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THE "AUERBE'S" WEDDING.

A SKETCH OF WESTPHALIAN COUNTRY LIFE.

BY GEORGE LEE.

IN the province of Westphalia one may yet find the relics of certain wholesome customs ascribed to the ancient Germans by Tacitus, who penned, nearly two thousand years ago, the following paragraph:

"The dowry is not brought by the wife to the husband, but by the husband to the wife. The wedding presents are not chosen to please girlish vanity, nor even to decorate the bride; but they consist of cattle, a bridled horse, and, (for the man,) a shield, spear, and sword. Sometimes the bride bestows the gift of a weapon upon the groom."

Agriculture being the leading pursuit of the Westphalian of this age, the giving of weapons of war is no longer a feature of wedding ceremonies. But cattle, horses, farming implements, and, in general, articles of utility rather than of ornament are bestowed, perhaps even more freely than when Tacitus wrote. As a class, the peasantry are still exceedingly primitive in their habits of life, and worldly prudence is among their most prominent characteristics. "Business before pleasure," is one of their cardinal maxims; and their strict adherence to it in practice possibly is a reason why, when they give themselves up to pleasure, their enjoyment of it is so genuine.

On the whole, I can fix upon no better method of illustrating these traits of Westphalian character, than to give an accurate account of the courtship and marriage of Nicholas Mannheimer, *auerbe*, or heir apparent, and Kathrina Strood. The scene is Balfe and Ruckert, two small country villages in the vicinity of Münster. Herr Mannheimer's estate was in Balfe.

One day when father and son were working together in the field, Nicholas abruptly said:

"Father, what should you say if I were to marry?"

Herr Mannheimer was so astonished at this question, that he could not at once frame a suitable answer. He took his time, and at length replied:

"I might say you were a philosopher, and I might say you were a fool. It would depend on whom you married, now, wouldn't it?"

"Look here!" returned Nicholas;

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we cannot but think had reference to, if they were not distinctly suggested by, the writings of eminent heathen authors with which the apostle in all probability was familiar. Plato, for example, for three or four centuries before Christ, as for centuries after, and as he still is, was one of the great lights of the world. And if the apostle was familiar with the writings of Aratus, Menander and Epimenides, much more we may suppose that he was acquainted with the master pages of the wonderful descendant of Solon. Studying as he did with the learned Gamaliel, and familiar as he was with Athens, where the sayings of Plato were as household words, it would be almost strange if the thoughts, and even expressions of the great philosopher, did not now and then rise to the mind of the apostle as expressive of his own thoughts and feelings, even where no verbal quotation was made. For example, in Romans viii. 28, the apostle says: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God;" and Plato, *Repub.* x. 12, says: "To the just man, all things shall work together for good, whether he be alive or dead." In 1 Corinthians iii. 19, the apostle says: "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God;" and Plato, *Apolog. Socr.* 9. says: "God is the only really wise, and the wisdom of this world is foolishness and of none effect with him." In 1 Thessalonians v. 15, the apostle says: "See that none render evil for evil unto any man;" and Plato, *Crit.* 10, says: "Neither ought any one to render evil for evil, as many think, for we ought at no time to do injury to others." And again, in Titus iii. 1, 2, the apostle says: "Put them in mind—to speak evil of no man;" and Plato, *Leg.* x. 10, says: "Let no one speak evil of another."

These are but a few of the many illustrations that might be given of the fact that the apostle Paul was a man of large and extensive learning, not only in the department of Jewish lore, but in all the classic literature of his day. And writing as he was to churches at Rome, Thessalonica and Corinth, where the great authors of antiquity were so well-known, it doubtless gave weight to his teachings, that he could bring the wisest of their sayings to impress the truths and commend the duties taught by the Holy Spirit. The more carefully we study his writings, the more clearly we see evidence, not only of great native vigor and wonderful logical power, but of extensive reading and high literary cultivation, and all subordinate to his one great end, the preaching of Christ and him crucified, and of the doctrines and duties that gather around the cross.

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A PEOPLE'S PARK.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

THREE hundred years ago, outside the wall of Dun Edin town, lay a dark shallow loch, about a mile and a half in circumference. South of this loch rose in succession Blackford Hill, beloved of stag and fallow deer; the "furzy hills of Braid" behind it; and behind Braid, the forest crowned line of the Pentland Hills. North of the loch the land ascended to the city wall with its gates and towers, and the gray castle, keeping stern watch over all. Across the loch sounded the warder's cry; the shout of hunters and the clash of arms; it reflected the royal pageant sweeping to Craigmillar, the knightly escort going to the Grange, and the priestly procession wending its way to St. Catherine's.

Now all has changed. The city wall has perished; Blackford has lost its leafy crown; Craigmillar stands silent and desolate; St. Catherine's convent has van-

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ished from the ancient site; the homes of quiet burghers crowd about the basin of the loch, and the loch itself has gone.

Two hundred years have passed since the waters were drained away; the bed was filled with earth, dug from the foundations of the extending city; grass and wild flowers sprung up where dark waters had reflected much of beauty, and hidden the traces of many a crime, and the *loch* became the *meadows*, given over to the people for their pleasure. Here, surrounded by a solid wall of granite houses, lie the thirty acres designed by the civic fathers for the use and pleasure of the citizens. Through the centre passes a stately avenue lined with fine trees, a well paved promenade, furnished here and there with rustic seats. This road is fenced on either side; but the meadows have no wall, and no gates that can close; day and night, in all seasons they are open to the people. A few circular clusters of shrubs are protected by wire fences; on the south there is a triple row of trees, forming two shady walks leading off to Bruntisfield Links, and the "Lover's Loan," a long narrow alley between huge hawthorn hedges.

The meadows are kept in grass, but no one is warned by sign boards to "keep off" it; it is the people's grass, and they can sit or walk on it as they choose. On the east of the meadows rise Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat. Chisel of sculptor never wrought a more perfect lion than is seen from the central walk of the meadows, clearly cut against the sky, in majestic repose looking down on the home of ancient kings in Holyrood. It requires no aid of fancy to discern the mighty head, the outstretched paws, the long curve of the back, the huge haunches, the tail curled toward the west.—Around the lion are a singular series of basaltic columns, called Sampson's ribs. The scriptural story has here been reversed, the lion is supposed to have devoured the hero, and is now gloating over his bones!

Here then we have the meadows and their surroundings; we have thirty acres of green grass, besprinkled with daisies, buttercups, and trefoil—plenty of trees; seats enough, and as guardian of the whole, Arthur's Lion, with his historic reminiscences. Let us now follow for a day the shifting scenery on the meadows, to know how the public uses its pleasure ground, whether it would better fulfil its mission, if it had grass which people must not encroach upon, and beds of flowers which must never be touched; walks and seats just as city fathers ordain them, and a park guard to keep jealous watch over the obedience of visitors. Of course a day in summer is to be chosen to watch this varied and pleasant panorama. In this so far northern land, the nights are short, in June are scarcely night at all. He who watches upon Arthur's Seat sees the opaline tints of evening low in the western distance; wreaths of stars trailing in the deep blue of the zenith; a silver boat laden with fair dreams slipping down the sky, and the primrose flush of dawn creeping from the German Ocean. Ere the day has died, with its brightness and bustle, another day has begun, with saffron beams, and the stir of birds in their nests, and the morning is welcomed in the people's park by the chirp of velvet capped sparrows, the whistle of robins, the lintie's song, and the rushing of wings through the leaves.

And now heaps of whiteness, that have looked like hummocks daisy-piled, move and change, and a hundred sheep that crop these meadows, and are never beguiled beyond them into the city's dangerous and verdureless ways, rise up and wander through the dewy grass; they have their fill of golden crowfoot and kingcups, of clover sweet as their own breath, and daisies snowy as their own fleece, and as they wander here and there they answer with soft bleatings the songs of the birds.

Now the east has deepened from amber into crimson, and great shafts of yellow light have driven the trembling stars from their posts in the middle sky; the silver boat with its freight of dreams has sailed away to the Antipodeans; morning has fairly taken possession of the scene. There is a clatter along the paved ways, and here and there, from this side and

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from that, sleek cows, red and dun, dappled and white, ramble into the meadows after the milking. Twenty, perhaps, not more, poor men's treasures, they come first to the shallow basin that surrounds the fountain in the eastern meadow, and drink their fill of the waters from Pentland Hills. Higher grows the day; the city is now fully astir; carts rattle through the streets, the cries of hawkers resound, and busy labor finds its way into the meadows. Here on the eastern side the worthy magistrates have caused dozens of stout clothes-posts to be erected, and here is the bleaching green; there is now some hope of cleanliness for poor wretches who have no area, no roof flat, no tiny patch of grass to dry their washing upon; here is encouragement for the toiling widow, who could make a few shillings by taking in washing. Early they come, bringing in baskets the clothes they have been washing for these two hours; neighbors helping one another; mothers assisted by their elder children, carry the baskets, while a younger child carries the baby, a "wee thing or two" toddles along in the train, and a four-year-old, bare as to head and feet, triumphantly flourishes a small watering pot, and betimes beats a tune on its tin bottom. Each family camps out on its chosen ground. The wet clothes are spread on the grass, the children fetch water from the fountain and sprinkle them, the baby's nurse sits down to watch the linen and mind the babe, four-year-old is the carrier of water to do the sprinkling, and the wee things roll about here and there at their pleasure. The mother and her eldest go off for more washing; an unwary sheep trots up toward the bleaching, but the maid on guard terrifies him with a shout; a cow lumbers near to inspect, and four-year-old comes to the rescue with brandished water pot.

As the morning lengthens, the meadows become busier; three or four old men, deputed by the town to keep the grass and walks clean, appear with barrows, birch brooms, rakes, and shovels. A policeman begins a meditative parade of the principal walks, holding his hands behind his back. Dozens of the children of the poor come to their playground; wee things that can walk, totter under the small weight of dismal babies that cannot walk; mothers who are going out for a half-day's work, frequently leave their children here, trusting to the policeman, the old men, and the mothers who are washing by the fountain, to keep the youngsters from serious harm. Here, under a big tree, you see half a dozen tiny bodies, half clad, grimy of face and hands, but jolly in the fresh air and cheering sunshine, forming a playhouse by rows of stone laid on the grass; their furniture a bit of paper and a rusty tin pail, which they fill at the fountain, and call tea. Here, staggering up the walk, encumbered by a woman's dress, the hem of which has been torn away, encumbered yet further by the inevitable baby, and the cares of a bow-legged other baby that cannot support itself on its unsteady limbs without help, comes a nine-year-old creature *to play!* Poor little wretch, her idea of play differs from that of many children, but she enjoys her damaged sample of sport, knowing nothing of better. She is followed by several children from her court, and now she settles them here and there on the grass, and makes ready for a rare treat, for which she prepared and manœuvred all day yesterday. She has entrusted a precious treasure to yonder Sarah Jane, who had no babies to bring. See her little face change; disappointment of the bitterest is hers; she turns to another playmate, "O, Mary Anne, she's went and left *the* party!"

The party! bless us! it was but a dry crust and a carrot, but it was to serve for many glorious and unnameable luxuries known only through the pastry cook's window, but now Sarah Jane has left *the* party, and the glory of this long anticipated day has vanished. We imagine, from Sarah Jane's look, that in the shadow of that tattered and draggled straw bonnet, she has yielded to temptation—and eaten "*the* party!"

But the woes of lost parties are not the only ones known on the meadows; here for instance, are two children whose mother has left them early, with little to wear and less to eat, while she goes to

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some rough work; small children they are, "so little that each seemed the littlest;" after a long while they both began crying, and when people stopped to ask what the trouble was, the piteous complaint was that "mammy had runned away." After noonday had long passed, the delinquent mammy returned. "She was not," said the keen little maid, my informant, "a mother worth crying for, but she was all they had; and she went off with them, one hanging to each side of her petticoat."

As each hour passes, the meadow grows busier; the side allotted to the washing is now white with clothes; among the bleaching linen, sit little family groups, the mother with sleeves rolled above the elbow, nursing her baby, the elder children crouching around her, and all of them eating dinner brought in a bent and dingy pail. Those who came earliest to the bleaching, begin now to dry their clothes; a busy group of women and girls surrounds the fountain; each has her basket of linen, and each a pail, wherein the garments are rinsed, one by one. All through the forest of stout clothes posts, deft hands wind the ropes in their places, and now the washings, white and colored, cotton and woollen, are fluttering in the breeze.

By five o'clock most of the washing is finished, and the bleaching green is given over to the flocks of children, the sheep have settled to the west end of the meadows, and the cows have rambled toward home. Groups of ladies pass in gay clothing. Nurse maids come wheeling carriages of babies; children in ruffles, ribbons, and white aprons, appear with hoops, dolls, and toy carts.

The seats are now occupied by lookers on at the games, and the games themselves are in full swing; as by enchantment the meadows are covered with rejoicing knots of pleasure seekers. Cricket seems a favorite sport. At least twenty different clubs are busy at their game. Here is a club of experts—they have white clothes, leggins, gloves, parti-colored caps, splendid bats and balls—all the paraphernalia of cricket in style. Next them play a squad of ragged and bare foot boys, with bats of their own manufacture, wretched reminiscences of defunct hats on their heads, no gloves, and a ball of ravelled stocking yarn; but O, so jolly are they as they shout and run, and dispute, and ape the airs of their neighbors. Here is a club of soldiers from the barracks, playing cricket; you can tell them rods off by their athletic, erect figures, and the red coats piled on the green sward. Red may be a bad color for hitting, but it livens up streets, churches, pleasure grounds, and public places amazingly. On a dull day, when all is fog color, and leaves, houses, people, sky, and mental tone have all got into the dismals, a pair of soldiers in this flaming red, touched off with gilt cords, are a sight to be thankful for.

Here, too, we find a club of half a dozen amateurs; wee boys in petticoats, none of them five years old; they play with fairy bats, and among them stands sister or governess book in hand, superintending the sport. Running and leaping, batting, screaming, knocking down wickets, and flying after balls, the cricketers are enough to keep the meadow lively; but there are other games beside.

To the north of the cricketers two clubs of football players have possession. One band wear red caps, and have their limits defined by red flags; a rival party flaunt blue as their distinguishing color. Here the fun is fast and furious; the huge light balls fly far up in the air, or whirl away beyond bounds; here the football drops among a party of nursemaids, who have lingered too near the sport, and they scatter with shrill shrieks of feigned alarm; here it carries away the bonnet of some dame who is risking a short cut to her nearest gossip's dwelling, and anon it demolishes the hat of a perambulating burgher. Into and beyond the boundary wall, among yon cricketers, carrying excitement into that squad of youngsters, bombarding the skirts of stray promenaders, goes the football, and after it, shouting, plunging, sweating, scrambling, go the players; now the ball rises high in answer to the unostentatious kick of an adept; here an important youth swings his arms, makes a long run, looks unut-

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terable things, launches his foot, and rolls over ingloriously, while the ball remains *in statu quo*, for some other tyro's attacking.

In this corner, kite flying is the favorite sport; here again, a rough group from some factory are exercising themselves by hopping on one leg, picking up and tossing stones meanwhile.

Along the shaded walks near the Lover's Loan, bicycles flash toward the southwest meadow where Golf playing is in progress. "The noble game of Golf," once the sport of kings, and yet much liked by substantial citizens and men of renown, who have their "Golf Clubs," their "Golf Dinners," and their "Golf Tavern." Golf is played with white balls, about two inches in diameter, and "Golf sticks." These sticks are of the length and general appearance of canes, but instead of the knot head or curved handle of the cane, is a curved and twisted half-inch broad iron blade; these blades vary a little in shape, some being of a shallow curve for striking the ball on the open ground, others deeper, for extracting it from the holes which are scattered over the Golf ground for its accommodation. Practice makes perfect in Golf as in other things, and the experienced player sends his ball wonderful lengths with one swing of his stick.

Smooth plats of the meadows are set off for Bowling, a game much affected by fathers of families, and stout bankers and brokers after late dinners. As the Golf men come to their sport in state, with boys bearing their balls and sticks, so the players of Bowls arrive with due decorum, preceded by a man with a wheelbarrow, laden with a dozen bowls and several bits of oilcloth. It is worth while for those of us who come from a land where *paterfamilias* is ever too busy and too bored to conjugate the excellent verb *s'amuser*, to notice this bowling. The players smoke and chat, and watch the straight bowls, and "the twisters," encourage, advise, or condemn the last man who bowled, try their own luck, and amble over the "green" to see how near they came to "hitting." As the game closes, and the bowls stand thickly about the white ball, Gladstone's last appointment of unorthodox professors, the speech of the man who is running for Parliament, the state of commotion in Spain, the pilgrimages in France, and the recent deliverance of the Infallible, are forgotten in the absorbing questions, how many bowls can be scattered by the next play, and which side is doing the best.

Golf and Bowls seem delivered over to those whom courtesy calls *gentlemen;* certain athletes, and steady parents among the working classes, delight in a game which erst called forth the shouts of beholders in a classic land, called by them throwing the *discus*, by our own college lads *quoits*, and here, popularly, *kites.* But such quoits! enough we should say to lift one, not to mention throwing it for twenty yards. Not less than fifty lookers on are to be found at the quoit playing, usually more, for the feats here are indeed wonderful; the great rings are lifted high, balanced, and swung with strength and skill, at yon mark, a bit of white paper in a carefully prepared bed of mud. He who plays quoits must needs be indifferent to the development and cleanliness of his hands for the time being.

As the quoit playing destroys the grass, and needs beds of soft clay, an especial portion of the meadow, south of the Archery Ground is assigned to it.

But now we come to the beautiful sport, the royal game, the goodly recreation—Archery. The Archery Ground is fenced off from the east meadow. The gates are not locked, nor are the sheep excluded, but here are seats for the bands of the Highlanders, and the artillery, which play here two hours on Saturday afternoons, and the Archery Ground is sacred from all other games, unless it is the housekeeping play of the poor little maids who love to cluster under the trees.

The Archer's Club presents a noble appearance, coming with conscious importance to their sport. Two serving men with hand-carts bring seats and targets; the Archers wear each a long eagle's feather in cap, and are further distinguished by the bows and quivers. They look like "picked men," as handsome a

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set as you will see on a summer's day. Wander about among the other games as you please, when you draw near the Archery Ground when archery is in progress, you must perforce tarry for a while. Here is a seat under a broad beech tree. The attitudes of the archers are picturesque—the arrows fly through the air, the beech leaves rustle and sigh; you think of ancient days, of Robin Hood and his jolly band, of hunters of the early time; westward fantastic clouds gather about the sunset, and among them goes Diana, with quiver on shoulder, and bow in hand, and the golden-haired god of the chase has come out of a purple tent, and you see by the flash of his eye that he has at last set out to slay the bears big and little, who have so long lain growling above the northern Pole.

Lower and lower dips the sun; birds have found their nests, and children have stolen away; the lovers have ceased to pace the Loan, the shouts of the players are hushed; again the sheep lie like daisied knowls in the grass, the drip of the fountain times the falling of the dews, and night and silence hold their own throughout the People's Park.

THE HARPERS OF MIN-Y-DON.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS, AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

LEWIS returned to the "Yellow Dragon" more sick at heart than he had ever been in his life before. At night, when the house was still, he sat at his garret window, looking down upon the river and the wide-spread city, most desolate and hopeless. The whole of that day his bitterness and passion had been for himself. While the terrible truth was so new and known only to him, he was so stung by it he scarcely had sense left to think how it would affect others. He had a vague feeling that soon or late the shock must reach them; but, as it would have to be through him, that also drove his thoughts back to himself.

One companion he had known through all his life, and had given up his time to him without regret; for one poor master he had labored without hope of more reward than his own pleasure in his toil; and now that companion, surrounded by friends, disowned him; that master, no longer poor, refused to remember his debt to the servant no longer needed. Thus Lewis, in his youth and sense of helplessness, complained to his stricken soul all that day and far into the night.

But as the silence deepened over the city, and heaven opened innumerable tender eyes upon the lonely watcher, his old affection for his father and comrade again pleaded to him in his behalf. Again he put the bitter evidences of Iolo's deception indignantly from him, and determined again to seek him with a more trusting and hopeful heart. He recalled the happy days that they had spent together; he remembered the never-failing gentleness of Iolo to the weak ones at Min-y-don; he considered the fearful temptation of that cup of fame and flattery and pleasure—once tasted by Iolo in his youth—being again put to his lips. The tender, fostering mercy of the old for the young filled the poor lad's heart, and made it yearn towards his father as a parent's to his child.

All that day his thought—his half resolution—had been to shake the dust of London from his feet, and go back to Mim-y-don; to earn, alone, bread for Iolo's family henceforth, leaving the false heart to its own joy or bitterness.

In the stillness of the night following that miserable day, other ideas came to him. Rest and fresh air, and peaceful stars and breaths, and glances of intense prayerfulness stilled the panting of his

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