

"At ten o'clock Mr. Haygarth came home, gave his horse into the charge of the lad, took his candle from the man-servant, and walked straight upstairs, as if going to bed. The man-servant locked the doors, took his master the key, and then went to his own quarters. The boy remained up to feed and groom the horse, which had the appearance of having performed a hard day's work.

"He had nearly concluded this business when he was startled by the slamming of the back door opening into the court-yard, in which were the stables and outhouses. Apprehending thieves, the boy opened the door of the stable and looked out, doubtless with considerable caution.

"It was broad moonlight, and he saw at a glance that the person who had opened the door was one who had a right to open it. Matthew Haygarth was crossing the court-yard as the lad peeped out. He wore a long black cloak, and his head drooped upon his breast, as if he had been in dejection. The lad—being, I suppose, inquisitive, after the manner of country lads—made no more ado, but left his unfinished work and crept stealthily after his master, who came straight to this churchyard,—indeed to this very spot on which we are now standing.

"On this spot the boy Andrew Hone became the secret witness of a strange scene. He saw an open grave close against the rails yonder, and he saw a little coffin lowered silently into that grave by the sexton of that time and a strange man, who afterwards went away in a mourning coach, which was in waiting at the gate, and in which doubtless the stranger and the little coffin had come.

"Before the man departed he assisted to fill up the grave, and when it was filled Matthew Haygarth gave money to both the men—gold it seemed to the lad Andrew, and several pieces to each person. The two men then departed, but Mr. Haygarth still lingered.

"As soon as he fancied himself alone, he knelt down beside the little grave, covered his face with his hands, and either wept or prayed, Andrew Hone could not tell which. If he wept, he wept silently.

"From that night, my sexton said, Matthew Haygarth faded visibly. Mistress Rebecca came home from her love-feast, and nursed and tended her husband with considerable kindness, though, so far as I can make out, she was at the best a stern woman. He died three weeks after the event which I have described, and was buried in that vault, close to the little grave."

I thanked Mr. Wendover for his succinct narrative, and apologised for the trouble I had occasioned him.

"Do not speak of the trouble," he answered kindly, "I am used to telling that story. I have heard it a great many times from poor old Andrew, and I have told it a great many times.

"The story has rather a legendary tone," I said, "I should have scarcely thought such a thing possible."

The rector shrugged his shoulders with a deprecating gesture.

"In our own day," he replied, "such an occurrence would be almost impossible; but you must remember that we are talking of the last century—century in which I regret to say the clergy of the Church of England were sadly lax in the performance of their duties. The followers of Wesley and Whitefield could scarcely have multiplied as they did if the flocks had not been cruelly neglected by their proper shepherds. It was a period in which benefices were bestowed constantly on men obviously unfitted for the holy office—men who were gamblers and drunkards, patrons of cockpits, and in many cases open and shameless reprobates. In such an age almost anything was possible; and thus midnight and unhalloved interment may very well have taken place either with the consent or without the knowledge of the incumbent, who, I am told, bore no high character for piety or morality."

"And you say there is an entry in the register?"

"Yes, a careless scrawl, dated Sept. 19th, 1774, recording the burial of one Matthew Haygarth, aged four years, removed from the burial-

ground attached to the parish church of Spotswold."

"Then it was a re-interment?"

"Evidently."

"And is Spotswold in this county?"

"Yes; it is a very small village, about fifty miles from here."

"And Matthew Haygarth died very soon after this event?"

"He did. He died very suddenly, with an awful suddenness, and died intestate. His widow was left the possessor of great wealth, which increased in the hands of her son John Haygarth, a very prudent and worthy gentleman, and a credit to the church of which he was a member. He only died very lately, I believe, and must therefore have attained a great age."

It is quite evident that Mr. Wendover had not seen the advertisement in the *Times*, and was ignorant of the fact that the accumulated wealth of the Haygarths and Caulfields is now waiting a claimant.

I asked permission to see the register containing the entry of the mysterious interment; and after the administration of a shilling to the clerk—a shilling at Dewsdale being equal to half-a-crown in London—the vestry cupboard was opened by that functionary, and the book I required was produced from a goodly pile of such mouldy brown leather-bound volumes.

The following is a copy of the entry:

"On Thursday last past, being y^e 19 Sept^r, A.D. 1774, was interr'd y^e bodie off onne Matthewe Haygarthe, ag^d foure yeres, remoo'v'd fromn y^e Churcheyarde off St. Marie, under y^e hill, Spotswoide, in this Co. Pade forr so doeing, seven shill."

After having inspected the register, I asked many further questions, but without eliciting much further information. So I expressed my thanks for the courtesy that had been shown me, and took my departure, not wishing to press the matter so closely as to render myself a nuisance to the worthy Wendover, and bringing in mind that it would be open to me to return at any future time.

And now I ask myself—and I ask the astute Sheldon—what is the meaning of this mysterious burial, and is it likely to have any bearing on the object of our search? These are questions for the consideration of the astute S.

I spent my evening in jotting down the events of the day, in the above free-and-easy fashion for my own guidance, and in a more precise and business-like style for my employer. I posted my letter before ten o'clock, the hour at which the London mail is made up, and then smoked my cigar in the empty streets, overshadowed by gaunt square stacks of building and tall black chimneys, and so back to my inn, where I took a glass of ale and another cigar, and then to bed, as the worthy Peppys might have concluded.

(To be Continued.)

A TRIP TO SADOWA.

BEFORE leaving for Moravia and Bohemia, I remained a few days in Vienna, to see whether the improvement in this vastly increased city had been at all delayed by the recent war, and also, as far as it was possible for a stranger to find out, to learn the state of feeling amongst the people at the present time. I should say that both the Londoner and the Parisian, on first visiting Vienna, must be somewhat disappointed with it. Vienna has played always so prominent a part in continental affairs, and so much is always said of its society and grandeur, that one is naturally led to expect a city covering a large area, with streets as handsome as those in Paris; but the very first morning's walk through Vienna proves such not to be the case. The streets, crooked and narrow, much resemble some of those in our own city, but are very badly lighted at night, and many of them without foot pavements; but within the last half-dozen years Vienna has become a fast improving city. The inner ring of fortifications, which used to encircle the city, has now been removed; the

ditches filled up, and replaced by boulevards, as in Paris, with paved streets on either side for the carriages, and parts reserved in the centre for riding and walking. The trees, which have only been planted some months, appear to be growing very well, and help to make both houses and boulevards attractive. Of the Austrian people generally one cannot speak too highly. I have ever found them a civil, obliging, and warm-hearted people: and not only did I notice this amongst the upper classes, but also with such as railway officials, officers on board the steamers, &c.—the very class that in some countries seem to take a delight in being uncivil, and in inventing instead of removing obstacles. But I must not run on any more about Vienna and its pleasant inhabitants, or we shall never proceed on our journey.

The first place I booked for was Brünn, ninety-four English miles distant, and nearly due north of Vienna. After the battle of Sudown, and until about the beginning of September, it was garrisoned by the Prussians, and made the headquarters of the southern division of that army. Brünn is the capital of Moravia, with a fast increasing population, at present of about 50,000 souls. It is very prettily situated, partly in a pretty valley, and partly on the slope of two hills. On the most westerly of these hills is the castle of Spielberg, formerly the citadel of Brünn, but when its fortifications were destroyed by the French, it was converted into a state prison. Brünn is of considerable importance as a manufacturing town, and is justly celebrated for its cloths and woollen goods; in fact, it is the Leeds of the Austrian empire. But here the machinery is almost altogether worked by water power, so that, instead of being black and dirty, Brünn is so clean that it quite resembles a German watering-place.

To get from Brünn to Olmütz I determined on deserting the railway—which would have entailed a round of some very considerable distance—and on going direct by the mail-coach. The Austrian mail-coaches are very comfortable and roomy, only carrying four inside and one on the box with the driver. The distance was only forty-three English miles, though we were travelling exactly twelve hours. The whole of the country between Brünn and Olmütz consists of undulating downs, almost without trees or hedges, so that the cold along this road in winter is extreme, and there is no shelter whatever. Even at this time of the year, in the middle of the month of October, the cold wind was so sharp that I gladly borrowed a horse-cloth to wrap around me. About ten miles from Brünn, and two miles to the south-east of the Olmütz road, is the far-famed field of Austerlitz, on which was fought the battle of the second of December, 1805, a battle that determined the destiny of Europe and the success of the First Napoleon.

The country through which I passed was all more or less in a cultivated state, either ploughed up for next year's wheat, or planted with beetroot for the sugar manufactories, of which in this country there are a number. On reaching Olmütz, I found it to be a small but strongly-fortified place, and owing to a slight rise in the centre of the town, it is quite picturesque, in spite of its being in the middle of an almost treeless plain. Olmütz, one of the strongest fortresses in Austria, is situated on the river March, or as it is called in the Moravian language, Marawa, with a population of some 12,500 inhabitants. Besides being a fortified town, Olmütz contains several religious, literary, and charitable institutions. Formerly it was the capital of Moravia, but it has now given place to the manufacturing and more wealthy city of Brünn. In 1758 the Prussians besieged Olmütz, but without success; and this is, perhaps, the reason why here the Austrian garrison were this year left in peace.

In the coach there was no other passenger besides myself, so that instead of being deposited at the door of the post-office, I was at once driven to the "Goliath Hotel," which was in the market-place, and according to the driver's report, the principal hotel in the town.

The arrangements in this *gasthof* were peculiar