

# VARIOUS

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**FOREIGNERS' ENGLISH**

At all the tourist-towns abroad British visitors are much looked for; and it is amusing to see the mode in which inscriptions and advertisements are drawn up in English, or what is supposed to be English, for the sake of riveting the attention of possible guests or customers belonging to the 'nation of shopkeepers.' Many tourists have taken copies of these curiosities, which have afterwards found their way into print in various forms.

Hotels are famous for these curiosities: the variety of languages spoken by the visitors supplying a reason for this. The 'Drei Mohren' (Three Moors) hotel at Augsburg has the following entry in the visitors' book: 'January 28th, 1815; His Grace Arthur Wellesley, &c. &c. &c.; great honour arrived at

the beginning of this year to the three Moors; this illustrious warrior, whose glorious achievements, which, cradled in India, have filled Europe with his renown, descended in it.' At the 'Trois Allies' hotel, Salzburg, some few years ago, mine host invited English visitors by the following announcement: 'George Nelböck begs leave to recommand his hotel to the Three Allied, situated vis-a-vis of the birth-home of Mozart, which offers all comforts to the meanest charges.' The prepositions *at* and *to* are great stumbling-blocks to such concocters of English sentences and phrases; the pronouns *which* and *who* not much less so. An hotel-keeper at Rastadt bestowed great pains on an announcement which with many others was exhibited in the entrance passage or hall: 'The underwritten has the honor of informing the public that he has made the acquisition of the hotel to the Savage, well situated in the middle of this city. He shall endeavor to do all duties which gentlemen travellers can justly expect; and invites them to please to convince themselves of it by their kind lodgings at his house' – signed 'Basil Singisem, before the tenant of the hotel to the Stork in this city.' If the good man had hit upon 'Savage Hotel' and 'Stork Hotel' he would have been a little more intelligible.

The circular of an Italian host, printed in four languages, discourses thus to English visitors concerning the excellences of the hotel 'Torre di Londra,' Verona: 'The old inn of London's Tower, placed among the more agreeable situation of Verona's course, belonging at Sir Theodosius Trianoni, restor'd by the

decorum most indulgent to good things, of life's eases; which are favored from every acts liable at inn same, with all object that is concerned, conveniency of stage coaches, proper horses, but good forages, and coach houses. Do offers at innkeeper the constant hope, to be honored from a great concourse, where politeness, good genius of meats, round table, coffee-house, hackney coach, men servant of place, swiftness of service, and moderation of prices, shall arrive to accomplish in Him all satisfaction, and at Sirs, who will do the favor honoring him with a very assur'd kindness.' No doubt 'Sir Theodosius' took some pride in this composition.

The card of an old inn at Paris some years ago contained the announcement, 'Salines baths at every o'clock;' and of another, 'The wines shall leave you nothing to hope for.' In an hotel at Mount Sinai, on the fly-leaf of the visitors' book, English travellers are informed that 'Here in too were inscribed all whose in the rule of the year come from different parts, different cities and countries, pilgrims and travellers of any different rank and religion or profession, for advice and notice thereof to their posterity, and even also in ovr own of memory, acknowledging.'

On one of the slopes of Mount Etna, at a height of more than nine thousand feet above the sea, is a house built of lava, containing three small rooms and a shed for mules. Up to that point tourists and explorers can ascend on mules, but the remainder of the climb must be made on foot. Hence the desirability of having some building in which mules and

muleteers may sojourn for a time, while their hirers or employers are wending their laborious way up to the volcanic summit. When an English force occupied Sicily in 1811, the three brothers Gemmellaro, the most indefatigable of explorers and describers of Etna, obtained from the commanding officer the aid of some of the soldiers (probably sappers and miners) in building the lava house above adverted to; giving it, in compliment, the name *Casa degli Inglesi* or 'English House.' Provided with a few humble pieces of furniture, it is placed at the service of visitors, who must bring their own food and fuel with them, and bedding if they wish to pass a night there. The key is kept at a house at the foot of the mountain, the residence (lately if not even now) of a member of the Gemmellaro family; it must be applied for when required, and returned when done with, accompanied by a signed certificate declaring that the liberal accommodation has not been abused. Printed notices are hung on the walls of the casa in various languages; one of which, in English, informs English-speaking visitors that 'In consequence of the damage suffered in the house called English, set on the Etna, for the reprehensible conduct of some persons there recovered,' certain regulations are laid down. Visitors, when applying for the key, must give name, title, and country, and must at the same time 'tell the guide's and muleteer's names, just to drive away those who have been so rough to spoil the movables and destroy the stables. It is not permitted to any body to put mules into rooms destined for the use of people, notwithstanding the insufficiency of stables. It is

forbidden likewise to dirten the walls with pencil or coal. M. Gemmellaro will provide a blank book for those learned people curious to write their observations. A particular care must be taken for the movables settled in the house... Persons neglecting to execute the above articles will be severely punished, and are obliged to pay damage and expenses.' A significant hint winds up the announcement: 'It is likewise proper and just to reward M. Gemmellaro for the expense of movables and for the advantages travellers may get to examine the Volcan.'

As English travellers will go whithersoever there is anything to be seen, hotel-keepers look out for them near buried cities as well as near volcanic mountains. The following was copied by a tourist from a card for English visitors, prepared by the host of an establishment at or near the excavations of Pompeii: 'That hotel, open since a very few days, is renowned for the cleanness of the apartments and linen; for the exactness of the service; and for the excellence of the true French cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families whatever, which will desire to reside alternately in that town, to visit the monuments new found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air. That establishment will avoid to all travellers, visitors of that sepult city, and to the artists (willing draw the antiquities) a great discordance, occasioned by the tardy and expensive contour of the iron way. People will find equally thither, a complete sortiment of stranger wines, and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables and coach-houses, the

whole with very moderate price. Now, all the applications and endeavors of the hoste will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers, which will acquire without doubt to him, in that town, the reputation whome he is ambitious.' The landlord's meaning is pretty clear, in spite of his funny English, save in relation to 'the tardy and expensive contour of the iron way,' which however, may have a vague reference to railways.

A refreshment house at Amsterdam sells 'upright English ginger-beer' – the Dutch word for 'genuine,' *opregt*, having led to a muddling of the English.

Shopkeepers will naturally be as desirous as hotel-keepers to draw the attention of possible customers who are more likely to read English than any other language. A firm at Marseilles, claiming a good repute for their preparation of the liqueur called *Vermuth*, have labels on some of their bottles to the following effect: 'The Wermouth is a brightly bitter and perfumed with additional and good vegetable white wine. This is tonic, stimulant, febrifuge, and costive drinking; mixed with water it is aperitive, refreshing, and also a powerful preservative of fivers; those latter are very usual in warmth countries, and of course that liquor has just been particularly made up for that occasion.' It is quite certain that M. Lapresté, a restaurateur at Versailles, said exactly what he did not mean in the following announcement; by confounding the French *prévenir* with the English *prevent*: 'To Rendezvous of Museum, Arms Place, 9, Lapresté Restorer, has the honor of preventing the travellers that

they will be helpt at his house, or a head, or at choice.' The original may usefully be given here, to shew how perplexed the host must have been in his attempted translation: 'Au Rendez-vous du Musée, Place d'Armes, 9, Lapresté, Restaurant, a l'honneur de prévenir MM. les voyageurs, qu'on est servi, chez lui, à la carte ou par tête, au choix.' At Rouen an announcement is remarkable for the odd way of expressing 'London Stout' – namely, 'Stoughtonlondon.' A bath-keeper at Basle informs his English visitors that 'In this new erected establishment, which the Ouner recommends best to all foreigners, are to have ordinary and artful baths, russia and sulphury bagnios, pumpings, artful mineral waters, gauze lemonads, furnished apartmens for patients.' A French advertisement relating to a house to be let, with immediate possession, takes this extraordinary form: 'Castle to praise, presently.' Those who know the twofold meaning of the verb *louer* in French will see how this odd blunder arose. A dentist at Honfleur 'renders himself to the habitations of these wich honor him with their confidence and executes all wich concerns his profession with skill and vivacity.'

At Frankfort-on-the-Main, 'M. Reutlinger takes leave to recommande his well-furnished magazin of all kind of travelling-luggage and sadle-work.' Affixed to a pillar outside the Théâtre Français, some years ago, was a bill or placard: 'Hardy Cook, living to the Louvre on the West Gate under the Vestibule, old emplacement of late M. Kolliker. He will serve you with list, and he has parlours and privates rooms, receives Society, and

has always some Shoueroute and Disters of Cancall.' Inscrutable words these last, certainly. At Havre, local regulations for the convenience of visitors are printed in various languages; English people are informed that 'One arrangement can make with the pilot for the walking with roars.' 'Pilot' for 'guide' is not far amiss; but 'roars' as an English equivalent for 'ramparts' (if that is meant) is odd enough; and if not, the enigma is just as formidable. The much-used French *on* evidently increased the difficulty of the poor translator.

A Guide to Amsterdam was published in Holland, in English, some years ago; professing to be written, edited, or translated by an Englishman. Its style may be judged from the following specimen, relating to the manners and customs of many of the inhabitants on Sundays and holidays: 'They go to walk outside the town gates; after this walk they hasten to free public play gardens, where wine, thea, &c. is sold. Neither the mobility remains idle at these entertainments. Every one invites his damsel, and joyously they enter play gardens of a little less brilliancy than the former. There, at the crying sound of an instrument that rents the ear, accompanied by the delightful handle-organs and the rustic triangle, their devoirs are paid to Terpsichore. Everywhere a similitude of talents; the dancing outdoes not the music.'

A Dutch volume containing many views in the Netherlands, with descriptions in three or four languages, claims credit for 'the exactness as have observed in conforming our draughts to the originals,' which (a hope is expressed) 'cannot fail to join us

the general applause.' Of one village we are told, 'That village was renowned by the abundance of salmon that were fished there. That village is situated in a territory that affords abundance of fruits and corns.'

A small guide-book for English visitors to Milan cathedral is prefaced by the statement that, 'In presenting to the learned and intelligent publick this new and brief description of the cathedral of Milan, I must apprise that I do not mean to emulate with the works already existing of infinite merit for the notions they contain, and the perspicuity with which they are exposed.'

# FROM DAWN TO SUNSET

## PART I

### CHAPTER THE FOURTH

'Father, where do you go away all day?' It was Charlie who spoke, clambering on his father's knee.

'I drive the coach, boy.'

'Coach? An' what is that?'

'Goodsooth, boy, thou hast seen a coach?'

'Ay, father – the coach an' four horses that runs to Grantham. You do not drive a thing like *that*?'

'Ay. And why not?'

The boy blushed scarlet. 'Why, father, you are Sir Vincent Fleming.'

'An' what o' that?'

'Then is it not against your pride to be a *coachman*?'

'Poor men must pocket pride, Master Charlie, as thou must learn some day.'

'Well, father, I like it not. Are you *so* poor, dear heart?'

'Ay, sweet heart, am I.'

'What makes ye so poor?'

'Ill luck, Master Charlie.'

'What in, is your ill luck, father?'

'In all things.'

'Dear heart alive, I'm sorry for ye! When I'm a man, father, you shall go no more a-coaching; *I will work for you.*'

'Ay, ay, my brave dear lad. I coach to win ye bread. We're poorer than the world thinks. But tell them not this, Master Charlie, or they will dun me.'

'Then I'll dun *them!*' cried the boy fiercely. 'I hate those bailiff fellows; if they come here, I'll shoot 'em!'

'We'll fight 'em together, boy. See that *thou* never hast the bailiffs at thy heels. Here is Deb, *Lady Deb* by courtesy. Mistress, my rose, say good-morning to me.'

But Deborah was already in her father's arms.

'Deb,' cries Charlie, 'father drives a coach!' Then seeing Deborah's round eyes: 'Now don't you clack, Deb; don't you go an' tell it to all the world, else they will dun father.'

'O me!' Then Deborah's eyes flashed. 'That they shall not – never again! But I tell you, father; I will coach beside you, and try to drive the four brave horses! I will not let you work alone!' Deborah's arms were round her father's neck; she showered kisses on his face.

'Off with ye!' cried Charlie, somewhat fiercely. 'You know that if any one should coach with father, I should – not a baby like to you.'

'Hush!' said Sir Vincent, laughing. 'Thou art ever ready to

fight. I have spoiled ye both sadly; so Master Vicar tells me. But Deb, I cannot have thee to help me, little one. Get Dame Marjory to teach thee all the ins and outs of household work, and to trick thyself out bravely, so thou wilt be thy father's pride, my rose of Enderby!

But Deborah laid her head on her father's breast, caressing him. 'Father, you love Charlie best – Charlie is your darling.'

'Who told thee so, sweet heart?'

'My own heart.'

'*Dost* love me best, father?' asked Charlie; he pushed his curly head up on to his father's shoulder, and looked up with arch eyes into his face.

Sir Vincent gazed at him. Ay, the father's rose lay upon his heart, his 'Lady Deb,' his darling; but that wilful rogue, that youthful inheritor of all his own wild freaks and follies, that young ne'er-do-weel, Charles Stuart Fleming, the plague of Enderby, was his own soul, the idol of his darkened life. Sir Vincent pushed him roughly away, and laid his hand on Deborah's fair hair. 'Love thee better? No; thou graceless rogue!' he said. 'I love thee both alike. Sweet Deb, thou art my darling too. Now be off with you both; and see that there is no more gipsying or ruffling it while I am away; for Jordan Dinnage shall have orders, if you disobey, to flog ye both with the rope's end; for nought but that, I fear me, will curb the villainy of either one. Good-bye, sweet hearts, an' see that ye stir not beyond the gates.'

The gipsies had vanished from that part of the country; not a

trace of them was left; for they knew Sir Vincent Fleming well, and fled betimes. But Sir Vincent had not been gone three hours, when the restless roving Charlie was scouring round the park on his pony, and longing for some fresh adventure and wider bounds. Deborah and little Meg Dinnage were running after him, and urging on the pony with many a whoop and yell, with torn frocks and streaming hair.

'Deb,' cried the boy at last, pulling up, 'I am sick o' this. I am goin' to ride to Clarges Wood, to look for Will; I shall cut across yonder.'

'But you must not!' exclaimed Deborah; 'you have promised father not to go beyond the gate.'

'I have never promised that,' said Charlie hotly; 'father asked me no promise, an' I gave none. It is nothing o' the sort.'

'Nathless it was a promise,' quoth little Deborah stoutly, glancing from Charlie to Meg Dinnage, and back in distress; 'for we said nought when father said: "An' see you stir not beyond the gates;" but I kissed him, an' I said: "I will not."'

'You did not say that, silly!'

'Nay, but to my own self I said it. Father has trusted us; so Dame Marjory says.'

'I care not for Dame Marjory. I gave no promise; nor am I afear'd of a rope's end. If Jordan Dinnage beat me black an' blue, I'll go! But I'll not see Jordan till father comes home. Father loves me too well to have me flogged when he is by;' and with a laugh, Charlie turned his pony's head; but Deborah sprang after

and caught the rein. 'Charlie, Charlie, stay!' she cried; 'father has trusted you to stay!'

But Charlie was across the boundary and far away; his laughter echoed back. Deborah flushed, the tears almost started as she gazed after him, but she kept them proudly back. Little Mistress Dinnage went up to her playmate and took her hand ('Mistress Dinnage,' as she was called for her little upstart ways and proud independence) and eyed Deborah curiously. 'Don't cry,' said she.

'Cry!' echoed Deborah scornfully; 'I'm not cryin'!'

'He's a bad boy,' said Mistress Dinnage gravely, with a nod of her head that way.

Deborah half rebelled at that, then: 'Charlie has broken his word!' and she flushed again. 'God will never love Charlie. The evil one will take Charlie to the bad place;' and the bright eyes glistened, but again the tears were stifled back.

'Not if my dad beats him,' said Mistress Dinnage consolingly; 'then he will be a good boy, and God will love him again.'

Deborah shook her head. 'Ah, Charlie will only be bad the more. He laughs at Master Vicar, and cares for nought. But don't tell your father, Meg, that Charlie's gone away; he will not be good the more for that; God will not love him better. Charlie must himself tell father, and that will make it right. So see that you don't tell Jordan, dear, for I am afraid to see my brave one beat; I had rather have Jordan beat me than him; it makes me *fear* to see Charlie beat.'

'An' me too,' said Mistress Dinnage, with infinite relief. 'We

will not tell on Charlie; Charlie would call us "Sneak." Come an' play.'

And the two, putting aside their sorrows, cast care to the winds and danced away.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTH

A year or two have passed and there was joy in the bells of Enderby, and joy in the sun and flowers. Winter and summer, storm and sun, how sweetly the days fled by – the wild sweet days of childhood. The streams; the dark green woods; the blue and cloud-swept skies; the clear lagoons; the carol of birds in the gay early morning, from wood and field and holt; the father's call beneath the window, and then the long, long sun-bright day; the games; the 'make-believes;' tracking the wild Indians in the forest, hunting the chamois on the mountains – happy days, these!

Time passed on; Charlie was alternately sent to a public school and to a private tutor; he was expelled from the former, and ran away from the latter. The tender, but proud and stubborn heart was never reached; so the dogged will and headstrong passions remained uncurbed and uncontrolled, and Charlie Fleming too surely went from bad to worse. Three distracted governesses in succession gave up Lady Deb; their reigns were short and eventful.

Upon a certain day stood Deborah Fleming, watching for

Charlie's coming. For a week past Charlie had daily ridden over to the neighbouring university town to 'read' with his cousin Kingston Fleming, who had just entered there, and being somewhat of the same stamp as himself, imagine how much 'reading' was accomplished! The lads came and went at all hours, sometimes at Enderby, sometimes away. To-day they were late. Deborah was weary. She wandered into the garden, between the high sunny walls, and threw herself on the warm grass amongst the daisies; she plucked a daisy idly, and grew intent over it, flippin' away the leaves: 'He loves me, he loves not me!' and so forth. While thus musing, a tall fair youth, with a face browned by sun and wind, stole behind her, his whole countenance brimming over with merriment. Deborah instinctively turned her head. All her heart's blood rushed over her face, and her gray eyes flamed and dilated like a stag at bay; for one moment she glared at the youth, and then, before he could speak, was up and away. A peal of laughter followed her as she fled.

'Hi! what's the matter, King?' cried Charlie Fleming, swaggering up in his riding-gear. 'What is the cause of this immoderate laughter? Deb has flamed by me like a whirlwind; I tried to catch her.'

Still, for some moments, Kingston Fleming shouted with uncontrollable mirth, rolling on the grass. When he could speak, he said: 'You will never guess, Charlie! Yet it is a shame to tell you. And yet it is too rare a joke to keep! *Little Deb hath got a lover!*' And with that, Kingston went off again.

'I came up unawares,' said he, 'an' my Lady Deb sat on the grass. "He loves me, he loves not me!" she said; not like Deb proud and haughty, but quite tender and subdued over it. She turned and saw me. Egad! how she blushed, and what a glare! Poor little Deb, she was distraught for shame and anger. I was a brute to laugh!'

'I will roast her,' said Charlie. 'Deb a *lover*? Ha, ha, ha!'

'No; you shall not speak of it,' said Kingston, laying a heavy hand on Charlie's shoulder. 'On peril of your life, you shall not.'

Charlie laughed. 'Under that threat I must succumb. Perchance Deb has a sneaking liking for you, old King!'

'For *me*?' And Kingston had a fresh fit of laughter. 'Nay; Deb hates me like poison, and I think her the maddest little fury that ever stepped. Deb and I shall ne'er run together.'

But as for the maiden, she fled to her room like a little tempest, and lay along the floor half dead for shame. She could scarcely think, for when she thought, the blood rushed in eddying torrents to her head, and made her mad for anger and for shame; for more than aught on earth, was Deb shy of the dawn of love and Kingston's raillery. All day she kept her room. She watched from behind the curtains Kingston and Charlie ride away; she had not kissed Charlie that day or spoken to him; she heard him call out 'Good-bye, Deb.' Then he would not return that night. O Charlie, Charlie! And then she peered out, and heard Kingston's laugh, and saw his fair hair blown by the wind. The girl leaned out and watched them through the gateway. 'I love him,' she said to

herself with mingled fire and softness; 'I love Kingston. But he will love *me* never – never!'

Kingston laughed no more about Deborah's daisy: he was generous. The next day he was teasing, laughing, tormenting about a hundred things; and the child Deborah was chaffering and defying him in the wildest animal spirits. Dame Marjory shook her head; there was such a flying, scurrying, shouting, and such peals of laughter, not only from those three, but from the usually demure Mistress Dinnage who joined them, that the Dame could make nothing of them; they got worse and worse. Kingston Fleming was a wild youth, not one indeed calculated to steady his kinsman Charlie. Yet Kingston had good, and even noble impulses in those days: he was ambitious too; and at odd hours and by fits and starts, he worked hard, with the idea of fulfilling those ambitious dreams. But Charlie never worked at all; *his*

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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