

citement. It was very late that night when he reached his bed; and how he got there at all, and what precisely had happened, except, indeed, that he had somewhere picked up a splitting headache, was, for some time after he awoke the next morning, very confusedly remembered.

Mr. Flint, upon reflection, was by no means so exultant as the worthy shoemaker. The odd mode of packing away a deed of such importance, with no assignable motive for doing so, except the needless awe with which Sowerby was said to have inspired his feeble-spirited client, together with what Caleb had said of the shattered state of the deceased's mind after the interview with Mrs. Warner's daughter, suggested fears that Sowerby might dispute, and perhaps successfully, the validity of this last will. My excellent partner, however, determined, as was his wont, to put a bold face on the matter; and first clearly settling in his own mind what he should and what he should *not* say, waited upon Mr. Sowerby. The news had preceded him, and he was at once surprised and delighted to find that the nervous, crest-fallen attorney was quite unaware of the advantages of his position. On condition of not being called to account for the moncys he had received and expended, about £1200, he destroyed the former will in Mr. Flint's presence, and gave up at once all the deceased's papers. From these we learned that Mr. Lisle had written a letter to Mrs. Warner, stating what he had done, and where the will would be found, and that only herself and Jennings would know the secret. From infirmity of purpose, or from having subsequently determined on a personal interview, the letter was not posted; and Sowerby subsequently discovered it, together with a memorandum of the numbers of the bank notes found by Caleb in the secret drawer—the eccentric gentleman appears to have had quite a mania for such hiding-places—of a writing-desk.

The affair was thus happily terminated: Mrs. Warner, her children, and sister, were enriched, and Caleb Jennings was set up in a good way of business in his native place, where he still flourishes. Over the centre of his shop there is a large nondescript sign, surmounted by a golden boot, which, upon close inspection, is found to bear some resemblance to a huge bureau chest of drawers, all the circumstances connected with which may be heard, for the asking, and in much fuller detail than I have given, from the lips of the owner of the establishment, by any lady or gentleman who will take the trouble of a journey to Watley for that purpose.

#### VILLAGE LIFE IN GERMANY.

##### THE CLUB.

LESMONA possesses a club. Its meetings are suspended during summer, but are resumed as autumn wanes. Professedly, it is a whist club; but card-playing is in reality the least of its objects, its chief intention being to cultivate a kindly feeling among the inhabitants of the village and the neighborhood, by bringing them periodically together. I was duly balloted for

and admitted. On the Friday evening after this honor was conferred on me, I was introduced. The meetings were held in Meyerholz's inn, and in the same apartment which had served as a ball-room. Here I found a dozen or fifteen of the notabilities of the place assembled. In a short time they assorted themselves, and sat down, some to whist, some to chess, while others contented themselves with looking on. The points at whist were fixed at a *grote*, about equivalent to a halfpenny—any higher play would have been considered gambling, and would have been regarded with extreme disfavor. Doctor W——'s phrase, "To be, or not to be," was, I now found, the usual signal for the end as well as the beginning of the game. Wine, and still more commonly beer, were imbibed during the course of it. The wine usually drank in that part of the world is French wine—St. Julian or some other Bordeaux wine is the commonest. Rhenish wine is very rare. Some indulged in what they called "groggs"—a "grog" is a small tumbler of brandy-punch. Almost all smoked; indeed the pastor of the village was the only person in it who never did. The pipe was much preferred to the cigar, the smoke from the latter being apt to be troublesome when the hands are engaged. Of course the pipe was the long German one, consisting of mouth-piecc, flexible tube, polished or cherry-tree stem, schwammdose or receiver, and the more or less ornamented head or bowl. Since I am speaking of pipes, I may mention that in Germany every smoker possesses several—and these, of course, vary much in length, calibre, and value. There is abundant opportunity of displaying the owner's taste. Some have their armorial bearings painted on the bowl. Among students, again, it is common to present a friend with a bowl bearing one's likeness, the said likeness being a *silhouette* or shade in profile. There are, of course, all the other varieties of bowl; some have female figures, others landscapes or public buildings, others the likenesses of well-known characters—John Ronge was rather a favorite at the time I speak of. As to the stem, the most esteemed are those of the cherry-tree, brought from the Vistula. These stems disengage a pleasant odor.

But to return. "To be, or not to be," says Dr. W—— as he rises. The rest of the party finish their games, and think of supper. It is a slight repast; each orders what he chooses, and there is no set table. A beefsteak or a sandwich are the most common viands. The German expression for sandwich, by the way, is rather circumlocutory—the literal translation of it is, "a butter-bread-with-meat;" it is like some of the other composite terms in that language which strike a beginner as being so odd—*hand-shoes*, for instance, or *finger-hat*, for gloves and a thimble.

The club used to meet every Friday. Each alternate week, however, we had what was called a ladies' club. On these occasions, the female portions of the families of members were entitled to be present. The only other difference was, that, when ladies came, the gentlemen abstained

from smoking pipes, and confined themselves to cigars.

But it is time to break up. Cloaks and great-coats are donned. There is a lighting of lanterns, for the roads are dark, and some of us have a considerable way to go. We separate with a simultaneous "Good-night—may you sleep well."

#### A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A temperance meeting was announced as being about to be held at a village called Blumenthal, situated a few miles from Lesmona. On the appointed day, I proceeded thither with some friends. On our arrival at the place, we found a large canvas-covered booth erected on the border of an extensive wood; this booth was open on every side, being meant as a protection only against the rays of the sun. Adjacent was an inn, a solitary house, the village being at some little distance. Entering here, I was not a little surprised to find the majority of the promoters of temperance drinking wine. It was just ten o'clock of the forenoon. The fact, however, was, first, that many had come from a considerable distance, and stood in need of some refreshment, and secondly, that the pledge given on entering the society went no further than a promise to abstain from ardent spirits. Total abstinence seems not to find much favor in Germany, and the efforts of the Mässigkeit-Verein are directed almost entirely against the use of the deadly *branntwein* of the country. This *branntwein* is made from the potato, and is not merely intoxicating, but, even in small quantities, is of a most pernicious effect on the human system, destroying the stomach, and affecting the nerves, even when far from being indulged in to any thing like excess.

At last the meeting began. A clergyman opened it with a short prayer, and then the assembly sang a temperance hymn. The air to which it was adapted was no other than our National Anthem—which, by the way, the Germans fondly but erroneously claim as a German composition. Then came the usual succession of speeches, then another hymn, and then the meeting, it being past noon, adjourned for dinner. The meal was served in the inn, and also in booths similar to that constructed for the meeting; but many had brought their provisions with them, and stretched themselves on the turf under the shade of the forest. Altogether—and especially as a large number of women had attended, and these of all classes, from the peasant in gaudy colors to the more simply-dressed lady—the scene was most picturesque: it looked like a picnic on a great scale. After dinner, there were more speeches and more music. The speeches tired me, and I wandered into the wood, where I found the music much improved by being heard at a distance. The fact is, that the country people in this part of Germany are any thing but the proficient in music, which, according to the idea commonly entertained on the subject in Britain, all Germans are. They, on the contrary, know scarcely any thing whatever of the art; even in the churches, part-singing is un-

known. While I was at Lesmona, the pastor of that place had indeed begun to instruct the children of his parish in psalmody, and, as he is perfectly competent to do so, a change may ultimately be effected; but in my time the church music was absolutely painful to listen to; the vocal was deafening and discordant, and, as for the instrumental, I shall not to my dying day forget the inhuman turn which old Mr. Müller the organist introduced, and with evident complacency, too, at the end of every two or three bars. Even among the upper classes in the country, music is but scantily cultivated. In Lesmona, for instance, one family, and one alone, paid any attention to the art. That family, however—all its members included—had attained to a very high degree of excellence in it. In the large towns, on the other hand, the case is very different. In Bremen, for example, I heard the Paulus of Mendelssohn given entirely by amateurs, and both in the choruses, and in the solos, the finish of the performance was perfect. In the neighborhood of Hamburg, too, I have met small companies of workmen from the town enjoying a short walk into the country, and singing in parts with admirable precision and *ensemble*.

But to return to Blumenthal. The meeting at last broke up. As soon as it did, a fire balloon was sent up. What connection, however, this had with the objects of the assembly, I never was able to ascertain.

Since I have introduced the word Verein—union, or society—I may notice one of another kind, a branch of which had its head-quarters at Lesmona. I mean the Gustavus-Adolphus Society. Its object is to unite by a common bond the common Protestantism of Germany. I have not heard lately of its progress and success, but I always greatly doubted of its possibility, and am convinced it can not endure, on its original footing at least. On what common ground (unless it be a negative one, and that is worth nothing), can the evangelical party and the rationalists take their stand? Even while I was in Lesmona, the elements of discord had begun to show themselves; for in that remote nook were found keen partisans; and it was only by a compromise effected with the greatest difficulty that the Lesmona branch of the union did not fall to pieces before it was completely established. And, as for the compromise, such things never last long.

#### EVENING PARTIES.

I found the inhabitants of Lesmona exceedingly hospitable. It is the custom in that part of the world for any new-comer to pay a visit to those people of the place, to whom he desires to make himself known. It is in their option to return the visit or not. If the visit is not returned, it is understood that the honor and pleasure and so forth of your visit is declined; if, on the contrary, even a card is left for you within a few days, you may count on the friendship of the family.

One of the first visits I made was to Dr. W—.

As is usual, I was offered coffee and a cigar. When they were finished, and my small-talk exhausted, I took my leave, after what I thought a somewhat stiff interview. Indeed I almost regretted I had gone. So much for first impressions. I changed my mind, when within a very few days I received a kind invitation to an evening party at the worthy doctor's house. Doctor W——, as I found out when I came to know him, was quite a *character*. Bred to the bar, he was soon found totally unqualified for his profession, from the extraordinary benevolence of his nature. Instead of seeking for practice, he did all he could to prevent his clients from going to law. The consequence was, that, whatever may have been the rewards of his conscience, his profession gave him but few. Finding, therefore, that he had mistaken his vocation, and that his purse remonstrated strongly against his continuing in the pursuit of forensic distinction, he wisely abandoned the line he had at first chosen, and accepted the post of chief custom-house-officer on the frontier of Hanover and Bremen. Here, modestly but comfortably settled, he gave his leisure hours to the study of history, and, in a congenial retirement, soon found himself quite happy. He soon became remarkable for the accuracy of his information, and more especially for his acquaintance with minute points and details. Thus, for example, when on his return from his journey to Marienbad, to which I have already alluded, he visited the town and field of battle of Leipsic, he found himself as much at home, with regard to the topography, as did the very guide he had engaged to point out the places rendered famous by the great fight.

On the evening appointed, I duly made my appearance in Madame W——'s saloon or drawing-room. It was the handsomest I saw in the country, and possessed a carpet. In general, this article, so indispensable to English comfort, is represented, and that indeed but barely, by a few straw mats scattered about. Tea was handed round. This the Germans drink with cream, or wine, or neither. It is esteemed a great luxury, as it costs dear, but they make it so weak, that there is not an old woman in England who would not regard it with contempt. After tea, we began to play at what they call company-games. Many of these are identical with our own inn-door amusements. Thus, they have hide-the-handkerchief, blind-man's-buff (which they call the *blind cow*), and many others. One, however, seems to me quite peculiar, not merely to Germany, but to this part of it. It is called *Luitye lebt noch*—literally, *the little fellow is still alive*. *Luitye* is Plattdeutsch, or low German, the dialect, as I have already said, of this district. The game is played thus: The party form a circle. Some splints of wood, three or four inches long, have been provided. One of these is lighted, and blown out again in a few seconds. This is *luitye*. There is, of course, for some little time, a part of the charcoal which remains red. The stick is passed from hand to hand,

each player, as he gives it to his neighbor, exclaiming, "*Luitye lebt noch!*" He or she in whose hands it is finally extinguished has to pay a forfeit. No one can refuse it when offered; and one of the most amusing parts of the matter is to hold *luitye*—the little fellow—till he is on the very point of expiring, and then to force him on the person next you, so that he goes out before he can get him further. It is, however, more amusing still, when he who would thus victimize his friend delays too long, and is himself caught.

After this, and some other German games, which I did not much enjoy, as they consisted chiefly in the repetition of certain formal phrases, without much meaning, we acted charades—not very successfully, I must admit. Then we seated ourselves round a table, in the middle of which a piece of light cotton was placed. At this we all began to blow fiercely, and a tempest arose, on which the cotton was tossed about in all directions. When it finally found refuge on the person of any of us, the recipient was condemned to a forfeit. This game is entertaining enough, and was carried on amidst much boisterous puffing and laughing, till suddenly the cotton mysteriously disappeared. It appeared it had actually been carried into the open mouth of a gentleman, whose powers had been so severely taxed that he had lost his wind. This put an end to the amusement, and we proceeded to draw the forfeits.

Then we had supper. It was a less substantial and more judicious meal than I had generally seen in the neighborhood. It was also a more ambitious one; not a few of the dishes were disguised with the artistic skill which is the pride of modern cookery. In particular, I remember that I accepted a spoonful of what I thought was a composition of raspberries, strawberries, and red currant jelly. It turned out to be a sort of hashed lobster pickle. Shortly after supper we broke up.

In such parties, I should remark that all present took part in them, from the oldest to the youngest. What distinguished them most, besides this, was a kind of homely cheerfulness that was quite delightful. Every one came in good humor, and resolved to enjoy himself. And in this it was very evident all succeeded. I never saw any dancing at any of these soirées, and rarely was there any music. When, however, there was any of the latter, it was excellent. I shall not soon forget the way in which the music of Schiller's "Founding of the Bell" was performed by some of my Lesmona and Ritterhude friends.

#### A PEEP AT THE "PERAHARRA."

OF the religious festivals of the Buddhists of Ceylon, that known as the Peraharra is the most important. It is observed at Kandy, the capital of the ancient kings of Ceylon, and at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the Saffragam district. Few good Buddhists will be absent from these religious observances; and whole families may be seen journeying on foot for many