

Miss Amy walking with Captain Sanders. The horse was walking beside him, the bridle hanging loosely from his arm—still in the sling—and she was gently resting her hand on the other.

They passed the window, glanced up—saw the people looking, I suppose. Miss Ollifant blushed and hurried on. Captain Sanders came in at once, passed me without any notice, and strode into the other room. Then I ventured to peep in, for the door was wide open.

Mrs. Cardewe seemed very pleased to see the captain again; and he, after a few words, turned to the Bassetts, and said—

“I believe you gentlemen have some claim upon the inheritance of Miss Ollifant?”

“I should think we had,” said the younger man.

“On what grounds, pray?”

“Well, that’s pretty cool! Do you intend to dispute the will?”

“No, sir; but I may have something to say about it. Your claim depends entirely upon the truth of the report of the non-existence of Mr. Elliott, the next-of-kin. Yes; you know that. Then I may tell you that the next-of-kin is alive, and will claim the real estate!”

At this moment Miss Ollifant came in shyly, and motioned to me to accompany her to the inner room. Of course I did. There were the Bassetts standing by the chimney-piece; Mrs. Cardewe was seated on the sofa, and Captain Sanders was standing beside her.

He smiled when Miss Ollifant entered and went up to him. She kissed Mrs. Cardewe, and then caught hold of the captain’s arm as if she had a right to it.

The Bassetts bowed. Young Bassett got very pale, and then very red. He seemed half mad, but kept his temper.

“Well, you’ll have to prove your case,” he said. “We will dispute it. Miss Ollifant has made her choice—may she never regret it!”

“I *never shall* regret it!” cried the young lady. “You are quite welcome to the estate, if it be right you should have it. We may be poor——”

“Not altogether, dear,” remarked Captain Sanders.

“But,” continued Miss Amy, “poor or not, I have pledged my word. Let them have the estate, Cyril.”

“Cyril!” exclaimed Mr. Bassett. “Not——”

“Yes; Cyril Elliott, who was compelled to adopt the name of Sanders by the will of his kind benefactress. I am the legal owner of the Ollifant property, Mr. Bassett!”

“You! Captain Sanders—Cyril!” exclaimed Miss Amy. “I never knew——”

“No, dearest. I reserved the claim until I had ascertained whether I had not another and a dearer claim—your affection. The question is set at rest now. Mr. Bassett, I am sorry for you; but you will find me not unwilling to atone to you for your disappointment.”

“You can never do that, Captain Sanders,” replied young Bassett sadly, glancing at Miss Ollifant; “but I am much obliged to you, all the same.”

This was so much more polite than he had expected that Captain Sanders crossed over and shook hands with the father and son. “Come and see me in London,” he said. “We will arrange something.”

Then the visitors left. When they had gone, and I was going, Miss Amy said to Mrs. Cardewe—

“Did you know all this, dear?”

“Yes; we knew it on your birthday, but we thought it better not to interfere. It has all come about as we hoped and wished.”

I went home with little Charley, and told my husband how it had all come right.

“So you see, Charley, I was *not* such a stupid as you said I was. I was quite right all the time!”

Charley at first only stared at me; but as he turned to get his pipe he remarked, in what *he* calls his “dry” way—

“My dear Lucy, when you are *not* right I shall expect the weather forecasts to be wrong! You are a miracle!”

Then I knew he *felt* I was right, and I got him a nice little supper to make it up to him, as I hate triumphing over a man.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.



PRAY thee,” said Portia to Nerissa, “overname them,” when her companion spoke to her of suitors; and as Nerissa mentioned each, Portia characterised him. The Englishman was a dumb show, badly put together; the Scottish lord was a borrower and not a re-payer; the German a drunkard; the Neapolitan talked of his horse only; and for the Frenchman, “God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.”

When Shakespeare put these characteristics into the mouth of the clever Portia, he was thinking of the many popular sayings concerning the types of humanity found in various countries, their several weaknesses, and their several virtues. In England, in France, in Germany—everywhere—each particular county or province has its characteristic whereby it is described in the circumjacent counties or provinces. These do not always consist of proverbial sentences, but in short designations, often in fancied likenesses drawn be-

tween those characterised and certain typical animals. So we are accustomed to hear ourselves spoken of, and, indeed, to individualise the generic Englishman as John Bull, and to speak of the Frenchman as Johnnie Crapaud. The Russian is a bear, and the Swabian, to other Germans, an ass. Even the heraldic symbols are, in some cases at least, intended to be typical—the English rose, the Scottish thistle.

The Emperor Charles V. was wont to say, "The Italian is wise, and looks it; the Spaniard looks wise, and is not; and the Frenchman is wise without looking it."

Another characteristic is: "The Frenchman takes the world by its cheerful side; the Englishman looks on at it as at a tragedy."

Maurice of Saxony likened the Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian, and German to various sorts of vermin: the Frenchman, he said, was a flea, never steady in one spot; and the Spaniard the devouring moth; the other similitudes are too unpleasant to be quoted.

The French say of other peoples hard things: "Cheating as an American, drunken as a Swiss, jealous as a Spaniard, revengeful as a Corsican, quarrelsome as a German, proud as a Scotchman, and cold as a Dutchman."

Another French saying is, "The Italian is wise in time, the German at the time, the Frenchman after time."

The Emperor Maximilian I. said that "the King of France is a king of asses, for he lades his subjects with heavy burdens; the King of England is a king of men, for he lays on them nothing they do not consent to bear; but the Emperor is a king of princes who do nothing but follow their own caprices." A true saying; one he had learned by experience. The German Emperor was a sovereign in name, but without power; he inherited a magnificent title, had splendid pretensions, but was flouted by every prince who pretended to owe him allegiance. To Maximilian several such characterisations are attributed. He is reported to have spoken first of the Englishman as a typical shopkeeper, an identification which the first Napoleon often had on his lips. Maximilian said, "An English shopkeeper, a Jewish usurer, an old nun, a German courtier, an ape, and a man of Basle are the devil's best servants."

In Spain it is said, "The Englishman is a drunkard, the Frenchman a scamp, the Dutchman a butterman, and the Spaniard a cavalier;" and again, "It is best to be born in Italy, to live in France, and to die in Spain."

The Russians say, "Englishmen have their wits at their fingers' ends, Frenchmen at the end of their tongues."

It is said in Poland, "What the Italian invents, the Frenchman makes, the German sells, the Pole buys, and the Russians take from him."

The Italians say, "When trouble comes, the German drowns it in drink, the Frenchman talks it down, the Spaniard meets it with tears, the Italian goes to sleep till it is past."

In Italy, the ideally perfect woman is said to be a

compound being, borrowing her straight back from Germany, her feet from Genoa, her walk from Spain, and her wit from France. She must have Florentine eyes, golden hair from Padua, her profile from Ferrara, and her bust from Venice; moreover, she must have the delicate hand from Verona, and her complexion from Bologna, from Greece her ease of movement, her teeth from Naples, and from Rome her dignity.

There is an old Latin jingling piece of verse, printed in the beginning of the sixteenth century, something to the same effect, or rather a similar conceit. According to that, the perfectly beautiful woman must have her head from Prague, her spine from Brabant, her hands from Cologne, her feet from the Rhine, and a Swabian bust.

The saying of the Emperor Charles V., characterising the European languages, is well known, but will bear to be again quoted. "Pray to God in Spanish, talk to ladies in Italian, chatter French with friends, twitter English with the birds, and swear German with the horses."

The Spaniards say, "The Portuguese are lie-a-beds; the French sit-at-tables; and the Spaniards lounge-at-windows."

Some names of plants and vegetables spring out of a misunderstanding. Jerusalem artichoke is not a native of the Holy Land; Jerusalem is simply *giroflé*; it is a corruption, just as *asparagus* becomes "sparrow-grass"; but there is a sneer and real spite in the designation of a rat by a Bohemian as "a German mouse," and by a Slovak of a frog as "a German crab," and of a thistle as "a German rose." So also in Lithuania, a whirlwind is called "a German messenger." No love is implied by the Russian when he talks of foolish laughter as "the giggle of a German over a pancake."

It is said of Poland that it is "the hell of farmers, the paradise of Jews, the purgatory of the middle class, the heaven of the nobleman, and the gold-mine of the stranger."

Germany has always been regarded as the home of drinkers—though not justly of drunkards. We remember asking an officer who had gone to a new beer-brewery to taste the ale, how he liked the brew. "Well," said he, "I did not care for it when I took my first glass, but at the thirteenth I began to understand it"—but he was as sober as we are whilst writing this. German beer has very little alcohol in it. The French charge the Germans, in their proverbial sayings, with love of drink; and, as we have seen, Portia does the same. "*Germanis vivere et bibere*" is the Latin form of this charge; and a Latin epigram says—

"Si latet in vino verum, ut proverbia dicunt,
Invenit verum Teuto, vel inveniet."

That is, if there be truth in the saying that "Truth lies in wine," sooner or later the German will have it.

Dutchmen call the Englishman a *steertman*, that is, a man with a tail, because in 1170, according to the legend, Thomas à Becket had cursed some men in Kent who cut off the tail of the horse on which he

was riding, and ever after the men of Kent wore tails. And because the men of Kent, therefore all Englishmen. Ball, the Reformer in Edward VI.'s time, refers to this story, and mentions also a variation of the scene and cause of this ignoble punishment. "John Capgrave and Alexander of Esseby sayth, that for castyne of fyshe tayles at Augustyne, Dorsettshyre men had tayles ever after. But Polydorus applieth it unto Kentish men at Stroud, by Rochester, for cuttinge of Thomas Becket's horse's tail."

Among the Germans, England is said to be the paradise of women and the purgatory of servants, but a far worse place than that for horses.

About the French say the Italians, "They do not tell what they intend to do, nor read what is written, nor sing the notes set before them;" and a German says, "A Frenchman is a good acquaintance, but a bad neighbour:" a truth which Prince Bismarck is never tired of impressing on the people, and urging them accordingly to enlarge the standing army. The negroes in a French colony say, "*Mouché (Monsieur) Connaittout pas connait tout*"—Mr. Know-all don't know all.

Perhaps the Greeks fare worst of all in the opinions of those who have to do with them, if we may judge by the sayings concerning them that pass from mouth to mouth. Among the Southern Slav races this is especially the case. They say, "Three Turks and three Greeks make up six heathen;" and "A crab is not a fish, nor a Greek a true man;" and again, "A Greek speaks the truth once a year;" and once more, "A gypsy cheats a Jew, a Jew a Greek, and a Greek the devil."

The Venetians say, "He who trusts the word of a Greek is more fool than the madman;" even in Normandy the bad repute of the Greek has passed into a proverb, and he who obtains something quite unexpectedly is said to have "got paid by a Greek."

Holland and Flanders have both been places of refuge for bankrupt and fraudulent Frenchmen for a long time, and as such are regarded proverbially in France. "Go to Holland" means, Evade paying your debts. And to say of a man, "*Il est de Flandres*," is the same as saying, He is a ruined man.

Myndeer Van Dunck, though he never was drunk,

sipped brandy and whisky daily—for a Dutchman's draught must be deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee. That we all know, and to drink like a Dutchman is everywhere proverbial.

Of Italians it is said by the French, "Half one is too much in a house;" and the Illyrian says of the Italian what the Englishman and the German say of the Swiss, "He would sell his own father for gold."

The Jew shares with the Greek the prerogative or being the best-abused of all peoples, proverbially.

The Pole says—

"The German cheats the Pole,
The Italian cheats the German,
The Spaniard swindles the Italian,
The Jew defrauds the Spaniard,
But only the devil can get the better of the Jew."

The German says, "The Jew cheats even whilst praying;" and the inhabitant of Lesser Russia, "The Jew did not learn to cheat; he was born with the faculty."

"Rich as a Jew" is said everywhere. "Flies and Jews can never be driven away" is less known.

To build castles in the air is rendered in French, having a castle in Spain. Compliments that mean nothing are called Spanish coin; and in Italy, poison is designated euphemistically "Spanish figs," because Spaniards are supposed to poison those they desire to be rid of with fruit in which arsenic has been inserted.

The Swiss is not known proverbially for his patriotism, but for his mercenary nature. "No kreutzer, no Schwitzer," is a common saying in Germany; and "*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*," is the French version of the same. One evening when a distinguished Genevan actress and a Swiss company were performing *William Tell* in Paris, they had an empty house. The actress came forward and said, "I see—the proverb is reversed. To-day it is, No money, plenty of Swiss."

We speak of carrying coals to Newcastle when we wish to designate the absurdity of sending something to where there is superfluity; in Russia they speak of sending snow to Lapland, and in Germany of despatching deals to Norway. In Holland, when they desire to say that a man is in his element, they describe him as being like a goat in Norway.

