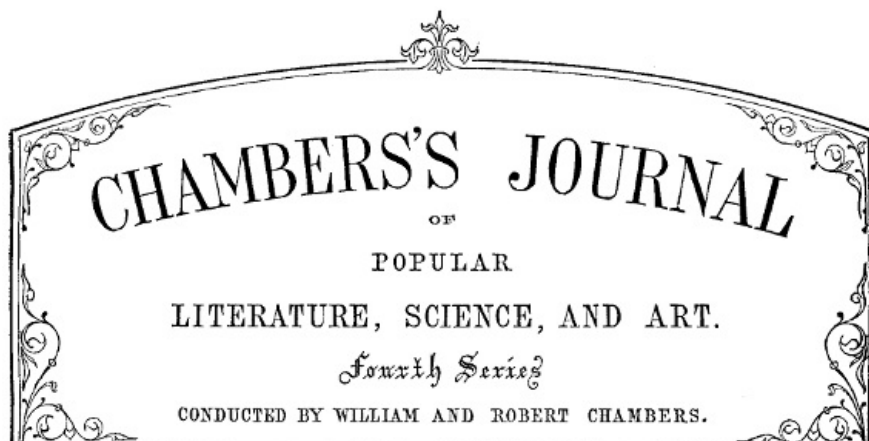
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# HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

By JOHN B. HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF 'LADY FLAVIA.'

## CHAPTER I.—THREATENED.

'No, my lord; I do not know him; nor, I think, does any one in the village. But during the few weeks that I have been at High Tor Churchtown, I have seen him very often indeed.'

The speaker was a young girl, of some twenty years at most. Her bearing was grave and modest, and her attire scrupulously plain; but there are cases in which sovereign beauty will assert herself, and Ethel Gray, the newly appointed school-mistress, was more than pretty. That slender form and faultless face, the dazzling purity of the complexion, and the lustre of the violet eyes, that contrasted so well with the wealth of dark hair simply braided back from the temples and twisted into a massive coil—these conferred beauty, if ever woman, since Eve's time, deserved to be called beautiful.

It was a bright balmy day in June, and through the large window of the school-room, now open, floated the scent of flowers and the hum of bees. Within the room, standing beside the teacher, were two gentlemen; while on each side of the table stood the children, their wondering eyes fixed upon the visitors. They well knew the kindly face of the gray-haired Earl of Wolverhampton, the elder of the two, whose park-gates were almost within sight of the school of which he was patron. But they had never before seen the shrewd rugged features of the middle-aged member of parliament, the Right Hon. Stephen Hammond, Under-secretary of State, by whom he was accompanied.

Ethel Gray's words had been uttered in reply to an inquiry from the Earl as to a swarthy man of sinister aspect and powerful build who was lounging near the low gate of the school-house garden.

'That is not a face,' said the Earl, thinking of quarter-sessions, tramps, gipsies, and poachers—'which I am pleased to see here among my good people.—What is your opinion, Hammond, of the owner of it?'

'I think that I had rather not meet him on a dark night,' answered the Under-secretary with a smile. 'But perhaps, after all, the man is only some sailor newly paid off; though he has a reckless unpleasant look in any case.'

Perceiving himself to be an object of attention to the occupants of the school-room window, the rough fellow who had been lingering at the gate now turned on his heel, and with an air half-defiant, half-abashed, slunk away.

Nor was it long before the old Earl and his guest, with an urbane word or two of leave-taking to the pretty teacher, quitted the school, and re-entered the carriage, which had been awaiting them in the leafy lane beyond. Lord Wolverhampton, as the horses' heads were turned towards High Tor, looked and felt pleased. He took an interest in the schools, as he did in every detail of his property; and he had been anxious for the Under-secretary's approbation concerning them. The Right Hon. Stephen Hammond had, in the course of the tour which he was hurriedly making through the country, visited many such places of education, probably with a view to Hansard and Blue-books; but he was frankly willing to give its meed of praise to that of which his noble host was the patron. And praise from Mr Hammond was worth the having.

The carriage rolled on between high banks crested with hazels and gay with wild-flowers, until at last it passed between the sturdy gateposts of blue Cornish granite, topped by the grim heraldic monsters which the De Veres had borne on their shields in battle for many a year before they had become possessed of the ancient barony of Harrogate or the modern earldom of Wolverhampton. It was a pretty park enough that of High Tor, with its huge sycamores and avenue of wych-elms, the fallow-deer feeding peacefully among the ancient hawthorn trees, the tinkling trout-stream, and the lofty crag that stood forth like a giant sentinel, as though to protect the mansion itself, surrounded by its gardens and shrubberies.

'Those are fine beeches!' observed Mr Hammond, pointing to a clump of silvan Titans that reared their canopy of leaves on a hill far away.

'Ah!' said the Earl, as a momentary shade passed across his face; 'those are not on my land. They are on the other side of the ring-fence, and belong to Sir Sykes, at Carbery Chase.'

'It was all one property once, I think?' said Mr Hammond.

'Yes; but that was a long time ago,' rejoined the Earl; but he did not enlarge upon the subject, and the carriage rolled in silence along the well-kept road towards the house.

Meanwhile the man whose loitering near the school of High Tor had attracted some notice, had cleared the village, and was traversing one of those deep lanes, with high banks densely wooded, for which that southern county is famous. The nut boughs almost interlaced their slender branches over his head as he passed beneath their shadow, and the ferns grew so thickly that it was but here and there, in golden patches, that the broken sunbeams could filter through them. The wayfarer was, however, to judge from appearances, by no means one of those for whom the coy beauty of wild-flowers, or the soft greenery of the woodlands, or the carol of the birds, could have any peculiar attraction. He pushed on, not hurrying his pace, but moodily indifferent to the hundred pretty sights and sounds that vainly invited his attention.

In person the stranger was, as has been mentioned, powerfully built, and still active and vigorous, although his crisp dark hair was grizzled by age or hardship. His keen restless eyes, sullen mouth, and lowering looks, were scarcely calculated to inspire confidence. His sunburnt face had evidently known the heat of a fiercer sun than that of Britain; and near the corner of the mouth there was a dull white scar, half-hidden by the clustering beard. Mr Hammond's conjecture as to the seafaring character of the man was perhaps warranted by his attire, which was of a coarse blue pilot-cloth, such as is worn not by sailors only, but by many dwellers on the coast, whose calling leads them to associate with mariners; and as regarded his bearing, he might as easily have been taken for an Australian digger or Cornish miner as for a seaman.

Such as he was, Ethel Gray was right in saying that this man's darkling face had been very frequently to be seen in the village of High Tor during the few weeks of her residence there. Who he was or whence he came, no one knew. But he did nothing illegal in loitering about the trim straggling street; and as our modern system does not encourage rural Dogberries to meddle with suspected 'vagrom men,' he was left practically unmolested as he lounged to and fro, talking little, but listening much in the tap-room of the village ale-house, where the rustics recognised in him the merit of one who carried spare silver in his pocket, and would invest a little of it in eleemosynary pots of beer. Himself not over-communicative, he seemed to have an aptitude for making others talk; and if to learn the politics of the parish was his desire, he certainly ought to have become tolerably well versed in them.

The swarthy slouching fellow trudged on, indifferent to the pale blush of the wild-roses, to the scent of the violets, or to the fresh clear song of the blackbird. He was thinking, thinking deeply, perceptibly indeed, had any one been there to watch him, for the veins and muscles of his beetling brows swelled and rose frowningly, as they do with some men while racking their brains. Presently he emerged into a broader and drier road than the moist shady lane which he had traversed, and saw before him the lodge-gates of a park, the stone piers of which were surmounted by a pair of couchant greyhounds in marble. One of the side-gates stood always open, since there exists an ancient right of way through Carbery Chase; and unchallenged, the stranger passed through the gateway and entered the demesne. It was a fair scene on which he looked. The golden sunshine fell, as if lovingly, on the rustling beech-trees and spreading oaks, the ferny dells and grassy uplands, the ancient trees of the grand avenue, and the bold blue swell of Dartmoor rising bleakly to the northward.

Full in front, seen through a vista of lofty elms, was the great house, rising stately in its fair proportions; mullion and ogive, and gable and turret, and every detail, to the very vanes that flashed and glittered on roof and tower, looking very much as they must have looked when Queen Elizabeth deigned to shew her skill as an archeress, to the detriment of the dappled deer in the wide park beyond. The silver-plumaged swans yet rode the tranquil waters of the mere, the burnished pheasants exhibited their gaudy feathers on the sunny bank beneath the fir-spinny, and the peacocks swept their gorgeous trains along the stone terrace that skirted the house, as when Tudor royalty had been feasted there.

It is seldom in England that two mansions of pretensions equal to High Tor and Carbery Court lie so near together. But in point of splendour there could be no comparison between the two. The grand Elizabethan house, justly described in the red-bound county guide-book as 'a magnificent place, now the seat of Sir Sykes Denzil, Bart.,' far surpassed in size and in symmetry the smaller and older dwelling of Sir Sykes's noble neighbour. No one would have credited the sunburnt stranger with any great share of artistic taste or architectural interest, yet he stood still at an angle of the road whence he could command an uninterrupted view of Carbery Court, and shading his eyes with his broad hand, gazed at it with an intentness that was not a little remarkable. 'A tidy crib!' he muttered at last. 'No wonder if a chap would run a bit of risk, and pitch overboard any ballast in the way of scruples, to be owner of such a place as that. And yet'—

He snapped his fingers contemptuously as he spoke, but nevertheless broke off abruptly in his soliloquy, and drawing out from the breast-pocket of his rough coat a leathern tobacco-pouch and a short clay pipe, filled and lighted the latter, and leaning against the huge bole of an elm-tree, smoked for some time in silence. But if his outspoken self-communings had come to an end, it would seem that the train of thought which had suggested them had sustained no interruption, to judge by the stealthy glances which he cast now and again towards the grand mansion, flanked as it was by all the appliances of wealth—park and lake and gardens, home-farm and stabling, pheasantry, and paddocks where thoroughbred colts disported themselves during the brief period of liberty that precedes the education of such equine aristocrats. {3}

A stray policeman passing by would probably have set down the swarthy stranger as an intending burglar taking a distant survey of the scene of his projected operations; but the mixture of emotions which the man's callous face expressed was of by far too complex a character to be summed up in so commonplace a fashion. There was covetousness to be sure, and perhaps a spice of malignity; but what appeared to predominate was a species of cynical enjoyment of the thinker's own cunning, not unusual with crafty but uneducated persons, who see themselves on the brink of success. Whatever might be the nature of the man's meditations, they were presently cut short by the sound of hoofs on the smooth road near him, as a gentleman riding slowly from the lodge-gates towards the house came in sight.

As the rider approached him, the man, who had been leaning against the tree, started, and with an impatient gesture, knocked the ashes out of his exhausted pipe; then jerking down his hat over his brows with the air of one whose instinct or purpose it is to shun observation, he strode off, striking into a side-road which led towards another gate of the park, by which entrance could

be made from the northward. Some minutes of brisk walking brought him to the verge of the park, whence he emerged into a wild and broken district of imperfectly cultivated country lying at the foot of the Dartmoor uplands, that rolled away in front of him to the edge of the horizon.

For some half a mile beyond the park-wall, the well-tilled fields, the fences in good repair, and the trim aspect of the few dwellings that studded the country, differed in no respect from such fields and fences, such farms and cottages as lay between High Tor and Carbery. But when the pedestrian reached a guide-post the pointing finger of which was inscribed with the words, 'To Nomansland, Dedman's Hollow, and Dartmoor,' he began to see before him evidences that he had left behind him the carefully managed Carbery property, and had entered on a barren region skirting the Royal Forest, and inhabited by a race of squatters who wrested with difficulty a bare subsistence from the sterile soil.

Passing on amid the ragged hedges, the lean cattle, squalid children, and tumble-down hovels of this unattractive population, but acknowledging twice or thrice a half-sullen nod or growl of recognition on the part of some male member of the community who stood whistling or chewing a straw at gate or gap, the wayfarer at last reached a spot where, at the junction of four narrow lanes, stood a dilapidated house of entertainment, its thatched roof stained and broken, and with not a few of the panes in its unwashed windows rudely replaced by boards or sackcloth. An inscription in faded letters over the low-browed doorway had reference to a license to retail beer and spirits for consumption on the premises, and tobacco; while a board nailed to a dead tree hard by bore, in thin black characters, the name of *The Traveller's Rest*. And into *The Traveller's Rest* the stranger dived, with all the air of one who feels himself at home.

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## CURLING.

WHEN a black frost seals up the ground, and ice covers our ponds and lochs, among the amusements then open to those north of the Tweed there is none more healthful and exhilarating than the game of curling, the mode of playing at which we shall presently explain for the benefit of our non-initiated readers. This 'manly Scottish exercise,' as the old poet Pennycuick calls it, is, as we once before hinted, the worthiest rival of golf in Scotland. Alas, however, it fights this battle under immense disadvantages; the good old times seem to have passed away, when for weeks on end,

O'er burn and loch the warlock Frost  
A crystal brig would lay,

and good ice might be confidently counted on for a long time. But being a pastime solely depending upon ice, and good ice, for its existence, this only makes the ardent votaries of the game the more eager to take every advantage of such fleeting chances as the variable winters of our day send them. Night has often been added to day, when the interest in a great match has been more intense than the frost, and the ice has shewn any signs of passing away.

It is *always* a trial for a curler to see a sheet of ice unoccupied; and when, on a Sunday, the 'crystal brig' on some fine loch lies smooth and keen, who has not seen hopeful enthusiasts taking a glance at the virgin expanse, with expression of countenance impossible to misunderstand! The marvel is that the strong temptation is so universally resisted, and that no effect has followed the example set by that Bishop of Orkney two centuries ago, whose 'process,' says Baillie in his Letters, 'came before us; he was a curler on the Sabbath-day.'

No game promotes sociality more than curling; none unites on one common platform the different classes of society better than it does.

The tenant and his jolly laird,  
The pastor and his flock,

join in the game without patronage on one side or any loss of respect on the other. Harmony and friendly feeling prevail; and if, on the ice as elsewhere, all men are *not* equal, it is because a quick eye, a sound head, and a steady hand make now the shepherd, now the laird, 'king o' a' the core.'

Though so eminently a Scottish game, evidence goes to prove that the pastime was brought to us from the continent not very long ago—three hundred years or so. Some ultra-patriotic curlers claim for it indeed a native origin, or at least one lost in the mists of antiquity, citing a passage in *Ossian* to prove that the Fingalian heroes beguiled their winters with the game, because in one passage it is said 'Swaran bends at the stone of might;' but this notwithstanding, it is quite clear that, as in the case of golf, we are indebted to outsiders for the first rough sketches of the 'roaring game.' The technical language of the game is all of Low Country origin, and it is supposed to have been introduced into this country by the Flemish emigrants who settled in Scotland about the end of the fifteenth century. No mention of it is made by any writer for long after this; but it must have been well known in 1607, for Camden, in his *Britannia*, published in that year, says that in the little island of Copinsha, near the Orkneys, 'are to be found in great plenty excellent stones for the game called curling.'

At this time and for long after, the game appears to have been merely a rough kind of quoiting on ice; indeed for a great part of the last century its common name in this country was *Kuting*. The

stones of that day, rough undressed blocks—so different from the polished missiles now used—had no handle, but merely a kind of hollow or niche for the finger and thumb, and were evidently intended to be *thrown* for at least part of the course. Since these days, great strides have been taken in the improvement of the game; now it is highly scientific, and with its many delicate strokes, its ‘wicks,’ calculations of angles, of force, and of bias, it may without presumption be called the billiards of ice. In some places, however, the old game with its primitive implements, usually flattish stones from the bed of the nearest stream, still holds its place under the name of ‘channelling.’

In the bead-roll of curling are no such mighty names as those that golf boasts of; our winter game has not got mixed up with historic events and personages, as the older pastime has; but what her devotees lack in greatness is made up by the intense affection shewn by them in all ages for their favourite sport. It appears to have been a great game with poets. Allan Ramsay and Burns allude to it, and a host of minor bards have sung its praises at varying lengths, but with uniform appreciation of its excellences. One of the most eloquent passages in Christopher North's *Winter Rhapsody* deplores the failing popularity of the game in his later days; for like many other good things, curling has had its ups and downs in this world. In some few districts where it once flourished for a time, the interest in the game has died out; but of later years the establishment of so many clubs has given a new impetus to the game, which now prospers in its season beyond all former experience. The south-western districts of Scotland were long the chosen home of curling, and the players of Lanark and Dumfriesshire were specially renowned for their great skill in the art; but now it has spread over the whole country, and the grand matches of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club witness the friendly rivalry of worthy foemen from Maidenkirke to John o' Groat's, and excite the enthusiasm of branch clubs south of the Tweed, and even across the Atlantic.

At Edinburgh, perhaps as much as at any other place, has the game prospered within the last century, though in one point the game has lost a recognition it once had, if we believe the old tradition that, about a hundred and fifty years ago, the Town-Council used to go to the ice in all the pomp and circumstance that it now reserves for the Commissioner's procession, with a band playing ‘appropriate airs’ before it, which discoursed sweet music while the fathers of the city gave an hour or two to the game. The citizens then played on the Nor' Loch, a sheet of water which in those days divided the Old Town from the New; when it was drained they went to the ponds at Canonmills, and subsequently to Duddingston Loch, where arose the Duddingston Curling Club, instituted in 1795, which has done great things in infusing a new spirit into the game. Among its members have been many fine curlers and good fellows, famed in other fields than this; and even if the Club had done nothing beyond giving us the capital songs of Sir Alexander Boswell, Miller, and many others, it would have still deserved well of its country.

Of late years, however, there has arisen a mightier than it—the Royal Caledonian Curling Club—now forty years old, which numbers among its members most curlers of note, both at home and abroad; and to which are affiliated all the local societies, who once a year, when the weather permits, send their chosen champions to contend at the grand match held under the auspices of the Royal Club.

Let us now see how the game is played; and first we shall give what is perhaps the earliest description of the game on record, that given by Pennant in his *Tour* in 1792. ‘Of all the sports of these parts,’ he says, ‘that of curling is the favourite, and one unknown in England. It is an amusement of the winter, and played on the ice by sliding from one mark to another great stones of from forty to seventy pounds weight, of a hemispherical form, with an iron or wooden handle at the top. The object of the player is to lay his stone as near the mark as possible, to guard that of his partner, which had been well laid before, or to strike his antagonist's.’

The game is played on a carefully chosen piece of ice called the ‘rink,’ which should be forty-two yards long, unless special circumstances—such as thaw and consequently ‘dull’ ice—require it to be shortened. This piece of ice should be as level, smooth, and free from cracks as possible; there is usually a trifling bias, which however to the skilled curler rather adds interest to the game, as it calls forth additional science in the play.

When the rink is chosen, a little mark is made at each end; this is called the ‘tee;’ and near that point stands, in his turn, each player, whose object is to hurl or slide his stones to the opposite end, by a swinging motion of the arm. Each player also endeavours to place his stones nearer the tee than those of his opponents. In this respect curling is precisely similar in principle to the well-known game of bowls. Round the tees are scratched several concentric circles or ‘brougs,’ a foot or so apart from each other, by which means the distance at which stones are lying from the goal is seen at a glance at any time during the continuance of the ‘end.’ In the normally long rink, a scratch called the hog-score—usually made wavy, to distinguish it from any accidental crack—is drawn across the line of play near each end, eight yards from the tee; and any stones that have not had impetus enough imparted to them to carry them over this line are ‘hogs,’ and are put off the ice as useless for that end. A common number of players in one rink is eight—four against four; but in some places more play on one side, and in others less, according to circumstances. As a general rule each man plays two stones. The game is counted by points; and each stone of a side closer than their antagonists' nearest, is a point which scores towards the game. It will be observed that ‘tees,’ ‘brougs,’ and ‘hog-scores’ are in duplicate, for as in quoits and bowls, ends are changed after each round.

As in bowls so in curling, the office of ‘skip’ of each side is usually given to the best player; and on his tact and judgment, besides knowledge of the exact amount of confidence he can place on the skill of each of his followers depends much of the success of his side. His chief duty is to

stand at the tee for the purpose of directing and advising the play of each of his fellows, always playing last himself, that the critical shot on which perhaps victory or defeat hangs, may be in the best possible hands. Thus, in a rink of four players a side, the skips stand directors until their third men have played both their stones; upon which they proceed to the other end and play theirs.

The course of a game is generally something like this, though in no sport are there greater variations, or more circumstances calling forth all that judgment, skill, and experience only can teach. The 'lead' or first player's object is simple: he tries to 'draw' his shot—that is, to play his stone up the ice towards the end where stands his skip directing, so that the stone may lie if possible within the rings; and if he is a skilful player, his stone rests say a few feet short of the tee. The lead of the opposite side probably does as nearly the same, or with a little more force applied he perhaps knocks out his opponent's stone and lies in its place. Each of the leads having played two stones, the turn of the second player now comes. If an opposing stone lies near the tee, this player tries to change places with it by driving it away; but if a stone of his own side is next the tee, his play will be to 'guard' it—that is, to lay his own stone in a direct line before it, so that the enemy may be less likely to dislodge it. As the game proceeds it gets more intricate—the stones round the tee may have been so placed that the 'winner' is perfectly guarded from direct attack. Then is the time for the display of science: an experienced player by a cunning twist of the wrist may make his stone curl so as to carry it past the one that is supposed to guard the winning stone; or he may hit a stone near the winner in an oblique direction, and so cannon off it on to the winning stone and knock *it* away. This last is called 'wicking,' and is exactly a stroke of the same kind so necessary in billiards.

And so the game goes on—a game of give and take; but as Græme says, who can

Follow the experienced player  
Through all the mysteries of his art, or teach  
The undisciplined how to wick, to guard,  
Or ride full out the stone that blocks the pass!

Stories innumerable are told of the delicate feats of aiming performed by enthusiasts of the game; and it is wonderful what skill is often shewn in the shots taken by good curlers with their unwieldy looking weapons; the narrow 'ports' or openings between two stones that they can make their missiles pass through, and the dexterity they shew in calculating the bias of the ice and the exact amount of angle necessary to make their cannons. This too, with stones thirty or forty pounds in weight!

Each player provides himself with a broom to sweep up the ice before a too lazy stone; and upon judicious sweeping much of the game depends. The shouts of 'Soop! soop!' that follow the signal of the skip; the excited gestures of the 'capering combatants;' the constant cries of victory or defeat after the frequent changes of fortune; the general exhilaration of spirits attending a healthy and exciting exercise in the bracing air of winter—all tend to make the scene an extraordinary one. Of course if, instead of the ordinary match or game among the members of a club, we are witnessing a 'bonspiel' or match between two rival clubs or parishes, the excitement is much intensified. Wraps put on by the careful goodwives' hands before the curlers left home are recklessly cast aside; brawny arms vigorously ply the besoms; strong lungs shout out encouragement; and the engrossed combatants await the issue of a shot in all the attitudes so cunningly portrayed in Sir George Harvey's well-known picture. Of course the point of most breathless interest is when perhaps one shot must decide the game. Hear how that inimitable curling song-writer, the Rev. Dr Duncan, describes that moment:

A moment's silence, still as death,  
Pervades the anxious thrang, man,  
Then sudden bursts the victors' shout,  
Wi' hollos loud and lang, man;  
Triumphant besoms wave in air,  
And friendly banter fly, man;  
Whilst, cold and hungry, to the inn  
Wi' eager steps they hie, man;

where awaits them the true curlers' dinner of 'beef and greens;' to which simple viands the appetites, sharpened by the keen frost, do ample justice. And if a temperate tumbler of toddy is emptied, what then? A merry evening is spent; and however keen the contest has been, or strong the rivalry between closely matched parishes, we can always say with the old song:

They met baith merry in the morn,  
At night they parted friends.

During these jovial evenings, 'in words the fight renewed is fought again,' and many stories of past curling are told—one of which we shall take an early opportunity of offering to our readers.

ART in its different developments may be said to express one idea—beauty. As in different parts of the world different languages are spoken, which all express the same thoughts and feelings, though in different ways, so all the arts are but the various ways of expressing the one moving spirit, the one idea, which is beauty. Painting exhibits or expresses beauty of colour; Sculpture, beauty of form; Architecture, beauty of proportion; Music, beauty of harmony; Poetry, beauty of thought. Each is in some measure transferable to, or capable of part expression by, the others. Thus painting may exhibit the beauty of form as in sculpture, and architecture may combine the beauties both of painting and sculpture, while poetry can in some measure unite the properties of each art.

The various thoughts and feelings of humanity are capable of being expressed in art, in every branch of it. Joy and sorrow, triumph and despair, can be expressed alike faithfully by music, painting, or poetry. The pain that is never entirely absent from this painful earth, aches in sculpture, in verse, and in melody; the love that beats in the great heart of the universe, breathes from the canvas, the marble, and the minstrel. Two arts especially are so blended as to be almost synonymous—Music and Poetry. Poetry is inarticulate music, harmony is song without words. Poetry is perhaps the highest of all arts, because all the others appeal to the soul through the external senses; while poetry, without sound, without beauty either of form or colour, unites the power of all. Something of the earth is necessary to the production of the other arts; pigments, marbles, strings, instruments of various sorts are indispensable to all except poetry; therefore poetry is the divine art, for it comes direct from the soul. Exquisite word-painting describes a scene as vividly as any painting; perfect rhythm is the purest harmony, and all art is combined in a poem which depicts with the fidelity of painting, which is symmetrical with the perfect proportions of architecture, and which breathes the melody of music.

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From the earliest ages, songs have been the heart-notes of nations; the simplest form of poetry, yet the most popular, because written directly from the heart to the heart. Heroic deeds were celebrated in song, love-stories were immortalised in song, ere there was a note of written music or a word of written verse. Thus the twin-sister arts music and poetry, in their infancy scarce distinguishable, passed on hand in hand; but with the lapse of years they grew more divided, their different features becoming more developed, until now, their triumphs have apparently raised a barrier between them, and people forget that they are twin; but the chord of sympathy is still there. The union is not *less*; it is only less visible, because more intricate. It is impossible briefly to state all the points where the sister-muses are at one; let us simply, by pointing out a few examples from the great masters of each, attempt to shew that music and poetry are still closely allied.

The three great moving powers of humanity are Faith, Reason, Passion—the Soul, the Head, the Heart. Faith, reverence, worship, or by whatever name may be called that feeling in man which causes him to adore a being greater than himself, has been expressed in poetry by Milton; in music by Handel. Reason, the thoughts of the human mind, the gropings after a true philosophy, has been expressed in the poetry of Shelley, in the music of Mendelssohn. Passion—each varied emotion that throbs in the heart of man, is expressed in the poetry of Byron, in the music of Beethoven. Others might be cited, and resemblances carried to any extent between poets and musicians; but the above may suffice, being not merely fanciful definitions, but thorough truths, fully borne out in fact; not ideal but real.

There is first the poetry and music in which the feeling of worship, the element of religion, is prime agent. Milton can be fairly taken as the poet of reverence. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of his life and times, the great power of his verse is a cry against the follies and sins of a debased people, an earnest cry for more strength of purpose, more firmness of will. It all strives to exalt a Deity who was like to be forgotten by a nation steeped in the vices and frivolities of Cavalier times. Grand and impressive his verse flows on, a mighty flood, with the hidden strength which shews itself in calm still progress.

Like the full rich notes of the organ sound the words of Milton, as also the noble chords of Handel, whose music, like Milton's verse, is full of adoration. Strange that both in their later years were blind. Could it be that the closing of the eyes of the flesh opened the eyes of the soul to a clearer vision and a more real conception of the Deity? The majesty of God, the insignificance of man, the eternal triumph of good over evil, are their themes, and in the same tones are they uttered. Handel and Milton sound like one voice, now in tones of beseeching tenderness—*Miserere Domine* wailing forth the plaint of sorrow in accents piteous with the burden of woe; again with righteous indignation they witheringly scathe the enemies of the truth and the spirit of evil; and, in *Gloria in Excelsis* they unite in praising the power of the Deity above all names, the one spirit, the 'I am' of the universe.

From the earliest times until now, man has been trying to solve the riddle of existence, eagerly striving after a true philosophy which shall satisfactorily explain to his reason all the complex mechanism of his nature. The highest intellect has vainly striven to pierce the mysteries of time and eternity, until the torch of reason becomes only an *ignis fatuus*, leading to dangerous wilds, where there is no path. In poetry the pure reason of man has had few such brilliant exponents as Shelley. Gifted with daring imagination, his genius darted in its wild flight like the lightning from out the storm-cloud; far above the earth his spirit seemed to float, while he breathed forth his marvellous song and toyed with the clouds and the spirits of the spheres. Intellect was his god; he revelled in the beauty of Nature and in the mystic shadows of psychological dreams. His eager soul was ever yearning for a something undefined to satisfy the vague longings of a mind that will take nothing for granted, that cannot believe what it does not understand. Therefore the works of Shelley are admirable examples of the poetry of the *intellect*.

Mendelssohn is his counterpart in music; there is the same vivid imagination, the same perfection of harmony, the same wealth of melody in the works of both. His music displays a rich intellect and a brilliant fancy; in it there is mechanical perfection; there is all that knowledge and education can do; heart only is wanting. His cultured mind conjures up sweet sounds, delicate airy visions, grand solemn strains; but there is never a touch of passion in it all. Carefully polished into perfection, the intricacies of his music convey the idea that a vast amount of effort and labour has been bestowed on their production. But in this he differs from Shelley, for Shelley's song is free, spontaneous as a bird's, and in it there is the fire, the passion which Mendelssohn lacks.

Thus, though there are slight differences in the way in which the intellect is developed in the works of those two masters, yet they both exhibit, above all, the reason, the intellect of man in its highest state of culture. Rich, melodious, dreamy are they both; and each leaves on the listener the same impression as of wandering through a land of perfect loveliness, peopled by beautiful spirits, chanting music now full of exquisite fancies, and again uttering wild cries for that rest and peace which the intellect alone cannot give. A fairy world is that dream-land of Shelley and of Mendelssohn.

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Ever nearer to human nature is the music of the heart, the one thing in the universe that changes not. Intellect with the advancing ages advances and changes; religions vary in different lands; but although languages, manners, everything be different, the heart of man remains the same: 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' Difference of language or of creed is no barrier to the appreciation of Shakspeare, of Mozart, of Raphael. True genius speaks to human nature from the depths of an intensest sympathy, a melody, a thought, which no boundary-line can limit, no distinction of race retard.

How is it that the sublimest music and the most entrancing verse are the results of sorrow? How is it that 'sweetness is wrung out of pain, as the juice is crushed away from the cane?' Out of the fire comes the purified gold, and out of the furnace of trial and pain and sorrow, comes that perfect sympathy which lies at the root of genius. Pain develops faculties which would otherwise lie dormant, and thus out of much suffering grew the deathless song of Byron and the immortal music of Beethoven. Nursed by neglect, fostered by contempt, grew their soul-children into a life which triumphed over the scorn which had slighted their infancy—beautiful soul-children, that shall live for ever in the eternal youth of genius. So long as the heart of humanity shall continue to throb, so long shall continue Byron's verse and Beethoven's harmonies. The *heart*, with its passionate longings, its hope and despair, its delight and its utter weariness, is embodied in the works of both. Strains of infinite tenderness and burning notes of passionate intensity, go to the heart of the listener with that strange undefinable power—that thrill, which is the charm of Beethoven's music. That composer once remarked that 'music should strike fire from the heart of man, and bring tears from the eyes of woman.' His music has accomplished both. The works of other musicians may delight or astonish; Weber's sweet notes have a home in many hearts, and Mozart's versatile genius has given to dramatic music its highest expression; but we venture to say that none exercises that marvellous fascination, none weaves the spell of enchantment which dwells in the burning notes of the master musician.

And in Byron's poetry there is the same indescribable attraction, because there is the same power. At present it is the fashion to sneer at his magnificent genius, to humble it ever the lower, the higher is raised the present school, who write of vague shadowy beings, and are strangely destitute of genuine life or passion. The conventional society of the present time is most fittingly mirrored in the conventional poetry of the day. Anything like tender emotion is carefully concealed. In the poetry of Byron there is no straining after effect, no halting for a word or a metaphor; on, ever on flows the song in a resistless tide. His poetry, like that of Burns, his equally gifted brother, is not *made*; it breathes, it burns; and is a genuine creation. In Byron's poetry love and hate are no mere affectations; they are genuinely depicted, and meant; while sorrow is touched with the tender cadence of a real grief. There beats in all his verse a true throbbing heart, with all the inconsistencies of temperament which belong to human nature. *There* is the secret of his power, the magic of his verse, which must live so long as hearts shall beat to the tune of love, and there are sorrows in this world of unrest.

The universality of this heart-music is easily understood, even though the intellect of man be ever changing; and each new science in its turn alter the aspect of affairs; each new philosophy seem to overthrow the previous schools. As knowledge becomes more extended, materialism wages a sterner battle against idealism, and a 'reason' that must comprehend all the mysteries of existence, that must apply the crucible to everything, bids fair to abolish 'heart' altogether, as an antiquated emotion; and yet throughout all ages to come, the one touch of nature will still make 'the whole world kin.'

Unaffected in the main by religion or education, we see the same feelings, with all their varying moods, in the inhabitants of the sunniest climes or of the lands of winter snows. Thus is the heart of man ever the same. True genius speaks to that heart; hence it is universal, and can never die. The language of Homer is now esteemed dead, but is the *Iliad* dead? The land of Dante has been steeped in a long sleep, but has the *Inferno* been forgotten? The birthplace of Michael Angelo is disputed, but none disputes the power of his imperishable marbles.

Bright in the beauty of eternal youth, live the song-notes of genius whether in verse or music; age cannot mar the freshness of their charm; time cannot lessen the power of their fascination. Empires are overthrown, victories lost and won, kingdoms once in the first rank are fallen behind, and young nations are spurring on to the front; the world, ever in a turmoil, is a perpetual kaleidoscope of change; but through the clang of battle these voices sound triumphant,



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## THE BELL-RINGER.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE DUMB PEAL.

OVER hill and dale, over woodland and moor, over fields and hedgerows, the snow has thrown her mantle of purity, concealing all defects with a skilful hand, and making a landscape of fairy-like beauty, enhanced by the rays of the sun. On the church belonging to the village of Linden, its beauty was strikingly revealed, as it lay upon every moulding, and clothed the ivy clustering the tower, contrasted by patches of dark-green leaves where the wind had relieved them of their snowy burden, and tracing the outline of each narrow pointed window and jutting buttress. The graves were thickly covered with Nature's winding-sheet, and even the mossy tombstones in this village 'God's-acre' were whitened by the same pure covering, for the wind had ceased for some hours, and a ghostly silence pervaded the resting-place of the dead, until the striking of the village clock in a dull muffled tone warned the occupants of some adjacent cottages that it was four o'clock. Clouds of a light gray colour hung low over the earth, and Nature reposed in a silence that is often the precursor of a storm. {8}

The village of Linden was situated in a valley, picturesquely green in summer, but subject to heavy snow-drifts in winter, which at times rendered the road nearly impassable; a fact which was painfully apparent to a solitary traveller who was toiling wearily on his way at the time my story opens. As he drew near the churchyard, which was situated at the entrance to the village, he paused to rest on the low wall surrounding the inclosure, and drew his plaid around him, as a protection from the cold, for he shook in every limb, and his breath went and came in short uneven gasps. A labourer returning from his work gave him a countryman's 'good-e'en,' but he made no reply; an urchin clambered over the stile to take a short cut through the sacred precincts, and stared hard as he brushed past the muffled form; still he moved not, although the fast-deepening gloom of the short December day was sufficient to urge him to hasten to a shelter for the night. At last, as the church clock struck the quarter past four, the stranger rose, and mounting the stile, stepped down into the churchyard. Removing his plaid from his face, he looked earnestly around, without fear that he should challenge recognition; he was alone with the dead. Stumbling with some uncertainty among the graves, he made for a distant corner, where a door in the ivy-covered wall and a neatly kept path (from which the snow had been lately swept) leading to the chancel door, shewed it to be a private entrance to the churchyard. In this corner stood a cross of Scotch granite, decked with wreaths of *immortelles*, and still discernible in the twilight was the inscription:

In Beloved Remembrance of  
ALICE, Wife of CHARLES PEREGRINE,  
who died August 12, 18—, Aged 52.  
Her End was Peace.

With eyes which seemed to strain themselves in his eagerness to read this inscription, the traveller gathered in the meaning of what he read, and with cold benumbed fingers painfully traced each carved letter, to make the dread assurance doubly sure. Claspings the cross, he sank upon his knees, and indulged in an agony of grief; at last his emotion overcame him; the fatigue he had previously endured augmented his suffering; his arms released their hold, and he slid from his kneeling position on to the ground, lying in an unconscious state on the verge of a newly dug grave, side by side with the one over which he had been weeping; and in this dangerous position for a time we leave him.

At a quarter to eight Nathan Boltz, who was master of the belfry, the bells, and the ringers, who rung the curfew at eight o'clock, and the morning bell at five in summer and six in winter, who was sexton and parish clerk, and one of the principal members of the choir, came to perform his usual duty. The tolling of the curfew over, Nathan turned aside to inspect the grave he had lately dug; his astonishment was intense at stumbling over a prostrate form, and but for his activity he would have been precipitated into the narrow house so lately prepared by him. Putting down his lantern, he raised the insensible figure, and bore it in his arms to his cottage, close at hand; once there he managed to unlock the door, and placed the stranger gently on the floor. Running back swiftly for his lantern, Nathan returned with it, closed and locked his door upon intruders, and brought its light upon the face of his guest. No sooner had he done this than he started back in dismay. He knew the man, although he had not seen him for fifteen years, and time had worked startling changes in that cold impassive face.

"'Tis he at last!" whispered Nathan, as if fearful of being overheard, although he was alone. For a moment he felt as David might have felt with Saul sleeping before him; then the passion in his face died out, and he used every means to restore the sufferer. For some time his efforts were in vain, but at last he was successful; and the first glance bestowed upon him by the stranger shewed that he too was recognised, although neither of them spoke.

Nathan was at his post next morning when the funeral cortège came quietly through the grounds surrounding the Hall, and was met by the vicar near the chancel door; but Nathan's mind was

preoccupied, and he scarcely heard or saw anything which took place. He went through his duties mechanically, even to filling up the grave in silence, although many lingered near him to speak of her who lay beneath. They thought him strange, but held him in too much respect to venture a remark.

Squire Peregrine of Linden Hall had been a widower only a few months, having been left with seven daughters, who might have been termed the widower's garland. Alas! for that fragile beauty which fading rapidly droops into an early grave. The funeral of one fair girl had just taken place; and for Hilda Peregrine, the bell-ringers would on that evening ring a dumb peal, which should speak to every heart in its sorrow, and prove their sympathy with the bereaved. Six months before, they had rung for the mother, little anticipating the early removal of one of her children; she had passed away from them, beloved to the last. Was it any wonder that the men took their way to the belfry in silence, guided by the light of the lantern flashing on the snow-covered paths? The bell-ringers of Linden could boast of no slight skill in their manipulation of the splendid chime of eight bells which were wont to speak their stirring language to the villages for miles around. The sweet and musical bells of Linden had been a recent gift from the ladies of the Hall, and each bell bore upon it the name of the giver. Nathan Boltz preceded the ringers into the belfry. See him as he stands there divested of his wraps, and revealed by the light of candles burning in sconces fixed in the wall. He is a tall and stalwart man of thirty-five, with a muscular development rarely excelled, inherited from his father, a Dutch sailor. His face, of a true Saxon type, is remarkable for its repose and force of expression; firmness without obstinacy in the mouth and chin; benevolence written on the expansive forehead; forgiveness and charity in the clear dark gray eye.

Nathan Boltz was truly one of Nature's gentlemen; a self-educated man, a great reader, a deep thinker, a humble imitator of the Divine Master. This was the man who, unaware of his true greatness, lived a life of real enjoyment in zealously performing his duties and working for his daily bread. He had no desire to extend his sphere beyond his native village; the simple drama of his life had been played out amidst its rural scenes, and it had not been destitute of pathos and variation. Nathan had had a deep sorrow, which had washed his soul in its tumultuous waters and left it stranded upon the Rock of Ages; and when the memory of this sorrow came upon him, his voice took a deeper tone in the chants and hymns, and a shadow would obscure the brightness of his face. He had, like all his fellow-creatures, many faults; but the good in him outbalanced the evil.

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'Now!' cried Nathan. Instantly the men were at their posts. Every hand grasped its respective rope; and there echoed forth on the night-air the solemn far-sounding peal, carrying the melody down to earth, catching it and bearing it to heaven above.

Hark to their dull unchanging roll!  
As heavily on it floats,  
And speaks of the dead to the mourner's soul  
With its wildly solemn notes.

The cottagers opened their doors, and every heart answered its response of regret and hope as the bells rang on. At last it was over; the solemn sound died gradually away, and the silence which followed seemed the more expressive from the contrast.

Old Father Time rings many changes; hour by hour and day by day they steal upon us, imperceptibly but surely; and we mark their advent but slightly, until at our yearly gatherings, when friend meets friend and long-severed ties are reunited, the missing links shew many a vacant chair, and faces filled with joy in meeting their beloved once more, ever and anon cloud over, as memory recalls departed joys which never can return.

We return with the mourners to the Hall, where the sisters can scarcely realise the loss of her who has so lately been taken from them. Patricia, the eldest, possesses her father's hauteur of disposition and commanding manner. Gertrude, the second, resembles her mother in person and disposition. Of the four younger sisters, two of them were twins, and were a counterpart of their elder sister. The remaining two had been trained by her whom they lamented, and were, like her, beloved by all who knew them. The sisters sat together in the drawing-room, awaiting the entrance of their father and another member of the family regarded in the light of a son—their cousin, Oliver Peregrine, whose marriage with Patricia was necessarily delayed by her sister Hilda's death. These constituted the family dinner-party.

Oliver Peregrine grew impatient at the decorous silence preserved by his uncle, who in spite of his calm demeanour, was feeling the death of this daughter more than he cared to shew. The servants who waited had felt real affection for her, and their sorrow was not an outward form. But the delay of the marriage chafed Oliver's temper, and with difficulty he responded to his uncle's desire that all mention of it might be for the present suppressed. Let us describe him. He was about forty years of age; tall, thin, and stooping; his hair and moustache of a faint sandy hue, his light-blue eyes uncertain and cruel-looking, the mouth thin and compressed; haughty towards his dependents, possessing an unblemished reputation, heir to the greater part of his uncle's wealth, demanding respect, of love gaining none. He was a man who looked suspiciously on every action of those around him, at the same time given to concealment himself. He was an accomplished scholar, and had been educated for a learned profession, being the orphan son of a younger brother; but as the heir of Squire Peregrine, he followed his studies as a recreation, and spent most of his time at the Hall.

Dinner was proceeding in the manner just described, when up the snow-covered avenue a carriage rolled silently and swiftly; and presently the butler handed a card to his master. Squire Peregrine rose immediately; and all felt the interruption a welcome one. 'My old friend Colonel Lindsay,' he said in explanation, 'whom I have not seen for many years.—Come with me, Patricia, and bid him welcome.'

They left the room; and after a short interval returned, bringing Colonel Lindsay with them. Introductions followed, and he took his seat at the table. No one present made mention of the time which had elapsed since last he had visited them. Many changes of a painful character had taken place during the interval, and the Colonel avoided all mention of them until he found himself alone with his old friend. But when Patricia and her sisters had left the dining-room, and Oliver with a slight apology had followed them, the Colonel, in a few feeling words, referred to the death of Squire Peregrine's wife and daughter; then suddenly changing his tone, he added: 'And where is the boy? Where is Bertram?'

Squire Peregrine's face grew of an ashen paleness, as in a low voice he answered: 'Lindsay, I have no son.'

'Dead?' said the Colonel in a penetrating tone, as if he would read the heart of his old friend.

'To me and my family for ever. Name him no more!'

The Colonel took no notice of his tone. 'His faults?' he pressed—'his faults?'

No one else would have so dared to interrogate Squire Peregrine; yet again he answered: 'Abduction and forgery;' and his old friend noticed that he placed the word forgery last.

'I do not believe it, Charles,' he said calmly. 'Against whom were these crimes committed?'

'Against a pure and innocent village girl, and against myself. He fled, and all I could do was to try not to discover him. The girl is dead. To the last she shielded him. He is the first Peregrine who has so fallen, and his name is cut off from amongst us. God grant he may be dead!'

'He is innocent!' returned the Colonel in a firm tone.

Squire Peregrine stared at him as if he thought him mad. 'How can you prove that?' he said hurriedly.

'I have no proof but my remembrance of him as a lad, and an inward conviction that you have been deceived. Did his mother believe him guilty?'

'I cannot say. I did not allow her to mention him. My two youngest daughters are not aware they have a brother.'

The Colonel did not press the matter further, but changed the subject, relating incidents of his life abroad, and making the time pass pleasantly to his old friend. But that night the Colonel sat in deep thought over the decaying embers of his fire, and had come to a resolution before he sought his couch. The result was that Dobson the butler furnished him with full particulars of the sad event; and unknown to Oliver Peregrine the prosperity of that worthy was on the wane.

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## EXPERIENCES IN CAMP AND COURT.

AN interesting and gossiping volume of personal reminiscences, entitled *Camp, Court, and Siege: a Narrative of Personal Adventure and Observation during two Wars, 1861-65, 1870-71* (Sampson Low & Co.), has been given to the world by Colonel Hoffman, an officer whose position during two great wars enabled him to record much that escaped the notice of other observers. Colonel Hoffman held an important post in the Federal army during the American civil war, and at its close received an appointment in the diplomatic service of his country. As Secretary to the American Legation in Paris, and *chargé d'affaires* during the temporary absence of the United States minister, Mr Washburne, he witnessed the events which preceded the Franco-German war, and afterwards remained in Paris, in common with other members of his Embassy, during the siege. The recollections he has strung together relate rather to the byways than to the beaten track of history during these periods; and it is this fact which gives his unpretending volume its chief interest and novelty. Our readers will probably be amused in spending with us a short time over its pages.

Colonel Hoffman was in 1862 captain on the staff of Brigadier-general Williams at Hatteras, an island which lies in the direct route of vessels bound from the West Indies to Baltimore, New York, &c. The 'guileless natives' of this place are, we are informed, well known as wreckers, and in pursuit of this calling they adopt a plan which is simple but effective. A half-wild kind of horse called a 'marsh pony,' is bred upon the island, and one of these animals is caught, one of its legs is tied up, a lantern slung to its neck, and the pony is thus driven along the beach on a stormy night. The effect is just that of a vessel riding at anchor; but other ships approaching are soon made unpleasantly aware of the difference between a merchantman riding out the gale, and this Hatteras decoy.

From Hatteras, Captain Hoffman was ordered to join General Butler's expedition to New Orleans, and proceeded in a vessel which took three regiments, numbering three thousand souls. A fact which transpired on the voyage he commends to the attention of those parish authorities in England who refuse to enforce the Vaccination Act. A man who had been ill with small-pox, but

was supposed to be cured, was on board this vessel, and two days after they had sailed his disease broke out again. The men among whom he lay were packed as close as herrings in a barrel, yet only one took it. They had all been vaccinated within sixty days.

Ship Island, off Mobile in the Gulf of Mexico, was their first destination to await supplies for the expedition. An odd thing here was the abundance of fresh water obtainable everywhere by digging a hole two feet deep in the sand; in two hours it became full, but after using it for a week the water would be found brackish, when all that was necessary to procure another supply was to dig a hole as before. And yet the island scarcely rises five feet above the sea. While staying at this place the writer witnessed a curious freak of lightning. Eight prisoners were sleeping side by side in a circular tent, when a terrible thunderstorm broke out. The sentry stood leaning against the tent-pole, with the butt of his musket on the ground and the bayonet touching his shoulder. The lightning struck the tent-pole, leaped to the bayonet and tore the stock to splinters, but only slightly stunned the sentry; thence it passed along the ground and struck the first prisoner, killing him; glided by the six inside men without injury to them, but struck and killed the eighth man as it disappeared.

We now come to the writer's reminiscences of warfare.

A characteristic anecdote is told of General Sherman's coolness. 'He had a pleasant way of riding up in full sight of the enemy's batteries accompanied by his staff. Here he held us while he criticised the manner in which the enemy got his guns ready to open on us. Presently a shell would whiz over our heads, followed by another somewhat nearer. Sherman would then quietly remark: "They are getting the range now; you had better scatter." As a rule we did not wait for a second order.' On one occasion Sherman sent out a strong party to reconnoitre, and Captain Hoffman asked permission to accompany them. It was given; and the general added: 'By the way, captain, when you are over there, just ride up and draw their fire, and see where their guns are. They won't hit you.' The order was obeyed, and Hoffman was not hit; but he does not recommend the experiment to his friends.

There are occasionally amenities in warfare, and embittered as was the conflict between North and South, still some curious instances occurred. At the siege of Port Hudson the soldiers on both sides established a sort of *entente cordiale*. Growing weary of trying to pick each other off through loopholes, one would tie a white handkerchief to his bayonet and wave it above the parapet; and presently a similar signal would be made on the other side. This meant a truce; and in a moment the men would swarm out on both sides, and commence chaffing each other. After a while some one would cry out: 'Get under cover now, Johnnie,' or 'Look out now, Yank; we are going to fire,' when handkerchiefs would be lowered and hostilities recommence. No one dared to violate this tacit truce without notice; had any one done so, his comrades would have roughly handled him.

A striking instance is noted of the effect produced by the imagination when exalted by the excitement of battle. A staff-officer by Captain Hoffman's side dropped his bridle, threw up his arms, and said: 'I am hit; my boot is full of blood.' He was helped from his horse, and sent to the ambulance, the captain mentally wishing him farewell. Next day he appeared at headquarters as well as ever; he had been struck by a spent ball, which had broken the skin, but inflicted no serious injury. Captain Hoffman saw the same effect produced on another occasion. A man limped from the field supported by two others, and said his leg was broken. He was pale as death, and had the chaplain to read to him; but the surgeon was surprised to find no hole in his stocking, and cutting it off, nothing was discernible but a black-and-blue mark on the leg. Men notoriously brave may thus occasionally be imposed upon by their imagination.

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Woman's wit, in the opinion of Colonel Hoffman, played an important part at times in the conflict, the 'rebels' gaining many an advantage over the Northern men by its influence. 'In such matters,' he remarks, 'one woman is worth a wilderness of men. I recollect one day we sent a steam-boat full of rebel officers (exchanged prisoners) into the Confederacy. They were generally accompanied by their wives and children. Our officers noticed the most extraordinary number of dolls on board—every child had a doll—but they had no suspicions. A lady told me afterwards that every doll was filled with quinine; the sawdust was taken out, and quinine substituted. Depend upon it that female wit devised that trick.'

Woman's ingenuity also displayed itself in other ways. A bag of intercepted letters from the Confederate side gave an instance. A Southern young lady, writing to her brother-in-law in Mobile, narrated how she had successfully played a trick upon a Boston newspaper, compelling it to unwittingly belaud its foes. She sent them a poem called *The Gypsy's Wassail*, the original in Sanscrit, with a translation in English, expressing every patriotic and loyal sentiment. The 'Sanscrit' was simply English written backward, and properly adjusted, read as follows:

God bless our brave Confederates, Lord!  
Lee, Johnson, Smith, and Beauregard!  
Help Jackson, Smith, and Johnson Joe  
To give them fits in Dixie, oh!

The *Wassail* was published with a compliment to the 'talented contributor;' but in a few days the trick was discovered and exposed.

We pass on to the writer's European recollections. He received his appointment to the Legation at Paris in 1866, when the imperial court was at the height of its splendour. The Emperor, when he designed to be, was always happy in his reception of diplomates, and the formal introductory

speeches were followed by informal conversations. He liked to ventilate his English, but could not speak the language perfectly. To an American officer (Colonel Hay) he observed, for instance: 'You have made *ze* war in *ze* United States?' (*Vous avez fait la guerre?*)—meaning, 'Did you serve?' The colonel was strongly tempted to tell his Majesty it was not he made the war, but Jeff. Davis. The Empress spoke English not so fluently as the Emperor, but with less accent. American ladies were always well received by her, and her balls were sometimes called by the envious *bals américains*. If the Embassy desired one or two presentations beyond the usual number, the inquiry was generally made: 'Is it a young and pretty woman?' and if it were, there was no difficulty, for the Empress was pleased to have her balls set off by beautiful and well-dressed women.

Comparison is favourable we are told, in American eyes, to British over the French imperial display on a very important occasion—the opening of parliament by the sovereign, as contrasted with that of the Corps Législatif. The spectacle in this country bears the palm, says Colonel Hoffman, both in splendour and interest. Her Majesty's demeanour is much admired. 'Short and stout as is the Queen, she has the most graceful and stately walk perhaps in Europe. It is a treat to see her move.' The Empress of the French, however, created great enthusiasm on these occasions. 'Her beauty, her grace, and her stately bearing carried the enthusiasm to its height. You would have sworn that every man there was ready to die for his sovereign. Within less than four years she sought in vain for one of them to stand by her in her hour of danger.'

In the year of the last Paris Exhibition (1867), Napoleon III. entertained in his capital the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, the latter accompanied by Bismarck and Moltke. Sixty thousand men passed before the sovereigns in review, and it was on the return from the spectacle that the Emperor Alexander was shot at by a Pole. The ball struck the horse of one of the equerries, and blood spurted from the animal upon the Emperor's second son, who was with him in the carriage. It was reported that the Emperor of the French turned to his imperial guest and said: 'Sire, we have been under fire together for the first time to-day.' To which the Emperor replied with much solemnity of manner: 'Sire, we are in the hands of Providence.' That evening the writer saw the Russian Emperor at a ball at his own Embassy, not more than two hundred persons being present. He looked pale and *distrain*, and Madame Haussmann, wife of the celebrated baron, was trying, but without much tact, to make conversation with him. 'He looked over her head, as if he did not see her, and finally turned upon his heel and left her. It was not perhaps polite, but it was very natural. The Emperor and Empress of the French made extraordinary exertions to enliven the ball; but there was a perceptible oppression in the air.' The would-be assassin was not condemned to death, the jury finding 'extenuating circumstances.'

On the outbreak of war in 1870, the American Legation was requested to undertake the protection of North German subjects in France, and procured the consent of the French government thereto. Thirteen distinct nationalities, European and South American, eventually came under the same protection, and caused plenty of employment. Partly on this account, when the representatives of the great European powers had left Paris for Tours, after the downfall of the Empire, the United States Legation remained, and its members endured the unpleasant experiences of the siege. To Colonel Hoffman, however, the anticipation of this was a matter of perfect indifference—or rather he looked forward to it with some degree of liking. 'I had quite a curiosity to be a besieged. I had been a besieger at Port Hudson, and thought that I would like to experience the other sensation. The sensation is not an unpleasant one, especially in a city like Paris. If you have been overworked or harassed, the relief is very great. There is a calm or sort of Sunday rest about it that is quite delightful. In my experience, the life of the besieged is altogether the most comfortable of the two.' And the writer professes to think that the suffering endured in famous sieges, and the heroism of the inhabitants, have been much exaggerated. There were, however, many points of considerable difference between the circumstances attendant upon the siege of Paris and that, say, of Saragossa or Plevna. The Germans never made a bombardment in earnest. 'We were being bombarded, but after a very mild fashion. I have since talked with a German general who commanded at the quarter whence most of the shells entered the city. He assured me that there never was the slightest intention to bombard Paris. If there had been, it would have been done in a very different style.' But shells fell during nineteen days into the city, and nearly two hundred people were killed by the explosions. In both bombardments, that by the Germans and afterwards by the French government troops, much of the mischief done is reported to have been caused by the mere wantonness of the artillerymen, who under such circumstances are eager to hit something, it matters little what it may be. Indifference acts also on the side of the besieged, and during the worst of the bombardment, men and boys were to be seen lurking in the Champs Elysées near the Arch, and darting to secure the fragments of an exploded shell while they were still too hot to hold, or crying *Obus!* and suddenly squatting, to watch the effect upon elderly gentlemen passing by. A large business was done in these fragments as relics after the siege.

As regards provisions, the members of the Legation were of course as well off as it was possible to be under the circumstances. The staple diet, however, which Mr Washburne and the Secretary preferred to expensive luxuries, was 'our national pork and beans, and the poetic fish-ball.' Occasionally they indulged in small portions of elephant, yak, camel, reindeer, porcupine, &c., at an average rate of four dollars a pound. This meat came from the Jardin d'Acclimation, where it was found impossible to get food for the animals. Colonel Hoffman gives the preference among these varieties of flesh to that of the reindeer, which resembles venison, but he thinks all these meats but poor substitutes for beef and mutton. Horseflesh was the main stay of the population in the way of fresh meat; it was rationed and sold by the government at reasonable prices, nine and a half ounces per day being allowed to each adult. It is 'poor stuff at best,' says the writer. 'It has

a sweet, sickening flavour. The only way I found it eatable was as mince mixed with potato.'

The transmission and receipt of intelligence gave rise to some of the most memorable experiences of the siege, and what was done by balloons and pigeons is likely to form a precedent for similar episodes in all time. The French had always a fancy for ballooning, and were probably in advance of the rest of the world in this respect. They soon started a service of mail-balloons twice a week from Paris, despatching them at first in the afternoon; but it was found that they did not rise quickly enough to escape Prussian bullets, and the hour of departure was therefore changed to one in the morning. The speed of the balloons was sometimes marvellous. One descended in Norway on the very morning it left Paris. Another fell into the sea off the coast of Holland a few hours after its departure, and the passengers were rescued by a fishing-smack. Out of ninety-seven balloons despatched, ninety-four arrived safely—about the proportion, says Colonel Hoffman, of railway trains in these later times. Two fell into the hands of the enemy, and one was supposed to have been drifted out to sea and lost. A balloon was seen off Eddystone Lighthouse; and a few days afterwards a gentleman spending the winter at Torquay received a letter from the rector at Land's End, stating that a number of letters had drifted ashore, supposed to have been lost from a balloon, and among them was one addressed to him. It proved to be a balloon-letter from Colonel Hoffman, and is still preserved as a souvenir of the siege—and the sea. The pigeon experiment Colonel Hoffman considers proved a failure, as so few birds succeeded in reaching their destination. Two or three times, however, a carrier arrived safely, bringing with it one of those marvels of scientific skill, which under the microscope revealed correspondence equal to the contents of a good-sized newspaper.

Not nearly sufficient, in the writer's opinion, was done in the way of sorties from Paris. He contends that the garrison should have made a sortie every night, with sometimes a thousand and sometimes a hundred thousand men. 'Had they done so,' he says, 'they would have soon worn out the Germans with constant *alertes*, and with comparatively little fatigue to themselves. But the entire French army was in want of organisation.' On the other hand, the members of the naval service have Colonel Hoffman's warmest admiration. 'The officers,' he says, 'are a very superior class of men, and the sailors under them fought gallantly during the war, for there was a large number of them detailed to the army. They felt strongly the deterioration of the sister-service.' The colonel was once dining at a Versailles restaurant near a French naval officer, when one of the army, accompanied by two non-commissioned officers, entered and made a great disturbance. '*Cette pauvre armée française! cette pauvre armée française!*' muttered the naval officer.

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## SHAMROCK LEAVES.

### BEGGARS.

THE poorhouse and the policeman have considerably abated Irish mendicants, especially in the towns; but in the country and in remote places, 'the long-remembered beggar' is still an institution. The workhouse is held in abhorrence by this class of vagrant, and any amount of suffering is preferred to the confinement, the enforced cleanliness, and the discipline it involves. The Irish poor are, as a rule, indifferent to creature comforts. They love their liberty under hedge and open sky; and resemble the dog in the fable, who preferred his precarious bone and freedom to the good feeding and luxuries of his tied-up friend. A wretched old woman, decrepit and barefoot, appearing on the hall-door steps of a house she was in the habit of visiting, would be remonstrated with in vain by her patrons, however delicately the obnoxious subject, the poorhouse, was approached.

'Now, Biddy, it is all very well in summer to go about; but in this bitter wintry weather, would it not be better to go where you would have a good bed and shelter, and be warmed and fed and comfortably clothed, instead of shivering about, ragged and hungry? Why not try—only for a while, you know, till summer comes back—why not try the poorhouse?'

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'The poorhouse!' (firing up); 'I'd rather die than go there! I'd rather lie down under the snow at the side of the road and *die!* But sure the neighbours will help me. There isn't one 'ill refuse me an air of the fire or a night's lodging, or maybe a bit and sup of an odd time. And you're going to give me something yourself, my lady, avourneen, you are! Don't I see it in yer face? You're going to bring out the dust of dry tay and the grain of sugar and the couple o' coppers to the poor old granny. Ah yes! And maybe the sarvant-maids will have an ould cast petticoat to throw to her, for to keep the life in her ould carcase this perishing day.'

Before the famine of 1846-7, which brought about a change in the food of the peasantry, systematic begging was the annual custom. Potatoes were then the sole food of the working-classes, and the farmers paid their labourers by allowances of potato-ground (half or quarter acres), with seed to till it. Money, therefore, was little in circulation among the lower orders. In the interval between the consumption of the old potatoes and the coming in of the new—expressively known as 'the bitter six weeks'—there were occasionally great privation and distress. Whole families turning out of their cabin and leaving it with locked door, might at this time be seen trooping along the roads—the father away 'harvesting' or getting work where he could. As they went along, stopping at every cabin on their route, a few potatoes would be handed to them—less or more, according as the stock of the donors was holding out—so that by

nightfall the bag on the mother's back would have increased to sufficient proportions to furnish a good meal for the family. And thus they continued to live until the new potatoes were fit to dig, when the cabin-door was unlocked, and plenty once more the order of the day.

The charity of the poor to the poor is very touching, and nowhere do we see more of this than in Ireland. The people are naturally good-natured and full of kindly impulses; and they attach moreover, a superstitious, almost religious value to the blessing of the poor, with an equal dread of their curse.

A fatal instance of the latter feeling occurred near Limerick some years since.

A young man fell in love with a girl who did not return his affection; telling him plainly that it was useless to persevere, as she never could care for him. He took his disappointment so much to heart that he fled the country and went off to America.

Maddened with rage and despair at the loss of her only son—the darling of her heart and her sole support, for she was a widow—the bereaved mother went straight from the ship that took away her boy, to the young woman's house. Kneeling down on the threshold, and stretching her arms to heaven with frantic gesticulation, she called down its vengeance upon her trembling hearer, pouring forth a torrent of imprecations upon her head.

By the broken heart of her son—by the widow's hearth made desolate—by the days and nights of lonely misery before her, she cursed the girl! And the latter, appalled by her bitter eloquence, and superstitiously convinced that those awful curses would 'cleave to her like a garment,' never rallied from the terror and the shock to her nerves of this vindictive outbreak. She went into a decline, haunted by the woman's dreadful words; and her death confirmed the popular belief.

To return to our subject. Although the use of Indian meal and griddle-bread as articles of food in place of the exclusive potato, together with increased wages and the payment of labour in cash instead of kind, have abolished the annual begging migrations, mendicants still abound. The tourist season brings them out, as numerous as the flies in summer, and equally troublesome. A party of English clergymen visiting Killarney were pestered, as most travellers are there, by beggars. These reverend gentlemen had, for greater convenience, adopted the usual tourist costume, with the exception of one who belonged to the ultra High Church party, and retained his clerical garb in all its strictness. His dress caused him to be mistaken by the peasantry wherever he went for a Roman Catholic priest; and he was not a little startled when, in Tralee, a girl flung herself down on her knees before him in the muddy street to ask his blessing. The abject obeisance of the people to their priests in those days, was an unaccustomed sight to an English clergyman.

The traveller in question soon became accustomed to the position, and used it for the benefit of his party. Tormented on one occasion by the importunities of a crowd of beggars who followed them, he suddenly stopped. Drawing a line across the road with his stick, he cried to the clamorous troop: 'Pass that mark, and the curse of the priest will be upon you!' All fled in a moment!

Another time the same individual utilised the mistake in the cause of humanity. The party were travelling on a jaunting-car, and going up a steep hill, the driver was flogging his horse unmercifully.

'My friend,' said the clergyman, addressing the man, 'do you know what will happen to you, if you do that—when you go to the next world?'

'O no, yer Riverence. And sure how could I?—What is it now?' pulling off his hat and looking greatly frightened.

'You will be turned into a horse, and devils will be employed to flog you, just as you're flogging now that poor beast of yours.'

'Ah, don't, yer Riverence—don't say that now! for the love of heaven, sir, don't! An' I'll promise on my two knees to give him the best of thratement from this out, and never to lay whip into him that way again.'

The beggars in towns are often very caustic in their remarks, and indulge in personalities more witty than polite, when unsuccessful in their demands.

A late well-known Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, remarkable for a peculiarly shaped and very ugly nose, resisting the importunities of a woman for 'a ha'penny for the honour of the blessed Vargin,' she turned upon him with: 'The Lord forgive you! And that He may presarve yer eyesight, I pray; for faix 'tis yerself has the bad nose for spectacles.'

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Another spiteful old beldam of the same stamp attacked Sir A. B. for alms, following him down the whole length of Sackville Street. The baronet had tender feet, which with other uncomely infirmities, caused his gait to be none of the most graceful.

'Ye won't give it—won't ye?' broke out the woman in an angry whine. 'O thin, God help the poor! And look now; if yer heart was as soft as yer feet, it wouldn't be in vain we'd be axing yer charity this day.'

'That the "grace of God" may never enter into your house but on parchment!' was the terse and bitter anathema in which another gave vent to her wrathful disappointment. She knew that all writs are on parchment, and had probably learned from cruel experience the formula with which they commence: 'Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen, &c.'

The ingenious proceedings of Captain C—— touching the mendicant fraternity, should not be

omitted while on the subject.

When about to be quartered with his men in Mullingar, a friend told him before going there that the place was infested with beggars; and that his predecessor, the commanding officer of the last troop, had been greatly annoyed by them. The captain listened attentively, resolving to take his measures. On the night of his arrival at the hotel he called up the waiter.

'I am informed,' he said, 'that you have a great many beggars in this town.'

'Well, yes, sir; we certainly have,' replied the waiter.

'I wish to see them all—all collected together under the windows of this hotel. Do you think that could be managed?'

'If you wish it, sir. O yes; Certainly, sir,' said the man, with the usual waiter-like readiness to promise everything under the sun; albeit a little taken aback at so unusual a request.

'Very well; let them be all here to-morrow at twelve o'clock precisely.'

Such a motley assemblage of rags and wretchedness as presented itself under the hotel windows next day was seldom seen. The tidings had spread like wild-fire; and from every lane and alley of the town came crowding in the blind, the lame, the maimed, the aged—beggary, deformity, idiotcy, and idleness in all their varieties. Curiosity and greed were equally on the *qui vive*, and the excitement of the eager crowd may be imagined.

At length the captain appeared on the balcony. There was a breathless silence.

'Are you all here,' he said, 'every one?'

'Every mother's sowl of us, plaze your honour, barring Blind Bess with her crippled son, and the General.'

'Then call Blind Bess and the General,' said the captain. 'I want you all.'

'Sure enough, here's Bess,' cried a voice, as a double-barrelled mendicant in the shape of a blind woman with a sturdy cripple strapped on her shoulders, came hurrying up.

'And here's the General driving like mad up the street. But sure yer honour won't give *him* anything—a gintleman that keeps his carriage!' shouted a wag in the crowd.

A dilapidated old hand-cart dragged by a girl now made its appearance. It was covered at top with a piece of tattered oil-cloth, and from a hole cut in the middle of this protruded the head of 'the General,' decorated with the remains of an old cocked-hat. The shrivelled face of the old cripple was half covered with a grizzly beard, and his rheumy eyes peered helplessly about in a feeble stare.

'Now,' said the captain, 'ladies and gentlemen'— A murmur in the crowd, especially among the feminine portion.

'Ah thin, bless his darlin' face; 'tis he that has the civil tongue in him, and knows how to spake to the poor!'

'Not a bit o' pride in him; no more than in the babby unborn!'

'Sure any one to look at him would know he was good! Isn't it wrote upon his features?'

'No nagur [niggard] like the one was here before him, that never gave a poor man as much as a dog would keep in his fist.'

'Ladies and gentlemen—you are, I am told, all here assembled. I have requested your attendance in order to state that I have given, for your benefit, one pound to the parson, and one pound to the priest of the parish; and further to inform you that during my stay in Mullingar, not a single farthing beyond these sums will I bestow on any one of you!'

A howl of disappointment rose from the listeners. The captain did not wait to note the effect of his words. He disappeared into his room in time to be out of reach of the chorus of abuse with which—their first surprise over—his speech was received by his enraged audience.

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## WOODCOCK GOSSIP.

FROM a recent number of that entertaining journal of sports and pastimes, *Land and Water*, we take the following account of the curious habits of the woodcock.

'Probably no kind of game is more keenly sought after in this country than this, the head of the Snipe family; and we will undertake to say that many an ardent gunner, who has become aware that some of these birds of passage have already reached our shores, will keep a more than usual sharp look-out for "cock" when beating up his coverts for pheasants and such-like perennial game. It is astonishing what a fillip to the day's sport a single woodcock added to the bag will give. Row after row of cock-pheasants, noble in proportions, and in their really beautifully variegated plumage, may be laid out with other game on the lawn at the evening count-up, and the host may proudly scan these evidences of the prowess of himself and his guests and the excellence of his preserves; but his eye will always seek its goal in that little russet-coloured bird, the only representative of his species, amongst the other spoils of the chase. The man too who has been lucky enough to have shot him, no matter how indifferently he has behaved at those



occasional "rocketers" that have presented themselves to him during the day, is regarded as the hero of the party. The reasons why this annual visitant has such distinguished attention paid him, and always such a warm welcome awaiting his arrival, are that, compared with other game, he is scarce, peculiar, inconstant in his habits, difficult to shoot, and last, but not least, unsurpassed by any, and equalled by few other birds that fly in these islands, as a gastronomic delicacy. There are very few places in England where even in the most favourable seasons woodcock are found in sufficient numbers to warrant shooting expeditions being organised purposely for their pursuit, but they are generally taken with the rest, extra vigilance being observed in beating out all likely localities. The first immigration of the woodcock from the continent generally takes place some time in October, when he will be generally found near the coast for some few days after landing. He is purely a winter visitant and nocturnal, and arrives in England with an easterly wind, and by the light of the moon or in the early dawn. If the elements are unfavourable to his flight, or he is too weak to accomplish the whole journey without a rest, he drops wherever he can find a rock or an island in his course. Lighthouse keepers sometimes find him dead on the lantern, and occasionally, on Lundy Island, woodcocks are found in considerable numbers, thin and weak, and but the shadow of what they will be a few days after their arrival at their favourite boring-grounds. During migration-time the inhabitants used to set nets from house to house in the street of Heligoland to trap them, and probably do so now.

'As soon as they have recovered strength enough after landing they disperse, and take up their quarters generally in the neighbourhood of springs and soft boggy grounds, but there is no dependence to be placed on their movements. A dozen may be seen in one covert to-day, while to-morrow not a single bird can be found in the whole district. To-day they are flushed amongst the heather on the hill-sides; to-morrow in the deepest and most thickly-wooded dells, or under the hollies and laurels in the home-covert drives. To describe the personal appearance of this confirmed rover is not necessary, as his long beak, bright eye, *tête carrée*, old-oak coloured body, and his black-and-white tipped tail, are well known, and although there are occasionally found specimens somewhat differing in colour and size, one may live in an ordinary cocking district for twenty years and never meet with one of these variations in the colour of his coat, although some very much varying in proportions from their fellows may be killed in the same district every season.

'His peculiarities may perhaps be worth notice. His wings are each provided with a little symmetrical, pointed feather, found at the extremity of what is known as the bastard wing, which feather was many years ago sought after by miniature-painters for mounting, to use as a brush in the exercise of their art. The ear is a curious structure, is as proportionately large as that of the owl, and is situated at the extremity of the gape of the beak. The eyeball is enormous, and together with the ear, occupies nearly all the external space on either side of the head. The sexes are almost undistinguishable by external marks, although some naturalists affirm that the outermost feather in the wing of the hen-bird presents a stripe of white on the exterior veil, which in that of the cock-bird is regularly spotted with black; this is a very fine distinction, and not always to be depended on. Another criterion is the size, which offers a peculiarity in that the hen is generally the larger bird. Woodcock are great gluttons, and to this fact we think it very probable their solitariness is partly attributable. Like a goose to a Cornishman—Cornishmen are reputed heavy feeders—one boring-ground may be enough for one woodcock, but is "starvation for two." Recognising this fact, apparently our long-billed friends do not usurp each other's feeding-ground, having probably an instinctive knowledge that the tenant in possession can find sufficient accommodation for the vermiform portions of life to be found therein. Hence a feeding-ground seldom yields more than one woodcock, although when that one is shot its place is very commonly found occupied by another the next day. Where the latter came from, or why it did not jointly occupy with the former tenant—except for the reason adduced above—is a mystery.

'The manner of flight of a woodcock when flushed is very irregular. Sometimes he will flap lazily down a ride in front of you like an old red owl startled from his noonday sleep and stupefied by the glare of the sun. At other times he will rise and dart about and zigzag amongst the stems of the trees with a velocity scarcely credible after witnessing an example of one of the owl-like flights previously mentioned. When he indulges in his twisting and darting tricks, he is a wonderfully easy bird to miss. Sometimes he will fly off slowly for a short distance, turn sharply to the right or left behind a tree, bush, hedge, or other object, dart swiftly onwards for fifty yards or so, and suddenly drop, or perhaps, as if receiving a new impetus from his sudden change of direction, speed away to some far-distant shelter. In covert, however, a woodcock's ulterior point, whatever peculiarities of flight he may indulge in on being flushed, is generally the first opening between the tree-tops; when shooting, therefore, as a general rule fire at the first glimpse, no matter how near he is—for the chances are it is the only sight of him you will obtain—and hold the second barrel ready for the aforesaid opening, through which, if you keep a sharp look-out, you may see him dart.'

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## A TRIUMPH OF ART.

ON the Peacock island in Potsdam we find amongst the white marble statues an image of Rachel, the celebrated French tragedian, placed there in memory of her triumph over a monarch who had been by no means friendly disposed towards her. We mean Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, whose dislike to her had been caused by her republican sympathies and turbulent sentiments, which he

abhorred, and on account of which he had prohibited her entrance into Russia; he is even known to have said that he wished never to set eyes on her. This inclement verdict of the powerful monarch was no small stumbling-block in the great tragedian's way, for Russia is a mine of gold; foreign artists and many a Rachel and Patti of our days might relate wonderful, almost fabulous tales of costly gems raining down upon them on the stage amid the enthusiastic cheers of an enchanted audience.

Therefore Mademoiselle Rachel was highly pleased when in the summer of 1852 she received an invitation to act before the court at Potsdam, where the Emperor Nicholas was just then staying as the king of Prussia's guest. The famous actress had been desired to recite several scenes from French plays, but neither in costume nor in company of other actors. She therefore arrived attired in black, the most costly lace covering her beautiful arms and shoulders; but the gentleman who, by the king's orders, was at the station to receive her, expressed his doubts whether the royal and imperial party would not object to so melancholy and mournful an apparel; and on reaching the palace, the artist was kindly invited by the late Princess Charles (sister to the Empress Augusta, and wife of the Emperor's brother) to wear a few gayer-looking things of her own. Such an offer could not be refused, and Mademoiselle Rachel appeared in the gardens adorned with roses. On inquiring for the stage, she was told that there was none erected, and that she was expected to stand on a grass plot in front of the seats of her noble audience. This demand roused her quick temper, so that she was on the point of returning to Berlin, when her official attendant, the above-mentioned gentleman, pacified her by remarking that she would be on the same level with the audience, that her art would prove the greater for the want of any stage apparatus; and (last but not least) he reminded her of how much was at stake—an enormous honorarium and perhaps the repeal of that fatal interdiction. After a moment's hesitation and a struggle with herself, Mademoiselle Rachel took her cicerone's arm, and suffered him to lead her to the spot destined for her performance.

The evening was lovely; the moon, half-hidden behind a group of poplars, threw her silvery light on the pond and the gently murmuring fountain. A few torches and lights illuminated the face of the artist, while the court sat in the shadow. Deep silence ensued upon her appearance—one could hear the crickets chirp—and then she began her orations. The listeners seemed spell-bound: that was not human speech, it was music dropping from her lips. She was determined to be irresistible; and she succeeded so well, that even the hitherto unfriendly Emperor himself, won by her art, rose from his seat when she had ended, and meeting her half-way, kissed her hand in presence of the assembled court, assuring her that henceforth she would be welcome in Russia.

What were the praises, flatteries, and congratulations of the others who were crowding round the happy artist, compared to the homage rendered to her by the mighty ruler of Europe's vastest country, the monarch from whom a sign ordered thousands of his subjects to be or not to be!

Thus was one of the greatest autocrats in Europe won over by the acting and the elocution of—a woman!

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## EDITORIAL NOTE.

IN entering on the forty-seventh year of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, we are able to say with some pride that at no period in its long career has the work, to judge from its circulation, been more acceptable. In other words, the issue is greater than ever, notwithstanding the numerous rivals in cheap literature that have sprung up, and to which we have never had any particular objection; for in this as everything else there is room for all. This prolonged and even increased appreciation of the JOURNAL is, however, a little surprising. From the time we penned the opening address in 1832, a kind of new world has sprung up. We feel ourselves to be surrounded by masses of people who have no recollection of the backward state of affairs in the reign of William IV., because they were not then born. Our professed object, as originally set out, was to offer some elements of popular instruction, without trenching on matters of political or religious discussion, and that was done to the best of our ability. Originally the humbler classes were chiefly aimed at, but it soon became apparent that the work found its main supporters among families of a considerably higher station in society; aspiring youths in the middle classes, especially, adopting it as a weekly favourite. We are happy to think that among the sons and grandsons of those early patrons the work is received with undiminished interest. While one generation has succeeded another, we have in the varying fashions of the day never swerved from the principle on which we set out. Obloquy and vulgar persecution have been employed to gain us over to take a side. All in vain. At the outset we had resolved that nothing should induce us to become the sycophants of any sect or party whatever, and we can safely aver that that resolution has been kept. What others may do is nothing to us.

Does not the result bear the useful moral, that honest independence of principle is best after all? Dozens of rivals patronised by sects and parties have within recollection gone down; and here we are after six-and-forty years as lively as ever—rather better. It is well understood that CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL is a publication which does not intrude any peculiar views on religion or politics; that it tries to avoid controversial topics; and aims only at offering wholesome amusement and instruction—in short, always something which will, if possible, elevate and amuse, while in no respect offending. We feel that that has been the rôle assigned to us by Providence, and we

intend to keep it. Encouraged by ever-increasing success, we shall continue to spare no pains in making the work an entertaining MAGAZINE for the family fireside. In offering these few explanations, the EDITORS—which in the present case is almost equivalent to PUBLISHERS—again have pleasure in acknowledging their obligations to the long roll of writers who help to sustain them in their efforts.

W. & R. C.

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