

THROUGH A TORNADO.

A Tale of Adventure on a Louisiana Plantation.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The tornado lasted but a few moments, then softened down to a mere gale, which continued for a half-hour. Lawrence found himself half-buried under a heap of fragmentary things, branches, sticks, leaves and what not in the midst of fallen trees. He arose with difficulty, still holding Lucie, now limp and motionless, in his arms. The clouds were as black as ink and rushing low overhead. He could not see well enough to know whether she was living or dead.

Where was he? He tried to gaze around, but there was nothing in view save the jagged outlines of splintered tree-poles, upturned roots and heaps of branches. In every direction his way was blocked. With a groan he sank to the ground, pillowing the girl's head on his knees.

"Lucie! Lucie!" he called, "speak to me, dear, speak. Are you hurt?" Her heart was beating, but she did not move or speak.

Again the panther began to howl and rage; but another heavy throb of the gale seemed to force it into silence. The lightning was threading the clouds in the distance, and by the reflected light Lawrence saw how pale Lucie was.

The panther seemed to be whetting its teeth and lashing itself in a ecstatic rage. It was so near that every movement of its feet and every stroke of its jaws when it opened and shut its mouth could be distinctly heard as the wind fell away.

The track of that hurricane is still to be seen in the hummock woods of the Teche country. It is a narrow opening, as straight and otherwise not unlike the line of a railway clearing. The young trees that have grown up in it are of different general form from those the wind destroyed, and the ancient forest walls on each side of it show that the irresistible current of the storm was less than 200 feet wide. Lawrence found himself on one edge of this path of destruction.

With amazing rapidity the clouds were swept on and away, leaving the sky clear and bright, with the moon swimming along white and brilliant amid the stars.

Trembling, nervous, every bone in his body and limbs a center of pain, his flesh torn and bruised, the young man tried to push back the girl's tangled hair. He stooped and kissed her white brow; then, gathering force again, called loudly:

"Help! help! halloo! halloo!" "But, Mars, I can't help nothin' ner nobody. Dey's er tree on de tip top of 'er pynson, an' er hol'n' me down. I can't mek 'er," responded Tom, a negro of the place.

Lawrence yelled again and again, though each effort racked him with indescribable torture, so bruised and torn was he. Then the panther reboiled with cries and ripped the fat on branches with its claws.

Such a strain was not to be borne long. Lawrence struggled with fine courage and desperate resolution, but presently his eyes were blurred, his head reeled, and he fell over insensible.

It may have been the slight but decided shock to her head when, as Lawrence fainted, Lucie was let fall from his knees, or it may have been a mere coincidence between his failure and her revival; at all events, the girl lifted herself to a sitting posture, and, wavering weakly to and fro, gazed around with a pained, confused stare.

Not far away, in some low, sheltered tangle of greenery beyond the track of the wind a mocking bird ventured to trill faintly a phrase or two of its weirdly sweet no tune.

The moon shone down through the awful rift in the forest upon the pallid and bewildered face of the girl.

"Oh, oh!" she cried. "Oh—oh, mother!" It was the call of child to parent, the old, old cry of helplessness, and it rang through the crushed wilderness with infinite pathos in its quaver.

She pressed her hands across her face, tried to rise, looked down; then started and screamed. The upturned face of Martin Lawrence was gleaming strongly in the moonlight.

"Dat yo' Miss Lucie?" called Tom. "Dat yo' ober dat? Is yo' hurt, honey?" "Tom! Oh, Tom, come, come! quick, quick!"

"Bress de Lord!" There was a sound of struggling muscles and tugging limbs. With the power of a giant the negro was wrenching himself from under the weight that held him down.

The panting snarls of the old man-eater were not so loud now; but they were terribly distinct.

Tom came stumbling and tumbling over logs and boughs and drifted heaps of debris toward the spot where Lucie sat.

"Wha' is yo', honey? Wha' is yo' Miss Lucie?"

"Here, here, get it!"

"Look out fo' cat paynter! He close round 'er."

As he spoke he flourished a heavy club the fragment of a live oak limb thicker than a man's arm and four feet long as if it had been a mere plaything. His face was distorted with furious excitement.

Just then his eyes fell upon the panther, which was struggling feebly now with its entire hinder parts crushed under a heavy log dashed upon it by the hurricane. All around it the earth was torn with its mighty claws, and the bark and wood of the log were scorched and splintered where its teeth had ground them.

Tom started a moment.

"Oh, dat yo' is, yo' ole villyan!" he started forth. "Dat yo' is yo'! Get no' 'n yo' kin carry dis yo' time, has yo'? Well, I jes' gwine fo' ter sorry help yo' out."

He raised the club with both hands and advanced.

not move. Then, with the activity of a squirrel and the muscular force of a giant, he lifted the bludgeon once more and leaped forward. The blow that he delivered echoed heavily around, and was followed by many more.

"Take dat, yo' ole villyan! Take dat fo' what yo' ben or doin' all dis time!" He did not stop pounding away till every trace of life had left the huge beast.

CHAPTER III.

When Lawrence returned to consciousness he was resting on a low bed in one of the cabins of the negro quarter, and Lucie was bending over him. Many days had passed since the hurricane and meantime the young man had



"ALL AROUND THE EARTH WAS TORN."

lain almost like one dead. He was bruised and cut from head to foot; but he had saved Lucie, whose courage and self-forgetfulness under all the terrible circumstances were wonderful. She had seen her mother buried after being rescued in a dying condition from the wreck of the mansion, and had gone on without faltering in the care of her lover, with the thought of her father all the time in her mind.

Lawrence convalesced very fast, but no sooner was he out of danger than Lucie's strength gave way and she fell ill.

Meantime one evening up rode Col. de Vigny, with Star still in fair condition, though a trifle lame. The Colonel had made the journey to New Orleans and back. He was indescribably grieved and broken up by the calamity that had befallen his household. Such pain as he must have suffered is best left untold, even if words could do it just.

When he arrived he carried a small leather saddle-bag at the horn of his saddle—Lawrence's saddle, in fact—and in this he had brought gold and scrip to pay the Philadelphia claim. He found Lawrence, pale and haggard, watching by Lucie's bedside, and business was forgotten in the awful grief of the hour.

It was the overseer who thought of skinning the panther and dressing its hide to be kept as proof positive that the Teche Terror was no longer to be dreaded. The rug made of this skin may be seen to-day in a certain princely home on Rampart street in New Orleans.

Meantime, something had come to pass that must make a disagreeable spot in the surface of our story. It must be told, however, with but one value attaching to it, the value of truth. It comes in as a touch of genuine old-



"SAVE HIM A SEVERE FLOGGING."

time color. It was discovered after the storm was over that the negro boy Tom had run away just before it, and in that way only was he on hand to aid in Lucie's and Lawrence's rescue. So without consideration for the honor he rendered, the overseer tied him up and gave him a severe flogging. Of course Tom begged and howled and said that he would never run away again, but the conscientious overseer abated not one lash of all the allotted number. Tom was an old offender, one that the plegmatic functionary had merited down to be made a memorable example for the benefit of the other negroes.

But we are slipping away from our story. Let us get back to the thread of it.

When Lucie was sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of travel, Col. de Vigny chartered a small vessel by which he transported his daughter and his household slaves to New Orleans. The plantation hands he sent through by land in the care of the overseer. Lawrence was permitted to ship himself and Star as a part of the vessel's cargo, but he saw that Col. de Vigny was not over heavy in recording him that favor. The saddle-bag of money had been duly turned over to him, and the Colonel seemed more than willing to make this consummation the end of their familiarity, if not of their friendship.

Immediately on reaching New Orleans Lawrence and the de Vignys separated, and no quicker was she out of sight than the feeling stole into Lawrence's heart that he had lost her again. He tried to chaff at himself for giving room to such a idle fancy, but somehow it would not be pulled away. So unreal, in fact, seemed the experiences of the past few weeks, so out of the

normal limit of life as it usually comes to men, that he scarcely felt that he could expect the final outcome to be anything but unusual. No doubt the condition of his health had much to do with the state of his imagination; moreover, a man in love is apt to take a distorted view of small matters when they do not meet themselves with the subject affecting his heart.

Lawrence looked patiently through some intricate notarial affairs, and when everything necessary had been "signed, sealed, and delivered" he heaved a sigh of relief, went to his room, dressed himself with care, and calling a carriage ordered himself driven to the number given him by Lucie.

It was a solid and stately looking residence before which the carriage drew up. He thumped the door with his ponderous brass knocker, a trifle noisily, it must be said, and stood waiting. Strange that a man's heart should be so hard to control at such a time! Strange still that his fancy should weave in spite of him a web of fantastic expectations!

A servant opened the door. Was Mlle. de Vigny in?

No, she was not in. Where was she?

The servant did not know. She and her father had gone away, it was on a long journey—on a ship—to France, probably. The servant looked indifferent, his voice was inhospitable, but Lawrence pushed past him and went in.

"Tell your mistress," he said, "that I wish to see her."

A minute later a tall, serene-looking lady met him graciously, and informed him that Mlle. de Vigny and her father had sailed for France that very morning.

Lawrence caught a ray of subtle malignity darting from the narrow, placid eyes which were scanning him between their straight, motionless lashes.

"Madame," said he, "are you quite sure that they are gone?"

She lifted her brows a trifle, made some movement with her lips indicative of surprise mingled with polite contempt. When she spoke the effect of finality was perfectly conveyed by her voice.

"I am quite sure, monsieur; good-day."

The young man stood alone for a moment before going. Hat in hand, he looked down at the carpet and around the silent room, while his thoughts crushed themselves like a confused blur. A delicate waft of heliotrope touched his nostrils as it had on that day at the mountain hotel in Switzerland, and he felt as one might who should suddenly find himself left the sole inhabitant of the earth. A sense of enchantment, so to speak, gave absolute strangeness to the experience.

He turned and walked past the tidy, formal man servant out into the street, where his carriage was waiting. At the point of mounting into the vehicle he turned and cast his eyes over the stately facade of the house. At an upper window something white gleamed. It was a vision of beauty that followed, an apparition seen as if—

Through leagues of shimmering water like a star.

CHAPTER IV.

John A. Murrell and his influential coadjutors all through the Southwest had set up a state of affairs altogether anomalous. The history of mankind does not show another example of widespread and perfectly organized lawlessness to compare with it in boldness of design and accuracy of execution. Murrell appeared upon the scene in Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana a few years after Burr's scheme had come to naught, and he found that the arch conspirator, together with such men as Wilkinson on one hand and the La Fittes on the other, had educated a large constituency in the various branches of direct or indirect outlawry. This was just the wind for the great robber's sail, and how he utilized it is a matter of history. One effect of his organization was this: It became so formidable that even the officers of the law in many places were its tools, and the executions were controlled by it. Of course, a combination on so powerful intimidated the good and fascinated the bad. No person was strong enough to combat alone an influence so secret, yet so bold, so widespread, yet so invisible, so strong and yet so hard to discover. Men of otherwise spotless character were drawn into passive, if not active, relations with the robbers; and it soon came to pass that a large part of the commercial activities of the interior, especially those connected with New Orleans, were more or less controlled by Murrell and his men.

The coming of Martin Lawrence to New Orleans happened at a most sensitive point in the circle of illegal operations, although the young man was wholly ignorant of the fact. At that time Murrell's kingdom was toppling to its fall. The attention of government had been attracted to his doings in such a way that he was finding it difficult to quiet the fears and retain the confidence of his less desperate adherents. Now the affair that Lawrence had come to look after was on its face a mere breach of faith—a mild form of shrewd swindle; but it connected itself with certain operations involving enormous sums of money, and affecting the honor and, indeed, indirectly, the lives of some of the richest, most enterprising, influential, and highly respected men in the business circles of New Orleans.

The word went out, mysteriously if not electrically telegraphed through the city and country, that deep-laid plans were forming to expose and bring to grief the principal citizens who had directly or indirectly aided or abetted Murrell's schemes or shared his illegal gains. A quiet, terrible consternation seized many men who heretofore had lived in security and afluence.

Some who had gone no farther beyond the limit of propriety than to practice a little in the ways of the smuggler and the dealer in goods and chattels of questionable ownership were frightened almost to the point of offering themselves as state witnesses with the hope of securing pardon.

In as it might be said, this was he was innocent of any ulterior design beyond securing his client's money and righting up some records that had been tampered with. Lawrence went about feeling that the very atmosphere around him was heavy with mystery.

When upon turning at the bottom of the step and looking up he saw Lucie at a chamber window, it scarcely surprised him, so rapidly was his mind accommodating itself to his strange surroundings. The girl made sign to him to wait, and in a little time a note was placed in his hand by a little slave girl, who came round the outer wall of the court (which in those days was a part of almost every respectable creole residence in New Orleans), and lovingly delivered it.

He glanced at the window again, only to be motioned away by Lucie.

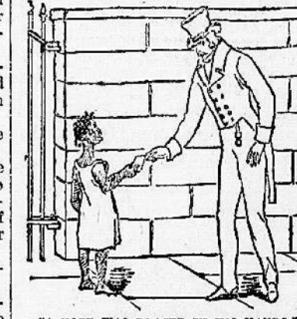
Nothing was left to him but to jump into his carriage and order the driver to take him back to the hotel. He tore the note open with some impatience and read in French:

"DEAR MARTIN: Do not berash. My father is not guilty. He is an honorable man; but his brother has drawn him into this thing unawares. Father fancies that you have a special desire to implicate and ruin him. Since the panther's death he seems to have shifted his mania to the subject of being imprisoned, and he imagines that you are working to incarcerate him. If I could see you I could tell you a great deal which I cannot put upon paper; but they will not let me see you, and have foolishly thought to evade you by their silly story of our flight to Europe. Be patient and prudent, and ever believe me your loving

LUCIE."

It did not take Lawrence long to arrive at the meaning of this, nor was he slow in setting Col. de Vigny's mind right, as nearly as that could be done, on the subject of arrest and imprisonment. Two or three stolen interviews with Lucie gave him the fullest knowledge of the situation, and showed him how to steer her father out of the complication.

Descendants of the Lawrence family—but, of course, that is not the real name—still live in New Orleans, where



"A NOTE WAS PLACED IN HIS HANDS."

up to about the beginning of the war of the rebellion Martin Lawrence was a distinguished lawyer and politician, and where in the city's famous cemetery a noble tomb marks the resting place of him and his always lovely and loving wife.

[THE END.]

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How Cyrus Laid the Cable.

In Harper's Weekly of Sept 11, 1858, there appeared the following capital ballad from the pen of John G. Saxe, the Green Mountain poet, and it is worthy of reproduction at this time:

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE

Come listen unto my song:
It is a silly fable;
'Tis all about the mighty cord
They call the Atlantic cable.

Bold Cyrus Field, he said, says he
"I have a pretty notion,
That I can lay a telegraph
Across the Atlantic ocean."

Then all the people laughed and said
They'd like to see him do it;
He might get his bones over, but
He never could go through it.

To carry out his foolish plan
He ne'er would be able;
He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man,
A fellow of good faith;
And he'd not let his meddling words
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
And yet his mind was stable;
He wa'n't the man to break his heart
Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried;
"Thrust mees—You know the fable!"
"It'll make it thirty," muttered he,
"But I will lay the cable!"

Once more they tried—hurrah! hurrah!
What means this great commotion?
The Lord be praised! the cable's laid
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Lord rang the bells—for flashing through
Six hundred leagues of water,
O'd Mother England's mission
Salute her best daughter.

O'er all the land the tidings speed,
And soon in every nation
They'll hear about the cable with
Profoundest admiration!

Now long live James and long live Vic,
And long live gallant Cyrus;
And may his courage, faith and zeal
With emulation fire us.

And may we hold 'em evermore
The manly, bold an' able,
And tell our sons, to make them brave,
How Cyrus laid the cable.

A Man Who Ate Fire.

From the following account, taken from Evelyn's diary, where it appears under date of "10th mo, 8th, 1872," it appears that fire-eating freaks are not altogether modern innovations: "I took leave of my lady Sunderland, who was going to Paris to my Lord, now Ambassador there. She made me stay to dinner at Leicester House, and afterward sent for Richardson, the famous 'fire-eater.' Before us he devoured brimstone on glowing coals, chewing and swallowing them. He then melted a beer-glass and ate it quite up; then, taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster; the coal was (then) blown with a hand-bellows until it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained until the oyster was done. Then he melted pitch with sulphur and drank it while it flowed. I saw it flaming in his mouth."—Philadelphia Press.

The Reason Why.

A man living in a suburban hamlet recently went to the general store to buy some potatoes.

"How is this?" he asked the storekeeper. "You're asking almost double the regular price for potatoes. Haven't you made a mistake?"

"Oh, no!" cheerfully replied the storekeeper. "You see, I bought them potatoes when they was much dearer than they is now, and of course I can't afford to sell them at the present price."

The Young Abstinents' Union in London has now over 8,000 members.

BLIND TOM.

COME EXPERIENCES WITH A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

His Wonderful Memory, His Strength, and His Eccentricities—A Great Mimic—Craving for Praise.

A. H. GOTT, a well known manager of traveling theatrical attractions, was relating some experiences the other evening after he had completed his arrangements for billing the town, says a Medina (N. Y.) letter to the New York Post. He told of his trials with stars, combinations, theatres, special attractions, hotels, "turkey dates," railroads, strandings, and the like, and in course of his talk he said:

"Of all of the peculiar enterprises that I have ever been connected with, the celebrated Blind Tom was the most so. I acted as press agent and general manager for the attraction for a couple of seasons when Tom's fame was at its highest point, and I am still of the opinion that he was one of the most marvelous pianists that ever lived. I have heard it reported several times that he was dead, but he is not. He must be nearly fifty years old by this time.

"I don't think that Tom was entirely blind, although he has generally been so considered. On several occasions I remember his calling my attention to objects which he could not have known about without seeing them; but he was so nearly blind that what glimmering of sight he had could not have been of any assistance to him in his work on the piano.

"His memory was simply phenomenal. Every night we used to have some local pianists play their most complicated pieces on the piano which Tom used on the stage, and after once hearing them, Tom would play them without an error. The local musicians were usually pretty nervous, and almost invariably they would make errors in execution, and these Tom would reproduce as faithfully as he did the rest of the composition. This used to furnish much amusement.

"Tom was a harmless fellow, and, nearly a giant in stature, I never knew of his being violent but once while I was with him, although he was always hard to manage and inclined to be sullen like a spoiled child. The instance I speak of occurred in Cleveland, I think, where we had an immense audience. During the first selection Tom pressed too hard on the soft pedal and it snapped off. The piano was a magnificent grand, furnished by a local dealer, and put on the stage at considerable expense. Tom jumped up indignantly when the accident occurred and left the stage. Mr. Betts, the other assistant, and I ran to him at once.

"Tom wants another piano," said the prodigy. He always spoke of himself in the third person, I never heard him say 'I,' 'me,' 'my,' or 'mine,' in all of the time I was with him. "Tom wants new piano; this one broke. Tom won't play on it again."

"Of course it was unfortunate, but we knew that with his marvelous touch that blind colored boy had little more use for a soft pedal than he had for eyes, so far as his music was concerned, and we reasoned with him and tried to get him to go back. The audience was applauding like mad; but he would not be reasoned with. 'Tom won't play on that piano any more; get Tom a new one.'

"It was a bad few minutes for us. There must have been 1500 people in the house, and to get a new piano soon enough would have been impossible. Betts got hot and took hold of Tom to push him out on the stage. Tom did not seem to get mad, but he just hauled off calmly and deliberately struck Betts a blow in the face that knocked him into the corner of the stage among a lot of set rocks and practical trees. I did not want the same experience, so I told Tom it was all right, he needn't go on if he didn't want to.

"Mrs. Bethune, the wife of Tom's former owner, who has always had charge of the colored boy and was appointed his legal guardian after slavery was abolished, was at the door looking after the finances, for which she had a sharp eye. I knew that no one else could do anything with Tom when he got one of his moods, so I sent for her and she came at once. She did not storm at all at him, just appeared grieved. 'Why, Tom,' she said, 'aren't you going to play for the people?'

"No, Tom won't play. Piano broke."

"Well, that's too bad, Tom; but all right, we'll pack up and go back home and not travel any more ever. It'll be pretty lonesome home, but nobody will want to hear you play anywhere again now that you have disappointed them, and nobody'll care for Tom any more." In five minutes Tom was fairly begged to go back, and he never played better in his life than he did the rest of the programme.

"Tom was a great mimic and soon learned by heart the speeches used in introducing him, and, for the novelty of the thing, we used to let him announce himself, which he always did in an exact imitation of the regular lecturer something like this:

"Tom will now play for you, in his inimitable manner, a selection which he heard during his tour of Scotland some years ago. The circumstances were as follows, etc.

"As soon as he had finished a selection he would always start the applause himself, as those who have heard him will remember. He always had a craving to hear praise of his work, and I used to go into his room every morning and read the newspaper notices to him. They were usually very flattering, and Tom was always immensely pleased. When the notice

was an ordinary one I would interpolate a few words as I read it, just to see him plume himself.

"The part of the brain which controlled his playing seemed to be distinct. His mind never seemed to be on his work at all. As an instance of this I remember once we had a date in Buffalo, and while we were traveling through Canada to reach that city we had a long, tiresome wait in a little railroad station. There was the usual crying baby and irascible old man. The baby would yell 'Yah-yak-yak!' and then the old man would growl, 'Oh, kill the brat! There it goes again,' etc., while the harassed mother would be saying: 'Hush, hush, hush; there, there, there.' And some sympathetic ladies near us would murmur, 'Poor thing, poor little baby, too bad, too bad,' etc.

"That night I had a seat in the wings, as usual, close to the piano. Tom was doing one of his most difficult feats, playing two distinct compositions selected by the audience, with variations and the accompaniments at one and the same time, and doing it exquisitely. Noticing that his lips were moving all of the time, I got a little nearer so that I could hear what he was saying, and this was it: 'Yah-yak-yak; oh, kill the brat; hush, hush; there it goes again; too bad, too bad; oh, heavens! poor thing, poor little baby, there, there, there,' and so on through all of the melange of talk we had heard during the day. One part of his mind was away off in that little Canadian railroad station, while the musical part was executing those delicate harmonies.

A Sand-Storm of the American Desert.

That the "Great American Desert" still exists, in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of certain politicians, railroad corporations, and other interested parties to obliterate it from the maps, is a fact only too well known to many thousands of disappointed settlers, army people, prospectors, and travelers over several lines of railway. Most especially is it in evidence on the route of the Southern Pacific road, which traverses its desolation for hundreds of miles, and whose tank cars for the transportation of water form an important item of equipment. It is true that portions of its unproductive lands are irrigable (at a vast expense), and may thus, in the distant future, be reclaimed to the uses of agriculture. At the same time, it is equally true that wide areas lie so remote from revivifying influences that, unless subjected to radical climatic changes, they must always remain desolate, wind-blown wastes, exhibiting the characteristics and phenomena of a deserts existing under similar conditions.

With a thunderous roar the sand-storm hurls itself upon its victims, driving them before it with irresistible fury. No animate form may oppose it and live, but man or beast so ill fated as to be caught within its forward radius must submit to be driven forward like an autumn leaf, blinded, choked, and sorely lashed, until some sheltering lee is reached or the fury of the storm is exhausted. If he stumbles and falls or sinks through weakness, he is lost, and the skeletons of former victims are stripped of their heaped covering to furnish him a sepulchre.

Although the sand-storm is generally of short duration, it sometimes lasts for hours, and has been known to rage for days with unabated fury. While thus exercising its evil powers it destroys life and changes the whole aspect of the country over which it sweeps, moving hills and valleys to new positions, filling dry watercourses, burying the little oases nourished by infrequent springs, and obliterating trails. In the old days of slow moving wagon trains it was a menace and a calamity, while even in this era of railroads it brings distress and peril to the traveler. It fills the most carefully protected cars with its stifling dust, blocks the track with heavy drifts cuts down telegraph poles with its rasp of flinty particles, grinds clean glass into opaqueness, and in a thousand ways renders life miserable and a burden.—Harper's Weekly.

The First Coaches.

In the Fifteenth Century coaches appear to have been used in processions or other public ceremonies, more as an ornament than anything else, if we may judge from the clumsy form of the vehicle. The entrance of the Ambassador Trevisi into Mantua in a carriage is noticed as early as the year 1433; and that of Frederic III. into Frankfurt, in a coach, in the year 1475. It is a curious contrast to the rapidity with which new inventions are now adopted, that nearly a century elapsed before the covered carriage was introduced into England. Slow, in his "Chronicle," under the year 1553, mentions the introduction in these terms: "This year Walter Ripon made a coach for the Earl of Rutland, which was the first coach (saith he) that ever was made in England. Since—to wit, in anno 1564—the said Walter Ripon made the first hollow turning coach, with pillars and arches, for her Majesty, being then her servant. Also, in anno 1581, a chariot throne, with four pillars behind to bear a canopy with a crown imperial on the toppe, and before two lower pillars, whereon stood a lion and a dragon the supporters of the arms of England." The sailors of the time of Good Queen Bess must have found it a difficult matter to obtain berths on a coach for their cruise on shore. Even her Majesty, though she herself drove to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks for the delivery of her kingdom from the Spanish Armada, was accompanied by the Privy Council and her attendants, who rode on horseback. But by the end of the reign coaches and carriages became suddenly popular.—Fireeide Magazine.