

"It is a serious request that you have made," observed her husband, gravely, "and one that ought not to be lightly answered. I speak not of the accessions of wealth or rank; higher considerations—those of justice, are involved in it. I must reflect—inquire. Should there exist no collateral heirs, the injustice would extend no further than to yourself.

"For the present at least," added he, "this discovery shall not be made public; I can promise you no more."

For this concession, temporary as it might ultimately prove, Lady Dalville felt most grateful. In honour, her husband could promise nothing further.

The information which Milly imparted to Dr. Dalrymple and the physician who attended Lady Alton Towers, threw a new light upon the nature of her insanity, and gave them serious hopes of treating it successfully, by their own unassisted skill.

"When you have failed," observed our heroine, "perhaps you will return to me, and condescend to employ my remedy."

They did fail, as she foresaw; and with an amount of candour and good sense (we had almost said rare in professional men), returned to acknowledge it, and ask the nature of the draught she proposed.

"I cannot answer you," replied Milly, "for I am ignorant of the simplest principles of chemistry; all I know is, that it will prove efficacious."

She handed them a phial containing a liquid of a pale green hue.

"I do not even know the names of the herbs," she added, "from which I concocted it."

"If your ladyship will only point them out to us," suggested Dr. Dalrymple.

"Impossible."

One of the physicians ventured to ask in what the impossibility consisted.

"I will answer you, gentlemen," replied Lord Dalville. "My wife obtained her knowledge of the drug and its antidote under a solemn pledge of secrecy. It is for you to decide whether you employ the latter or not."

They did decide on using it, and so wondrous were the effects that in three days their patient gave signs of returning consciousness, but a much longer period elapsed before the reason of Lady Alton Towers was restored. Phil was the first person whom she recognised.

"Oh, missie, my lady," exclaimed the faithful negress, who, since her mistress's return to London, had never quitted her day or night, "you know old Samba?"

The sufferer murmured her name. The cure was complete, as far as madness was concerned, but the constitution of the patient hopelessly shattered by the sufferings she had undergone.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

No country in the world is so famous for charitable bequests as our own. Ever since the influence of Christianity has been felt amongst us the names of zealous and worthy people have swelled the golden catalogue of Charity, some by the foundation of a school or hospital, and others by the annual gift of Christmas plums or Lenten herrings. Registered in blue books, many of these bequests are unknown to the general public, and we propose offering a few specimens from the minor class of annual charities which have at various periods been settled on the poor.

Recently we have been regaling on Christmas fare; so we begin with Christmas.

WILLIAM TAYLOR, of Bridgnorth, who, having been in the habit of giving a dinner every Christmas day to the almshouse women during his lifetime, provided by his will, that the person who should possess certain property belonging to him, situate in High-street, should, on every Christmas day, provide a good and wholesome dinner for the poor women above-mentioned, to be eaten in the most convenient part of the house that fronted the street; failing in which, he was to forfeit £10 on each occasion. This bequest was made in 1735, and at what period it ceased to be carried out and a money payment substituted, is not known, but we find that in 1822 the then proprietor paid the poor women the miserable sum of 13d. each. In 1729, John Martin, of Exeter, mindful of his poorer brethren, gave to the churchwardens and overseers the sum of £20, to be by them invested, and the interest thereon to be expended in the purchase of twenty pieces of beef at Christmas, to be distributed among the same number of poor people, not receiving parish relief, yearly, for ever. At the town of Forebridge, in Staffordshire, the inhabitants of certain old houses are

entitled to a share in six shillings worth of plums at Christmas. The money was paid by the corporation, and though nothing certain as to its origin is known, tradition asserts that it arose from a benevolent individual having heard some children, who lived in those houses, complain that they had no plums for a Christmas pudding, whereupon he counted the number of houses, and paid over to the parish officials a sufficient sum of money to provide each inhabitant with a pound of these delicacies. A less substantial present was that of the vicar of Lidney, who directed that 5s. should be paid yearly out of an estate called the Glasp, for ringing a peal about midnight for two hours to welcome in Christmas. The poor of Burnham must be few in number, or otherwise the bequest of John Popple, of £4, to provide all those resident in the poorhouse with a dinner, a proper quantity of good ale, tobacco, and snuff, must be sadly insufficient. A more liberal bequest is that made by Mrs. Mary Mason, who, by a will made in 1811, bequeathed the residue of her property to be invested in the names of her executors, and directed that the interest arising should be expended in giving the poor inhabitants of Bexley a comfortable dinner of beef and bread on Christmas day, and in supplying such as needed it with coals—one-third being reserved for distribution on Midsummer day—among such poor people as had brought up a family without parochial relief. The actual distribution of these gifts must occupy a considerable time, but all of them not so much, perhaps, as it takes the rector of Piddle Hinton, who, in accordance with an ancient custom, gives to upwards of three hundred poor persons a pound of bread, a pint of ale, and a mince pie, every year, on Twelfth day.

Passing from Christmas to Lent we find that there are several bequests of money to purchase fish, generally red herrings, to be distributed among the poor; but, unfortunately, the number actually given to each individual is so small that one cannot help feeling sorry that there should be people so poor as to take the trouble of going for them. At Clavering, in Essex, the owner of a farm called Valence, is bound to give yearly, on Friday, in the first week in Lent, one barrel of white herrings, and about half that quantity of red, which are divided among the poor people in the church by the parish clerk and sexton. This charity was established nearly three hundred years ago; and about the same time a similar one was founded at Dronfield, in Derbyshire, by Richard Stevenson, who directed that half a hundred herrings and as much bread as could be made of one strike of good wheat, should be distributed among the poor on every Friday in Lent, for ever. Similar bequests were made in favour of the poor at Duxford, Cambridgeshire, Felsted in Essex, Newmarket, Tottenham in Middlesex, Farnham Royal in Bucks, where one Daniel Salter left 17s. per annum for ever, to be laid out in the purchase of bread and twopenny worth of "white watered herrings," to be brought into the parish church of Farnham Royal every Sunday morning in Lent, and divided among the poor; the parson of the parish, for the time being, to have two shillings out of this sum for the purchase of a pair of kid gloves. The great tithes of Salmstone Grange, Margate, is subject to the payment of certain charities; for instance, the lessees are bound, according to a covenant in their lease, to distribute to each of twenty-four poor inhabitants of the Isle of Thanet, viz., six from each of the parishes of Minster, Margate, St. Peter, and St. Lawrence, yearly, in the first week in Lent, nine loaves of bread and eighteen herrings, and the same in the middle of Lent; and to three poor persons of each of the parishes above-named two ells of blanket; and also on every Monday and Friday, from the Invention of the Holy Cross to the Feast of St. John the Baptist, should give to every poor man and woman coming to Salmstone one dish of peas. This covenant has been pretty fairly carried out, only the herrings have been discontinued, and sixpence paid to each person in lieu of them. As to the peas, an ingenious device was hit upon many years ago to disgust claimants, which had the desired effect. A dish of peas being an indefinite quantity, and dishes being made of such a diminutive size as to be incapable of holding more than a score or two, it was assumed that the dish meant was of the smallest—consequently, the poor people thought it was not worth while making a pilgrimage to Salmstone Grange for such a miserable object.

(To be continued.)

THE FORCE OF EDUCATION.—Nothing was so much dreaded, in our schoolboy days, as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah! the force of education. In after years we learn to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

Oddities.

HAIR DRESSING.

Was it not Apuleius who describes the hair of the head as so great and necessary an ornament, that the most beautiful woman was nothing without it? "As a beast without horns, a tree without leaves, and a field without grass," saith Ovid, "is one without hair." Did not Louis XIV. of France invest himself with his wig solemnly within the sanctum of his bed-curtains, that even his valet de chambre might never see the bald head of majesty? and did not Caesar wear a crown of laurel to conceal his want of hair? The hair is a great ornament, and "if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her," is the declaration of Holy Writ.

Lucian has described how the Roman ladies took a fancy to convert their black tresses into white or yellow, inclining to flame colour; how they besmeared them with pomatum and sprinkled them with gold dust; how all the perfumes of Arabia Felix were made to exhale from their locks; and how at the toilet lotions were kept boiling on the fire to crimp and twist what nature had made smooth and sleek. The customs of more modern styles of hair-dressing are no less singular. After the Norman Conquest, in England long hair was all the rage, and as Chinese ladies preserve their potent nails in bamboo cases, so the Anglo-Norman ladies enshrined their plaited tresses in silken cases reaching nearly to their feet. A more graceful fashion, recently resumed, was adopted in the time of Edward III., namely, that of confining the hair in a net at the back of the head. Ladies subsequently made use of skull caps, or caps of other forms, which hid almost all the hair upon their heads. Lofty head-dresses came in with Queen Elizabeth; this was changed in the days of the Stuarts, when the ladies wore their hair rolled over their foreheads and tucked beneath their caps. This gave place to a simple and unpretending style during the reigns of Anne and Queen Mary, but the towering head-dress of Queen Bess reasserted itself in the middle of the eighteenth century, and a specimen of this absurdly odd style of hair-dressing is here



given. A writer in the "London Magazine" (1767), says: "I think English singularity for extremes in taste was never more flagrantly exemplified than at present by my fair countrywomen in the enormous size of their heads. It is not very long since this part of their sweet persons used to be bound so tight, and trimmed so amazingly snug, that they appeared like a pin's head on the top of a knitting-needle; but they have now so far exceeded the golden mean in the contrary extreme, that our fine ladies remind me of an apple stuck on the point of a small skewer." Great in those days was the art and mystery of hair-dressing, and excessive the labour which the adornment of a lady's hair involved. First, there was a quantity of tow, or greasy wool, to be used, as a scaffolding for the arrangement of the tresses; false curls were of course added, and hair, natural and artificial, was duly saturated with pomatum and covered with powder; all this was duly arranged till it attained an elevation of about three or four times the length of the lady's face; the whole being hung over with pearls or other jewellery, flowers, silken bands, and ostrich feathers. It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more grotesque, yet it was the fashionable style of head-dress, and heads so dressed were warranted to keep three weeks, during which period the fermentation and heat of the head caused results too disagreeable to describe. Whatever may be said of our present fashions, they are certainly less extravagant and more decent than those of our great-grandmothers.



old nurse Keziah Crowe, who had the charge of the children after Mercy had left to go to town, Farmer Hazeldean repaired to London.

At the time of which we write, the railroad did not reach Ashbrook, and our party, having sent their luggage on by a wagon, left the home of many generations of Hazeldeans, who had rented under several De Montforts, and three Proudfoots, in a large, old, cumbersome, open, black leather-headed, yellow-bodied chaise, borrowed of a neighbouring farmer. At this kind neighbour's he had stayed with his two boys, his niece Primrose, and Keziah Crowe, during the sale and the winding up of his affairs at Greenfields. And there he might have remained as long as he pleased, but his brother's letters were very pressing to induce him to come to London at once; and at Ashbrook he felt his occupation gone.

On the hill Mr. Hazeldean suddenly stopped, and standing up in the chaise, turned round, and gazed long and wistfully on the many-gabled, white-washed, thickly-thatched farm, which had been rented by Hazeldeans since the days of Queen Bess.

It was a lovely spot, sheltered by a green hill, on which the white-fleeced sheep browsed. A flowing river divided it from the woods belonging to the Hall. It had been a manor-house in the olden time, and the rooms were large and low, and the black oak-doors and rafters were curiously carved.

The new tenant was installed. He had taken, at a valuation, the greater part of the stock, and the crops, and the hay-stacks, and barley, and wheat-mows, the cows, of whom his wife and mother were so proud (their dairy having been celebrated for miles round), the farm horses he loved, and treated like friends, and the pigs, so well fed, so clean, and so cared for, who knew him, and grunted for joy at his approach!

It was on a sweet spring morning that poor broken-hearted Farmer Hazeldean left the home of his fathers; the crops were looking all promise; the meadows were studded with daisies; the matronly cows were lying down chewing the cud; everything looked prosperous—but not for him. His eyes filled with tears, as he gazed on the windows, curtained with ivy and monthly roses, of the room in which he was born, which had been his bridal chamber and that of his forefathers, for three hundred years—the room in which, as a boy, he had often climbed the huge four-post bedstead, to wish his father and mother a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, or many happy returns of the birth-day of either—the room in which he had slept so soundly, with the kind, true wife of his bosom, and where she had died, blessing him. And then he turned to the church-yard, and the dark yew-tree under which she lay, and which he had visited at dawn, weeping bitterly on the cold stone that covered that once warm heart. Never had Greenfields appeared lovelier; the orchard was one sheet of pink and white blossoms; the little old-fashioned garden was bright with spring flowers; the hives looked yellow in the sunshine, and the bees were on the wing; the poultry-yard and straw-yard were all alive, and the pigeons of every breed—blue rock, pouter, fantail—were flying in and out of the dove-cot.

A low groan issued from Farmer Hazeldean's very heart, as, drawing a hand across his eyes, he resumed his journey. He tried to think of the capital he was about to invest, of the prospect of wealth opening up before him—of Harry and Seymour, pushed forward in the world, becoming gentlemen—Harry, perhaps, a merchant prince, as his brother had suggested; Seymour, as his grandfather, after whom he was named, had been, a clergyman.

Just as he came to the end of these reflections he arrived at the boundary of Ashbrook parish, and here his fortune was again severely tried, for it being noon, and therefore their dinner hour, he found all his late labourers assembled to wish "their old measter" good-bye. Some of these men had known him from his birth, having been his father's men. Some had been for fourteen years in his own service. Many of them were engaged by the new tenant of Greenfields, but all were warmly attached to their old master, and had he taken another farm, would have followed him.

There was a general impression that the Squire had behaved very ill to Farmer Hazeldean; but then it was known that both he and his brother came into some thousands at their father's death; that his wife, a neighbouring farmer's daughter, brought him money; that he had always been a thriving, careful man, and so he was supposed to have made his fortune, and to be going to London to enjoy it.

It was, therefore, with mingled sympathy and congratulation that he was hailed when the lumbering old chaise (containing himself and his two boys—Keziah

Crowe and little Primrose having gone before with the luggage) came in view.

"Three cheers for old measter," said one of the men (his head horseman), "and three groans for his enemies." Loud were the cheers, and deep the groans.

"You've been a good master to us for many a long year," said another. "We never wanted a friend while you and dear old Madam, and missus—bless them in heaven—lived at Greenfields. And so, good luck and your men's thanks and blessings go with you. Sir, owing to you, and Madam and missus, there's no drunkard or wife-beater among us; and many of us, following your example and your advice, have laid by what we'd else have spent in liquor, and that's something comfortable to fall back upon when a fellow's out of health or out of work."

"And what are you going to do, Simon?" said Farmer Hazeldean, to an old man with long grey hair and a fine face—a sort of rustic Belisarius.

"Fourteen year ago," said the old man, "you, zur, persuaded me to lay by the fourpence-a-day I'd always spent on a quart of beer. Seven times four is twenty-eight; twenty-eight pence is two and fourpence; two and fourpence a-week is nine and fourpence a-month; nine and fourpence a-month is three pound sixteen a-year, counting only twelve months of four weeks each; add on the other four to make it fifty-two, it's four pound five and fourpence a-year. Every year I've laid by that sum, and carried it to the Savings' Bank—there the interest has accumulated—and now I've got a matter of sixty pound; which I'd have guzzled away if I hadn't, as some does, instead of one quart a-day, drank a matter of three or four, and spirits besides; and ended, like Old Joe, my mate, in the Workus with the palsy. Or, like Dick-o'-the-Dark and Joking Jem, who, you'll be sorry to hear it, have just been had up afore Squire Proudfoot, for assaulting a poor woman, and beating her cruel, and the Squire's sent the case to the 'sizes; and if the woman dies it'll go hard with 'em, for drunkenness an't an excuse to get 'em off. So there's what liquor brings a man to; while, thanks to you, measter, and Madam, and missus, here I am hale and hearty, and with a bit o' money laid by for my old age."

"My lads," said Farmer Hazeldean, "hear and heed what Simon says, and follow in his steps. I hope you'll have a kind master; it's not my will to leave you; I'm now out of the farm my forefathers and their descendants held since the days of Queen Bess." (Cries of "shame, shame;" and one man said "That cause of the proud man's grudge again Measter Seymour, when he found out Miss Rosa and he was sweethearts—and now she's a lunatic, poor soul—and the Squire has found, too late, that no good came of crossing true love.")

"I wished to live and die among you," said Farmer Hazeldean, "though Greenfields ain't the place it was to me since I lost the best mother and best wife that ever made home happy; but I'm a farmer bred and born, and old trees don't bear transplanting. I haven't courage to take another farm, even if I knowed of one to suit, and my brother thinks we'd be better in London, and so I'm going to give London a trial; but I feel down in the mouth, and as if no good could ever come to me more. But I thank you all kindly for your good wishes, and may God bless you all; and you, Simon, look to the grave of my dear mother and my missus, and when I come to visit it, let me find it neat and tidy. Here's something for violets and snowdrops and a weeping willow or two."

"Oh, measter, I don't want nothing of the kind," said Simon, but Hazeldean insisted.

"And now, my men," said Farmer Hazeldean, "here's five pounds, not for drink, as some even among you might wish, but for some pleasant merry-making, in which your wives and children can share, and which you are to call 'Farmer Hazeldean's last treat,' and so good-bye."

Amid deafening cheers the farmer drove away, wiping his eyes as he did so—his son Harry swallowing his tears, and little Seymour sobbing aloud, though both boys held in their hands a basket of apples and a large plumcake, which the head horseman's wife had forced upon them. At the station they found Keziah Crowe, Primrose, and their luggage awaiting them, and they were soon in a second-class carriage, steaming away to London—Harry and Seymour busy with the apples and the plumcake, Farmer Hazeldean full of regrets for the past, and Keziah Crowe, who had never been to London in her life, busy with devices to outwit the pickpockets, rogues, and cheats of all kinds, with which she believed the great city abounded.

(To be continued.)

## CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

(Continued from page 149.)

It is curious to find how many persons have thought it worth their while to make a provision for the perpetual distribution of such paltry gifts, as can do no possible good to the recipients, and can only have the effect of making their memory ridiculous where it is remembered; thus we find Robert Grainger, of Godmanchester, left a certain quantity of wheat, which was to be made up into halfpenny loaves, and distributed by the churchwardens among the poor of that place, on a certain day in each year for ever; and a gift of like value was made by a maid deceased, to the intent that the churchwardens of Hampstead for the time being should distribute these loaves every Good Friday—one to each inhabitant of the parish, without regard to age, sex, or station. At Burgh St. Margaret, Norfolk, there is a piece of land called Plow Light Half Acre, given for providing halfpenny loaves and ale among poor children. At Westbere, in Kent, there is a field known as "Bread and Cheese Field," which is let to several poor persons as gardens, the rent being applied, in accordance with the donor's desire, to the purchase of bread, cheese, beer, and tobacco, for a feast for the poor. At Paddington there are lands which two spinsters gave for a like object, and the bread and cheese used to be thrown from the church, to be scrambled for by the crowd collected in the churchyard; but as this method was found to work not altogether in a satisfactory way, the mode of distribution was changed. In 1584 one John Bulliston devised three tenements in the parish of St. Giles, Norwich, to certain persons, on condition that they should, four times in each year, distribute among the poor as follows:—the minister was to request the poor people who had need of alms to come to church to pray for the preservation of the prince; after which all over the age of eleven years were to group themselves together in fours; and every group was to have set before them a twopenny wheat loaf (this must have been a very large one in those days), a gallon of the best beer, four pounds of beef, and broth. For his trouble in the matter the minister was to have fourpence on each occasion. A bequest of bread alone was very common; and we find that Richard Crowslow, taking this circumstance into consideration, directed that £100 should be paid over for the purpose of providing 2s. weekly for ever, to be laid out in cheese, to be distributed among the poor who received bread in the parish of St. Bartholomew. It may be concluded that the children of the charity school of Hornchurch, Romford, and Havering, have a grateful recollection of William Higgs: the said William having bequeathed a sum of money, to the end that they might every year, after listening to the charity sermon, be provided with a hot dinner, consisting of a round of beef and plum puddings, and half a pint of ale to each boy and girl. This forms a marked contrast with the bequest made by William Clapham, who left four shillings and fourpence yearly, to purchase a potato for the poor scholars of Gilleswick, on St. Gregory's day. It appears to us now-a-days strange that men should have left money to give drink to the poor, but such bequests were by no means unfrequent once upon a time; thus, Edward Cooper, of Slinfold in Essex, left twenty shillings a-year, to be expended by the churchwardens and overseers upon a drinking—fifteen shillings thereof for the use of the poor of the parish yearly, on the Feast Day of the Purification, in as good sort as they could; and the remaining five shillings to drink withal themselves for their labour and pains.

Whitebury must be a healthy place to live in, for it is on record that for five years nobody in the parish availed themselves of the medical assistance provided by a fund bequeathed by Charles Delafaye, of that place, who, according to a tablet fixed on the outside of the church tower, left £200 South Sea Annuities to provide the poor parishioners with physic and surgery. From sickness and poverty to the hospital or almshouse is a natural transition. At Hunnamdy, in Yorkshire, is a hospital for widows, who receive one peck of barley a month. At York there is a hospital founded by Mary Wandesford, who, in 1725, gave all her property in trust to the Archbishop of York and others, to the end that a Protestant retirement might be provided for ten poor gentlewomen who were never married, who were to lead a religious life therein, assembling at least once a day for prayers—the reader to receive £10 a-year. It is required of these poor ladies that they should have led a sober life, be not less than fifty years of age, and that they should remain single. Some of these almshouses are highly creditable to their founders, and it is to be regretted that charity at the present day so seldom takes this form. There are some at Wellington, in Somersetshire, which were



established by Sir John Popham, once Lord Chief Justice of England, who erected them for the maintenance of twelve poor and impotent or aged people, such as had been of honest fame and a good report, true working or labouring people, whereof six were to be men—the most discreet of whom was to be president; and the six others to be women—the most modest and discreet to be matron; and also for the education of two poor orphans, until they were nine years old or bound apprentice. After making these provisions, he went on to direct, "That one piece of timber should be set up over against the said hospital, in or near the footpath of the highway there, with an iron box upon it, to be close locked, with a notch in the top, to receive into the same box the charity of such people as did pass, either on horseback or on foot." He further directed that the president and matron should be furnished with a key of the said box, and that every night they should take out the contents, and having carefully counted it, should deposit it in an ebony box, the key of which was to be kept by one of the governors. Sir John must have been a sanguine man to suppose that there would be something to take out every night, and we very much fear that if it remained to this day, little of either copper or silver would be found in it.

In vol. 32 of the "Reports," it is recorded of Sir John Coningsby that he founded a hospital at Hereford, about 1617, in token of his thankfulness to God for his defence and protection in travels by sea and land. The persons to benefit by this charity were a chaplain and eleven poor old soldiers, mariners, or serving men, who had seen at least three years' service in the wars; one of them, being a soldier, to be styled "the Corporal of Coningsby's Company of Old Servitors." This post was to be held by a Coningsby in preference to any other; but, if there were no soldier of that name, then the person holding the situation was to call and write himself "Corporal Coningsby;" and, in all their speeches and writings, the members were to style him commander of the hospital, in memory of the worthy governors who formerly ruled a military society there. Touching the apparel of the company, he directed that each should have a suit of fustian, of ginger colour, of a soldier-like fashion, seemingly laced, a hat with a band of white, a soldier-like jerkin with half sleeves, and a square shirt down half the thigh, with a monocado, or Spanish cap; a sword and belt, to wear as he goeth abroad, if the law would permit; a cloak of red cloth, lined with red baize, and reaching to the knee; and a seemingly gown of red cloth, lined with baize, and reaching to the ankle. When they went to the cathedral they were to march two and two, the chaplain and corporal marching at their head.

Several persons have left money for the relief of maimed or distressed soldiers and sailors. In 1603 Phillip Shelley gave certain lands in trust to the Goldsmiths' Company, to the end that they might pay £10 per annum towards the relief of poor maimed soldiers; and a far more munificent bequest was made by Sir John Langham for the same purpose, which is thus specified in his will, made in 1764:—"I give in trust to the lord mayor and aldermen of the city of London £6,000 out of my stock in New South Sea Annuities, towards raising a fund for the relief of poor distressed soldiers and seamen, and their families." Also, Francis Millington directed £500 to be laid out in the purchase of freehold land within 100 miles of London, the same to be settled on the governors of Christ's Hospital, who were to pay the profits yearly for the relief and maintenance of poor seamen and watermen, not less than fifty years of age, born and dwelling in the town and parish of Wandsworth, who had been disabled at sea.

We have been induced, at the suggestion of several of our readers, to recur to this interesting subject of Charitable Bequests, at the risk of again introducing some few facts that were mentioned in an early number of our new series. In our next we shall complete the list of small bequests, and conclude the series with an account of some of the more extended charities, which the benevolence of our forefathers induced them to found.

DOMESTIC SCENES.—These are sometimes made very mortifying as well as ludicrous by the officious interference of children, who like to have a finger in all sorts of pies. How provoking it is, for instance, when a lady is pressing her visitor to take the last biscuit on the plate, with the assurance that "there are plenty more in the kitchen," to have a little daughter cry out, in the simplicity of her heart, "Mother, you are mistaken, there's only *two* more in the oven, and *papa* hasn't come to tea yet!"

## The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

### LESSON VII.

OUR readers must already have perceived how much resemblance there is between English and German; but in some things the two languages are very unlike.

In English grammar, the agreement of other parts of speech with the noun is soon understood; but this agreement will require serious attention from the German student before he thoroughly apprehends it.

In German, not the pronoun only, but the article and adjective, must vary in order to agree with the noun in gender, number, and case. In English we say, a *good man*, a *good woman*; the article and the adjective are the same for both genders. In German, both these would change according to the gender, and as the Germans attribute gender to things inanimate as well animate, it is important to know how to make the distinction.

To enable you to do so, we furnish you with the following rules:—

Of the masculine gender are all words ending in *ing*, *ling*, *all*, and *m*; as *der Säugling*, "the sucking babe;" *der Ring*, "the ring;" *der Stall*, "the stable;" *der Fall*, "the case;" *der Helm*, "the helmet;" *der Halm*, "the stalk;" *der Schleim*, "the phlegm." *Exc.*—*Das Ding*, "the thing;" *das Messing*, "the brass;" *das Metall*, "the metal."

The names of winds, seasons, months, and days: *der Nordwind*, "the northwind;" *der Südwind*, "the south-wind;" *der Frühling*, "the spring;" *der Sommer*, "the summer;" *der Januar*, "January;" *der Montag*, "Monday;" *der Dienstag*, "Tuesday." *Das Jahr*, "the year," is neuter; *die Jahreszeit*, "the season," is feminine, because the last component part, *Zeit*, "time," is of that gender.

The names of stones—as, *der Kies*, "the flint;" *der Diamant*, "the diamond;" *der Smaragd*, "the emerald;" *der Rubin*, "the ruby;" *der Saphir*, "the sapphire."

Of the feminine terminations we intend speaking in the next lesson. We now add to your list of German and English words (resembling each other in sound) the cardinal numbers up to twenty.

#### CARDINAL NUMBERS.

1 ein	11 elf
2 zwei	12 zwölf
3 drei	13 dreizehn
4 vier	14 vierzehn
5 fünf	15 fünfzehn
6 sechs	16 sechzehn or sechssehn
7 sieben	17 siebzehn or siebensehn
8 acht	18 achtehn
9 neun	19 neunzehn
10 zehn	20 zwanzig

#### FAMILIAR PHRASES.

You should have had a cup of tea.	Ihr würdet eine Tasse Thee gehabt haben.
They should have had a rushlight.	Sie würden ein Nachtlicht gehabt haben.
I shall be in Paris.	Schwerde in Paris sein.
Thou shalt be in London.	Du wirst in London sein.
He shall be in Berlin.	Er wird in Berlin sein.
We shall be in Vienna.	Wir werden in Wien sein.
You shall be in Brussels.	Ihr werdet in Brüssel sein.
They shall be in Cologne.	Sie werden in Köln sein.
I had had coffee.	Ich hätte Kaffee gehabt.
Thou hadst had spinach.	Du hättest Spinat gehabt.
He had had walnuts.	Er hatte Wallnüsse gehabt.
We had had hazel nuts.	Wir hatten Haselnüsse gehabt.
You had had apricots.	Ihr hättet Aprikosen gehabt.
They had had apples.	Sie hatten Aepfel gehabt.

## Oddities.

### CHINESE MUSIC.

ACCORDING to the sagacious proverb of the Chinese, "every day cannot be a Feast of Lanterns." This may be accepted in the apologetic sense, in which we excuse any little extravagance at our own festive season, by the profound remark, that "Christmas comes but once a year." The Chinese keep up their Feast of Lanterns with every manifestation of rejoicing; and, amongst these, with indulgence in certain musical performances, compared with which the ear-piercing strain of the wildest street band is perfect harmony. The Chinese are oddities altogether, but Chinese musicians are the oddest of the odd. Gongs, kettle-drums, and bagpipes, cracked flutes, harsh trumpets and deafening cymbals, make up an orchestra that once heard is not easily forgotten. The players are earnest, however, in their work, and to make the greatest possible amount of noise seems to be the ambition of each one; in this, they emulate each other with considerable animation, and labour away on gong and kettle-drum like inharmonious blacksmiths. Their vocal powers are in no degree superior to their instrumental performance. They confine it chiefly to chanting on two or three notes, and keep up their melancholy reiteration for an indefinite time. Most of their plays are gone through in opera style, but nearly all the actors and vocalists sing in falsetto. The Chinese ascribe the invention of music to a semi-mythological emperor, Whang-ti by name. He, they say, invented the flute, the pipe, the organ, trumpets to imitate the voice of dragons, drums to resemble the thunder of the gods. It was this same Whang-ti who first caused China to be divided into provinces—these he called *Chew*—every one of these *Chew* consisted of ten *Shu*, every *shu* of ten *tu*, every *tu* of ten towns, every town of five streets, every street of three hoki, every hoki of three tsing, every tsing of nine ving, every ving of a hundred mu, every mu two hundred paces in length, and one hundred in breadth. This splendid specimen of division, with its odd names, is in itself an oddity.

#### AN APPEAL FOR PIG-TAIL.

The following touching epistle is commended to the reader's notice:—

"Gravesend, March 24, 1813.

"DEAR BROTHER TOM,—This comes hopin to find you in good health as it leaves me safe anchored here yesterday at 4 P.M. arter a pleasant voyage tolerable short and a few squalls. Dear Tom—hopes to find poor old father stout, and am quite out of pig-tail. Sights of pig-tail at Gravesend, but unfortunately not fit for a dog to chor. Dear Tom, captain's boy will bring you this, and put pig-tail in his pocket when bort. Best in London at the Black Boy in 7 diles, where go ask for best pig-tail—pound a pig-tail will do, and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts, only took 2 whereof one is quite wore out and tuther most, but don't forget the pig-tail, as I an't had a quid to chor never since Thursday. Dear Tom, as for the shirts, your size will do, only longer. I likes um long, get one at present; best at Tower-hill, and cheap, but be particular to go to 7 diles for the pig-tail at the Black Boy, and Dear Tom, ask for pound best pig-tail, and let it be good. Captain's boy will put the pig-tail in his pocket, he lkes pig-tail, so ty it up. Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday there or thereabouts, not so particular for the shirt, as the present can be washed, but don't forget the pig-tail without fail, so am your loving brother. "T. P.

"P. S.—Don't forget the pig-tail."

#### IS FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY?

America, at all events, has no reason to think so; let the following facts attest the truth of this assertion. All the dates mentioned below were Fridays:—  
 Aug. 21, 1492—Christopher Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.  
 Oct. 12, 1492—First discovery of land by Columbus.  
 Jan. 4, 1493—Sets sail on his return.  
 Mar. 15, 1493—Arrived at Palos.  
 Nov. 22, 1493—Arrived at Hispaniola on his second voyage.  
 June 13, 1494—Discovered the American continent.  
 Sept. 7, 1565—St. Augustine, oldest town in America, founded.  
 Nov. 10, 1620—Pilgrim Fathers made the harbour of Province town.  
 Dec. 22, 1620—Landed at Plymouth rock.  
 Feb. 22, 1732—George Washington born.  
 June 16, 1775—Bunker's hill.  
 Oct. 7, 1777—Saratoga taken.  
 July 7, 1778—Motion in Congress for American Independence.



to thy poor Harry, if through him thy darling Sim has died thus? Father, forgive me, and take me too. Oh! take me home with him." As Harry knelt, uttering this wild, fervent prayer, while from his upraised eyes the large tears poured like rain, and while he first chafed and then tried to warm in his bosom the ice-cold hands of Sim, the packet (that little, or rather great treasure) for which a few minutes before he was prepared to die, had dropped from his side, and lay on the miserable floor a few paces from him.

He had forgotten its very existence; but not so the ruffian, who, though Jack-o'-Lantern had dealt him some stinging kicks, and had administered some agonising kicks, soon recovered his consciousness, and only continued to simulate insensibility in order to escape greater punishment.

He was now fully cognizant of all that passed, and from the dark corner into which Jack-o'-Lantern had kicked him, he was intently watching the drama of which the progress was so important to himself.

He had seen Jack-o'-Lantern leave the place—after putting his hand to Sim's heart, he had watched him from under his shaggy hair, as Jack brushed away a tear.

He had watched Harry, too, in his passionate anguish, and listened with a sneer to his fervent prayer.

He had noticed his entire absorption in the fate of the brother who lay lifeless before him, and then raising himself noiselessly on his elbow, his small, fierce, cunning, blood-shot eye gleaming under his low, brutal brow, and bushy rusty eye-brows, he glanced first at the death-like form and face of Sim, and then at the packet a few paces from the kneeling Harry. "If the kid's stark, and I'm nabbed," he thought to himself, "I shall swing for it. Now's my time; I can bolt now, before that fellow's back with the liquor; but why can't I kill two birds with one stone, and make a grab at the sparkles and be off with 'em! Onst out of this hole and there's no peeler in London knows this place and these arches as I do; but times precious, and my neck's at stake;—shall I?—shan't I? Jen's off—very like to peach and save his own bacon by giving up mine, turning Queen's evidence; he's just the dirty dog to do the trick."

There was a struggle in his vile breast; but cupidity prevailed, and crawling along, like the reptile he was, the whole length of that mouldy, slimy, miry arch, he had just stretched out his hand to grasp the packet, when Harry, hearing a noise, suddenly looked round just in time, and snatched up the packet; and just as Dick-o'-the-Dark (for such he was still called among his accomplices) was about to spring upon the kneeling boy, he found himself suddenly in the grasp of two powerful constables, by whom he was handcuffed and bound at the order of Detective Trail, who had been for some hours on his track; and so rejoiced were Trail and his assistants to have caught the ruffian, that they did not stop to note or inquire what he was doing where they found him; it was enough for them that they had him fast, and Trail was soon busy giving directions for Dick's conveyance to Bow Street. "Whatever have I done to be mauled and hauled off to Bow Street?" asked Dick; "there ain't no warrant out against I, I'se sure; 'oos vy I'se as innocent as the unborn babe; there can't be no warrant out agin I."

"There you're wrong, my man," said Trail, "there's the warrant," showing him one, "for the apprehension of Richard Black, commonly called Dick-o'-the-Dark, for the murder of Mary Mud, a servant girl left in charge of Mr. Merton's house at Pimlico, on Monday last, and who has since died of the injuries inflicted on her."

The man grew livid, his eyes closed, his jaw fell, he seemed to collapse; "I warn't alone," at length he stuttered out, "Jem—"

"Exactly," said Trail. "Joking Jem, who, as he swears he did not strike the fatal blow, has been admitted Queen's evidence; a good job for him, but a very poor one for you: bring him along, my lads," said Trail.

Now Trail, if he had seen the two boys, one lifeless, and the other kneeling terror-stricken beside him, had not stopped to notice them; his business was with Dick-o'-the-Dark, and business with him was a sort of pleasure.

Harry had watched all their proceedings with distended eyes; and, grasping the packet with one hand, and Sim's wrists with the other, he watched them still as they moved off, carrying with them the murderer, whom they dragged along almost in a state of collapse, from the agony of his terror.

(To be continued.)

## John Cassell's Prize Essays on Social Science.

### THE ADVANTAGES OF SUNDAY.

ESSAY XII.—By R. OSWALD WILKIE, GARDENER, DUNDEE.

To whom was awarded a prize of £2.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 165.)

#### OPPORTUNITY AFFORDED FOR EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

THE due observance of Sunday brings its own reward along with it. It has its own peculiar pleasures, the memory of which will lighten our burdens, and cast a ray of sunshine upon the dark paths of life. In after years our children may bless us, as they look back to the Sunday teachings by the humble fireside—instructions which may have formed the basis of their moral character, and, we will hope, laid the foundation of their success in life.

#### INFLUENCE OF SUNDAY DRESS ON THE MIND AND CHARACTER.

Sunday dress is not without its influence upon the moral and physical character of the working man, while it cannot be denied that, in many instances, Sunday dress excites in the minds of the wearers a ridiculous amount of vanity. Yet, when properly adapted to the social condition of the wearer, it is productive of many good effects. Besides giving an appearance of respectability, it tends to promote cleanliness, which is considered, in itself, if not a Christian virtue, at least a domestic one. Among the younger members of the working man's family it becomes an incentive to diligence in whatever they are employed; it begets habits of a careful and provident nature; and brings into requisition those miniature savings-banks, with which every child who has to earn his own pennies is familiar.

Every respectable working man likes to appear what he is; and to accomplish this he must have a respectable dress for Sunday. He has no wish to be classed with the idle and the dissipated, who generally appear clad in filthy rags. The desire is no doubt a laudable one, and ought to be gratified, provided it can be done without infringing upon the more necessary comforts of his family.

#### DANGERS OF EXCESSIVE ADDICTION TO DRESS.

An excessive love for dress frequently becomes a great domestic bane, as is evident from the flourishing condition of certain establishments, where dress can be procured without ready money, the price of which is paid by instalments. It is impossible to describe the misery such a system entails upon the families of the working poor. The glare of gaudy apparel exposed in the windows, and the apparently facile mode of obtaining it, prove to many, temptations too strong for them to resist—and the result is, that before the articles received are paid for, the victims of dress and vanity have to pinch and starve for many a day, otherwise they are served with a summons, which has the unpleasant effect of conjuring up visions of small debt courts, distress, prisons, &c. Then the privations begin in earnest; and it frequently happens that, as a last resource, the dress obtained in this manner is taken to the pawn shop, and pledged for what will, for the time being, calm down the threatening aspect of affairs.

The influence of suitable dress on manners and deportment is becoming more and more apparent every day. Passing through the streets of a large town one Sunday, not long ago, in company with a friend, he remarked, "We see no working men in the streets now on Sunday." Although the majority of those we saw were in reality working men, yet no common observer would have been able to distinguish between the employed and their employers. It was not so much their dress—which, of course, was good—that elicited my friend's remark, as their manner of wearing it. The perfect ease, the quite-at-homeness they seemed to feel in their Sunday dress, and their appearance of quiet yet firm dignity, as they passed along the streets, was something very different from the clownish appearance working men presented not very many years ago. It appears that a taste for dress, combined with the growing intelligence of the working classes, bids fair to lessen the vast distance which has so long separated them from the higher classes of society. It is to be regretted, however, that, with his Sunday dress, the working man, generally speaking, lays aside his Sunday manners. To see the same men going to their work, any morning during the week, we should observe a marked difference, not only in their dress, but also in their deportment. Then the operative is seen hurrying along, arrayed in fustian,

generally ill made, and presenting the appearance of having been, to use a common expression, "pitched on with a hayfork." His hands are frequently stuck deep into his trousers' pockets, while he pulls away with might and main at the short cutty pipe he holds in his mouth. This to him may appear consistent with his position in society; but as there is no good reason why a working man should not be a gentleman, there is therefore no reason why he should not maintain a gentlemanly bearing on week-days as well as Sundays. He may attach too much importance to dress, as a means of producing an appearance of respectability. It is, no doubt, a great assistance; but there are many other things of greater importance which go toward the making up of the gentleman. Dress a gentleman in fustian, and place him at the anvil or the turning-lathe; deprive him of rank, wealth, everything but his inherent qualities, and compel him to work for his daily bread—he will be a gentleman still; he could not pass for anything else: his language, his manners, his conduct, would reveal the fact.

#### MEANS OF ELEVATING THE WORKING CLASSES.

Working men complain of the haughty and contemptuous manner of their employers toward them, and, naturally enough, feel a spirit of resentment and indignation rising within them, which engenders a longing desire to be placed upon an equal footing with their superiors. This cannot be, however, so long as a man's wealth is the principal criterion of his respectability. Nevertheless, the working man's condition is capable of great improvement; and the time has come when the rich and the great have begun to regard the sons of toil as their fellow-men. They are stretching forth their hands, and saying to their poorer brethren, "Come up hither, but leave behind your ignorance, your filthy and dissipated habits, your uncouth and boorish manners."

Let working men's dress be decent; let them practise habits of economy, cleanliness, and sobriety; and if they would associate with gentlemen—if they would be gentlemen themselves—let their language and manners be consistent with the position to which they aspire; but, above all, let intellect be their chief leader in their upward course, and they may depend upon it, if they do not enjoy the luxuries of the rich, they will assuredly secure their confidence and respect.

#### CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

(Continued from page 112.)

WE have all heard of the curfew bell, and its origin, so beautifully alluded to in Mrs. Hemans' poem:—

"Hark! from the dim church tower  
The deep, slow curfew's chime;  
A heavy sound unto hall and bower,  
In England's olden time.

"Sadly 'twas heard by him who came  
From the fields of his toil at night,  
And who might not see his own hearth-flame  
In his children's eyes make light.

"Woe for the pilgrim then,  
In the wild deer's forest far;  
No cottage lamp to the haunts of men  
Might guide him as a star."

The curfew is still rung in many towns and villages in England, but it does not appear that the custom in these places is of very ancient date: thus we find that, in 1474, Walter Geffry, of Norwich, made a provision for the ringing of the curfew every night—at eight o'clock in winter, and nine in summer. Also that John Beddoes, of Presteign, conveyed premises, out of which an able person should be paid to ring the church bell, morning and evening: the said payment to cease if the ringing were discontinued for one year, unless the plague were in the town, or any other reasonable cause assigned. At Ringwould there is half an acre of land called curfew land, which is held by the parish clerk on the same condition. In 1513, Roger Lupton, vicar of Cropredy, in Oxfordshire, gave to the churchwardens of that place and Bourton, £6 13s. 4d., for which they agreed, for themselves and successors, to find a person to keep the Cropredy clock in order, and to ring the curfew daily. The property belonging to this charity consisted of fourteen acres, which was let at £32 a-year, £4 10s. of which was paid for ringing the bell, and the remainder applied in aid of a church rate; apparently, a rather novel way of carrying out the conditions of the bequest. In some instances, property has been given for this purpose by persons who have lost their way at night: thus, at St. Margaret's, in Kent, five roods of pasture land were given by a shepherd who had tumbled over a cliff in the dark; the bell to be rung at eight o'clock every night during the winter half-year. Again, there is a tradition at



Barton, in Lincolnshire, that an old lady in ancient times was bequeathed on the wolds, and was guided in her course by the ringing of the bell of St. Peter's church, and was so grateful for her deliverance out of her difficulty, that she gave a piece of land, measuring thirteen acres, to be occupied by the parish clerk for the time being, on condition that he rang the curfew bell from seven to eight o'clock every night, except Sundays, from the day the first load of barley was carried to the Shrove Tuesday next ensuing.

We will now pass from church bells to notice some of the bequests made to churches, for purposes which appear to us, in these latter days, as very curious. We find, among these, bequests for strewing the churches with rushes; for waking sleepers; and for whipping dogs out of church. William Spencer, of Bristol, among other things, provided that 3s. 4d. should be spent annually in the purchase of rushes, to strew the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol. At Wingrave, in Buckinghamshire, there is a piece of land left for the purpose of supplying rushes for the church on the Feast Sunday. Instead of rushes, hay is sometimes mentioned, and occasionally both; thus, at Deptford, in addition to bread, which the owners of certain lands were bound to give the poor, they were also directed to place in the pews of the church at that place, half a load of good green rushes at Whitsuntide, and a good load of new grass-straw at Christmas. We might mention several other similar bequests, but we will pass on to that of Richard Davey, of Farnote, who, in 1659, granted certain premises to John Sanders and others, viz.: cottages or buildings over and adjoining the churchyard and churchyard-gates of the parish church of Claverley, and directed that they should place in some room of the said cottages a poor man, to whom they should likewise pay eight shillings yearly, he in return undertaking to awake people who should fall asleep during divine service, and to whip out all dogs who might venture into the church during the same period. Twenty shillings a-year were left by John Rudge, to be paid to a poor man to go about the parish church of Trysull, in Staffordshire, during the sermon, to keep people awake and exclude vagabond dogs. At Peterchurch, in Herefordshire, an acre of land is appropriated to the use of a man, on the sole condition of his keeping dogs out of the church. Sometimes the donor makes the bequest on more general conditions, and the recipient is bound to maintain order in the church (a condition which would be somewhat difficult of fulfilment, if the congregation were like that of St. George's-in-the-East).

We cannot help thinking, either, that the conditions might be infringed, by allowing the performance of certain ceremonies, which some pompous testators have directed to be carried out in the church, in the distribution of some paltry dole, of no more value than that given by agricultural societies to their labourers in the present day. Thomas Spackman, of Cliffe Pypard, Wilts, in 1675, charged his lands "with twenty-one shillings by the year, and to continue for ever, viz.: one shilling to the minister of the parish, to mind him of his duty in catechising the children; twenty shillings to the poor of the parish yearly, to be given them at the church, viz.: five shillings on St. Thomas's day, five shillings on the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, five shillings on St. John the Baptist's day, and five shillings on St. Matthew's day; my will is, that twenty poor people do receive threepence a piece, and that they be at the church at the beginning of prayers, or else to have no share. If the number be not twenty, then the remains to be given to those that are best deserving; and, if they can, let them sing the xv. Psalm; now, if the minister be a good man, he will be careful to see this my will performed, for the honour of the church, that at this day is almost destitute." The allusion to the destitution of the church is rather obscure. We are not quite clear whether Mr. Spackman alluded to his liberal gift of a shilling to the minister, or to the destitution of the church in his day in the matter of attendants, whom he desired to bribe to attend, by the munificent donation of threepence a piece four times a-year! Even greater fuss was made by William Norrice, of Leicester, and for a smaller consideration. He granted fifteen shillings a-year out of certain property, on condition that the minister and churchwardens of the parish should meet every year, and elect forty-one of the poorest parishioners, and deliver a list of their names to the clerk of the parish, and to cause him to give notice, that all persons whose names were in that note should attend evening prayer on St. Bartholomew's day, and that the minister, after reading the second lesson, should exhort the people to praise God for His mercy in providing for the poor, and should make choice of

some fit psalm for that purpose, desiring the people to sing that psalm with him; and after evening prayer, the minister and churchwardens should cause the clerk to call the said forty-one people into some convenient place in the church, calling each by his name, and in a loud voice, and to give each fourpence; and the minister, and churchwardens, and clerk, were to have fourpence each, all which being satisfied, the said poor should depart, glorifying God. It is not at all surprising, that a man who founds almshouses and clothes the inmates, should specify the kind of dress they are to wear; but Edward Strode, of Shepton Mallet, Somerset, must have had the soul of an Austrian commander-in-chief in respect to details; he thus describes the dress that the dwellers in his almshouses should wear. *Item:* A grey hat, edged about with red narrow silk gallow lace; the hat so laced to cost five shillings, and no more. *Item:* One plain neck-cloth and dowlas shirt, both to cost five shillings. *Item:* A loose-bodied coat, with the letter E cut large, in blue cloth, and well sewed on the right sleeve, and the letter S on the left sleeve, plain to be seen, and a pair of large breeches made of red cloth, at six shillings the yard. *Item:* A large waistcoat made of white cloth or linsey-woolsey, of one shilling and fourpence a-yard. *Item:* A pair of blue, strong, yarn stockings, of one shilling and sixpence a pair. *Item:* A strong pair of tussel leather shoes, at three shillings and sixpence a pair, with a pair of blue leather points to tie the shoes. Notwithstanding the almost ridiculous minuteness of the above directions, the bequest is in itself a valuable one, and we have a certain degree of admiration for Edward Strode, which we certainly cannot say with respect to William Minta, of Great Gonerby, Lincolnshire, who gave five pounds for the poor of Gonerby, to the intent that, on Good Friday in every year, sixteen aged persons should have bread distributed among them, "a threepenny dole a piece," the clerk to toll the bell at three o'clock, and to read the epistle and gospel, and to sing the "Lamentation of a Sinner;" for all which he was to be rewarded with one shilling.

With the mention of a novel mode of distributing charitable monies, we shall, for the present, conclude our extracts from the voluminous reports of the Charity Commissioners. The township of Bulkeley, in Cheshire, being entitled to nineteen shillings and twopence, as its proportion of certain consolidated charities, the overseer changed the whole of the money into pence and halfpence, and put it in a peck measure, and then invited the poor to come and take a handful.

## THE FALSE BEACON:

### A Story of the Wild Coast.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HARRY MONTFORD."

#### CHAPTER IV.—(continued.)

The path Oswald and Lester travelled was narrow and tortuous, winding among rocks and woods, and through deep gorges and over steep precipices, until finally it brought them to the brink of a deep chasm, at the bottom of which dashed a swift mountain torrent. Over this was stretched a narrow drawbridge, with the framework for removing it, upon the opposite side. The party crossed over, and presently came to the structure which had been seen from the distant hill.

At first sight this seemed to be a huge pile of ruins, but upon nearer approach it was found that much of the original masonry was still standing; and that, while much had gone to rack, much had also been rebuilt. The original castle must have been of Saxon origin, and erected during the heptarchy; and many a mighty warrior of the Bretwaldas had probably found refuge there. Even now the place seemed almost impregnable; for, when the bridge was removed from the deep, broad chasm, there appeared to be no possible way of approaching it.

The American was led through an archway in the thick wall—thence across a broad court, which was strewn with stones and lumps of mortar, to the dwelling, which was entered through a wide hall. Here Lester and Oswald were left together a few moments, while the chief went to call some of his attendants.

"Captain," said the youth, speaking in a quick, low whisper, "you must be very careful. My father is not to be trusted in such a case as this. I know him too well. I have conquered him for the time, but it amounts to only a respite for you. When you leave this place, it must be by stratagem, for he will never suffer it while he has sense and

strength to prevent it. But—I'll help you, if I can. I've commenced the work, and I'll not give it up now. I rather like you. I think you are a man after my own heart. Ha!—here comes the governor."

At this juncture Wolfsfang returned, and bade our hero follow him, at the same time informing Oswald that he might remain behind.

"You can lean upon my arm, if you will," the chieftain said, after his son had turned away.

Lester was glad enough to accept the proffered assistance, for he was too weak to walk alone. He had already borne as much as his shocked and shattered frame could stand, and his head was beginning to swim. However, he bore up while he could, though he was forced to lean heavily upon the wrecker's arm. He was conducted through the wide hall—down a flight of steps—along a narrow passage, with loop-holes upon both hands—then up a course of narrow steps; and finally, into a small chamber, the walls and floor of which were of solid masonry, the light coming in through two narrow embrasures upon one side of the apartment.

"There," said Wolfsfang, as he suffered his charge to sink upon the edge of the low bed with which the place was provided, "I'll send a leech as soon as may be; and, perhaps, I'll send a nurse."

With this the chieftain turned from the room, and Maurice Lester fell back upon the pillow, without sense or sight—utterly overcome by the severe trials through which he had passed during the last four-and-twenty hours.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### A STARTLING PIECE OF INFORMATION.

It was night when Maurice recovered his senses far enough to realise what was going on about him; and he found a lamp burning upon the table, and an old man standing by his side. When he had used his eyes to the light he looked up into his attendant's face, but he had never seen it before.

"How do you feel?" the old man asked, reaching over and taking the captain's wrist.

Maurice could hardly tell how he felt. He had some pain about the head, but the prevailing sensation was one of numbness—and so he told the man; and then asked if he were a doctor.

"I am such as our people put up with," the leech replied; "and I think I can speedily relieve you of all sickness. I have examined you somewhat, and I find no serious hurt."

After this, some invigorating potions were administered, and then the patient was left to himself. For two days he was waited upon by the old doctor, who attended to all his wants, and treated him with much kindness; and at the end of that time he was almost entirely recovered. His injuries had been only of temporary severity, there having been no bones broken, nor any bad contusions. He could walk as well as ever, and he felt that his arms were as strong.

"Well," said the doctor, on the evening of the second day, as he was about taking his leave, "I have no more to do for you. I think you are as well as I can make you."

"Am I to remain here?" our hero asked, as the old man was upon the point of turning away.

"I imagine you'll remain here to-night. But—I don't know anything about what they mean to do with you, so you needn't ask me any questions. Good-bye!"

With this the leech went out, and locked the door after him. After he was gone, Maurice made a new survey of the premises which were open to him. From the two embrasures through which the light came, he could look off upon distant rocks and wild crags, but the thickness of the wall prevented him from looking down upon the scene nearer the castle. There were two closets, or ante-rooms, into which he had access, but there was no passage beyond—none which he could find. In short, he was a prisoner, firmly held, and he sat down upon his couch and wondered what would come next. When it was dark he lay down and went to sleep; and as he slept he dreamed many curious things; but one dream came which had come very often before.

He dreamed that he was walking upon the seashore, among the rocks, where pieces of wreck, and bales of goods, and the bodies of dead men, were strewn around. He saw a cave near at hand, and, to escape the ghastly scenes about him, he went in. He found it deep and dark, but he pushed on, and finally came to a vaulted chamber, hung with most beautiful stalactites, and lighted by a large carbuncle, which was suspended from the dome in a frame of gold. In a broad niche, adorned with drapery of silver and precious stones, he saw a couch of crystal and amethyst, upon which reclined a lovely maiden,



## CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

In accordance with the promise made by us at the conclusion of our last article on Charitable Bequests, we now give some account of the more important charities.

The charity known in Ponghill as the Pyncombe charity was founded by Gertrude Pyncombe, spinster, of Weisbere. The income derived from the estates bequeathed by her at the time of the commissioners' inquiry was upwards of £1,000 a-year. £5 of this was to be paid to the rector of the parish to beautify the chancel and keep it in repair; £5 to be distributed among the poor; £5 to the schoolmaster for instructing boys in reading, English, and arithmetic, and girls in reading only; both to be taught the principles of the Church of England. To the parishes of Ashreigny, High Bickington, Chulmley, and Ilfordcombe, she gave £10 a-year each for a similar purpose, £6 to go to the schoolmaster and £4 to a schoolmistress. She further directed that forty shillings apiece should be paid yearly to ten poor men and ten poor women; and that as many Bibles and prayer-books should be bought for the children as the trustees might think requisite. "And if there should be any residue, that they should apply the same to the augmenting small livings, and to procure the bounty of the late Queen Anne, having first regard to the village of Ilfordcombe, and afterwards to such other parishes in the said county of Devon, where any of her estates did lie, as might receive the Royal bounty in conjunction with a private benefaction; and afterwards to any other livings within the kingdom of England as the said trustees and their successors should direct." In carrying out the direction with respect to the augmentation of livings, it was the practice to pay £100 when the patron or incumbent paid a like sum, and a donation of £300 was obtained from Queen Anne's Bounty. However laudable it may be to expend money in this way, we cannot conceive that it could have been the desire of the testatrix that so large a sum should be spent for this purpose as is available. By comparing the total of the amounts specified with the annual income, we find that the former is but a small part of the income; and it does not appear probable that she would have said, "if there should be any residue, they (the trustees) should apply the same to the augmenting small livings," if she had known that that residue would have been so large. We know how difficult and dangerous a matter it is to depart from the letter of a will; but still we think that the testatrix would have approved a modification—such, for example, as an increase of the bequest to the ten poor men and ten poor women, so as to have raised their weekly dole to four shillings—a sum which would be sufficient to keep them out of the workhouse in their old age, especially as the estate could well bear the payment.

Mr. George Spicer, of Cullompton, by his will dated March 7, 1624, gave £300 to be invested in land, the proceeds of which were to be used in apprenticing four poor boys yearly, in this wise:—The money was to be divided into four parts, one part to be lent to each person taking an apprentice, who was to have the free use of it during the apprenticeship; and, when his term had expired, the money was to be handed over to the apprentice, to assist him in starting in business on his own account. At first the income of this charity only amounted to £20 annually, but it gradually increased, and it became necessary to determine whether the will of the testator should be adhered to literally. A rather curious, but not unwise, method was adopted. The trustees called a meeting of the whole of the parishioners, and put it to them whether it were better that the annual income, which then amounted to upwards of £90, should be employed in apprenticing only four boys, or whether it should be employed in apprenticing a greater number of boys at the same expenditure as formerly—viz., £5; and the decision they came to was that the number of boys should be increased in accordance with the latter suggestion.

The poor of the borough which has the honour of possessing Lord Palmerston as its representative in the House of Commons are indebted to the corporation which existed in 1747, and to sundry private individuals, for a sum of money, which, at the time of the inquiry, amounted to £150 yearly, and probably exceeds that sum now. At the period referred to, the method of distributing it was rather singular. After the payment of certain sums, the remainder, £125, was divided among the members of the corporation, to be given away in private. The commissioners did not think this the best mode of disposing of the money which could be adopted; they

therefore suggested that it would be better to give it away publicly, and this suggestion was adopted.

This is not the only, nor, indeed, the most important, charity it possesses. John Greenway, who died in 1529, founded an almshouse "for the habitation of five poor men, who should be impotent and aged, and not able to serve and get their living, and who should not have wherewithal to find themselves meat, drink, and cloth;" who were also to be paid eightpence a-week each. The lands and tenements left by him to support the charity he had founded, had greatly increased at the time of the commission, and a summary of the property was given to the commissioners, which showed the total income thus derived from it to be £278 3s. 4d. At that time the number of almsmen had been increased to nine, who received five shillings each weekly. It was proposed to add fifteen other almsmen, and it is probable that this has been long since carried out, as the income must be considerably increased since the time of which we are speaking. In this same town of Tiverton there are also almshouses for six poor women, founded by George Slee in 1610, who also left a sufficient sum of money for each inhabitant to receive one shilling weekly for ever. This payment was doubled by Mary Marshall, spinster, of the same town, who, fifty-seven years ago, left stock in the Navy Five per Cents. for that purpose. There were some other almshouses called the Fullers' almshouses, founded by John Alstone in 1696, who also left £500 to be laid out in lands for the support of the inmates, and keeping up the buildings. Unfortunately, his benevolent intentions were frustrated by the carelessness or rascality of some persons. The money was duly laid out in erecting the houses and in purchasing land; but after the poor inmates of the houses had enjoyed the proceeds for forty-five years, it was wrested from them by a legal proceeding. It appeared that the land sold to the trustees had been previously settled by the owner upon his heirs; and under this settlement one of the descendants brought an action of ejectment, and succeeded in the action, owing, as the commissioners thought, to the trustees offering no resistance. This charity, therefore, has become extinct, but the others are flourishing. At Ludlow there is quite a colony of old men and women in Hosyer's almshouses. It is situated near St. Lawrence's church, and contains thirty-three apartments, inhabited by as many old men and women, who are selected from among decayed tradesmen and aged widows, and others of the respectable poor parishioners who are too old to labour. At one time they received only one shilling and sixpence a-week each, but in 1804 this was raised to two shillings and sixpence. We believe they also receive other sums occasionally in addition to this regular payment. Besides these almshouses, the poor of Ludlow derive a considerable sum altogether from the many bequests that have been made from time to time for their benefit. Among the old corporation records, mention is made of several charities which have been lost. These, for the most part, were sums of money left for the purpose of being lent for a certain time to young men starting in business, or to poor tradesmen. This kind of bequest was very common in former times, but we believe it to have been discontinued of late years. It is, in fact, almost money thrown away, for either from the misfortunes or the dishonesty of the persons to whom it was lent, the greater portion has been lost.

(To be continued.)

## TO MY WIFE,

## ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING.

Now, Time and I, near fifty years,  
Have managed kindly to agree;  
Pleased with the friendship he appears,  
And means, that all the world shall see.  
For, with soft touch about my eyes,  
The frosty, kindly, jealous friend  
His drawing pencil deftly plays,  
And mars the face he thinks to mend.  
Nor am I called alone to wear  
Old Time, "his mark," in deepening trace;  
That "twin are one," this limner sere  
Will print in lines on either face.  
'Tis not, perhaps, a gallant thing  
On such a morning to be told,  
But Time doth yearly witness bring,  
That—Bless you! we are growing old.  
Together we have lived and loved,  
Together passed through smiles and tears,  
And life's all-varying lessons proved  
Through many constant married years.  
And there is joy Time cannot reach,  
A youth o'er which no power he hath,  
If we cling closer, each to each,  
And each to God, in hope and faith.

## Oddities.



ASIATIC PIGMIES.

THE oddities which encountered the traveller in former days were of a character which altogether eclipse those of our times. Neither Layard nor Livingstone ever saw such strange sights as ancient travellers beheld—travellers who in sober earnest recounted stories that out-rivalled Munchausen, Gulliver, and Major Longbow. Ctesias, the Greek, discovered the Lilliputians long before learned Lemuel fell amongst that singular people, and gravely tells all whom it may concern of the Pigmies of Central India. The tallest amongst them, he says, are only two cubits in height (three feet six inches), whilst the majority are only one and a half. Their hair is extremely long, reaching down to their knees, and even further. Their beards are larger than those of other men, so that when it has attained its full growth they need no other clothing but their hair and beards. They are flat-nosed and ugly; their oxen are no larger than rams, neither are their horses and other beasts of burden. In hunting they employ crows and jackdaws instead of dogs. The story of these Pigmies did not originate with Ctesias, Homer alludes to them in the *Iliad*; Aristotle affirms that the existence of the Pigmies is no fable, and Pliny expresses the same conviction. In the accompanying engraving a fearful-looking bird seems about to pounce on these diminutive people; possibly it is one of the "winged nations of the cranes," mentioned by Homer, which "carries destruction and death to the race of Pigmies." But however fabulous may be the accounts of these Asiatic dwarfs, modern investigators aver that they have succeeded in discovering a race almost as singular—we allude to the Aztecs. The "little strangers," or Aztec children, which, four or five years ago, excited so much interest in England, were veritable Pigmies, and were said to be members of a race regarded as sacred by the natives of some parts of South America. As to the truth of this statement, different opinions are held; but of the diminutive forms of the Aztec children there can be no doubt. Some such specimens as these may account for the old Greek story.

## THE TRUE HISTORY OF JACK HORNER.

Who has not heard of Jack Horner, who—  
Eating a Christmas pie,  
Put in his thumb  
And pulled out a plum?

Who was Jack Horner? What was Jack Horner's plum? Here is the tradition. When Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries and drove out the poor old monks from their nests, the title-deeds of the Abbey of Melis—including the sumptuous Grange built by Abbot Selwood—were demanded by the Commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined to send them to London, but as the documents were valuable and the roads infested by thieves, it was difficult to get them safely to the metropolis; to compass this end, however, he devised the following plan: he ordered a pie to be made—as fine a pie as ever smoked on a refectory table; inside it he put the documents—the finest lining a pie ever had since pies were first made—he intrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner to carry up to London, and deliver it safely into the hands of those for whom it was intended. But the journey was long, and the day was cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection small. So the boy broke off a piece of the pie and beheld a parchment; he pulled



## CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

(Continued from page 238.)

AT Frome there is a very extensive charity, the foundation of which was laid by William Leversedge somewhere about 1600. He gave about four acres of land for the support of an almshouse for twelve poor women; and his example has since been followed by others. The almshouse founded by him having become ruinous, the inhabitants of Frome in 1720 very generously subscribed £1,400 to erect new almshouses for the poor women partly provided for by William Leversedge, and also for at least seventeen others, for whose support considerable sums of money were left by Alexander Stafford, William Baily, Richard Coomb, and others. The women on the south side of the almshouse received five shillings a-week each, and the value of another shilling in bread and meat. They also received medical attendance, and a blue gown once in two years. The women on the north side were not so well off.

It gives us peculiar pleasure to quote charities of this kind—of which there are hundreds we have not space to mention—from the strong feeling we entertain that no better way of disposing of money could be adopted than for providing homes for aged and helpless people to rest in after a life of labour and toil, who would otherwise be forced to wear out the remainder of their days in a workhouse, amidst the idle and the profligate—a cruel necessity, which it is a shame and a sin to our legislators that they should suffer to continue, when it would be so easy to provide for the separation of the aged; and also for enabling old men and their wives to spend the few last years of their life in each other's society, after having shared good and evil together for so long a period.

Quitting the subject of almshouses, we will, without leaving Frome, say something of a magnificent charity founded by Richard Stevens, of that town. In a codicil to his will, dated 20th December, 1790, after reciting that there was no charity-school for the education, or asylum for the maintenance, of poor female children in Frome, he bequeathed to the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, and others, in trust, £12,000 Four per Cent. Bank Annuities, to be expended in building and furnishing an asylum capable of accommodating at least forty poor girls, and in providing for their maintenance and education; and also capable of lodging "a matron or governess, and a sufficient number of servants, to conduct, manage, superintend, direct, take care of, wait upon, and attend such poor female children." The cost of building or adapting the asylum, from some house already erected, and furnishing it, was not to exceed £2,000; so that £10,000 should remain undiminished for the support of the children and servants. The election of the children and the appointment of a matron, who was to be a single woman or a widow, devolved on the trustees, who were also empowered to make any alterations in the government, from time to time, which might be found necessary. The children elected were to be between seven and ten years of age, and were to be fed, clothed, and educated until they reached the age of fourteen, or longer, if the trustees thought proper. On leaving the asylum, they were either to be apprenticed—in which case, a fee of £5 was to be paid to the person taking them—or they were to be placed as servants in gentlemen's or tradesmen's families, £2 being given to them to purchase clothes on the occasion. He further directed that, in the event of the income being more than was required for the current expenses of the asylum, the overplus should be invested in the purchase of stock, and be available for supporting a greater number of children than he had specified.

Two years later he added another codicil to his will, bequeathing "the principal sum of £7,000 Four per Cent. Bank Annuities, upon trust, that they should lay out and expend a sum not exceeding £1,000 of the principal sum of £7,000 trust stock, in the purchase of an estate of inheritance, in fee simple, of and in one or more messuages adjoining each other, to be situated within the said parish of Frome, extensive enough and capable of being converted into an hospital for the habitation, lodging, and accommodation of twenty poor aged men, born in the said parish, who from age or bodily infirmities might be incapable of following any trade, calling, business, or employment, to maintain and provide for themselves." The asylum for these poor aged men and the children form one building. The testator died in 1797, and a few months afterwards the trustees bought a suitable piece of ground, and the building was begun, and was not finished until 1803. Its entire cost was about £6,500, which

was defrayed out of the dividends accruing between the death of the testator and the completion of the building, without touching the principal sums of £12,000 and £7,000. The income arising from these sums is insufficient to support the number of girls and old men specified by the testator; but those admitted are well cared for, and the charity has been exceedingly well managed.

In 1655 Alicia, Duchess Dudley, appointed £100 to be paid yearly to the East India Company, or any other company, for the redemption of English Christian slaves from the Turks. It so happens that the Turks cannot hold Englishmen as slaves, nor have they done so for more than a century, consequently the money was not required for that purpose, and it was therefore disposed of, according to the directions of the donor, in paying £15 a-year to the clergyman at Bidford, a like sum to the minister at Blakesley, and £70 to certain charities specified in her will; but inasmuch as the estates held in trust for the support of this charity yielded £422 per annum, the commissioners found that £17,000 had accumulated for want of claims. Proceedings were taken in Chancery, and it was decreed that the money should be applied to other charitable purposes, a provision being made for the payment of the £100 if occasion should arise.

A munificent provision was made by Sir William Harpur for furnishing marriage portions to poor maids—of good fame and reputation—of the town of Bedford. He directed that £800 a-year should be paid out of his estates in Helborn, to be bestowed—for the above-mentioned purpose—on forty poor maids, in equal shares. The amount was to be distributed by lot four times a-year; the maidens drawing the beneficial lot to receive £20 on their respective wedding days, provided the event took place within two months afterwards; and that the husband was not a vagrant, or a person of bad name and reputation. It does not appear to be of much importance whether a maiden is successful or not in drawing lots, for by a certain rule it is provided that those who should have been permitted to draw lots, and had been unsuccessful, should, at the next meeting of the trustees, be entitled, if then married, to the like sum of £20 in preference to any other poor maidens who should then be candidates. All poor maidens of good fame and reputation of the town of Bedford were eligible as candidates, provided they were not younger than sixteen, nor older than fifty. Evidently Bedford is the place for a poor man to seek a wife in.

(To be continued.)

## ITALY AND THE ITALIANS.

No country in Europe presents more interesting features, to the historian, the philosopher, the statesman, and the poet, than Italy. The short, but brilliant, campaign of last year—the subsequent negotiations for a final settlement of the Italian question—the critical position of affairs at the present time—all contribute to impart an occasional interest to Italy and the Italians. The question as it now agitates the public mind, and occupies the attention of our Senate, bears chiefly on the proposed annexation of Savoy to France. The result of the war is such as to render the re-adjustment of Italian affairs absolutely necessary. Venetia is still held by Austria—Naples retains its old government—the ducal sovereigns of Central Italy have been put to flight—the temporal authority of the Roman See is shaken—Victor Emmanuel hesitates to accept the homage of his voluntary subjects—Savoy, part of his dominion, is sought to be regarded as a natural frontier to the French empire, and the end of the contest is still involved in obscurity. Many states are interested in the solution of this hard problem—this Gordian knot, which the sword has not completely severed. Sardinia, Piedmont, Savoy, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Rome, Naples, Venetia, are all alike concerned—for of these Italian states modern Italy is composed.

Who are the English? who are the French? are questions easily enough answered; but who are the Italians? requires a longer and more complicated reply. The interesting group, for instance, represented in the accompanying engraving, is a little company of Italians, each individual identified with a separate state, several of them with a separate form of government, all of them with national characteristics distinguishing them from one another. How comes it that the Italians are so broken into different states—parcelled out under different rulers—marked by different customs and manners? The answer takes us back to a distant period of history,

from which we must trace the origin of the condition of modern Italy.

On the fall of the Roman Empire the ancient glory of Italy departed. The Goths—eastern and western—having triumphed over the vaunted invincibility of Roman prowess, established their own authority on the ruins of the fallen empire. But the patriotism of the Italians was aroused some years later, and the kingdom of Italy was wrested from the Gothic princes. The Lombards aided the Italians in their struggle, and from being their allies soon became their masters. To resist the aggressions of the Lombards, the Franks were invited to render assistance, and so Charlemagne triumphed, and Italy was again prostrate under a new ruler. On the death of Charlemagne his empire was divided amongst his sons, and Italy fell into the hands of a German prince. Otho the Great, Emperor of Germany, became the nominal ruler of Italy. Disputes between the Pope and the Emperor afforded opportunity for the Lombard nobles, by adhering sometimes to one cause and sometimes to another, ultimately to assume a virtual independence, and by a treaty signed at Constance, 1133, this independence was acknowledged by the Emperor on condition of a small annual payment. The Italian cities assumed a republican form of government; Milan, Florence, Venice, Genoa, Pisa, became the capitals of so many free states, distinguished for all that could add to the comfort or embellishment of society. But at the same time that these republics gave impulse to civilisation, and refinement to the revival of learning and the cultivation of the arts, animosities of the deadliest kind were fostered by the rival states; from a contest of arts they betook themselves to arms, and prosecuted their hostilities with all the eagerness of a personal and the rancour of a political quarrel. Foreign mercenaries were engaged on all sides; and the soil of Italy was trampled by German, French, and Spanish troops. The governments which these troops represented soon turned their arms against those whom they had come to assist, and the Italians saw, too late, that—to employ an oriental proverb—"they had called in lions to drive out dogs." Since the subversion of the old republics (1530), the Italians have ceased to exercise any real power in the government of their country. Parcelled out amongst foreign rulers or their descendants, they have been deprived of their ancient liberties; and divided amongst themselves, "the victim by turns of selfish and sanguinary factions, of petty tyrants, and of foreign invaders, Italy has sunk like a star from its place in heaven." But although Italy has thus, for so long a period, been the unfortunate victim of adverse circumstances, the spirit of liberty still survives, and warrants the belief that a bright future awaits her.

In turning our attention to the division of modern Italy, we may notice first, as the most considerable in extent, the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. Naples occupies an area of 31,160 square miles; Sicily, 12,900 square miles; and the population—including both divisions—is estimated at about 10,000,000. They are poor, ignorant, and indolent—careless how they live, and having no encouragement to induce them to labour. Although during the last few years both agriculture and manufactures have slightly advanced—there is still much indolence and apathy among the bulk of the people. The government is an absolute monarchy, and absolutism was never carried further than by the late King Ferdinand. With a complicated system of espionage extended over his dominions, unscrupulous officials to obey his commands, his kingdom became one vast prison and his subjects slaves. The political condition of the country is but little improved under his successor; and notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to subdue all tendency to join in the Italian struggle, the people have manifested the same spirit which has been aroused in other Italian States.

Next in extent to Naples is the kingdom of Sardinia, and it is scarcely possible to imagine a stronger contrast than is presented by these states. Previous to 1848, the King of Sardinia was absolute; but Sardinia then became one of the few constitutional monarchies of Europe. There is a commons house elected by the people, and a senate chosen by the king. Agriculture flourishes throughout the kingdom, and few countries enjoy so large a disposable produce. The chief articles of export consist of silk, oil, woollens, &c. Trade and manufactures are encouraged, and a very enlightened spirit has been exhibited in the educational progress of the people. The island from which the kingdom derives its name is, next to Sicily, which it nearly equals in size, the largest in the Mediter-



are generally aware of. They cannot follow us, indeed, into all its details, but make a rough guess at the aggregate, generally favourable or unfavourable, as our leaning is toward good or bad. If we transgress the minor morals only, we may be trusted and employed, though our faults are against us even in that respect; but we shall be avoided by sensible, well-bred people as social pests, destructive of all pleasant converse. Bores are, I believe, sometimes to be found in polite society; but a lady or gentleman may be—"not visible," or "particularly engaged." The thick-skinned bore of humble life is impervious to all such equivocal shafts. You sit down in your only room to read in the evening—your door opens—a knocker would avail you little—your tormentor enters—you are at his mercy. If he can read a little he takes, perhaps, the book or paper out of your hand, and straightway ignores your existence. But ten to one you don't get off so well; you know it, and resign yourself to the endurance of what you cannot avoid, without being rude in your own defence. Ah! the golden rule unheeded by the one cannot always be remembered by the other. Your children look for you to help them with their lessons, but, weary of waiting, go to bed with a foretaste of next day's punishment at school. Your wife is hampered in her domestic matters—'tis getting late, but "the old man of the mountain is on your back." Oh! much-enduring victim, I could excuse you, though you were not over-nice about the means of getting rid of your incubus. Your self-respect will not be always proof against such annoyance; but it is your best defence, and will be often available, because it commands the respect of many, in spite of their rudeness.

A courteous man in humble life, as society is constituted, is more uncomfortable than his neighbours, because he feels more keenly the dearth of the "small sweet courtesies of life." For this reason I would advocate the simultaneous improvement of the whole rising generation. Who can doubt that the succeeding race would be the better for the teaching of their parents? The existence of a nation is long: it is well when it can count its moral improvements by its generations.

WATCHING FOR FATHER.

BESIDE the window watching,  
My little ones and I  
Look through the twilight shadows  
That droop from yonder sky;  
The fall of many a footstep  
Rings loudly on the street,  
For age and youth are hastening  
The dear home fire to greet.

And we, who throng the darkness,  
Still strain the eager gaze,  
Are watching for the father,  
His welcome home to raise.  
How bright the fire at even,  
Ere yet the lamps are lit,  
And in the whispering dimness  
Soft fairy shadows fit!

How sweet the household music,  
The humming soft and low,  
Which breathes in yonder corner,  
Above the ruddy glow!  
And oh! how fair the smiling  
In childhood's beaming eye,  
While watching for the father  
Till the stars come out on high!

The children of the rich man,  
In dainty garments clad,  
Look from their curtained casements,  
Each little lass and lad.  
Their cheeks are round and rosy,  
And dimples come and go;  
And their laugh rings out right merrily  
When the father's step they know.

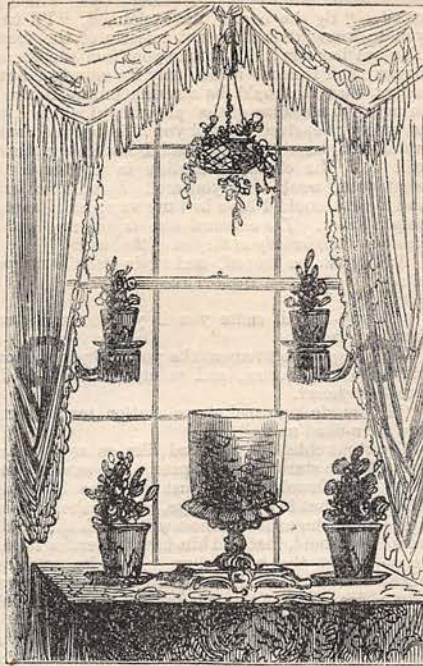
And in the lowly hovel  
The poor man's children bend,  
To pray God haste the coming  
Of father and of friend.  
Though pale their little faces,  
Full many a joy have they,  
And they love to watch for father  
When comes the fall of day.

O! earthily love the blessed,  
A crown of thorns hast thou,  
And thorns for ever mingle  
With flowers on thy brow;  
The joy which now thou givest  
Must turn to ashes soon,  
Or fly to lead us onward  
To Heaven's eternal noon.

We who now watch our dear ones,  
And hail their coming steps,  
May weep for them in darkness,  
Our life one strange eclipse.  
The lights of home will flicker,  
And die in gloom away,  
And others watch for their beloved  
In the hush of setting day.

The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.



We hardly know any kind of ornament that adds so much to the elegance of a room as well-chosen flowers; and there are so many ways of setting them off to advantage, that they afford opportunity alike of indulging the simplest or most refined taste.

Wire-stands, or suspended baskets, may be obtained in every variety of pattern, and, as they do not interfere with the furniture of the room, are especially to be recommended. Some are so light that they detract nothing from the most simple flowers; whereas objects of more solid material, or conspicuous fashion, would detract from the beauty of such flowers as the lily, the violet, or other simple yet beautiful plants.

Fancy flower-pots should always be chosen for their neatness—the first consideration, wherever flowers are concerned, and this especially applies to vases used for interior decoration. The plants, however, should never be grown in them, but in pots, which should be placed inside the vases, because they can then be removed as the flowers decline, and their places be supplied with others ready to bloom.

Iron or brass brackets may be readily obtained at most hardware shops. A fringe of transparent beads, as shown in our engraving, gives them a light and elegant finish. The basket suspended from the top of the window should contain some pretty creeping plant, such as the thumbergia or verbena, which should be planted in an ordinary pot, and embedded in moss. The common musk plant may be trained to hang over the sides by allowing it to become limp for want of water, and then carefully tying the branches down with thread, which may be removed after a few days.

With respect to the other pots: in order to secure a show of bloom all the year round, several removes are necessary. At the present time hyacinths and early tulips (three in a pot) may be chosen. Their form is exceedingly handsome, their colours bright, and they last a considerable time in flower. These require no other forcing than the dwelling-house will give. They should be potted in November, and kept, say at the staircase window, until sufficiently grown to be placed in their blooming place. By the time their beauty has left them, the spring will be far advanced; and, as summer approaches, no difficulty will be found in supplying their places. Geraniums are universal favourites; before blooming their foliage renders them acceptable ornaments, and when in flower no plants are more gay. The brilliant scarlet varieties are very striking, and flower all the summer; cinerarias are also very rich in colour, and are literally covered with flowers for months. Verbenas may be obtained of almost every hue—from pure white to the brightest scarlet, or deepest purple. Late in the

autumn these may be replaced by the pompon, a small variety of the chrysanthemum. These plants may be trained into handsome bushes, and will remain in bloom till Christmas. From this time, until the crocuses and hyacinths are ready, their places may be filled with that most elegant of all shrubs—the camellia japonica; the foliage of which is always bright and beautiful, and the flowers the richest of any that come upon glossy evergreens. As, however, these are somewhat expensive, small firs or box-trees may be substituted, but they should be obtained of a respectable nurseryman, or you may be disappointed by finding you have only got "Christmas-trees," or rootless branches stuck into pots, which will decay with your mistletoe bough.

The aquarium shown in our engraving is merely an inverted propagating glass, which may be stocked by a few minnows—the commonest, yet most interesting of fish. After a few days, they become so tame as to take food from the hand when held over the water. They live a considerable time; may be fed on shreds of raw meat and biscuit crumbs; and from their lively, playful habits, will always attract attention. Care should be taken that no more food be thrown in than they consume, or the water will soon become foul, and the whole contents require cleaning.

We have said sufficient to show at how little cost and trouble a window may be made to look neat and ornamental all the year round.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

(Concluded from page 252.)

A VERY munificent sum was bequeathed by Thomas Betton, for the redemption of British slaves in Turkey or Barbary. His will is dated 15th Feb., 1723, and after giving one shilling each to his brother Timothy and his three children, and directing the payment of certain small annuities, he gave the residue of his property to the Ironmongers' Company, upon trust, to place it at interest on good securities, and to employ the interest in the following manner: one-half to be spent yearly in the redemption of British slaves in Turkey or Barbary, a fourth part to charity schools in London, and the remaining fourth to be used by the company for certain purposes, in consideration of their care and pains in the execution of his will. In 1829 the Attorney-General filed an information against the company, stating, amongst other things, that they had invested the interest which they were directed to employ in the purchase of slaves, in the purchase of stock, of which they kept separate and particular accounts, and that as by treaties between England and Turkey and the States of Barbary slave-dealing was prohibited, the money could not be applied according to the wishes of the donor, and proposed, therefore, that the money should be applied in some way as near to the intention of the donor as circumstances would allow. It appeared from the reply made by the company that they derived £1,700 a-year from the estate, that they had spent more than £21,000 in the redemption of British captives, and seeing that many parts of the coast of Barbary were in a most unsettled state, the inhabitants being very little under the control of the Government, British subjects, when shipwrecked on their coast, were detained by them as slaves, and their liberty could only be obtained by paying money for them; and even if they were set at liberty through the interference of the British consul, they were without the means of proceeding home: hence the intentions of the donor could still, to a certain extent, be carried out. The stock standing in the name of the accountant-general in this charity amounted to £119,180 in 1837, and the proceedings were still going on in the Court of Chancery, and, in fact, were not terminated until 1841, when the Lord Chancellor gave judgment, directing that the interest of this sum should be applied to the promotion of education in schools, according to the principles of the Established Church, throughout England and Wales, no school to receive more than £20 at once. We are scarcely of the same opinion as the Lord Chancellor as to there being no British captives among the Moors. We know it to be the practice of the Riff pirates to seize all unfortunate persons who may be shipwrecked on their coast, and to refuse to liberate them without payment; and we have the authority of M. Durrieu, now, we believe, holding a high position in the French army in Algeria, for stating that a great number of white slaves exist in the interior, and there is every reason to suppose that among them are some of our countrymen. It would therefore seem that, at all events, a portion of the money might still be spent in accordance with the



desire of the testator. The income which the Iron-mongers' Company derive from Betton's estate is said to exceed £5,000 a-year.

The same generous individual further provided that £350 should be spent every half year in apprenticing fifteen boys and five girls, and, if there were not so many boys as candidates, the number should be made up of girls; and when the said apprentices had served their time, they were to be presented—provided they showed a certificate of continuous good conduct from their employers—with not more than £20 nor less than £10. Twenty girls who go to service receive a donation of £3, and after remaining in their respective situations twelve months, if they have conducted themselves well, receive a further sum of £2. The charity out of which these different amounts are paid is termed "The Bedford Charity," the revenue of which, forty years ago, was £6,815, and has probably increased since that time.

We are unable to say whether, or to what extent, the magnificent intentions, for the benefit of Church Langton, of the Rev. William Hanbury, have been carried out. Among other purposes, he had in view to establish public schools for ever; to found an organ, and provide beef for a similar period. Also to provide a public library, picture gallery, printing-office, and hospital; the establishment of professorships of grammar, music, botany, mathematics, antiquity, and poetry; a grand and stately church was to be built, with stalls for the trustees, &c.; as grand an organ as could be made; a peal of at least twelve bells, with chimes; chandeliers, ornaments, painted windows, table and altar-piece of the finest marble, paintings by the best living masters. The church to be Gothic, built as much like a cathedral as possible, with three steeples, the tallest not to be less than three hundred feet high. He directed that £100,000 should be spent in building this church, and when it was finished another edifice was to be raised, to be called "The Temple of Religion and Virtue;" also a noble museum; and three residences for the professors, and other offices; the whole, if possible, to form a square of 600 feet on each side.

We have mentioned but a few of the more prominent charities we have met with in turning over the leaves of the ponderous tomes compiled by the Charity Commissioners; but our space forbids us to enumerate more of them at present.

## THE FALSE BEACON:

### A Story of the Wild Coast.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HARRY MONTFORD."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### THE CRISIS.

THE circumstances recorded in the last chapter will have prepared our readers for the dénouement.

Oswald drew Lady Pieton more closely to him, as though he would shield her from all harm, and then turned towards the wrecker.

"Ryan Wolfsfang," he spoke, he would not call him by that other name, "you cannot deny what this woman has said. As God lives, I am no child of yours! My heart has told me so always; and now I know it of a certainty—of a certainty that may be demonstrated. This is my mother! The Unseen told me so when first I saw her; though I did not then fully understand the mystic teaching. But I know it now. Oh! I know it with a knowledge that has the power of light and of life!"

During all this time, there had been a variety of expressions upon the face of the chieftain. He had started several times, as though with mighty fear; but he had recovered himself, and his final look was that old, grim, Tartarian smile of malignant triumph.

"Well," he at length said, with his arms folded across his breast, "this is quite a scene; and I have been most highly entertained."

"Hold! Back!" cried Oswald, in quick, startling tones, as the wrecker moved towards the door. "You leave not this room alive until you have spoken some word, or given some sign, whereby I may know that you acknowledge the truth of what has been said."

"What!" thundered the chieftain, bringing his foot down with a force that made the solid walls tremble. "Do ye think to oppose me?"

\* With respect to this magnificent charity, perhaps one of our readers at Church Langton may be able to inform us how far the intentions of the Rev. William Hanbury have been carried out.

"I will oppose you till I have the word!"

"Poor fool! Would you have me crush you?" Wolfsfang took a step forward as he spoke, but he stopped, and stamped his foot again, as though he would annihilate the very pavement upon which he stood. "By the host!" he exclaimed, "I'll have you to know that I am not miserly of the truth. You are her son! I did take you from the garden bower; and I meant it not only for revenge, but I meant that it should be a means in the future of bringing to me some of that property of which I was so meanly deprived. I tell you this openly; but I would not have told you had I not known that I still hold the chain of destiny in my hand. O, what poor, weak fools you are! I would not have had it thus, could I have had my way; but I cannot help it know. *The untamed lion is not very apt to lie down submissively at the feet of the hunter!*"

And again he moved, and again Oswald stopped him.

"Hold!"

"Boy!—I shall smite you if you do not stand from my way!"

With a quick movement the youth drew a heavy pistol from his bosom, and pointed it towards the wrecker's heart.

"If you do but make one motion towards me, you are a dead man!"

The stout chieftain quivered like an aspen; and presently he started back a pace. He saw in a moment that Oswald meant just what he had said. There was that in his keen eye, and in the firm-set lips, and in the awful stillness with which the deadly weapon was held, that told him how dangerous 'twould be to tempt the brave boy. But he was not frightened—no, no. He only reasoned for his own safety. He felt that this was but a momentary flash, which would quickly pass away.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, with a bitter sneer, "you play very well. But this must be towards the closing scene of the farce. I think I'll call in the actors for the finale."

As he spoke he drew a silver call from his vest, and blew a sharp, shrill pipe that almost split the ears of those who stood so near it.

"Come! come!" he shouted. "Come to your chieftain! We'll see who shall rule in this place!"

In a few moments more the tramp of heavy feet sounded in the corridor, and Oswald drew his mother away from the door; but he did not remove his eye from Ryan Wolfsfang. Presently the door was opened, and four armed men entered; but they were not the men whom the chieftain had expected to see. First came Philip Arde, the old bridge-keeper; next, Oliver Gurrard, the porter; next, Jack Swanton, the groom; and last, but far from being the least, came Allan M'Donald, the woodman. This woodman was the stoutest man in the castle, being far heavier and stronger than the chieftain himself.

"How now!" cried Wolfsfang, as the huge Scotsman closed the door behind him. "How is this?" he demanded, unable to conceal his fear.

"Did ye not call for help?" returned M'Donald, advancing before his companions.

"Ay—I called for men who are set apart for answering such calls. I called not for you."

"But those whom you did set aforetime to watch may be away. We heard the call, and we came."

"How dared you? Who is at the bridge?"

"The bridge is hoisted," said Arde.

"Ay," added Oswald, now stepping forward, "and those whom you would have called are upon the other side. Ah, Ryan Wolfsfang, your power is drawing to its close. The—"

At this point the chieftain uttered a fierce oath, and sprang towards the youth as though he would annihilate him. But Allan M'Donald was on the watch, and, when he saw the movement, he caught Wolfsfang by the shoulders, and hurled him to the floor. On the next instant the other three leaped to the woodman's assistance, and in a very short time the prostrate chieftain was bound, hand and foot. And after this, at an order from Oswald, he helped him to a chair.

It would be useless to describe the awful outburst which followed from the fettered outlaw. It was too impious—too fearful—too terrible and God-defying. In a while, however, his speech failed him, and Philip Arde went to him and wiped the great clots of foam from his beard. And when he had somewhat recovered from the paroxysm, Oswald moved up and spoke to him:

"Ryan Wolfsfang, I have a mind to entertain you somewhat further. There is one whom you were waiting for that has not yet come. Shall we send for Carrie?"

The chieftain did not answer.

But Oswald did not wait for his reply. He turned to Oliver Gurrard, and bade him go and bring the maiden.

Ryan Wolfsfang raved again, and tried to rend his bonds; but his rage was as vain and impotent as it was fierce and impious.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### CONCLUSION.

CARRIE THORNTON, when she saw Marweda coming, knew what the errand was; and, upon the impulse, she sank down on her knees. She did not implore mercy of the old hag. No, no—she prayed to God—prayed fervently—for strength and support; and, when she had finished, she arose and folded her hands upon her bosom.

Marweda told her she was wanted.

"Where?"

"Where the clergyman is."

Ay! She had known it!

"Don't force me to unpleasant things," urged the hag, when she saw the maiden bow her head upon her hands.

"Oh, you know not the nature of a feeling heart!" cried Carrie, starting up. "I am but seeking strength to obey the behests of my masters. I am ready now. Lead on!"

With this Marweda turned from the apartment, and Carrie Thornton followed her. The poor girl groaned in her heavy anguish; and more than once did her limbs almost refuse their duty; but she kept on. She knew that opposition could avail her nothing, and that hesitation or refusal might only be worse for her. She was led on, until finally she stood in the presence of Oswald. And she saw others there—saw enough to bewilder her. Why was the wrecker chieftain bound?—and why were those serving-men so heavily armed? Who had dared to put such an indignity upon the tiger? But—there was something still more wonderful. Who was that strange woman so mild, so beautiful, and with such subdued sweetness of look?—And—why did Oswald regard her so curiously? What did he mean? what meant that quiver of the lip—that moistening of the eye—and that new, strange look, so different from the expression she had last seen upon his face?

"Dear Carrie," spoke the youth, advancing and extending his hand, "give me your confidence."

She did not shrink from him; but she placed her hand in his, and she gazed into his face with a feeling of trustfulness which she could not have herself explained. In fact, she almost clung to him, as though he would deliver her.

Surely she must have had the power of reading the mystic language of the soul then.

"Carrie"—and he held both her hands as he spoke—"answer me from your heart: Can you be my wife, and love me as a wife should love her husband?"

"In truth," she murmured, looking him frankly in the face, "my heart I cannot give you. Oh! I cannot! It is not mine!"

"I understand you, sweet Carrie; and, to prove unto you that I am not unmindful of your welfare, I will bring your truant heart back to you."

As he spoke he advanced to a side door, and opened it; and, in a moment more, he led Maurice Lester into the room.

"Here, here," he said, reaching forth and taking Carrie's hand. "Thus—I—make reparation!" The words were spoken with difficulty, and he trembled violently; but he placed the hand of the maiden within that of her countryman and true lover; and then he turned away and hid his face.

Carrie Thornton did not stop to reason—reason would have been foolish then—as from the first, so now, her instinct seemed to read the mystic language as though from a written scroll, and she sank forward upon Lester's bosom, nestling more closely to him as she felt his stout arms twine about her. He seemed to understand—to know all the mystery—for he drew her away to the wall and whispered to her that God was with them in love and mercy. He drew her away, for there was fearful raving in another part of the room.

Ryan Wolfsfang, when he saw the American captain enter, alive and well, strained his eyes for a moment, as though he could not credit the evidence they presented; but presently he knew that his victim had escaped, and he made another violent effort against the bonds which confined him. For the moment he seemed to feel as feels the wild beast who has been caught in a trap. He is not willing to believe that any such artifice can hold him. But he came at length to the realisation that