

But we only skirt the moorside. Leaving the heather almost as soon as we find it, we follow a path down again through the hill-side pastures. Almost from our feet, up into the wind that seems ready to make sport of him, rises a skylark. He cannot stand against so stiff a breeze, but, even as he is carried along upon it, he rises upwards and pours forth his song. The grass and the heather are withered, the moor is bleak, the wind is strong, but the skylark has seen the sun, and, though its glory is now hidden again, the bird rises into the rain-cloud and sings of the coming spring.

And now, in a few moments, we are down again among trees, following a winding path that leads ever down and down, until, at the bottom, it crosses a brook by a rustic bridge formed by a single tree-trunk thrown athwart the water-course. Soon we have to cross the brook again—this time by a solid stone bridge, but still under the trees. Close by this is a rough, dry wall, and in this wall, between some of the less closely set stones, the parents of Thomas once made their nest. Here it was that Thomas, with Dick and one or two anonymous brothers and sisters, first saw the light. The nest had been placed in an exposed position, but those who were left in it, when Thomas and Dick were invited to my friend's home, escaped detection as nestlings, and entered in due course upon the responsibilities of the full-fledged. They are very probably, at this moment of our inspecting the place of their birth, among those birds who from the branches overhead are inspecting and discussing us. The spot is a lovely one, and I cannot help telling my friend that had Thomas been brought up amidst its beauty and peace, his character might have been developed to less fratricidal ends.



FEAR NEITHER OF HALTER NOR JUSTICE.

PATCHWORK—PAST AND PRESENT.

SO far as the present paper is concerned, the term "patchwork" will include any work made of different pieces of material, either sewn together by their edges, or laid on each other and then sewn down, or *appliquéé*, as it is usually called.

Perhaps the earliest historical piece of patchwork was the handiwork of our first mother Eve, when, as we are told, she sewed fig-leaves together to make aprons for herself and Adam, although we are left in the dark as regards the needle and thread used by her, and can only conjecture that they *may* have been a sharp thorn and a fibre of some sort!

Another very early example, dating so far back as B.C. 980, was the Egyptian funeral tent of Queen Isi-em-Kebs, mother-in-law of Shishak, who besieged and took Jerusalem some three or four years after the death of King Solomon.

This is, at the present time, preserved in the Museum at Boulak, and may be described as an enormous piece of patchwork, consisting of thousands of pieces of the skins of gazelles, first dyed, and then sewn together with threads of the same colour.

The outer edges appear to have been bound with a cord of twisted pink leather.

The tent itself consists of a flat top, divided down the middle; on one half are six large representations of vultures, each surrounded with a text in hieroglyphics; the other half is covered with yellow and pink rosettes on a blue ground.

The side flaps show first narrow coloured bands, then a fringe pattern, next a row of broad panels, red, green, and yellow, with a device in blue and pink; on this border are figures of gazelles, kneeling, with a pink Abyssinian lotus suspended from each animal's collar. The remainder of the side flaps and all the

back and front ones consist of large pink and green squares.

At a later period we find that the Cymri in Britain made garments for themselves from the skins of animals, probably sewn together with bone needles; they were also occasionally embroidered, as in the case of Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, who, we are told by Dion Cassius, wore an "embroidered mantle of fur" on the day of her defeat by the Romans.

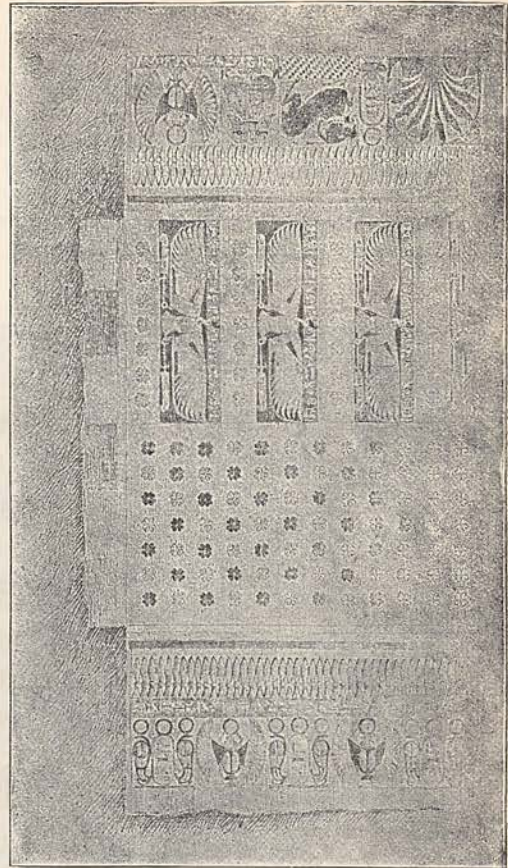
Passing from these days to later ones, we find that the inlaid or *appliqué* patchwork was revived by Botticelli about the end of the fifteenth century. He intended it primarily for church banners, as being a more effective and durable style of work than any other for that purpose. He died in 1515, and, since that time, this branch of needlework has been carried to great perfection.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries fine quilting was introduced; and this was almost invariably done in geometrical patterns.

Occasionally, also, embroidery was used in addition to the quilting, and these geometrical patterns were the commencement of the more ordinary cotton and silk patchwork of the present day, which is so much used for a variety of purposes now, but which, nearer the beginning of this century, was scarcely applied to anything but quilts. In those days almost every house possessed one or more of these homely cotton patchwork bed-coverings, which were made in numerous styles and colours.

A description may here be introduced of two very old-fashioned quilts, belonging to friends of the writer, which would certainly, in these days, be considered extremely quaint.

The first, and most ordinary one, was of cotton materials only. The centre was a large white calico square, upon which was firmly sewn down (or *appliquéd*) a sort of picture, which had previously been cut out of cretonne of a still earlier period. This picture consisted of two enormous horses, bearing



A PORTION OF THE FUNERAL TENT OF QUEEN ISI-EM-KIBS.
(From a Photograph.)

respectively a lady and gentleman, clothed in what were supposed to be Moorish costumes, riding along a sandy lane under huge palm-trees. In the distance was a very gay castellated building, and in the foreground were a dog and one or two nondescript animals. The whole of this centre-piece must have occupied much time, and given much trouble to arrange.

Round this white square were several rows of ordinary patchwork, consisting of alternate squares of contrasting colours—for instance, two blue and two pink (which was a very favourite combination)—four of these small squares being seamed together to make one large square, which, in its turn, was stitched to another of the same size until the centre-piece was surrounded. These rows of squares, it may be remarked, *en passant*, were sometimes of graduated sizes, but in any case they were continued round and round until the quilt was large enough for use, or for a border.

In the bed-covering in question there were several rows of patchwork, with corners of the same style; but between each corner was a long strip of white calico, with more figures and animals sewn on it, to match the white square in the centre. The whole piece of work was lined with strong white sheeting,



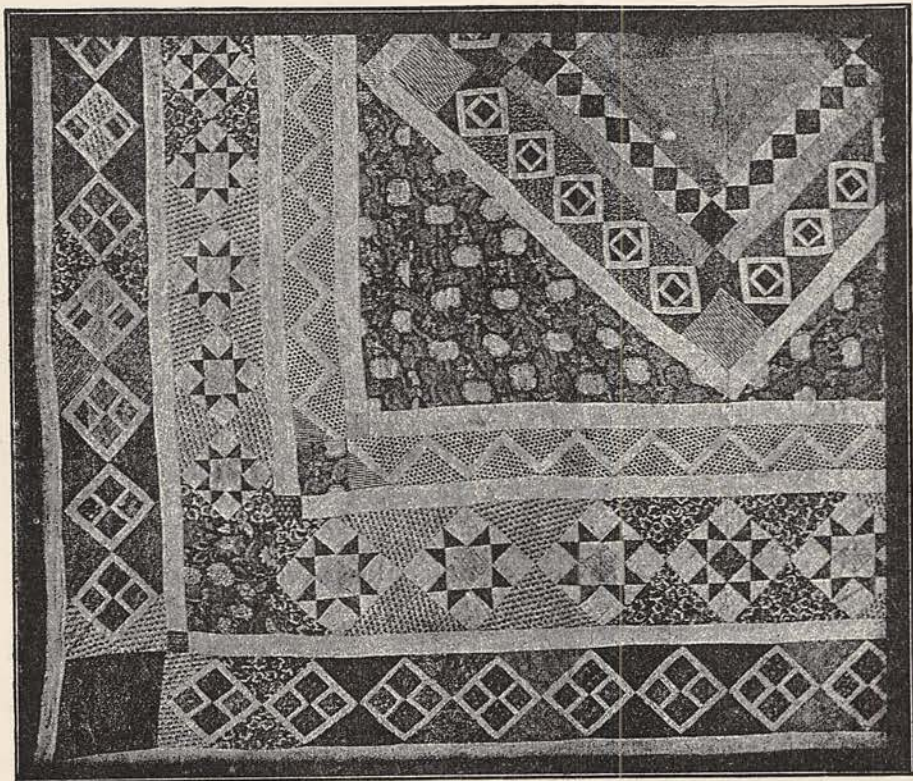
"CRAZY PATCHWORK" KETTLE-HOLDER.

and the entire effect was very gay, although it would certainly not have been accepted to-day as High Art!

The other quilt had rather a touching history. It belonged to a very old lady, whose life had been full of change. She had, at some time or other, amused herself with making a bed-covering from scraps of dresses she and her friends had worn at various interesting periods of their existence. She must have had a marvellous collection of materials. Some of the scraps had belonged to her own childish garments;

very trifling cost, or even obtained for nothing by those who had any friends engaged in this business. These veritable patchwork quilts were wonderfully gay in appearance; and small ones were, and are, in great request in hospitals—particularly in those set apart for sick children, where the small patients can often forget their pain and weariness for a few moments in the study of the unaccustomed brightness of their bed-coverings.

A further advance in the style of quilts may be



CORNER OF A PATCHWORK QUILT.

next came pieces from frocks worn on certain eventful days at home, at school, on birthdays—at her first party—on the day she first met her future husband. There was also a fragment from her wedding-dress—pieces from dresses worn on occasions of special interest to her, bits of her children's frocks, each with its individual history; and, finally, the last row or two contained a goodly number of black pieces, embroidered in white, with the initials of the dear ones who had passed away to their rest. These morsels of material had all been joined together and lined; and really the quilt formed quite a story of the old lady's life. Of course, this was a far more elaborate piece of work than the counterpanes in ordinary use at that period—thirty or forty years ago—which were usually made of waste pieces from the Manchester print works, bundles of which could be purchased at a

noted in the stripes of alternate white and red or other coloured calico, which, still later, have developed into the elaborate bed-spreads of lace, satins, and other materials which are now so extensively used.

A few months since a rather unique quilt was exhibited in Liverpool—first in a shop window, and afterwards at a bazaar. Some enterprising lady had persuaded a number of county and local celebrities to write their names across some small squares of white calico. These autographs she carefully worked over with thick red silk—edged the squares with lace insertion—sewed them together, and bordered the whole with a deep lace frill. The general effect was uncommon certainly, but scarcely repaid the trouble which must have been taken.

Patchwork in silk and velvet scraps is now much used for all sorts of articles—mats, tea-cosies, cushions,

and many other things, being made wholly or in part in this manner.

The scraps are sometimes tacked over paper shapes, and sewn together to form geometrical patterns, when the result is simply called *silk patchwork*; or else the pieces are laid on a foundation of calico or some other strong material, slightly overlapping each other, then sewn down with bright-coloured silks, with a stitch technically called "herring-bone," and finally more or less embroidered, sometimes to such an extent that very little of the original groundwork can be seen. At present this method of arranging odds and ends of silks is usually known as *crazy patchwork*, and very *crazy* the result sometimes is!

Although now the workmanship is infinitely more refined, it is, after all, but the same *idea* of work as the Ancient Britons and still earlier nations had, when—as previously noted—they "joined together pieces of skins or other materials and afterwards embroidered them."

It is still open to doubt whether a large proportion of the embroidery, &c., which provides occupation for so many ingenious workers and excites so much admiration now-a-days, will withstand the ravages of time equally with the work which was executed ages ago with patient industry, some of which seems, indeed, to be wellnigh imperishable.

M. D. EASTWOOD.

THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

A Story in Three Parts. By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "What the Coral Reefs Gave Me," "Paul Knox, Pitman," "Lady Flavia," &c.

PART THE THIRD.



WHAT followed has always appeared to me rather like a feverish dream than a real experience of waking life. I can remember how the first robber who sprang in over the broken door received a blow from the butt-end of my pistol, and fell like an ox beneath the pole-axe, and then that Captain Ruy, whose gay garb was smeared with blood, tried to stab me, that we wrestled and fell heavily to the floor, and then that Miguel, knife in hand, knelt beside me, and prepared to cut my throat. What kind arm was it that interposed itself between me and the gleaming blade, causing the assassin, with a cry of alarm, to scramble to his feet and make an effort to escape? but all too late, for now the room and the staircase were crowded with Indians, armed with hatchets, spears, any weapons caught up in haste, and all under the command of Athualmanco, who had been the first to hurry to my rescue, and whose lightest word was instantly obeyed by his wild people. Two of the gang, at no small jeopardy to neck and limbs, had leaped from the windows into the garden below, mounted their horses that were tethered near, and ridden off, but three prisoners were taken, the most notable of whom was the redoubted Captain Ruy, the other two being Miguel the Mestizo, and the robber whom I had felled to the earth, and who got up, scowling and rubbing his shaggy head, to find himself a captive.

"It is well, dear friend, that you did not forget to use the horn," said Athualmanco to me, when the noise of the scuffle was over; "for this Don Ruy, as they call the highwayman, boasts of having the blood of three-and-fifty victims on his hand, and large rewards have been offered by the Government for his capture, while this"—pointing scornfully to Miguel—"was the treacherous fox that let the villains in."

San Antonio, like most Mexican villages, had no regular police, so that we were obliged to keep guard over the three prisoners until the gendarmes who had been summoned from a neighbouring town should arrive. We found the old factor and the residue of the servants lying in their beds, bound and gagged—tolerable evidence that they, at any rate, were not in the confidence of the robbers. Miguel, crestfallen as a fox caught in a trap, hung his head and avoided every eye. But Don Ruy, who was as vain as he was truculent, swaggered and bragged as though unconscious of defeat, and looked at us all with a broad stare of insolent defiance, down to the very moment when the sergeant of the carbineers attached his chained wrists to the stirrup of the horse beside which he was to plod towards Camalcanga and its prison, the other two thieves being similarly disposed of. The rescue, however, had been effectual and prompt, thanks to the precautions of Athualmanco, who smiled sadly when I praised the zeal and daring shown by his followers.

"We Indians have little left, Don Hereward," he said, "but we are true to each other. You are, perhaps, the first white man who has winded the shell-horn to call aid, but there is not a cabin, not a hut, along the coast-line where its summons would be unregarded."

My journey to Mexico was perforce postponed, since it was necessary that I, too, should on the morrow repair to Camalcanga, and give evidence before the judge of the district concerning the bold attempt at robbery and murder that had so nearly proved successful. In the meantime, Athualmanco, at my request, took charge of the pearls, which seemed safer in his custody than in mine, while during my sojourn at Camalcanga I wrote to my principal, Don Alvaro, offering to take the estate on a lease, and to pay him a rent for it fourfold that which in the best years of its sadly mismanaged condition it had produced, only stipulating that for sixteen years to come all manorial