

his own cigar, defied the old officer, who had borne himself stoutly in a hundred fights, putting his arms akimbo and grinning under his nose.

Of course there was an exchange of cards, and on the morrow De Crepyte would have had to go out with the Belgian Major if some friends had not interposed, and explained to the latter who it was that he had insulted. The General in command of the garrison, too, heard of the matter, and for the credit of his cloth commanded the Major to make an apology. It was then and then only that many of the English who had been accustomed to elbow the Colonel every day heard that he was the De Crepyte—the De Crepyte of the Balaklava Charge, and the relief of Lucknow. He had been one of the most dashing cavalry officers in the English army. He himself hardly knew how often he had ridden in charge, been unhorsed, picked himself up, and ridden onwards again. He had been six times wounded and twenty times mentioned in despatches; in fact, if he had served in any army but the British he would have been a General, and have sported in his button-hole the ribbon of some order of knighthood. As it was he was a mere Lieutenant Colonel on half-pay, and the only tokens of honourable service which he could show—not on his coat of course, but in a shagreen case on his drawing-room table—were medals.

There was a disposition to make much of Colonel De Crepyte among the English colonists in the foreign town, once the hero's true status was known; but it wore off after a while, for the Colonel's urbanity did not equal his valour. He was, in truth, a bit surly. His respect for civilians was not great. If he played whist at the club he sometimes forgot that he was not sitting down among subalterns, but would lecture men of his own age about the laws of the game with a frankness that was unacceptable. So it came to pass that on a certain occasion when an election was held among the pew-renters of the English church to appoint a churchwarden, a large section declared that they would not have this "bear" to rule over them. Colonel De Crepyte happened at the time to be interesting himself in church affairs, being minded to put down some Ritualistic proclivities of the chaplain's and he had allowed himself to be nominated as candidate, regarding it as certain that he would be returned. There was something at once ludicrous and pathetic in the scene that took place when he rose in the vestry room to explain why he was inclined to accept the office, which a few of the pew-renters (the most respectable few too) had pressed upon him. As a soldier talking upon church matters he was, of course, very solemn. He had put on his best clothes, and looked upon the chaplain's nominee, who was opposed to him, with an expression of severe displeasure. However, it was of no use, for when a poll was demanded, the Colonel got scarcely any votes, and was made, as he somewhat inconspicuously but bluntly put it, to cut "a deuced ridiculous figure."

"Yes, sir," he said, drawing on his gloves and frowning terribly at Mr. Maunders, an earnest Low-Churchman of small stature, who had nominated him. "I've been made to look an utter fool through your fault. What did you mean by bringing me forward to receive this affront?"

"I'm sure there's no affront intended, Colonel," pleaded Mr. Maunders, quite abashed. "I suppose these gentlemen have simply voted according to their consciences."

"Consciences be hanged!" growled the Colonel. "What consciences do you think there can be among a beggarly lot of refugees who have all outrun the constable in their own country, and come here to hide their heads in bags? No, Sir, those rapscallions wished to put a slight upon me because I am one of the few gentlemen in the place." Saying which he turned on his heel and flustered off.

It will be seen that the gallant Colonel had no very high opinion of his fellow-countrymen abroad; but this outburst of his at the vestry formed a solitary exception to the rule of silence he observed respecting his opinions about other persons, for he was no tatter, and thought too well of himself to attend to the concerns of other people. It should be added that from the day when the "affront," as he pleased to call it, was put upon him, Colonel De Crepyte mixed less than ever with the English, and confined himself chiefly to the society of a brother military crony of his—Major Bullfinch.

This Bullfinch was quite a different man to De Crepyte; for he was a big, bluff, jolly, and talkative fellow, who was on friendly terms with everybody; but he, too, in his way, was an oddity. To begin with, he was a man with a "grievance"—though you would scarcely have thought so from his cheerful manner—and this grievance had cost him £4,000.

This heavy fine had been the result of a lawsuit. There is a race of persons in the East who unite in their own persons the double privilege of being Levantines and British subjects. *Graculi aurientes et civis Romani*—they cannot lie and they cannot be whipped. One of this comfortably-circumstanced race chanced to be Vice-Consul at Pseudopolis, where he realised a nice income by protecting smugglers. In an evil hour for himself, Major Bullfinch, who had been sent on a military mission to Pseudopolis, exposed the malpractices of this gentleman. The Foreign Office, with its usual sagacity, thereupon wrote to Mr. Gastrimargos (the name of H. M.'s representative in question) asking him whether these things were so? Mr. G. replied that he was innocent, and the Secretary of State declared that he was satisfied; but Mr.

Gastrimargos was not, for he wished to be revenged on Bullfinch, and he resorted to a very simple expedient for attaining this object. He wrote a brother Vice-Consul, also a Levantine, to warn him against the Major, whom he, Gastrimargos, "believed to have been implicated in a fraud on the Stock Exchange." The contents of this epistle getting abroad, as they were intended to do, the Major began by vowing that he would strangle Gastrimargos; but, yielding to good advice, he decided to institute an action for libel and to claim heavy damages. After many months' delay, the trial came on in London; but the Court decided that there was no case for the jury, the Vice-Consul's communication being privileged. Two appeals followed; but the law was dead against the Major, inasmuch that barristers began to jeer about him as "poor Bullfinch." Then he tried to get at his enemy by some mysterious proceedings in Chancery, but was thrown heavily with costs; the Vice-Chancellor observing, with some asperity, that never in the whole course of his judicial experience had he seen the time of the Court wasted with so frivolous a motion. Bullfinch now bethought him of the press, which is the palladium of British rights, and addressed a communication of portentous length to the *Morning Liberal*, in which, as his ill-luck would have it, he made two mistakes in grammar and spelt the word "receive" with an "i" in the wrong place. The editor inserted portions of the letter, not omitting those which contained errors, and commented, in a jocular article, upon men with grievances. Worse than this, the Major, who was now in a chronic state of litigation, had committed a gross contempt of Court by writing at all, because he had a fresh motion pending. The Lord Justices in succession admonished him, and hinted that they were acting kindly in not inflicting a penalty—which, by-the-way, was the only piece of kindness the Major ever did get from the Bench. After losing his cases on appeal, he tried what writing a pamphlet would do, and consequently found himself saddled with a printer's bill in addition to his other losses. Then he gave up the whole affair, rather to please his wife than to satisfy himself for he had a combative spirit that would have impelled him to fight on till he had not a halfpenny left in his purse. However, having got straitened in his circumstances through his struggle with Gastrimargos, the Major, who had some time before thrown up his commission, went to live in Belgium; and there soon became noted among the English residents as "The man who had had some ugly business in the law courts."

When questioned, however, about this ugly business, the man with a grievance would rather astonish his hearers by saying, "And do you know what that rascal Gastrimargos meant by saying that I had been concerned in a fraud on the Stock Exchange? Why, I was one of the shareholders of the Rio Brigande Loan, and got swindled out of ten years' savings in the affair. That how I was implicated in it."

"And that is why I am now smoking a four-centime cigar in Belgium, instead of a sixpenny weed at the 'Rag,' poor Bullfinch might have added."

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 14.

ALMACK'S will be heard of early next season. The first attempt to set it going again was a decided success, and has made many converts to the "revival."

DE NEUVILLE is to paint a picture illustrative of the late campaign in Egypt. The actual subject has still to be decided, but the commission has been given by the Fine Art Society.

We understand that Sir Beauchamp Seymour will probably take the title of Baron Alcester of Alcester, in the county of Warwick. Sir Garnet Wolseley will take that of Lord Wolseley of Egypt.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, late rector of the Catholic University, Kensington, has been successful in all the points of his appeal to the Pope against the decision of the English Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities.

CONSIDERABLE satisfaction among the élite of Lambeth has been caused by a rumor that Mr. Bradlaugh has got an eye upon the London School Board, and intends creeping into it by way of that borough.

THE battle between Woolwich cannon and Krupp cannon will be waged once more. There has been some very practical experimenting in Egypt, and the unanimous opinion of our officers is in favor of Krupp, but Woolwich will assert itself till the last.

THE pencils of Mr. Leslie Ward and the other accomplished artists of *Vanity Fair* are no longer to be devoted entirely to the caricature of men of light and leading. Portraits of ladies are now to be issued with that paper, but, of course, there will be no attempt to caricature in these. A peep at a proof of the first that will appear shows a perfect picture of the Princess of Wales, by M. Theobald Chartran. The work is quite unconventional, and certainly the most effective thing in portrait printing ever produced.

#### THE STORY OF THE WEEK.

(Continued from Page 291.)

Now on comparing this order with that in which the planetary names occur in the week, we find that a very singular relation exists between the two. The day following Saturn's day is called by the name of the fourth planet in the system; the next day, Monday, bears the name of the seventh planet; the next day, Tuesday, that of the third planet; and so throughout the entire week it will be found that each day is called from the third planet after that of the preceding day. This curious coincidence certainly cannot be the result of accident; and any theory which will satisfactorily account for it must be accepted as true, however much its consequences may conflict with our preconceived notions on the subject.

The needed light on the matter is to be found in a passage of Dion Cassius, an historian who wrote in the beginning of the third century of the Christian era. This writer speaks of the planetary week as an institution of recent introduction in his time, and gives the following account of its origin: The Egyptian astrologers (that is to say, those of Alexandria, the scientific centre of the ancient world) used for the purposes of their science to assign the hours of the day successively to the seven planets, taking them in the order of their remoteness. Each day took its name from the star which ruled its first hour. The first, eighth, fifteenth, and twenty-second hour of Saturn's day were the hours of Saturn; the twenty-third hour belonged to Jupiter, the twenty-fourth to Mars, and the first hour of the following day to the Sun. For this reason the day after Saturn's day was named from the Sun; and a moment's consideration will show that this mode of explanation fully accounts for the order in which the planetary names occur in the Roman week. The key fits the lock so perfectly that there can be no doubt whatever that it is the right one.

It is, therefore, to the ancient astrologers that we must ascribe the introduction of the names of the seven days. When the foreign astrology had been imported into Rome, it naturally soon became a very popular study. Almost every one, in fact, seems to have dabbled in it more or less. Some of the emperors attempted to stamp it out by persecuting edicts, but only succeeded in imparting to it the proverbial attractiveness of forbidden fruit. When everybody had thus learnt to talk familiarly about horoscopes and lucky and unlucky days, it was very natural that the astrological should come into use as a division of time for the purposes of common life.

So much concerning the way in which the planetary week was introduced into Rome itself. It remains to consider by what means its use was spread through that part of Europe which was inhabited by the nations whom the Romans called barbarians.

With regard to the general outline of the matter there is not much to explain. Every one knows that the Romans were the masters of Europe, much as the English are of India. Nearly everywhere there were stations of the Roman armies, and those armies were recruited largely from the native populations. In some countries there were large and numerous Roman settlements; and everywhere there would be many among the barbarians who had availed themselves of the advantages of a Roman education.

This Romanizing process did not always go on to the same extent. In the Celtic and Iberian parts of the Continent—in Spain, France and Portugal—the barbarians became so completely Roman that their modern descendants have forgotten their original languages, and, with the people of modern Italy, speak those various kinds of Latin which we call Spanish, French and Italian. The Kelts of Britain, unlike their Continental kinsmen, retained the use of their mother tongue; but they were so far affected by Roman influence as to adopt many Latin words, and the present Welsh names of the days of the week—happen rather singularly to be the purest modern form of the original Latin names. In Spain, France and Italy, the planetary names of Sunday and Saturday have been displaced by others of different origin. When the Romans became Christians, they learnt to call Sunday the Lord's Day—Dies Dominicus; and so in the countries just mentioned, the word is still *Domenico*, *Domingo*, *Domingo*. The day before Sunday was called, instead of Saturn's day, the Sabbath—a fact which will seem surprising to those who do not know how modern is the notion which confounds the Christian "Lord's Day" with the Jewish Sabbath. In Spanish the name is *Sábado*, in Italian, *Sabbato*; and in French, because the ancestors of the French people pronounced the word *sabbatum* as *sambatum*, the name of Saturday is *Samedi*.

While in this manner one half of barbarian Europe allowed themselves to become Romans in language, in customs, and even in name, there was another half on whom the influence of Roman culture was far less powerful. This half consisted of a large number of tribes, who bore different names and perhaps spoke dialects too distinct for them readily to understand one another, but who were well aware that they all belonged to one and the same great race. Their name for their race considered as a whole was *Thiodisc*, which means of our own people. The modern forms of this word are *Deutsch*, by which the Germans call themselves, and *Dutch* which we apply to the inhabitants of Holland. Their designation for aliens, for people not of themselves, was *Welsh*—a name which we still give

to the descendants of the ancient Britons, and which the Germans apply to the French and Italians. This great race is called by modern writers the Germanic, or more commonly the Teutonic race. The latter name, though open to some objection,† is, perhaps, the most free from misleading associations. However, whichever name we adopt, the main thing to be remembered is that this race included among others the tribes known as Goths and Anglo-Saxons, and that to it belonged the ancestors (so far as they are revealed by the inheritance of language) of the present inhabitants of England, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Iceland.

The most prominent national characteristics of the ancient Teutons seem to have been a spirit of sturdy independence and an invincible attachment to their ancestral usages; and these qualities are eminently illustrated in their behavior with regard to language. It is true that the Goths of the South, whose peculiar position, as well as their early conversion to Christianity, rendered them especially open to Romanizing influence, did become ultimately assimilated in language to the Latin-speaking nations whom they conquered. But with their more northerly kindred it was far otherwise. Although for the sake of intercourse with their fellow-subjects very many of them no doubt learned to speak Latin or "Welsh" as they would nickname it, yet they seem to have obstinately resolved to speak as little of it as they could. Very rarely indeed did they even borrow a Latin word. When they became acquainted with some new object or institution belonging to the Roman civilization for which they had no native name, they generally preferred to invent one rather than to adopt the foreign title, as the ancient Britons and other Celtic nations usually did.

Although the religion of the Teutonic race differed widely in details from that of the Romans, the two systems were so far similar that both were founded on the worship of the personified powers of nature. This degree of similarity would be quite sufficient to produce in the minds of the Germans the belief that the Roman gods were simply their own gods under new names. When, for instance, a Teuton heard his Roman fellow-soldier talk of Jupiter as the god who was causing the thunder, it would at once occur to him that Jupiter must be the "Welsh" for Thunor or Thor; and this discovery would lead him to make further inquiries in the same direction. He would relate to his Roman friends the legends of Tiw and Woden, and ask them what they called the gods to whose characters such incidents were appropriated. Through discussions of this sort, or by other similar means, it became very early an accepted belief among the Teutons that each of the principal Roman gods corresponded to a particular one among those of his own countrymen.

Now in course of time the Teutonic peoples became acquainted with the new Roman custom of reckoning time by weeks, and with the Latin names for the seven days. This custom they found it convenient to imitate in their intercourse among themselves. But, in accordance with their usual practice, they did not borrow the Latin names of the day, but chose instead to translate them into something which they could understand. That the names had anything to do with the planets they probably did not know; but they knew that Mars and Mercurius were Latin for Tiw and Woden, and therefore Mars' day and Mercurius' day became Tiw's day and Woden's day.

We have now to inquire what sort of beings or no-beings were those gods of our ancestors whose names we all every day unconsciously take in vain.

The Teutonic religion, like that of the Aryan nations generally, began by being misunderstood poetry. Men of lively imagination and simple minds, when they saw the heavens and the earth in mysterious motion around them—when they saw changes going on of which they could not assign the cause—naturally tried to explain these phenomena by supposing that the sun and stars, the sky, the clouds and the wind were living beings who moved by their own wills. When they described the various appearances of nature in poetic parables, in stories about the loves and quarrels of these superhuman persons, their hearers and their posterity mistook their meaning, and fancied that these stories were a history of some real transactions which took place long ago, instead of being merely a picture of the things that happen every day. Enough, however, was always remembered of the real meaning of these legends for it to be understood that these wonderful beings still lived on unseen, and possessed a mysterious sovereignty over nature. The religious instinct of human nature fixed itself on these awful invisible existences, and found in them the object of its highest reverence and dread.

To descend to details. The god Tiw, who gives his name to Tuesday, was originally the personification of the sky, the being whose varying moods were displayed in the changes of the weather. He was therefore properly the analogue of the Roman Jupiter; in fact, the names of Tiw and Jupiter are etymologically identical. But among the Teutonic nations the Aryan sky-deity had lost much of his original character, and his office had become narrowed to that of a

† There is no absolute proof that the Teutons of Roman historians were in the modern sense "Teutonic" at all. The supposition that the words Teuton and Deutsch or Dutch are identical is very precarious. It originates, however, not with modern philologists, as is sometimes stated, but with the mediæval Latin writers who use Teuto as a synonym of Theotiscus.