

To satisfy ourselves we examined the stranger as narrowly as we could, and O'Carroll was thoroughly convinced that he was right in his suspicions. While thus employed a man appeared at the companion watch.

"Why there is La Roche himself," he cried out. Scarcely had he spoken than a bullet whizzed by his head. "That settles the matter," he said, quite coolly. "Let us be out of this or he will be following up this compliment." We hurried out of the dockyard. I proposed making a complaint to the authorities.

"And be detained here several weeks and gain nothing in the end," he answered, shaking his head. "My advice is, get ready for sea as fast as you can, and if you wish to serve Captain Brown see him safe out of sight of land before the Mignonne can follow. We'll keep a watch on him in the meantime, or he'll play us some trick or other. Above all things don't be on shore after dark. La Roche has plenty of friends here, depend on that, and he will find means to pick us off if he thinks that we are likely to inconvenience him.";

Following O'Carroll's suggestions I immediately returned on board. Captain Hassall at first scarcely credited the account we gave him—indeed, he did not, I saw, put thorough confidence in O'Carroll. However, he agreed that we ought to warn Captain Brown, and that it would be well for us also to sail before the supposed privateer was ready for sea.

UNSKILLED TRAMPS.

In a previous paper, we gave some account of the trade tramp, the skilled artisan who wanders from place to place, working or not working, as inclination prompts or opportunity may avail him. We shall now turn our attention for a few moments to his congener, the unskilled tramp, who has followed no particular calling since he was his own master—whenever that may have been—and has no intention of following any. The first fact that strikes us in connection with this subject is the enormous number of supernumeraries which at all times and seasons abound in our towns and country-places, and are ever turning up whether they are wanted or no. There may be, and there often is, a dearth of labourers to gather in the fruits of the earth; there may be a want of workmen and artificers in this craft or the other; there may be an outcry for seamen to man the fleet or supply the demands of the merchant service; and the recruiting-sergeant may be driven to his wits' end to procure the "fine young men" wanted to fill up the gaps in the ranks of Her Majesty's regiments of the line—but of vagabond non-workers and non-fighters there is never any lack; they are found everywhere and at all times, and they constitute, it may be affirmed, the most permanent and the most ubiquitous of all our social institutions.

Are they the victims of a malady, or are they the subjects of an irresistible fascination?—these English lazzaroni. Is laziness a disease, and is it hereditarily entailed, or is it a life-engrossing luxury, indulged in at the cost of well-nigh everything else which people who work consider worth having? We are inclined to think, as the phrase goes, that it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. At any rate, evil habits are a disease, and the luxury of laziness, if it be long indulged in, will infect a man like a leprosy, and number him with the morally incurable. How it comes to pass that, not working save under compulsion, the unskilled tramp contrives to live, is a question not to be answered in a breath. In fact, to answer it at all, one had need know

more of these gentry than anybody does know, or is likely to know until some candid member of the class shall condescend to enlighten us with an autobiography. Of course, if the tramp were a thief, the mystery would be cleared up; but, as a rule, he is not a thief. Apart from the operation of honesty of principle, it would not suit him to render himself obnoxious to the law; his safety lies in keeping clear of crime and the suspicion of crime, so that he may be free to come and go in all places unchallenged. It is not the regular tramp who steals even food to satisfy his hunger, or strips linen from a hedge to cover his nakedness; or who poaches the squire's preserves, wires his hares, or tickles his trout; such practitioners are exceptional rogues, who tramp the country on foraging expeditions, and who may be said to have a calling, though their industry is a loss, and not a gain, to the community.

In old times the laws against tramps were much more severe than they are now. The legislature gave them an ill name, defining them as "sturdy rogues," and punished them accordingly. To "comprehend all vagromen" was the duty of the Dogberrys of Shakspeare's time, and to allow them to rot in prison after they were taken, appears to have been part of the system of punishment. Our more complex civilization, and the needs of our teeming population, have practically done away with that, and without repealing the old laws, have suffered them to fall into abeyance. We are too densely peopled to recur to that plan: our poor often starve in the streets as it is; without perfect freedom of transit from place to place, and liberty to seek relief where it may be found, we should see them in seasons of severity perishing by hundreds. The "sturdy rogue" of our day is allowed his personal liberty unchallenged so long as he respects the law, and he lives and moves under a system of surveillance of which his ragged predecessor had not the slightest notion. We meet with him sometimes in our walks, and recognise him as the lineal descendant of his venerable ancestor; it is he who, in the tender gloaming of summer, haunts the shady solitudes where sentimental young ladies repair to indulge their poetic imaginations. There, armed with a bludgeon, whose but-end, in a high condition of phrenological development, protrudes suggestively from under his arm, he takes his stand in some shady niche, and presents himself suddenly to the bodily eye of the musing solitary—a very ugly hamadryad indeed—and informs her, in a voice compared to which that of Dirk Hatteraik were melody itself, that he wants a shilling, and that if he doesn't get it he shall be obliged to do something dreadful. Of course he gets it—no imaginative fair one, all alone in a green lane, can resist that touching appeal—and having got it, he considerably relieves her of his company. Or he dogs some nervous elderly gentleman in his lonely walk, and selecting his point of vantage, pours into his unwilling ear a tale of woe, culminating in a reckless, despairing kind of demand for relief, delivered in a manner which is a veritable "shock to the system" of the luckless auditor, who is but too glad to escape from it at the cost of two-and-six. Or, in default of out-door subjects to deal with, he calls at some lone house, whose master he has watched out of hearing, and asks for a "drink o' water," under cover of which modest request, he will manage to levy rather heavy blackmail, should it happen that he has only women to deal with.

One is pleased to turn away from the contemplation of such a rascal as this, and to bestow a moment's attention upon the educated tramp, who is by no means so scarce a specimen as many simple people, who deem edu-

education a sovereign cure for all moral evils, are apt to imagine. Some writers suppose that the nomadic instinct runs in the blood, and cannot be eradicated. However this may be, it is certain that the inclination to vagabondism breaks out in very various classes, and that instances are not wanting where the soundest education fails to repress it. We adverted to this subject in a preceding paper treating of the trade tramp; but, as a rule, the trade tramp is never more than very partially educated, whereas the unskilled tramp is not unfrequently somewhat of a finished scholar, capable of taking a good position, had he only the will and the necessary impulses. We have known a first-rate mathematician, to whom the differential calculus was as familiar as were his own empty pockets, to go out on the tramp, and to prowl the country for years, until his shirt literally dropped away in tatters. We knew another who was versed in all the philosophical systems from Aristotle to Kant, inclusive, and who would discourse metaphysics with untiring volubility, and that to the admiration of men well versed in the subject. A clergyman, who has written concerning tramps lately in a popular journal, tells us of one who rendered into classical English a tough passage from Cicero, at sight. Some years ago we happened to be reading at an open cottage-window in the country, when a tattered figure stepped up and volunteered a lesson in Greek in return for a meal, of which he seemed sadly in want; to test him we put a copy of the *Odyssey* into his hand, when he rapped out a dozen verses, describing the escape of Ulysses from Polyphemus, giving them *one rotundo*, and adding without a moment's hesitation, a characteristic translation. At another time, at the same place, a man who begged the job of weeding the garden for sixpence, read off readily into English any part of the Hebrew scriptures. It is not always that the educated tramps are in the garb of squalid poverty; they often retain some regard for appearances, not to say personal comfort; sometimes they will introduce themselves courteously in your walks, perhaps with some encomium on the scenery, flavoured with an apt quotation from a classic author, and will ingeniously establish a conversation, and as certainly in the course of it make themselves the topic, winding up with a confession of impecuniosity, and their willingness to accept a temporary loan from "a gentleman and a scholar" like yourself. In a rencontre of this kind we know from experience how extremely difficult it is to come off quite scatheless.

The mass of our tramping vagabonds, however, are, it must be confessed, of a very ordinary mental calibre. Perhaps the majority of them may be set down as being originally rustics born to labour, which, not suiting their inclinations, they have managed to shift off upon others. There are thousands of them who, though they hate regular labour, and loathe the idea of servitude in any shape, will yet work like horses at certain times and by fits and starts. Thus, at the haymaking and harvest seasons, when a double or treble wage is to be won by herculean exertion, these are the men to make it; but even on such seasons not much reliance can be placed on them, as they soon grow weary of routine, however profitable, and must have novelty and change of scene.

In hunting counties, especially during the hunting season, a characteristic class of hangers-on are always to be found—fellows wanting neither in humour nor endurance, nor in physical energies; they have certain other qualities, not easily defined, which recommend them to sporting gentlemen: they will run with the hounds for half a day together, making up by their

knowledge of the country, and of the instincts of the fox, for the lack of a steed, and will sometimes come in at the death while half the field is far in the rear. Such a fellow is in luck when a rider comes to grief within hail of him—he runs to the rescue instinctively, picks up the fallen hero, catches his steed and remounts him, or, if the case is too bad for that, deposits the patient in an easy position, mounts himself, and gallops off for assistance—for all which timely aid he is sure to be liberally rewarded. It would almost seem that some of this class make it their business to hover about wherever there is the chance of accident or peril of any kind, since in case of any disaster, whether serious or slight, occur where it will, one or more of them is sure to start up and proffer service. Apropos to this view of the matter,—there was a story current some years back of a speculative fellow who devoted himself to the idea of laying the old Duke of Wellington under an obligation that should make him (the speculator) a rich man. His idea was, that the Duke would be some day thrown from his horse—that he would pick him up—and that the act would make his fortune. It was said that he followed the Duke everywhere with this view, dogging him in all his rides, ever ready and eager to run to his assistance when the wished-for misfortune should arrive. On a certain day, runs the story, when the Duke was crossing the parade-ground at the Horse Guards, he actually was thrown from his horse, through pulling up suddenly to avoid a child. The old soldier, however, was too quick in his movements to require help from any one, and was in the saddle again before the ever-watchful follower could get up to him. The chagrin of the would-be preserver at the Duke's ungenerous haste, it was added, caused him so much disgust that he gave up his idea and left the old hero to his fate.

Benevolent persons, exposed to the frequent appeals of tramps, have in many instances adopted the plan of subjecting them to the labour test before affording them relief. The tramp rarely objects to this, in moderation, because his antipathy is not so much against working "a spell" now and then, as against the slavery of constant employment. Some persons keep a piece of ground to be turned up by the spade, awarding a shilling to the worker when the whole is done; and so long as this is supposed to be real work, the tramps are for the most part content to do the whole more or less carefully for the shilling; but let one of them know that the digging is merely a test, and has nothing to do with cultivation, and he will scorn to touch it. A man offered work of this kind feels himself insulted. He will tell you, if you reason with him, that though you may choose to call him a pauper, you have no right to treat him as you would a criminal—and that it is only criminals who are put to unproductive labour. From which it would appear that even tramps cherish their own idea of self-respect.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

VIII.—ALICANTE AND VALENCIA.

FROM Malaga to Barcelona there are three good boats, built on the Clyde for Messrs. Lopez & Co., of Cadiz, called the Alicante, Madrid, and Valencia. One of the gentlemen who accompanied me to Granada embarked with me in the first-named. These vessels sail from Cadiz, calling at Algeciras, Malaga, Alicante, Valencia, Barcelona, and sometimes go on to Marseilles, but when I was in Spain, the Government had put Marseilles in quarantine, and the boats went no farther than Barce-