

"My dear," she went on; "if I didn't know as 'twere impossible for sperrits to return to this earth in their nateral form, and if 'twere n't sinful to believe in sich things, I'd have sworn as I seen Squire Morton, your grandpa', who died afore you were born, this very mornin', as I were gittin' down from the kerrage as brought me from Falmouth. 'Twere the very spit on him, as he were, as I recollect him, though as I came closer to him, I see as he were some years younger than the squire was when he died. But he were standin' with his hands in his pockets looking out of the garden gate, just as the old squire used to stand. Never, in all my life, did I see such a likeness. He had your grandpa's walk and look and everything."

Mary knew at once to whom her visitor alluded. Without replying, she went to her desk, drew forth the locket her brother had given her, and placed it, open, in the old lady's hand.

"Do you know whose likeness that is?" she asked.

The old lady carefully adjusted her spectacles; but no sooner did her glance rest upon the miniature than she exclaimed—

"It is your own dear ma' when she was a child!" Again she gazed at the portrait, and then, with a bewildered look, as if she thought it was not real, or that she herself was dreaming, she examined the case.

"This locket, sure as I live, belonged to your mamma," she went on. "How did you come by it, my dear? It were given by your mamma, when she were a little girl, to her brother Henry—your poor uncle who was lost at sea. Many's and many's a time have I hung this round your poor mamma's neck! Sure I am not dreaming?"

"No, dear Mrs. Margaret," replied Mary, "you are not dreaming. It was not indeed my grandfather Morton whom you saw," she went on with a smile, "but my uncle Henry, who, as you know, was supposed to have perished at sea when a boy. He was saved by the French sailors, and put in prison, and has lived many years abroad. At length, about ten months since, he returned home to England. You shall hear all about his return by and by. The locket I have shown you has been the cause of all my pain and misery. My uncle treasured it carefully for mamma's sake, and brought it home to England with him. It was lost with his pocket-book, and subsequently purchased and given to me by my brother. Where Henry purchased it has yet to be explained, and I am sure will be explained satisfactorily. My uncle saw it in my possession, and was naturally surprised and grieved; but he has now given it to me, and I hope that all will soon be made clear, for dear Henry's sake. Now, dear Mrs. Margaret, you know almost as much as I do myself—though I was not aware that my uncle was so like grandpapa."

It is impossible to describe the surprise and amazement of the old lady when she heard this explanation. She was so much overcome with joy that the tears coursed freely down her still unwrinkled cheeks. Mary furthermore explained to her why her uncle had assumed the name of Aston.

"He wished to keep his return secret from Mr. Foley," she said. "He may have taken secret measures to prove his identity to others, before he sees Mr. Foley. I cannot say. My uncle is very peculiar in some of his ways."

"What need of any measures being took?" said the old lady. "He 'ave but to show himself for everybody to see as he is a Morton. Didn't I reckonise him as soon as I see him?"

"Perhaps mere personal identification would be in-

sufficient in the eye of the law," returned Mary. "However, my uncle knows best his own views."

"You must let him know as I am here," said Mrs. Margaret, "I'm sure he'll come to see me directly. I wonder indeed as he didn't reckonise me, though, for sure, I be much changed."

"He was but a boy when he saw you last," replied Mary. "But, dear Mrs. Margaret, all this time we are forgetting the card!"

Thus reminded, the old lady opened her box and produced a card bearing the following inscription in old English characters:—

"SIR ARTHUR LOCKYER, BART., WINSTONE PARK, KENT."

"A baronet! So I remember Henry said," exclaimed Mary, as she eagerly seized the card. "Well, be he whom he may, I will write immediately to his address, and beg him to explain all that passed between himself and my brother."

This task, however, she found to be a more arduous one than she had anticipated. It was a difficult matter for a sister to write to a stranger and explain the suspicions which had been directed against her brother. More than once her heart failed her; but her eagerness to establish her brother's innocence beyond doubt or cavil, moved her to complete the task, and at length the letter was written and despatched to Winstone Park.

It was not until the letter had been sent away that the thought occurred to Mary's mind—

"What if Sir Arthur should reply that he never lent Henry any money?"

#### TRADE TRAMPS.

By trade tramps the reader will understand those travelling artisans and craftsmen who perambulate the country ostensibly in search of employment. They are an entirely distinct class from the tramps who have no trade, from whom they for the most part keep aloof, with a feeling, it may be, that too close a contact with them would lower their respectability. The tramping artisan deems the tramp who is no artisan a vagabond, and resents the notion of being mixed up in the same category with him. He will tell you sometimes that, if he takes to a wandering life, it is not because he is driven out of society, as the vagabond is, but because he elects to travel and see the world and the ways of life before he settles down to his share of its responsibilities. It is probable that he really does intend to settle down some day or other, or at least that such was his intention when he began his travels; but that idea grows less vivid, and has fewer charms for him the longer he continues on the move, and after a course of years vanishes away altogether. Meanwhile he has abundance of precedents for the life he leads—precedents older almost than any of the habits, customs, or bye-laws of the settled craftsman. Who were the Freemasons who built the cathedrals and most ancient of the churches that stud the land? What were they but tramps, who went about from place to place doing honest and skilful work where it was to be done? What was the condition of industrial artisans in the feudal and ante-feudal times? Is it not the universal custom on the Continent for apprentices to travel from country to country at work before settling in their business? Did not all trades tramps, for the double purpose of procuring work and escaping bondage, until such time as they were able to associate in guilds for their mutual protection? Answer him these questions.

The march of modern improvement has been the greatest enemy the trade tramp has had to encounter. The railway, the penny post, the electric telegraph, the introduction of gas—all these have told against him, inasmuch as they have tended to set aside and annihilate the old-fashioned deliberate methods of doing business, which assured him employment wherever he chose to accept it. Little more than a generation back, the tramping artisan and craftsman was as much an institution as the pedler was, and more so than the pedler is now. As you rolled over the hard road on top of the four-in-hand stage, you passed him, as he trudged along under his oil-skin knapsack, half a dozen times in a morning. You found him on the sunny bench in front of the wayside inn as the coach drew up to the tune of the guard's bugle-horn, while fresh horses were put to. There sat the tramp, with the identical brown jug before him which was once Toby Philpot, from which he far too often took a sip, as he stitched away at the landlord's harness or saddle-girths, or purified his creamy boot-tops, or mended the landlady's pattens, or soldered a hole in cook's stew-pan, or performed any other small but necessary function which came within the limits of his capacity, and had been set aside and waiting for him until he should make his appearance.

Then he was looked for as regularly in the small provincial market-towns as the season for his advent came round. Repairs of very various kinds had to wait his arrival before they could be done. It was the tramp who mended the umbrellas that broke down or got turned inside-out in a high wind. It was the tramp who set all the locks to rights when they had got hampered. It was he who repaired the sportsman's guns, and plugged them with new touch-holes, ere percussion caps were as much as thought of. It was he who mended the broken glass in the house-windows, where the township was too small to maintain a glazier. It was the tramp who did all the bookbinding for the country stationer, who had to wait for his coming before he could put a single volume "in hand," and who sometimes waited six months for him. It was the tramp who renewed the edge of all the town cutlery once a year; and it was he who, when the horse fair came round, made his appearance at the stithy of the village blacksmith, and supplemented the labours of that worthy at his roaring forge and sounding anvil. In a word, the artisan tramp was the supernumerary on the great theatre of labour all over the country, and had his recognised standing as such, receiving due welcome and encouragement wherever he happened to be wanted, and seldom departing without some small guerdon, even when his services were not required.

The above description is hardly applicable to the tramp of the present day. The wayside inns have been driven off the land by the railways, or they have been transformed into farmhouses. The small country towns have grown larger, and their population has doubled itself, and improved itself into a condition of self-help, which leaves fewer chances for the wandering workman. Cheap newspapers, cheap travelling, cheap postage, and cheap carriage of goods, have in a great measure made city, town, and village all one for industrial purposes, and have put a final period to the old-fashioned patience and long-suffering which enabled people to wait for month after month for the execution of their orders to tradesmen. Yet, still the tramp perambulates the country on his annual rounds. There is a charm in the nomadic life he leads, which endears it to him in spite of its contingent hardships and privations; and though he

is sometimes induced, under pressure, to give it up for a season, it is only for a season that he does so; sooner or later, the old fascinations of the sunshine, the fields, the lanes, the highroads, the bye-paths and hedgerows come back with irresistible force, and he is off again on his travels. So enduring is this propensity, that men who have tramped the country for years in their youth are known, after settling in cities and rearing families, to return to the road again in their old age with renewed eagerness and enjoyment. The most unlovely aspect of the lot these travellers endure is seen in the case of the married tramp, whom one sometimes meets footing it through dust or mud, in company with his luckless partner—she carrying the family wardrobe and household properties in a huge bag on her back, while a wretched child drags at her skirt—he leading the way, with his packet of tools strapped to his shoulder. These dreary spectacles, which are all too common, are not, we may be pretty sure, the result of choice, but are rather the outcome of misfortune or misconduct, or both.

We think it would be found, if investigation could be made into the subject, that in point of education and intelligence the average tramp is entitled to rank considerably above rather than below the average settled workman. Such, at any rate, is the teaching of our own experience in connection with them. We once met with one who had written in large letters the words "*Pauper et Pedester*" on a strip of paper round his wreck of a hat, thus challenging, as it were, a conference in the Latin tongue; and we had reason to know that the challenge was not altogether a vain boast, seeing that he could hold a conversation in a species of monkish Latin, and was only too voluble in displaying his learning. On general subjects, moreover, the tramp is usually well informed, and is a much better authority on all social matters affecting his class than the stay-at-home workman. This, of course, is due to his wandering life, and the exercise of observation, a faculty which he has in some degree of perfection, and does not suffer to lie idle. Although with him work is never an instinct or a passion, as it is with the thorough workman, he yet really values his working power as an available resource when needs must; and he is pretty sure to make himself master of all the new contrivances and appliances for facilitating his peculiar industry and the saving of unnecessary labour. It is, indeed, more to the agency of the tramp than to any other, that numberless novel contrivances and petty inventions become so speedily diffused among the parties who profit by them.

But if the predicaments and liabilities of the tramp sharpen his wits and develop his intellect, it is to be feared they are not so favourable to the growth of his moral character. To say the truth—and we say it very unwillingly—the tramping workman is to be by no means generally relied on, whatever his promises and protestations. Very often it happens that when, with a dolorous voice and still more dolorous face, he makes application for work, there is nothing farther from his intention than performing the work you offer him. It is usually about sundown that he applies to you for employment, when he has just come off the road from a long day's march. You see that he is coated with dust or mud up to the knees, and his weatherworn face is grimed and moist with perspiration: he pleads his weariness, his hunger, and his empty pockets, and begs for the advance of a few shillings to provide him a supper and a bed, that he may rest and recruit himself and come fresh to his labour on the morrow. If you are young in the ways of the world you accede to his re-

quest, handing him over the sum he asks for, and he bids you good-night with the warmest expressions of gratitude. But that is the last you see of him. Long before you are down in the morning he is off again on his travels, and, by the time you are looking for his appearance in your workshop, is probably breakfasting heartily in your county, some ten or a dozen miles off. This is bad, but, in the case of many of this class, it is far from being the worst that might happen. There is always a risk in introducing a tramp into your workshop, especially among young apprentice lads, whom he may chance to infect with low drinking habits, to say nothing of worse vices peculiar to large towns and cities. Not unfrequently, too, it will come to pass that a tramp will undertake work which he is quite incompetent to complete in a workmanlike manner; his deficient ability may not be discovered for weeks, and in some trades for months, and when it becomes too glaring to be any longer concealed, the defaulter takes himself off on pay-night, to be heard of no more. In such a case the employer has to send for a skilled workman and pay him a high wage for repairing the mischief or completing the unfinished work of the "scamp."

Writers on industry and industrial subjects have regarded it as an anomaly that the tramp, whatever his trade, should be recognised, and to a definite extent encouraged by the regular settled workmen, and they sometimes call upon the latter to cast him off and disown him altogether. But there are two sides to this question. Under trade regulations, not of a written and documentary, but merely of a traditional kind, but which have yet been in force time out of mind, the tramp has privileges which he can claim, and does claim, it is to be feared, much oftener than he should by prescriptive right. Thus, in any town which lies in his route, if, on applying for work at all the workshops where his craft is exercised, he cannot obtain any, he can, if he chooses, send in a petition for assistance at any establishment where journeymen are employed, who, by the regulations of the trade, are bound to contribute something towards his necessities. In small country towns the tramp very rarely has recourse to this method, for two reasons: in the first place, he would gain little or nothing by it, for the contributions might not be enough, or more than enough, to pay his expenses while waiting for their collection; and in the second place, his petition would have a damaging effect in case he should return to the town at any future time. In large cities the case is different; so that a tramp who is indisposed to travel may subsist for a considerable time upon contributions which custom allows him to lay upon the journeyman in regular employment. He runs the risk, however—though, to be sure, the risk is small—of being offered work when he only wants alms, and when this occurs he has no other alternative than to work for his living or to bid a hasty and long farewell to the place. We have known him in such a dilemma to accept the employment offered, and to find himself afterwards quite incapable of working at the trade to which he had served his apprenticeship, owing to long disuse and forgetfulness of the very first principles of his craft. This inaptitude rarely brings him reproach beyond what may be couched in a sly joke or phrases of affected commendation; and the regular hands, for the most part, allow him to work on, and to recover his skill if he can, and to profit by such small gains as he can make shift to earn. The cause of the general tolerance of the tramp among workmen may be safely referred to a certain sympathy they entertain for him. Most working men have a secret longing for a

change of scene, and would themselves like well enough to go forth on the tramp, were it not for domestic reasons, and for the privation and loss of social position which such a life entails. Furthermore, every man who lives by his labour feels that it is at least within the limits of possibility that he may some day or other be forced to "tramp it," whether he choose or not; and lastly, all workmen know that if there were no tramps there would be far more competition for regular employment, and that, therefore, these wandering hands do indirectly tend by their wanderings to increase the money value of the services of the settled workers.

Winter is the worst season for the tramp. At the fall of the year he is generally not merely willing but anxious to accept any country engagement which will enable him to tide over the dreary months of frost and snow; but, failing that—and for the most part he does fail—he is driven into cities for the miserable shelter and very ambiguous prospects they offer him. Thousands of this class of men turn their faces towards London about the beginning of November, and they take up their abodes in the low and wretched "Travellers'" lodgings that crowd the back streets and filthy slums, where, at the cost of a few nightly pence, paid always in advance, they are housed from the streets, and keep one another warm by their animal heat. The want and privation that some of them undergo when old age has overtaken them, and they have exhausted the unwilling charity doled out to them by the "trade," are beyond the power of language to describe. They will wrestle with nakedness and famine, and too often with the pangs of incurable disease as well, as long as a remnant of anything like life or strength is left in them, in the desperate struggle to escape from the workhouse infirmary. But it is in vain; thither they tend, through the irresistible gravitation of poverty: into that antechamber of death, leaving all hope behind, they are at length unceremoniously thrust, there to languish under the accumulating miseries of ill-usage and neglect, to be borne thence in a few days or weeks, as it may happen, to a pauper's grave.

## TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MERCHANT'S HOLIDAY."

III.

TOLEDO, CORDOVA.

WHEN we were about to leave Madrid, it became a question whether we should take Toledo *en route*. Some of my friends, who had ladies with them, objected to this arrangement on account of the miserable accommodation in that old Spanish city. I remember the "Dugald Creature's" advice—"If shentlemans want guid roads they should stop on the plainstanes o' Glasgow," or St. James's, if you like; but as I went to see Spain and Spaniards in every phase of life, whatever trifling difficulties or privations might be in the way, I very reluctantly broke from my party, and took my ticket for Toledo, which is reached by a branch off the main line direct to Seville and Cadiz. Certainly I should have lost many of the old and new characteristics of Spain if I had passed that city. I have observed that they don't hurry things in Spain: the distance is 41 miles, which occupied three hours—from 7 to 10 p.m. I found the "best hotel" a *facsimile* of that at the Escorial, and I almost lost heart before I got into bed. The night was bitterly cold, and there were only a rug and thin blanket on the bed, and, but for my good old Scottish plaid, I should have been almost frozen to death.