

quite content, but if we were left without the law and officers destruction would no doubt overtake these bodies of clay before we could leave the city.

Respectfully yours,

J. T. TANNER.

ORANGEBURG CITY, Orangeburg Co.,
S. C., Jan. 20, 1893.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

PARIS, Jan. 7, 1893. British pensioners in old Chelsea Hospital, London, when desiring to be particularly sarcastic regarding the quality of their food, say that "Every sheep killed for Chelsea has nine breasties!"—that is, somehow the officers' messes secure all the legs of mutton, while the pensioner privates get only the ribs and briskets. However this may be, the record is for long life to the pensioner after he enters this noble monument to the generosity of pretty Nell Gwynne. There is one old fellow, William Merrill, late of the 31st Foot, who has seen over forty years' actual service in the British army, and who has been a pensioner at Chelsea for nearly a quarter of a century. He is now in his ninety-third year, and is not only as spry as many youths of twenty, but he also enjoys a peculiar distinction.

He has been chased, so Chelseans relate, more miles by irate Thomas Carlyle, than by any foe afield. These gay old pensioners haunt the shadowy lanes and avenues of Chelsea for new larking grounds at public houses, or for grateful gossipings with glib-tongued housemaids; and ancient "uncle William" formed a decided fondness for a red-cheeked serving woman employed at 24, formerly 5, Great Cheyne Row, the home of the great philosopher and scold. "Uncle William" took up his station unabashed at Carlyle's house area-railing until the grizzled author of *Sartor Resartus* could stand it no longer. He went down to him and expostulated. The British son of Mars answered in no humble spirit. Beside himself with rage Carlyle grabbed his walking-stick, and chased uncle William to the very Hospital bounds. The next day serene and calm the pensioners was found in his accustomed place. Carlyle sallied forth again. Thereafter—until the housemaid was given her wages and a "character"—these daily retreats and pursuits were offered as inspiring scenes to Chelseans. "We could almost set our clocks by them," related one good old lady, "and I often thought it was fine exercise both for Uncle William and Carlyle, dear souls!"

In my various wanderings in southern France and northern Spain I have come among a folk who, according to the superstitious belief of other peasantry of the regions, are regarded as outlawed souls, debarred from mingling with other humankind, because of some old, long ago physical curse or taint placed by devil-leagued sprites upon their ancestors. They live among the Pyrenees, and Aquitanian mountains and valley countries both sides of them, especially in Spanish Galicia, Navarre, Huesca, Serida and Gerona, in the French Heutes Pyrenees, Gascony, Guenne, Poitou, and sparsely in Brittany. The strange folk are called *Cagots*.

The name is derived from *canis Gothicus*, or Gothic dog. For a long time these people were confounded with the *Cretins*, those goitered, rickety and leprous dwarfs of northern Spain and

southern France. But the *Cagots* are another folk entirely. They have large, bony, muscular forms, well-shaped skulls, almost Grecian noses, fine, blonde hair, blue eyes and fair, pinky complexions with large but expressive mouths and regular, perfect teeth. It is believed that the *Cagots* descend from the Aryan Goths. Wherever they live away from the Pyrenees, in France or Spain, these marked and shunned people are variously called *Calliberts*, *Caquins*, *Cacoas* and *Cahets*. For a thousand years they were superstitiously avoided by all other inhabitants near them.

They were despised, persecuted, maltreated, regarded socially and legally as outcasts, and the superstition of darker times attributed to them all manner of foulness. They were believed to be witches; *nuviers*, or raisers of the storms and tempests, the Spanish peasantry called them. Every dark deed possible was within their power. They exhaled noxious odors. They bred pestilences and epidemics. They were companions of cats and owls, and could see in the night like them. They were completely and absolutely ostracised, and compelled to live alone, or in quarters by themselves, and in towns and cities whenever they made their appearance, they were obliged to wear a scarlet cloth, that all others might avoid them. Down until the seventeenth century it was not considered a crime to kill a *Cagot*, if he offended.

Perhaps it is the wizard witchery of Scott, as poet and novelist, perhaps the radiant romance of all Scottish borderland, but you never tire of tender Tweedvale and its sweetly-flowing stream. You are not the first to feel this. The old monks loved the valley and dotted the Tweedsides with splendid monasteries. Their grazing-lands were the richest, their cattle the finest, their grain of the plumpest kernel, their fruit the sweetest in all Britain. Tradition has it that the fine old apple-orchards still standing here were planted by these cowed and sandaled folk. That must have been hundreds of years ago. But these rare old trees are big, gnarled and gray enough for that. Little hamlets have grown up within and about these ancient orchards. Weavers' villages they once were. The clack of the dusty loom is now still; but they are quaint old nests housing quaint old folk, who have ripened and mellowed in these sunny places along the Tweed, until they fit into their orchard environment as the orchards themselves blend with the restful landscape.

If you have wandered up and down the Tweed, perhaps of all these braeside nests you have found *Gattonside*, by *Melrose*, the dreamiest and quaintest. Leaving the glorious abbey to your right you saunter along a shadowy road over-arched with Scotch firs and beeches, cool and fragrant. On the one side is ancient *St. Cuthbert's* and a moss-grown mill and dam. Tiny fields with tidily-stocked grain rise in patches of yellow, gray and green on the other. At the end of the vista now and then flashes the blue of the Tweed. Then an old suspension bridge is crossed. Above and below, anglers stand waist deep in the river, and a few carts are taking gravel from its shining bed.

A little farther on groups of old peasant-women, pausing now and then to bless the Covenanters or boil a new bree

from an old scandal, are cutting thistles and weeds with sickles at the waterside. These brambles will be dried to help piece out the meager fuel in the near winter days. At the village edge the road ends; or rather blends into a score of century-beaten paths; for *Gattonside* has no street. Each of its thatched houses, as if with a touch of Scotch obstinacy, sets its face towards its own liking, but all have the Tweed and its songs just below them, and every one has its orchard enclosed with a yellow or white sinuous wall. Huge as oaks are these knotted old apple trees, but their well-pruned branches are bending even to the cottage-roofs with such loads of "rosy-cheekit" apples, that their scarlet blends strangely with the red tiles, and gives the whole village the appearance of a gorgeous cloak spread upon the emerald of the hill-side. When the blossoms are lush in the spring-time what a glory of color must lie under the sun here in old *Gattonside*!

If men live in the village your keenest gaze cannot find them. It is shopless, save where in one little window "sweeties" of ancient make and flavor are exposed. It is kirkless; and not but the sound of the old abbey bell from a mile away at *Melrose* disturbs the wondrous quiet of the place. All doors are open to all in Scotland, and you peer into this cottage and that. The incarnation of sweetness and cleanliness, but no human, is beheld. Here is an old school-house, deserted and silent. An orchard was its play-ground, but a few sheep are grazing among its tender grasses now.

Unconsciously you have begun to tip-toe through the hamlet, for it seems as though even a foot-fall might break the spell of silence and repose; and you pass on to reach the rough, red road that leads to the primeval forest beyond. But no, here is such a quaint old cottage that you halt again. Something like an arched front from which rises a huge chimney arrests your attention. On either side of the chimney is a tiny pane of glass. You peep into one and see the oddest ingle-nook in all Scotland. A huge arch sustaining the bowed wall of the cottage and the chimney above encloses a cavernous fire place. At each side of this a settle of stone is built in the bow beneath the arch. The panes of glass are little out-looks from this pleasant fortalice of snugger.

Opposite to the one into which you are peering an old, old woman is asleep. She has been knitting and looking and dreaming out through the apple-boughs across the sunlight valley. Her white old face is as white as her white old "mutch" cap. She had knit to the middle of her needle, and then fallen asleep. But her thin old hands hold the needles upright and clenched, as though duty lasted beyond consciousness, and her cat has come to the opposite settle to stare at the silent face; as if doubtful of the meaning when the clicking needles stopped. This is the only soul you have found in *Gattonside* among the apple orchards and their sunshine by the Tweed.

Savans dig and peck away for remnants of the cast-off shells of lost races and ages in all the lands fringing the Mediterranean. Yet at Carnac, in the very Brittany of Brittany, and at the very threshold of Europe, are imperishable remains of the activities of people and a time so remote that archaeologists