

and it seemed smaller and less imposing than Frank remembered it. But there it stood. And there stood Frank at the door. He had not long to wait. At his summons the door was slowly opened, and old Martha and Frank met there as they had met so many years before.

"It is Master Frank—it is!" cried the old servant, clapping her hands, and then clasping his outstretched hand between both her own. "I said you *would* come; I knew you would, Master Frank; I said you would!" And so she went on repeating herself in hysterical gladness, till Frank gently pushed by her and entered.

"Upstairs, Master Frank; upstairs in the old drawing-room; not there," she interposed, when Frank was moving through the hall to the library. "Upstairs. Oh, bless you, bless you, Master Frank, for coming!"

There was no one in the drawing-room besides Grace; and Martha was too good a judge, as she afterwards said, to do more than open the door for Frank's admission, and then quickly close it again. But the door was open long enough for her to see the little colour Grace had on her cheeks rapidly fading away, and then returning again, as she hastily rose; and for her to hear Frank's manly tones, as he sprang forwards to meet his once betrothed, "Grace! dearest Grace!"

"I knew it would be all right then," said Martha; "I don't set up as a prophet, but I gave a guess how things were coming round at last."

And so they did come round at last too, though not quite so soon as Martha would have preferred, after their waiting so long. Yes, it came round at last that—but we are anticipating.

It was a long interview which Frank Eveleigh held with Grace Draper that summer's evening. At last he rose to depart for the night.

"Can I see him, Grace?" he asked, in a low voice.

"He will not know you, dear Frank; he scarcely knows me now. But if you wish it," sobbed Grace.

Apparently Frank's looks seconded the request, for, without further words, Grace led the way to the old library.

The same thick, soft carpet; the same heavy crimson curtains; the same rich furniture; the same book-case of grandly-bound books; the same portrait of a beautiful girl on the wall; and there sat the bankrupt owner of all these luxuries—a drivelling idiot.

A few weeks later, and all Ralph Draper's unreal prosperity had passed away: his affairs were being wound up by commission; his house and furniture, and horses and equipages had been sold; disclosures had been made which seriously implicated him, and his person had been for a few hours in custody on a criminal charge. But who could proceed against an imbecile? So the prosecution was dropped, and the fraudulent merchant was free.

A few weeks later still, and in a distant town—a small obscure town in —shire—there was a very quiet wedding. The bridegroom and the bride were alike strangers in the place, and an aged

clergyman had travelled a long distance, it was said, to officiate at the ceremony, as being their dearest friend. He, however, was not altogether a stranger there. Some twenty years before he was the vicar of that parish, and there were many inhabitants remaining in it who remembered Mr. Vivian.

Many years afterwards a merchant, retired from business, lived in a quiet, unpretending rural village not very far from London. It was not a large establishment kept up by Mr. Eveleigh (for that was the retired merchant's name), but he was supposed to be wealthy. His charities, at any rate, were numerous; and his reputation for benevolence and sympathy with the poor was rivalled only by that of his wife. They had no children; but more childish than an infant was the poor aged man who lived with them, and who was constantly watched over by them with exceeding care and kindness. That aged man was the father of Mrs. Eveleigh; and, with the exception of an old female servant called Martha, she alone could control the old man's waywardness, or soothe the terrors which sometimes seized upon him, especially at the approach of a stranger. Two leading hallucinations had obtained possession of this unhappy man's imbecile mind. One was that officers of justice were on his track, and that he was about to be lodged in jail; the other was the dread of poverty and want.

Thus Ralph Draper lived out the remainder of his days, and thus he died.

LONDON DOGS.

Dogs have thus much in common with men, that they are very different creatures under different circumstances. As certainly as the country-bred youth, when brought into contact with the more refined citizen, shakes off the rust and the loutishness that characterized him before, so surely does the dog who is submitted to the same conditions undergo a corresponding transformation, though the change may not be so marked or so readily observable by indiscriminating eyes. Some years ago a dog of our acquaintance, who had been born in London, and passed the whole of his life there, removed with his master's family to a country residence distant nearly a hundred miles. Nothing could exceed the pride and hauteur with which he conducted himself towards every dog in the new neighbourhood: in London he had been always remarkably sociable in his peculiar way towards the whole race, but now he would have nothing to do with any species of dog whatever—meeting all advances by suddenly turning tail upon the intruder, and poking his own nose as high in the air as he could carry it. It was impossible to mistake this conduct for anything else than a demonstration of contempt, and all endeavours to teach him better manners were in vain: it was only when an occasional visitor came down from London with a London dog, that he would relax and behave as sociably as before.

The mass of London dogs—and the fact is attri-

butable to the conditions under which they come into the world and go out of it—are of no particular breed, but consist of a mixed multitude of mongrels. This deteriorates from their value in the eyes of breeders and fanciers; but it is likely that dogs are all the more intelligent from the mixture of blood, and much better suited to a city life than animals of a pure breed. We Englishmen are ourselves a mongrel race, as Defoe, in his "Freeborn Englishman," taught us pretty plainly more than a century ago. If we, having accepted the imputation, have learned to consider ourselves all the more active, enterprising, intelligent, and efficient on that very account, why should not the dogs arrive at the same conclusion? At any rate, though the pure breeds of dogs have the best of it in point of brute courage and endurance, it is rare that any extraordinary or versatile intelligence is manifested by other than the cross-breeds or mongrels.

Dividing the dogs of London into two classes—those who live within doors and those who live without—the patricians and the plebs of their races—we must embrace among the former all the pets of the aristocracy, who have their special servants to wait upon them, their medical advisers to tend them, and who pass their lives in indulgences and caresses administered by the fair arbiters of taste and fashion. For, be it understood, there is a fashion in dogs; and my lady who can afford it may rove from pug to poodle—from the plains of *Blenheim* to the Isle of Skye, and select a pet of either race or any pattern she may choose, and almost of any size, however diminutive. At some of the periodical dog-shows in the east of London, choice miniature specimens are occasionally exhibited, born and bred to order, small enough to be covered with a quart pot or a lady's muff after attaining their full growth, and with flossy silken coat of a tint corresponding precisely to the pattern. Some of these "royal beauties" are not allowed to come into the world under forty or fifty guineas each, while others, it is said, realize for the breeders as much as a hundred guineas. These are the dogs of whom it may be recorded, "they are born with a silver spoon in their mouths;" and there is not more social difference between the sovereign on the throne and the shelterless beggar in the street, than there is between such a dog, cradled in the lap of luxury, and the earless, tailless, dinnerless "tyke" that shrinks and shivers in a London gutter.

We must pass these upper ten thousand pets with the above allusion to their status and dignity, merely adding that numbers of them fall victims to their luxurious living, in spite of their carriage airings and medical consultations with west-end physicians; for it is true of dogs as it is of their owners—"few die of hunger, thousands of surfeits."

Our canine friends out of doors, with whom our main business lies, may be also divided into two distinct classes—those who have masters and a home to go to, and those who have neither. Probably nearly every dog would have a master, but that the ownership involves a tax payable to government of at least 12s. a year, and that a disclaimer often saves the tax without losing the dog.

Perhaps we cannot give a better general idea of the masterless London dog than by jotting down a few particulars of dogs we have met, and some of whom we still meet occasionally.

First there is Prowler, a dog who we are sure has neither home nor master, and has not the slightest intention of having either. He is the incarnation (in dogs' flesh) of a town tramp, and ranges London in all quarters. We have met him on Highgate Hill and on Kennington Common, in Hyde Park and in Whitechapel Road, and at various intermediate spots, from time to time. Prowler is a sandy-coloured bull-terrier of the largest breed, with one mangled ear and long undiminished white tail, which he carries, as the lion of Northumberland House does his—horizontally. He never walks, nor fairly runs, but jogs along at an ambling pace, as though he had business to attend to, which we are persuaded he has—business of his own. It is of no use trying to attract his attention; you may as well whistle to a stone, or call after a post; Prowler is deaf to all such blandishments, and goes on about his business. As he has never let us into the secret, of course we cannot tell to a certainty the object of his endless journeys; we suspect, however, that he has certain depôts, or houses of call, where at intervals he is sure of a meal; since he is always in tolerable condition, and has never a hungry look.

Snap lived, for some years, not far from our dwelling, and emerged every morning, with a running fire of loud barks, from a factory yard which it was his function to guard during the night. When released, he set off and was seen no more till seven o'clock in the evening; whether it was light or dark, winter or summer, made no difference—as the clock struck seven, Snap made his appearance in the yard, and defended the premises until his release in the morning. He was rarely seen in the neighbourhood in the day, and was often known to travel to the distance of six or seven miles, invariably returning by the hour for duty, which there is little doubt was also that for supper.

Ponto was a huge dog, not at all handsome, but tall as a young donkey. He belonged to a poor man who could not afford to feed him, and therefore sent him out to forage for himself. Having a capacious stomach and a small conscience, Ponto became a thief, and was long the pest of the neighbourhood. He robbed the butcher, the baker, and the cats' meat man; he entered back doors and rifled larders and pantries, and, when caught in the act, appealed against punishment with such a look of remorse and compunction, and such a formidable show of teeth, that he generally got off. As people came to know his cunning, and to be more careful, he was driven to a vegetable diet, and actually plundered the fruit from gardens, devouring no end of gooseberries, strawberries, currants, quarantine apples, peaches, and everything which his long legs and neck enabled him to reach. He had the wit to choose the early summer mornings for these depredations; but spite of his cunning he was caught at last, and shot down by an angry market-gardener while in the act of bolting nectarines from the wall at day-break.

Smoot, a town mendicant, got his living in a much safer way. He was a black shaggy spaniel of average size, who, with a little attention, might have been accounted handsome, and he was generally supposed to have a master, though in reality he had none. He knew and was known at nearly all the city dining houses, which he would enter at dining hours, and there beg for bones and scraps among the customers. He had the precaution to limit his stay at one place to about half an hour at the outside; and as the waiters invariably supposed his master to be present, he rarely encountered any opposition from them. Several attempts were made by those who knew him to attach him to themselves and give him a permanent home, but none of them succeeded. Smoot preferred a nomadic life; and though he would stay for a day or two with an indulgent patron, he invariably ended by asserting his independence, and resumed his vagabond mendicant life. It was said that he finally fell a victim to the police, who, finding him airing his tongue one sweltering day in August, sacrificed him to the dog-star, and the Lord Mayor's proclamation against hydrophobia.

Whoever attends the flesh markets, where the carcase-butchers congregate, knows the market dog, whom everybody patronises and nobody owns, and who sticks to the market night and day, whether it is full or empty. Like him, there are other dogs in plenty who attach themselves to localities or to groups, and not to individuals. The fireman's dog is well known to fame; the regimental dog also, who is not so much an institution with us as he is with the French. Then there is the hospital dog, who has been cured of a fractured limb, and whose master is every medical student, and nobody in particular. There is the dog of the close court, or alley, or dirty *cul-de-sac*, the pet and the tyrant of some little poverty-stricken domain, whence he chases all the other intruders, and where he reigns lord paramount himself until beaten in some pitched battle by one stronger than he; and there is the workshop or factory dog, whose master is a hundred and fifty journeymen, and who has the Sunday to himself for solitude and reflection.

Most picturesque and most pitiable of all the London dogs, are those travestied and disguised public performers, now growing fewer and fewer year by year, whom one meets in the streets on rare occasions in charge of some doubtful performer on drum and pipe. They always look as though they had some tale of ineffable sorrow to unfold if they had but the gift of speech to tell it. Their melancholy woeful faces form a sorry contrast to their comical antics, and justify the suspicion which we have always entertained, that their accomplishments are the result of training experiences shamefully cruel.

A marked contrast to these are the mercantile dogs—dogs bred, dogs stolen, and dogs manufactured for sale. These are always well fed, and in excellent condition as to cleanliness. It has been suggested, however, that it is not advisable to deal with an itinerant merchant in these articles, seeing that a handsome dog, if he has not been stolen for sale, or even if he has, is very likely to be sold that

he may afterwards be stolen, and that a shockingly small proportion of pet dogs thus purchased remain for any length of time with their buyers. It has been further suggested, that if you do buy a pet at the street corner, it may be well to be certain that you get what you bargain for, and that the commercial Blenheim spaniel or genuine Skye terrier is not a "plated" article, as it is termed, that is, a mongrel pup, clad for the nonce in a fancy hide. But *verb. sap. sat.*

The street dogs of London, whether masterless or not, lead a life very different from that of their country compeers. Hundreds that are owned are never fed by their owners, but have to forage for themselves; and thousands who receive rations of food daily, get no water save what they seek out themselves. In hot weather they are known to travel miles to drink, and some of them will travel much farther for the pleasure of a swim. At spring time the city dog will often start off to the suburbs in search of a certain kind of grass, which is medicine to him at that season, but which he will not touch later in the year.

Five-and-twenty years ago the streets of London were crowded with dogs to a much greater extent than they are now. The city dog was then a beast of draught, and was seen harnessed to innumerable equipages of bakers, butchers, costermongers, fruit-sellers, travelling tradesmen, razor-grinders, raree-shows, etc., etc. It was no uncommon thing on a Sunday to meet a whole family starting off to the country in a dog-drawn carriage; and now and then they would be seen returning at full gallop in the evening, uproarious under the influence of drink, and flying along at a pace that would distance a mail coach. At the instigation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Mr. Hawes brought in a bill for the abolition of the slave-trade (canine), and Parliament condescending to legislate for the dogs, it passed into a law. The friends of the dogs congratulated one another on this consummation; they further commemorated the event by a picture representing the dogs in council—the president, a mastiff, reading the Act, while a terrier stood ready, document in paw, to move a vote of thanks to Mr. Hawes. In the distance a procession of costermongers, etc., were seen drawing their own carts, while the emancipated dogs were looking on and laughing at them. The bill, however, in its operation, proved no laughing matter to the dogs. No sooner was it put in force than thousands of them were doomed to death. On the very morning that the Act became law, multitudes of the huge powerful animals were shot, stoned, strangled, stabbed, drowned, or put to death in some way or other, to save the expense of their maintenance, which they were no longer allowed to earn. We saw, one morning, upwards of fifty of them being drowned in the Surrey Canal; and in a few days the whole breed of draught dogs, which had been carefully fostered for that end alone, became nearly extinct, as to London.

The London dogs have figured once or twice in history, though not in a flattering way. In the time of the eighth Henry, being considered too numerous, they were decimated again and again by order



G. Garibaldi

of the city authorities, at the request of the court. In 1593 the people got the idea that a plague resembling the modern influenza, from which they suffered much, and feared more, was generated by the dogs, and they waged an exterminating war against them accordingly. When the real plague came early in the following century, they again laid the blame upon the dogs, and instead of reforming their own filthiness and neglect, fell upon the poor brutes with the edge of the sword. In the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, alone, upwards of five hundred of them were slaughtered as a propitiation to the demon of pestilence.

SICILY AND ITS WRONGS.

WE have all wondered at the combination of energy and good fortune which have carried the bold liberator of Italy to such successful issues in a career,

the story of which seems more like a chapter of history from the sixteenth century, the age of bold discovery and adventure, than from the nineteenth. But half the secret of Garibaldi's success lies in the life that has been endured by the people he went to deliver—a life so burdensome that it has made the office of an agent, civil or military, of government, odious to every man, woman, and child in Sicily; and the consciousness of this universal hatred so demoralized an army of twenty thousand disciplined men, that they yielded to a twentieth of their number, although led by a hero supported only by an unarmed and unorganized mob.

Although we all know that the Bourbons of Naples are falling from their throne through their long imbecile course of tyranny and oppression, it is not easy for English people, who have never left their free island home, to realize the full force of these words. Political writers and free-spoken