

opposed by the Dutch, who so strenuously remonstrated with the British Government that the latter declined having anything to do with it, and threw the whole responsibility on Sir Stamford Raffles. It was not until it had been established for three years, in the last of which the trade was already estimated at several millions of dollars, that Singapore was recognised by Great Britain.

However, I must return to my journal. After a rest of a couple of days, poor Van Deck and I were sufficiently recovered to commence our journey back to Batavia. He was anxious to be there that he might take charge of his late brother's affairs—I, that I might report the loss of the brig, and make fresh arrangements for securing a cargo for Sydney. We met with no adventures worthy of note on our journey, and I am not writing a Java guide-book. I can say, however, that I saw enough to convince me of the wonderful fertility of the soil and the vast internal resources of the country, and I could not help feeling considerable satisfaction that England had obtained so splendid an acquisition.

On our return to Batavia, much sympathy was excited for my friend Van Deck among the merchants at the loss of his brother, and the naval commander-in-chief, returning soon after from Sourabaya, despatched two frigates and a brig of war in search of the pirates. They were supposed to belong to some place on the coast of Borneo, which has for many years abounded with nests of these desperadoes. The fleet in question was supposed to belong to a famous chief, the very idol of his followers on account of the success of his expeditions. His title was the Rajah Raga, and he was brother to the Sultan Coti, a potentate of Borneo. The Rajah Raga had subsequently some wonderful escapes; for he probably got due notice that an English squadron was looking after him, and took good care to keep out of their way. He was afterwards cruising with three large prahus, when he fell in with an English sloop-of-war, which he was compelled to engage. Two of his prahus, by placing themselves between him and the enemy, held her in check a sufficient time to enable him to escape, and were themselves then sent to the bottom; indeed, they must have expected no other fate. On another occasion the rajah remained on shore, but sent his own prahu, which carried upwards of a hundred and fifty men and several large guns, on a cruise, under the command of his favourite panglima, or captain. Falling in after some time with a brig merchantman, as he supposed, and wishing to distinguish himself by her capture, he fired into her, and made preparations to board. Great was his dismay when he saw a line of ports open in the side of his expected prize, and he found himself under the guns of a British man-of-war. The panglima hailed, and with many apologies tried to make it appear that he had acted under a misapprehension; but his subterfuge was of no avail: a broadside from the man-of-war sent his vessel at once to the bottom, and he and all his crew perished, with the exception of two or three who, clinging to a piece of the wreck, were picked up by a native craft, and carried an account of the disaster to their chief. Piracy has been the bane of these seas for years, and will continue to be so unless repressed by ships of war kept constantly on the alert to punish transgressors. Whenever the ships of war are absent, it again springs up as active as ever. So it will continue to be the case until true religion, civilisation, and commercial enterprise are established firmly among the inhabitants of these fertile regions. The Dutch missionaries are, I understand, making some progress in spreading the truths of the Gospel among

the people of Java and its dependencies, but there is a wide field for missionary enterprise in these regions, as yet comparatively little worked.

We were fortunate in obtaining the full amount of the goods we required without having to wait much longer at Batavia. There is an old proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows no one good." The vessel for which they were intended had lost her master and both mates by sickness, and the merchant therefore sold them to me. We had not altogether escaped, and several of our men who were perfectly healthy when we entered the harbour fell victims to the fever engendered by the pestiferous climate. We were compelled to fill up their places with others, who afterwards gave us much trouble.

It was with sincere regret I parted from my friend Van Deck. I was glad, however, to find that he was likely to obtain employment suited to his talents under the English government. The most direct course for New South Wales would have been through Torres Straits, but the east trade wind still blowing, compelled us to take the longer route round the south of New Holland, and through Bass's Straits, not many years before discovered, between that vast island and the smaller one of Van Diemen's Land. A northerly breeze at length coming on, enabled us to sight the south-west point of New Holland, and thence we sailed along the coast, occasionally seeing tall columns of smoke ascending from the wood, showing the presence of natives.

On approaching Bass's Straits, the captain was one day expressing his regret to me that we had not time to anchor off one of the islands in it to catch seals, great numbers of which animals frequented the place in those days. He had known, he remarked, considerable sums made in that way in a very short time. Our conversation, it appeared, was overheard by one of the men we had shipped at Batavia. We had had a good deal of insubordination among the crew since we left that place, and we traced it all to that man, Miles Badham, as he called himself. He was about thirty, very plausible and insinuating in his manner, a regular sea-lawyer, a character very dangerous on board ship, and greatly disliked by most captains. He had managed to gain a considerable influence over the crew, especially the younger portion. His appearance was in his favour, and in spite of the qualities I have mentioned, I would not have supposed him capable of the acts of atrocity which were with good reason laid to his charge. Ben Stubbs, the second mate, had charge of the deck one night, and, unable to sleep, I was taking a turn with him, when Mr. Gwynne, the surgeon, came up to us. "There is something wrong going on among the people below," he whispered; "I cannot make out what it is exactly, but if we do not look out we may possibly all have our throats cut before morning." "You must have been dreaming, Gwynne," answered Stubbs; "there isn't a man in the ship would dare do such a thing." "I am not certain of that," I observed; "at all events, let us be on the right side. Fore-warned, fore-armed. We will let the captain know, and I trust that we may thus defeat the plot, whatever it is."

TRAMPS AND VAGRANTS.

BY A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

My house is situated in the suburbs of an agricultural town, containing about ten thousand inhabitants. The

high road from a much larger and more important place passes by my gate, and roads to a fashionable watering-place much resorted to in the summer months. As every roving tramp, who enters Fairmead from the side on which I live, has had a walk of some twenty miles, with very scanty opportunities of foraging in the scattered villages, few and far between on the main road, he naturally approaches our town with a sharpened appetite for doing business. The neat Elizabethan style of my residence possibly suggests to the observant begging fraternity that it is the vicarage; and to that circumstance I am very likely indebted for many visits I should not otherwise receive; for it is not usually the practice of the tramp to beg from house to house, as he enters a strange place. He will pass by the most tempting suburban villas, as if he had no designs whatsoever upon their occupants. But he knows perfectly well what he is about. Meanwhile, it is always a safe move to try it on at the vicarage; and so I have noticed that tramps will turn in at my own gate, who postpone their calls upon my neighbours until they have learned a little more about them. Such experience as I may have gained, under these circumstances, after having been taken in, times not a few, I am most happy to communicate.

I have often wondered what relation the tramp roaming the country bears to the sharp practitioner of the city. Have we the same man, occasionally indulging himself with a sniff of country air and a view of the green fields, whom we see by-and-by pursuing his trade in the large town? Sometimes I think that the town and the country tramp are one and the same species; at other times I feel persuaded that they are totally distinct. A genuine tramp can sleep anywhere. There are very few nights in the course of the year which are too inclement for him to lie under the shelter of a stack, or creep into a barn or outhouse. He wants plenty of air, and the close putrid atmosphere of a metropolitan lodging-house would be, as an ordinary rule, more than he could endure.

In illustration of this last remark, a very curious incident comes to my recollection. A man and a woman were approaching Fairmead late in the evening, in the month of November. They had walked some fifteen miles since the morning, when the man was taken so ill that he fell down in the road. His companion helped him through a gate into the nearest field, and left him under the hedge whilst she went forward to Fairmead to get assistance. His illness proved to be a bad case of small-pox. As there happened to be an empty shed within a few yards of the place where the man was lying, he was removed there with the consent of the owner; a stove was fitted up and a door put in, and plenty of fresh straw and clean bedding were forwarded by the parish authorities. In fact, in the course of twenty-four hours, the outhouse was made to assume the appearance of great comfort; and the medical man was unremitting in his attentions.

When the disease had reached its crisis, the doctor left his patient one evening, with serious misgivings as to the turn the malady might take. He by no means felt any confidence that the man would recover. He went, accordingly, the first thing the next morning, to see how matters were going on, and to his astonishment he found that both the man and the woman had disappeared. It was a raw cold morning, and a drizzling rain had been falling the whole night. Looking round, he noticed the woman's bonnet lying on the floor, and presently he observed that the blankets were gone. It occurred to

him then that they could not be far off. After a short search he found both the man and the woman fast asleep under a hedge, with the blankets they had taken from the shed wrapped around them. The woman told the doctor, in explanation, that her husband was so unaccustomed to sleep under a roof, that he complained he could not get breath; and so, at his urgent request, she had removed him into the open air. Strange to say, he began from that night to improve rapidly, and in a few days was able to resume his wandering life.

It is estimated that there are no less than thirty thousand vagrants in this country moving about from place to place. They would decline the best situation, and sacrifice the fairest prospects, rather than devote themselves to any fixed industrial occupation. Their peculiar study, therefore, is how to get a livelihood under the condition of never being at rest. This, I take it, is the reason why the tramp apparently neglects the better class of houses as he enters the various towns which lie in his route. He is an economist of his time. He has no inclination for an unnecessary expenditure of trouble. He pursues his way, therefore, at once to the lodging-house, which is his house of call, where all the special information he is in want of is to be obtained. In some of these places it is said that regularly prepared schedules are kept, containing the names of the most kind-hearted and charitably disposed inhabitants. I have been told that the report of a local charity was found in one of these houses to be extremely serviceable. All I can say is, that if the wandering fraternity do make use of published reports to aid them in their enterprises, they are not peculiar in so doing; as any one will know who has his name down in any professional or charitable list to which the innumerable writers of circulars and publishers of other printed matter have access. The tramp's information, however, is chiefly communicated by word of mouth. Each one is ready to tell all he knows. He has no secrets and no jealousies to prevent him from proclaiming what the exploits and successes of the day have been. He is off to-morrow, or the next day, and it will be a long time before he comes the same way again. He has no motive, therefore, for keeping it close where he has done well, or by what means he managed his little game. And if those who have given, and those who have refused to listen to him, could respectively hear how they are alluded to during the evening, they would find that the latter come in for far more complimentary language than the former; for the tramp seems to have much more real respect for the shrewdness which sees through his dodges, than for the soft-heartedness which is duped by his hypocrisy. "It's no use going to that spot, he is a wide-awake cove;" this on the one hand, and on the other, "Try it on there by all means, he's jolly green."

As late as half-past nine o'clock one evening a woman called at my house with a most pressing request, that I would allow her to see me only for one minute. Her story was, that she lived in a neighbouring village, and that she had just arrived in Fairmead by the last train, intending to proceed to Liverpool by the Government train the next morning. Her fare to America, whither she was going to join her son, was already paid; but she had just discovered that she was three shillings short of the sum needed to pay her railway expenses; and she had nothing wherewith to provide herself with a lodging that night: would I have the kindness to lend her four shillings? She had friends in the village she came from, who would gladly repay me. She would be so thankful if I could help her in her difficulty, for she did

not know what in the world to do, she had never been in such a situation before. Now, what can one do under such circumstances as these? Your petitioner has managed, with much adroitness, to throw the full responsibility of her case upon you. Her passage money is paid; her friends have aided her in getting her outfit; her son, on the other side of the Atlantic, is awaiting her arrival. If her tale be a true one, it would be a hard thing to entail upon a respectable woman so much loss and such heavy disappointment, when it is in your power to help her with a small loan; and if, on the other hand, her story be untrue, you have no means of detecting the imposture, except by turning out at a late hour of a comfortless night to pursue the investigation. After a careful cross-examination, which failed to detect a single weak point in the woman's statement, I lent her the small sum she named; and I was so won over by her respectable demeanour, that when she withdrew I wished her a prosperous voyage, and a happy meeting with her son. Need I say that she was a clever impostor, and that I found out by subsequent inquiries that no such person was known in the village from which she professed to come? I resolved, in consequence of this imposition, that I would never be taken in after that fashion again, and especially that I would listen to no applicants who chose a late hour in the evening as the time to honour me with their acquaintance. Not long afterwards, however, another case occurred which showed how the wisest resolution will yield under artful management. In this case it was "a broken-down medical man" by whom I was victimised. The story was so ingenious that I was completely taken in, and to an extent that gave a permanent lesson of caution.

I can now venture to recommend a course of action with respect to vagrants which I have frequently tested and never found it fail. Whereas I was at one time pestered by these wanderers, I am very seldom honoured by a visit from them now. This is my practice. Whenever a stranger makes his appearance, and I perceive that his object is begging, I take care to be the first to speak:—

"Are you a Fairmead man?"

"No, sir."

"Then I must wish you good morning."

Sometimes this summary way of breaking off the interview draws forth a muttered curse or a volley of abuse, and then you can have no question in your own mind that you have acted wisely. But, not unfrequently, your petitioner will withdraw with a meek, pained, disappointed look, and this is more trying. It makes you doubt, whether you may not have turned away a deserving object from your door. It is quite possible, I acknowledge, that some poor, down-hearted creature may any day present himself before you, and may watch your countenance with the eagerness of real destitution to see if there be mercy there to give him hope that his supplication will not be in vain. This is a supposable case, but one I am convinced that happens very rarely indeed. I was on the point of calling back a most forlorn object one day, feeling that I had acted with harshness in not listening to his story. He had turned quietly, but sadly, away, and crawled, as if in great suffering, down the path. But when he arrived at the gate, he turned round and gave an evil, threatening look towards the house, and then wrenched the gate open and swung it upon its hinges with as much violence as he dared employ, evidently hoping in his spitefulness that he might do some injury.

But the truth is, if we adopt the rule of never giving to beggars, we ought to do it on the principle of having

already done our duty to the full amongst those who have a genuine claim upon our compassion. If we own the obligation resting upon every one of us to show mercy to the poor, the sick, the unfortunate, and to search out those who are really deserving and help them, we need feel no qualms of conscience about some possible case of wretchedness over which there always hangs the suspicion that it may be an imposture after all. Systematic charity, exercised towards our less fortunate neighbours, is the true antidote against vagrancy. It is a moderate computation that six hundred thousand pounds are levied annually to support the restless host who beg from town to town, and from village to village, from sunrise on January 1st till sunset on December 31st. They earn nothing, they create nothing, they produce nothing, and yet they live well, with occasional privations when they have a run of bad luck.

The professional beggar trades upon that weakness which indisposes us to meet him promptly with a decided refusal. We do not care for him; we do not respect him. He is a nuisance, and we would gladly be rid of him. We call in the aid of the constable to keep a sharp look out upon him. We are not sorry when we hear of his being put in the lock-up. And yet, for all this, we supply him with means, and extend to him the charity which alone enables him to follow his idle calling.

Speaking from my own experience, I have said that the rule of promptly refusing to listen to a stranger, unless he can say that he is resident in the place, and so gives you the opportunity of investigating his story, effectually relieves you of their attentions. I have verified the soundness of this assertion by frequent experiments. If you have not had a vagrant at your door for weeks, you can make sure of half-a-dozen any day you feel inclined to make the experiment.

I found this out in the following manner. Contrary to my usual practice, I entered into conversation with a man who was coming towards the house along the garden walk. His first word proclaimed him an Irishman, and it was owing to his native fluency of speech that he got on a good way into his story before I had the chance of stopping him. He was a discharged soldier and had served in India. It was the mention of this latter circumstance that made me feel interested in, and therefore disposed to listen to, his narrative. He had been in several parts of that country, where I have friends and relatives. All that he told me was undoubtedly true. So, after talking with him for some time, he received a gratuity, which evidently struck him as being rather handsome.

"And now, my good fellow," I said, "please don't go and tell all the world that I have given you anything; but I was interested in what you said about India."

"An' your honour may depind upon it, I'll not minton it to a sowl; as shure as me name's O'Reilley."

Walking down my garden a few minutes later, I smelt the fumes of tobacco, and I heard voices just beneath the sunk fence, with its hedge of dwarf yew-trees, which borders the high road. And this is what I heard:—

"His honour's a gintleman intirely. I towld him me story, I did, an' he gives me this"—exhibiting, I suppose, the coin I had given him. "Shure, an' he did—that's truth."

This is how Mr. O'Reilley kept his word. And if his sense of gratitude was so overpowering within so short a time of promising that he would not "minton it to a sowl," it is easy to guess how communicative he

would become when he came to spend the evening amongst his comrades, with whom it is a point of honour to enumerate for the common weal all the good things they have dropped in for during the day. Within twenty-four hours of receiving the honour of Mr. O'Reilley's visit, some six or seven applicants favoured me with a call; but as I sent them away empty, the stream subsided almost as suddenly as it had risen.

With one word more of caution, the result of dear-bought experience, I conclude this paper. Never parley with a tramp; let the direct inquiry, "Are you a Fairmead man?"—which admits of only one answer, yes or no—begin and end the interview. If he says Yes, then you ask, "Where do you live?" Having been satisfied on this head, you can reply, "Very well, I will call upon you at your house;" and in the meanwhile you have full leisure to investigate the circumstances. But if the answer be No, then you decline to say anything more. But be sure that you are firm. You are certain to be outwitted if you stay and listen to a single sentence. Your opponent has carefully studied his part, and has perfected it by a thousand rehearsals. You think, it may be, that you detect a flaw in his plausible story, and you are down upon him in a moment with the most impolitic impetuosity. But he has an explanation at hand which entirely disposes of your anticipated advantage. And then follows the natural termination of the interview, upon which he has quietly counted from the commencement; you hand him over a gratuity in order to get rid of him.

Every one who parleys with a professional beggar courts defeat. A friend of mine told me the other day, that his practice is to hand over to the vagrant who presents himself at his door, what he called a "regulation penny." "I never listen," he explained, "to what they have to say. I give them a penny, and tell them that if they get as much at every house they will do well." I ought to add, that my friend is not much troubled by these gentry, but still, I would venture to suggest that it is a wrong principle. It does something, although it does not do much, towards maintaining a bad system. It overlooks the important rule, that our charity ought to be bestowed where we have strong reasons for believing that it is being well bestowed. It may be convenient to rid oneself of a nuisance on such easy terms, but it does not satisfy our ideas of duty. In the same manner, people have said to me, "We never give money, we always give victuals at the door." They do not know what a trade is carried on in these self-same victuals. Lodging-house keepers' pigs are amongst the fattest in the land; and no wonder, for they live upon the choicest food, such as no nobleman would dream of throwing to his swine. You imagine that you are mercifully feeding the hungry when you dispense to some famishing applicant a few slices of good white bread with butter spread upon it, or a piece of meat or bacon to make it more palatable; but you are not aware that your mendicant carries a wallet, and that the "swag" he may chance to collect in his day's rounds has its fixed price with the lodging-house keeper, and finds its way to the pig-tub in return for something warm and savoury for supper.

"What have you got there, my man?" said our superintendent the other evening to an ultra-economical tramp who applied for a night's lodging at the vagrant ward with a large bag well filled with broken victuals,—"What have you got there?"

"Only some bread and meat," was the reply.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Eat it, to be sure; what else should I do with it?"

"Nay, my lad, that story won't do here. We don't find lodging for such as you when you've enough to pay for a bed and breakfast into the bargain."

This question—how to deal with vagrants—is a very important one. I have endeavoured to show that the recipients of our indiscriminate charity are demoralised by the alms we bestow. They trade upon the indisposition of the public to refuse them assistance; when they can, they contrive to get a hearing. This drives them to all kinds of shifts and expedients to excite compassion. It is the business of their life, therefore, to study and to practise deception. They are utterly careless of truth, if a falsehood will serve their purpose better. A person representing himself as author of well-known writings, lived for many weeks this year in London by calling on clergymen, editors, literary men, and others, with a false tale of woe. He had lost his purse, and wanted enough to convey himself and a sick sister to Huntingdon. He always paid his visit late in the evening, when "offices and houses of business (where he could have got the money) were closed." The chances of being found out are small, the gains of a well-sustained imposture are large. And yet the public are successfully imposed upon, because each man fears that he might possibly be turning a deaf ear and giving a hard-hearted denial to some case of genuine distress. The long and the short of the matter is this, we are victimised because conscience is not satisfied that we have done our duty towards the poor and needy. The remedy, therefore, is evident. Ascertain what you can and ought to give for the relief of the necessities of others. Distribute personally what you are able, and dispense through recognised channels what you cannot personally administer. And then with a clear conscience you can say to all whom it may concern, "No, I have nothing for you, I have already given as much as I can afford."

Whatever the Legislature may find it necessary to enact to cope with this gigantic evil, as it presses itself upon the attention in large towns, it is a good and wholesome principle never to give one penny to any member of the flying column of idle vagrants, ever ranging the country and living upon its resources, whilst truer, better, and more responsible folk are pining in the cold shade of our neglect.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER VIII.—RONDA.

WE were much divided in opinion as to our onward progress. We were all agreed that we wished to arrive at Seville before the end of July. Our stay at Granada had been longer than we intended, and we had continued to linger on our way, both at Velez Malaga and at Malaga, till the month was farther advanced already than we wished. Still we could not have enjoyed ourselves more entirely than we had done hitherto, and we certainly were not hampered as to time for our further proceedings. So we determined not to be annoyed if we reached Seville later than at first intended; and forthwith resolved not to forego a short expedition from which we promised ourselves much enjoyment, namely, the ride from Malaga to Ronda, and thence to Gibraltar. We were assured that if we took provisions with us we should find no difficulties worth speaking of; and that by starting at daybreak, resting during the great heat of the day and then going on again in the beautiful nights, we should avoid any inconvenience.

I was fortunate enough to be a very fair Spanish