

the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey," which contains no nobler dust, there should be interred the remains of him whom no Englishman can name without pride or read without the purest pleasure and the highest instruction.*

WONDERFUL JOURNEY OF A GREYHOUND.

FOR the truth of the following facts I can well vouch, having been present at their accomplishment. Two or three years ago I went down, for a few weeks' shooting, into L—shire, and was staying at the house of an intimate friend of mine, Mr. S—, who had much landed property in the neighbourhood, part of which—that near home—he cultivated himself. My friend is a great sportsman, very fond of dogs of all descriptions, and possessing, amongst others, a good kennel of strong, well-bred greyhounds. One of these animals, however, above all the rest, was an especial favourite, and, being a really valuable dog, he carried off several handsome prizes at the different coursing meetings in L—shire and the neighbouring counties, and was in consequence justly celebrated. He was a beautifully clean-made, fawn-coloured animal, of immense speed and power, and, at the time of which I write, nearly four years old. His coat was silky, and, as the old trainer would sometimes remark, "a'most bright enen' to shave by;" his muzzle and feet ("points," I believe, I should say) black, the only white mark about him being a curious star on his side, from which, on account of its shape, he received his name of "Diamond."

Having given this brief description of him, I will proceed to relate the extraordinary performance which is the subject of my anecdote.

One afternoon, on our return from shooting over an outlying covert, about a week after my arrival, Mr. S— was informed that Mr. H—, a great ally of his, was waiting for him indoors, having come by the coach, and walked over from the post town, a mile distant, where he had been set down. This gentleman's business was twofold; he wanted to see his friend, whom he had not met for some time, and also to borrow Diamond for a month or six weeks. Mr. S—, after a while, kindly agreed to part with his favourite for the time named, accompanying his consent with many charges as to the care that must be taken of him during his absence from home. Mr. H— stayed the night, intending to start on his homeward journey early the next day; but, unfortunately for this arrangement, a letter, forwarded from home, arrived at breakfast time, which necessitated his proceeding at once to London, and a consequent absence from home during another day. Moreover, S—'s house would be greatly out of his way on his return journey; under which circumstances

combined, the question as to how the dog was to be conveyed to his destination was a puzzler. He could not be sent by coach, the risk being too great; besides, how was he to be conveyed over the ten miles that intervened between the coach road and Mr. H—'s house? He could not go by rail, as, unfortunately, there was none between the two places, though there soon will be, as many "navvies" were hard at work on the projected line, during my visit last September.

"What's to be done?" says H—. "I *must* have the dog as soon as possible."

"Don't know, I'm sure," replies S—. "We'll think over it. In the meantime, come out and have a walk round my farmyard. I rather pride myself on it, and you've an hour or two to while away before you need start for town." And so we sallied forth.

The two friends duly praised and criticized the different stock and farm implements. I held my tongue, for, truth to tell, I don't understand much about such things, and so did not hazard making remarks which might only betray my ignorance.

As we were looking over the stables, a strong, well-shaped cob caught Mr. H—'s eye.

"Why, S—, you've got a handsome one there," said he.

"Yes, he is handsome, and good too. But I'm going to sell him; I've too many already. Do you happen to know any one wanting such a thing?"

"Yes, I think I do. Is he sound?"

"Perfectly, I can assure you. But who's to be the purchaser?"

"Sound! Well, I'll take *your* word for it, S—, though I wouldn't do the same with every one, and I'll buy him myself; he's just what I want. And now, as to price; what's the figure?"

However, we need not mind the figure; suffice it that the handsome cob changed owners at once.

"Dear, dear!" cried Mr. H—, as soon as the bargain was concluded, "I've been puzzling all the morning how to send one animal home, and now I've saddled myself with another."

"Oh, that's easy; make one take the other. In a word, old Ike, my trainer, shall ride the horse down and lead the dog. I am sure I can trust him, and he can return by coach. Supposing he starts about four o'clock in the morning, he'll then be with you in the evening, and, if you'll be kind enough to put him up for the night, can be back next day." And so it was arranged.

Mr. H— left us at midday, and punctually at four in the morning old Ike started on his journey of fifty-four miles—not a fraction less—and we thought no more about the matter.

The day passed, I forget how; and half of the next, on which Ike was to return, was already over. I was sitting writing letters in the dining-room, when in bounced S—, his face flushed with anger.

"What do you think that stupid fellow Ike has done?—now what do you think?"

I'm sure I couldn't imagine, and said so.

"Why, he has actually let the dog loose on the

* "Times," Dec. 31, 1859. Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, Oct. 25, 1800. His grandfather was a Scottish clergyman; his father was Zachary Macaulay, the friend and associate of Wilberforce. He was raised to the Peerage in 1857; died Dec. 28, 1859; buried in Westminster Abbey, Jan. 9th, 1860.

road, and he has just found his way home, mud-stained and lame, and scarcely able to stand. He's in the loose box; go and look at the poor brute. It's a shame of that Ike to be so careless—a positive shame! Diamond's half dead from fatigue and want of food. But I must go and do what I can for him."

I did as my host directed, and repaired to the stables. There was Diamond, sure enough, and just as certain was it that he was half dead. His master set to work; he carefully fomented the cuts and bruises with which his legs were covered, fed him slowly from his hand, and, having almost hidden him in the supply of straw that formed his bed, left him to rest in peace, whilst he occupied his time in bewailing the unfortunate occurrence, and working himself up by degrees into a most unamiable and unenviable frame of mind. This was about at its very height when the innocent cause of all this disquiet in my host walked coolly and calmly into the yard, as if nothing had happened, touching his hat as he approached.

"Well, sir!" quoth S—, barely able to contain his wrath, "so you delivered Diamond quite safely, I suppose?"

"Ees sur, I did, an' Muster H— wur very glad to see un, that he wor'. He telled me as I was to tell you—"

"Now, Master Ike, I've never had reason to doubt you before, and I warn you to take care what you're about."

"Whey, Measter, what be matter wi' me? I'm not a tellin' no lies as I knows on."

"When did you see the dog last, sir? Answer me that, before you say anything else."

"Well, let's zee," replied honest Ike; "I seed 'un this mornin' afore I comed away, an' I comed away half arter eight. I couldn't go for to leave the place eout sayin' so much as good-bye, like, to the old dog. Na, na! that I couldn't! So I went into t'stable, an' guv un a partin' pat afore startin' homewards."

"Why, you old—;" but I need not repeat the words: my friend S— was rather out of temper, you know. "Just come with me and look here, and then be good enough to repeat what you've said. Now, man, look at that dog lying there; and yet you want to delude me with your story. What dog's that?"

Ike's face would have been invaluable to David Wilkie at that moment.

"I wunt b'lieve it," he exclaimed. "'Tare very like 'un, but I wunt b'lieve it. Let's look at t'other side, ole chap," he continued, as he turned the poor beast over. There was the white star. "Well, that ees a go. Never mind, tho'. I told 'ee afore, an' I tell 'ee again, Measter, if I wur to die fur it next minit, I patted that ere dog's 'ead this very mornin' at Muster H—'s, as sartin as I stands ere now. Write an' ax 'un if I didn't, for he wur standin' by at the toime." And off went Ike, mumbling and grumbling to himself at his sorry welcome home.

S— did write that very evening. He was anxious to have Ike's behaviour cleared up, though he could not credit his words. He might have

done, though, as it turned out, for the old trainer had spoken the truth. Mr. H— wrote to my friend by the same post; the letters actually crossed on the road, and the purport of his letter was regret for the loss of Diamond, who, on his opening the stable door where he had been shut up, had bounded out, rushed at once to the gate, and made off full speed. The letter concluded by saying: "This was at nine o'clock this morning. I have already sent in pursuit, and offered a reward for his recovery."

Now, when Diamond made his appearance at home that same day, and when I first saw him, I happened to be holding my watch in my hand; it was exactly two o'clock. He had travelled *fifty-four* miles in the almost incredibly short space of five hours, and that too over a road which he had only traversed once before in his life. Not one false step could have been taken; and, allowing that a quarter of an hour only was consumed in his stoppages for water, he had travelled at the rate of eleven miles an hour for five consecutive hours. The dog that performed this wonderful feat recovered in time, and is, I believe, alive and well at this moment, though he could not do the like now-a-days, poor fellow; he's getting old—that is, for a dog.

HAUNTED LONDON.

II.—LEICESTER FIELDS.

Is it possible that that square of the refugee—of blazing diamond gas stars—of a black exhibition globe—of a subterranean eating-house—of furniture warehouses—of booksellers—of jewellers' shops, where the windows are webbed with gold chains—was ever a broad tract of green fields, lined with bushy elm trees, where foot-pads swung the bludgeon and cocked the pistol? Yes, it was, though the great deluge of houses has now spread over it, and destroyed the old land-marks.

○ We need not go back to the middle ages, when steel men trampled over the spot, and little flowers lived their happy life, monarchs of the meadow; but we will go back to Charles I's reign, when Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, rented some parish lands, known as Lammas lands, because common lands after Lammas-tide, and reared a mansion in the north-east corner, somewhere, we suppose, near where the reading-room now is; where Napoleon is nightly denounced by strange bearded exiles, who talk revolutions. The house—once stately with glistening windows and ever open door, once proud with heraldic shields, once breathing through countless chimneys, once regarded by plumed and cloaked men who had seen Cromwell, and knew Milton as a sort of fossil ancestor, as a friend—has now passed away into "air, thin air," and it requires an effort of faith, almost, to believe in its very existence. Its honeysuckle gardens are now grimy courts; instead of lute and voice, you hear wife-beaters' curses and the clatter of pewter pots. Its scarfed eurls have gone into dark vaults; its fair daughters, such as Vandyke painted, are gone, centuries ago, to sleep; the handsome striplings grew up, and passed into palsied men.